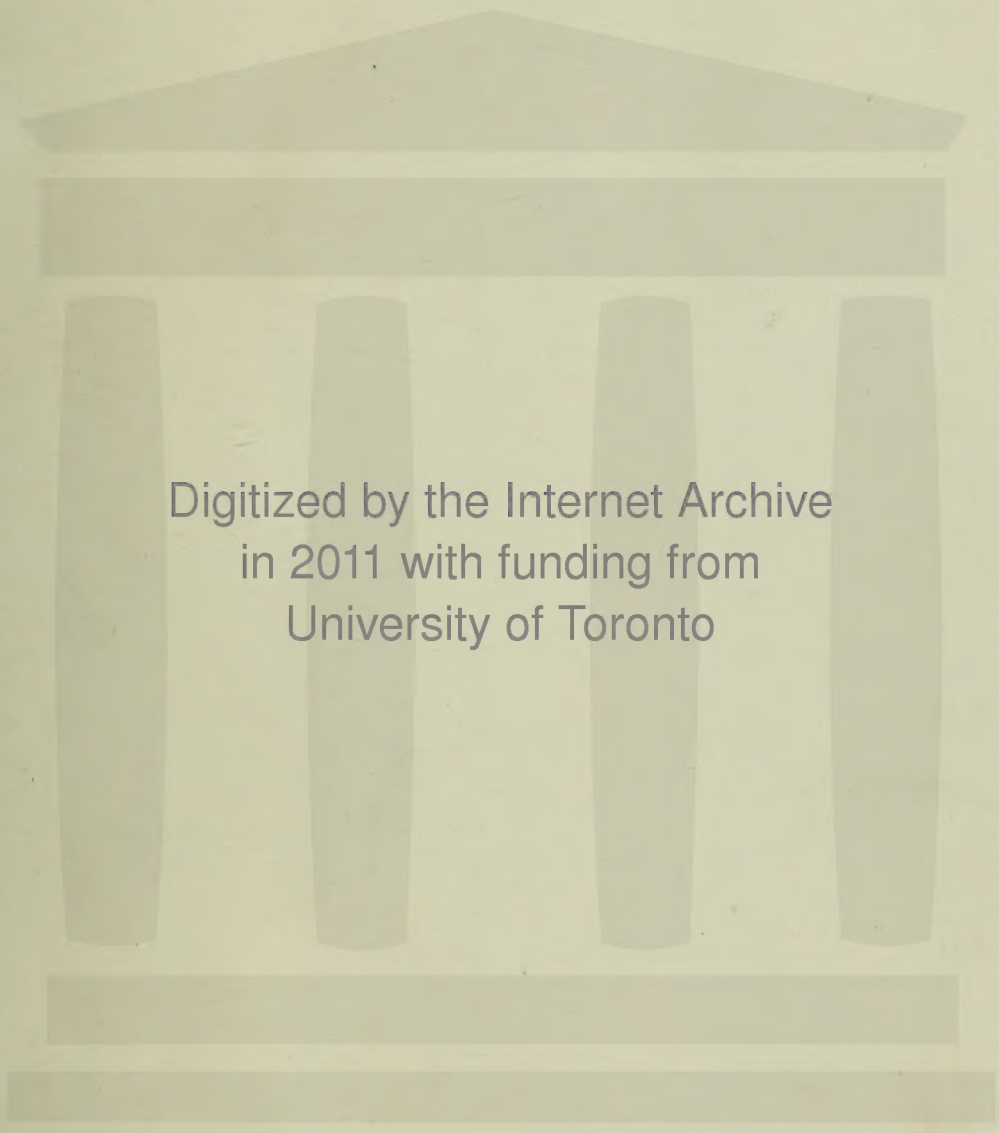
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SCENES FROM THE GREAT NOVELS—VII.

PELAGIA IMPERSONATING APHRODITE IN THE AMPHITHEATRE.—*Hypatia, Chapter XXII.*

"Pelagia! Sister! My sister! Have mercy on me! on yourself! I will hide you! save you! and we will flee together out of this infernal place! this world of devils! I am your brother! Come!"

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UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT YALE

By Henry E. Howland

With Illustrations by Orson Lowell

Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo; solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.

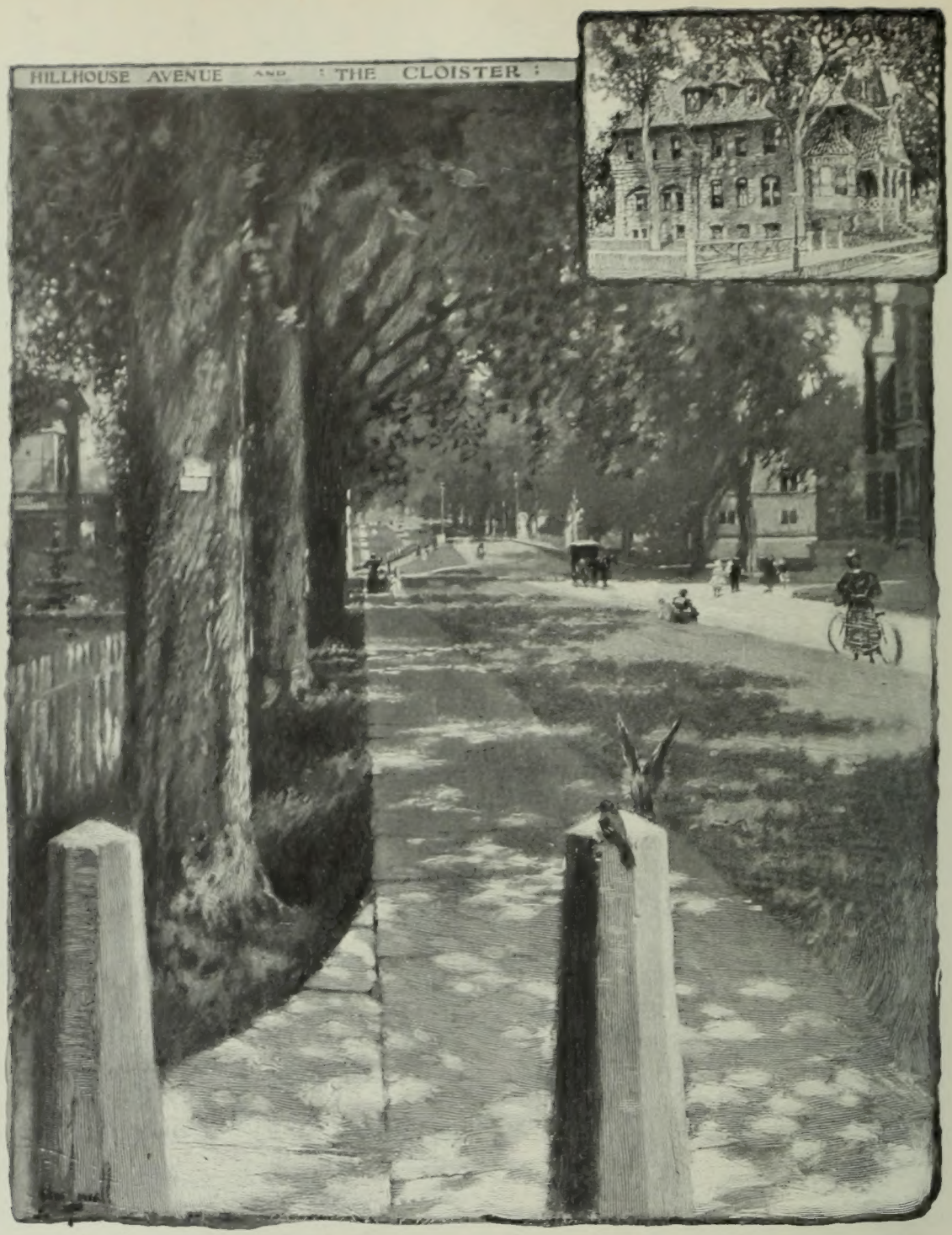
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The atmosphere of a university is the subtle creation of its history, traditions, and surroundings, and is an element as vital as its more tangible properties. If, as Syrus says, "Discipulus est priori posterior dies," antiquity is a factor in its influence which neither wealth nor equipment nor even a high order of instruction can supersede. If we wish to take a true estimate of the genius of the institution, we must consider the character of the men who attended its birth and impressed themselves upon its youth, the moulding force of the events through which it has passed, and the ideals toward which it has always striven.

The foundations of Yale University were laid by John Davenport, the leader of the colony planted at New Haven in 1638. To establish it his labors were for many years persistent and unwearying, and although he was not to see the fruition of his efforts, the tradition of them led at last to the consummation of his original design. The colonists who made up his company were men of superior wealth, culture, and knowledge of affairs; they recognized in no way dependence upon Royal favor. Under their leader they proposed to found an independent State which should acknowledge allegiance only to God. Their scheme of government included provision for universal education, schools where the learned languages should be taught, a public library, and, to crown all, "A college in which youth might be fitted for public service in Church and State." Their appreciation of the importance and dignity of their undertaking is shown in the building of their new town. They erected "fine and stately houses," and there was nothing in those days in New England which for beauty and fair situation could equal their streets and public square.

Their zeal in the cause of education was not local. In the fifth year after their landing, at the request of the Commissioners of the United Colonies of New England, they took up a contribution of corn for the support of the College which had already been established in Massachusetts, and continued it for several years. A cash gift of £40 is also gratefully acknowledged by the historian of Harvard, received from Governor Eaton of New Haven, to assist in the erection of the requisite buildings in Cambridge; and, "for the encouragement of such persons as showed a disposition to bring up their children in learning," money was voted repeatedly from the public treasury "to maintain hopeful youth at Harvard College." But in the closing years of the seventeenth century exhausting Indian wars, the destruction of chartered rights, to satisfy the greed of the needy favorites of Charles II.,

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Hillhouse Avenue and the Cloister.

and the Revolution accomplished by Sir Edmund Andros, scarcely tended to the promotion of the higher education.

The Colonists were known to the Crown as the friends of Cromwell, and although they had declined his invitation to return when he became Lord Protector, it was notorious that they were in sympathy with his views, and their protection of the regicides, Goffe, Whalley, and Dixwell, who were concealed in Davenport's house and in the Judges' Cave at West Rock, had brought down upon them the Royal displeasure. Instead of an independent community supported by all the institutions which can make it glorious, the colony had been brought into subjection to Connecticut, and the college, whose motto, "Lux et Veritas," was to have illuminated the world, had not risen above the grade of a grammar-school. But the love of learning had been deeply planted in the hearts of the people of New Haven: of the graduates of Harvard from its foundation in 1636 to 1700 as many as one in thirty were from the distant town of New

Haven, whose population did not exceed five hundred; and in the fulness of time the aspirations of those early years have been realized by a grateful posterity.

In 1700, William and Mary being on the throne of England, in an interval of peace following the treaty at Ryswyck, under the inspiration of James Pierpont, who had married the granddaughter of John Davenport and was the heir to the traditions and hopes of the family, eleven trustees selected by him, nine of whom were graduates of Harvard, "met at Branford, each member brought a number of books and presented them to the body, and laying them on the table said words to this effect: 'I give these books for the foundation of a college in this colony.'" The framers of its charter, to avoid Royal jealousy, gave it the name of the Collegiate School, "that it might better stand wind and weather," and to avoid local dissensions it was at first established at Saybrook as a central position. The times, however, were unpropitious; within two months of the entry of its first student, Jacob Hemingway, the War of the Spanish Succession began, and the American colonists were again involved in a French and Indian war. There was an empty treasury and there were no powerful friends. Strong enemies were intriguing to deprive the colony of its charter: the whole able-bodied population was on the frontier from the eastern border of Connecticut to the St. Lawrence. Amid these dangers and difficulties the



Monument to the Regicide back of Center Church



The Judges' Cave



Football Rush on the New Haven Green in the Fall of 1850.



Room in South Middle.

trustees kept the college alive. In estimating the obligation due them the history of those trying years should never be forgotten. All that those eleven ministers had to cheer them as they rode slowly on horseback through the woods to their stated meetings in Saybrook were their faith in God, and the echoes of the Protestant cannon of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, which came to them over the water from Blenheim and Malplaquet.

In 1717, after a lapse of eighty years, the original plans of the founders of the colony were fulfilled in the removal of the college from Saybrook to its present location, where it celebrated its memorable commencement in its first building, 170 feet long and 22 feet wide, known as Yale College, whose "architectonic part" had been designed by Governor Saltonstall. At this time it was endowed by Elihu Yale "with a liberal and bountiful donation," and received his name, which has thus been perpetuated in all times and in all lands; a tribute to high and unselfish action, justifying the inscription upon his portrait:

Dum mens grata manet nomen laudesque
Cantabunt soboles unanimique Yalenses Patres.

They were strong and earnest men, those old Presidents, who successively assumed the direction and development of the nursling which was eventually to become the Alma Mater of so many thousands of American youth. They were prominent figures in the stern theological controversies of the times, served as fighting chaplains in the colonial armies, cultivated polite learning when not in service, read Hebrew, wrote books, paid tribute to the muses and



The Old Brick Row.

watched anxiously over the growth of the college. The report of the change in the religious views of Rector Cutler, the successor of Abraham Pierson, the first President, leading him to abandon the communion of the churches in the colony and to apply for Episcopal orders, "roused the whole country, and many people came to New Haven expecting some strange occurrence." As President Woolsey has said, "Greater alarm would scarcely be awakened now if the theological faculty of the college were to declare for the Church of Rome, avow their belief in transubstantiation, and pray to the Virgin Mary." The Rev. Elisha Williams was at one time a chaplain in the expedition against Louisburg, and a colonel in the invasion of Canada, and yet, in addition to these martial qualities, he is described as "a man of splendor" who spoke Latin freely, and delivered orations gracefully and with animated dignity.

In the Grove Street cemetery lie the remains of many of the succeeding Presidents of Yale, beginning with the Rev. Thomas Clap, whose lot was cast in troubled times. His term of office began with the Spanish war in 1739 and ended during the excited discussions preceding the Revolution; but in spite of widespread controversy on religious subjects, which carried division into every town and household, in a low state of public credit, in the face of the expense of a costly war amounting to half a million sterling, he secured from the Legislature of Connecticut in 1752 an appropriation for a building now standing on the campus and known as South Middle, a link binding the old and the new. As the President and fellows marched into it in solemn procession at Commencement, the beadle, by order, made the following proclamation:

"Cum e Providentiæ Divinæ Favore per Colonii Connecticutensis munificentiam gratissimam hoc novum Ædificium Academicum Fundatum et Erectum fuerit; in perpetuam tantæ generositatis memoriam Ædes haec nitida et splendida Aula Connecticutensis nuncupetur."

For eleven years, marked by great political excitement preceding the Revolution, the Rev. Naphtali Daggett acted as President *pro tempore*, retaining his position as Professor of Divinity. During the later years of his term the college was dispersed because of the war, and the confusion of the times was such that a President was



"Tapping"—a Senior Society Election on the Campus.



never chosen. "Dr. Daggett," inquired a friend, "I understand that you are only President *pro tempore;* is that so?" "Certainly," retorted the Doctor. "Would you have me President *pro eternitate?*"

Dr. Daggett was an ardent patriot and sacrificed his life to his devotion, his death being caused by exposure in the field in resistance to the British troops when they entered New Haven. The democratic tendencies of his time are indicated in the foundation of the "Brothers in Unity" as a protest against the aristocratic and exclusive Linonia; in a compliance with the wishes of the Legislature by the disuse of Latin in the laws of the college, and in the arrangement of the names of the students in alphabetical order. Previously the names were inserted according to the rank of their fathers. One of the severest punishments consisted in placing the name of an offending student below his proper rank; and there is a story of a shoemaker's son, who was placed above his order upon his statement that his father was on the bench.

It was the darkest period in the war of the Revolution when Ezra Stiles came to the presidency in 1778. The resources of the State were exhausted in raising soldiers and furnishing supplies to the army. Although it had a population of only two hundred thousand, twenty-two regiments were in service beyond its limits; the senior tutor, Timothy Dwight, had resigned to become a chaplain of a brigade of troops in General Gates's army, and the students were dispersed; yet through these troubled times President Stiles brought the college into harmony with all classes of people in the State, re-established its prosperity, built South College, delivered ora-



Burial of Euclid, from an Old Lithograph.



One of the Rooms in Vanderbilt Hall

tions in Hebrew on "Oriental Literature" at Commencement in the morning, and in Latin in the afternoon; established the principal chapter in this country of the Phi Beta Kappa, and gave dignity and reputation to the institution at home and abroad.

Of student life at Yale in the eighteenth century but little is recorded. The earliest disorders were not rioting and dissipation, but theological differences, often marked by errors and extravagances. David Brainerd, of the Class of 1741, "whose religious character was of a high order," and who was afterward a most distinguished clergyman, was overheard to say of Tutor Whittlesey, who had been unusually pathetic in prayer, that "he had no more grace than this chair," and was expelled. Whitefield was creating great revivals and destroying the established order of things. The authorities were alarmed at the growing propensity of the students to disobey not only the rules of the college but the law of the land, by running away from the appointed place of worship to the Separate meeting. John and Ebenezer Cleaveland, who had attended the Sunday services at a Separatist Church with their parents, refused to confess that what they had done was in violation of the laws of God, of the colony, and of the college, and met the fate of Brainerd.

The disciplinary spirit of the times is illustrated in the laws governing the servitude of freshmen; they were forbidden to wear hats in the President's or Professors' door-yards, or within ten rods of the President, eight rods of a Professor, or five of a tutor. They were not allowed to run in the college yard, or up or down stairs, or call to anyone through a college window. Seniors could regulate their conduct in every particular. "Every freshman is obliged to do any particular errand or message required of him by anyone in an upper class, which, if he shall refuse to do, he shall be punished." They could not appear unless completely dressed, nor could they play with members of another class without being asked. Fines and penalties for misdemeanors ran from a half



Mory's.

penny up to three shillings, and sophomores and freshmen had their ears boxed before the assembled college by the President or a member of the faculty for an infraction of discipline. All classes learned humility from the conclusion of the college prayer: "May we perform faithfully our duties to our superiors, our equals, and inferiors."

Complaints of Commons were not so much of the quality of the food as of its cost. There were pipes of wine at commencement, and some mention is made of rioting in President Clap's time. Contests between "town and gown" are indicated by the attempted revenge of some Frenchmen in 1764, who for some real or fancied insult arising out of the hatred engendered by the late war, attempted to obliterate the college by mixing arsenic with the food in Commons, a catastrophe which was happily averted by the use of the domestic remedy of mustard and hot water.

The refinement of modern days was possibly somewhat undeveloped. In the history of Connecticut, published anonymously in London, in 1781, we are told: "Yale College is built with wood and painted of a sky color; it is one hundred and sixty feet long and three stories high besides the garrets. It is the first of Amer-



ican colleges. Its students have no polite accomplishments. It is always painfully apparent that they have been educated in Connecticut."

The times favored the development of strong men, and while in the earlier years the Church claimed the majority of graduates, in later years statesmen and soldiers outnumbered all others. Four Yale graduates, Livingston, Morris, Wolcott, and Hall, signed the Declaration of Independence; eighteen were in the convention that framed the Constitution. Thirty-four ministers served as chaplains in the army, and there are records of one hundred and fifty graduates who served in the Continental line, including Wooster, Humphreys, Talmadge, Wadsworth, and Wyllys, the last of whom was in the leading battalion that stormed one of the Yorktown redoubts.



It is a notable fact that the descendants of James Pierpont, well called the founder of the college, have been closely associated with the conduct of its affairs for nearly two hundred years. Timothy Dwight, who was at the head of the college at the beginning of the present century, was his great grandson through the line of Jonathan Edwards of the Class of 1720, the wonderful preacher and theologian whose name to this day is the most illustrious in the Church of New England. Theodore D. Woolsey, the late honored President of the college, was a great great grandson of that James Pierpont, and the Timothy Dwight of to-day is his lineal descendant. The first President Dwight was a man of large mind, a believer in all kinds of knowledge, and a generous friend of all good learning and thought. He was, by the testimony of all who knew him, remarkable for his personal magnetism over all sorts of men and for the fulness and symmetry of his powers. He developed largely the atmosphere of the early days of the New Haven Colony of individual freedom, of mutual re-





Princeton-Yale Game at the Field

gard, creating a generous, tolerant community. Through him and those whom he influenced the new century was made at its beginning to strengthen and establish the characteristics of the earlier time. The discipline of the institution was changed; the whole system of pecuniary fines was swept away; the theory was established that the students should be treated as gentlemen. The custom of placing freshmen in a degrading dependence on the members of the upper classes was abolished as a relic of a barbarous age.



Yale Crew of 1854.
From an old daguerreotype.

One of the greatest services he rendered to the college was the selection of some graduates of unusual promise whom he influenced to become instructors, unconsciously shaping its educational policy for the next fifty years. Three of them were for more than half a century associated with one another in the service. The heading of the catalogue of 1806, at that time printed only upon a card, contains their names. There are men yet living in all parts of the world who will bear witness to the influence which the example and instruction of Jeremiah Day, Benjamin Silliman, and James L. Kingsley had upon their lives. Their term of service began in the last century and continued until 1852, and their successors in the various chairs of instruction have undoubtedly received inspiration from the tradition of their service. By their individual prominence in their own departments and by their united labors, they heightened the reputation of the college which President Dwight had extended throughout the whole country. Those who followed them proved worthy of the inheritance: Chauncey A. Goodrich, in service from 1817 to 1860, who clothed the dry bones of classic rhetoric and criticism with the flesh and blood of a living enthusiasm; Theodore D. Woolsey, the very embodiment of a ripe and versatile scholarship, a master of the Greek language and literature, and an honored President for twenty-five years; Noah Porter, psychologist and lexicographer as well as President; Thomas A. Thacher, counsel-



WATKINS (COXSWAIN). JOHNSON. STANTON. CAMP. TWICHELL. OWEN. COLTON. PAGE (COMMODORE).

The Victorious Crew of 1859.

lor and friend to many grateful college generations. The history of the university shows perhaps no scholar more conspicuous in any branch of learning than James Hadley was in all. It seems to us now a waste of splendid talent that he should have been chained to the task of plodding beside the stumbling feet of beginners in fields over which he could so proudly soar. The world knows his great achievements in Oriental philology, but he was also mathematician, essayist and poet, and all his qualities of intellect received a charm from rare modesty, patience, and gentle courtesy. There was about him, too, a quiet humor which would often appear in a shadowy



OLMSTEAD. GALLAUDET. IVES. HARTWELL (CAPT.). GRAVES. PAINE. VAN HUYCK. JOHNSON. BALLIET

The Winning Crew of 1892. *Photo by Pach Bros.*



The Old Fence at the Corner of College and Chapel Streets.

smile at some incredible blunder and a soft "Yes?" followed by a statement in exact variance with the adventurous answer.

It was natural that a college whose professors continued so long in service should maintain a conservatism in its external appearance as well as in its administration. Many years must elapse before the architecture of the modern campus will be infused with the associations of the old brick row which it has supplanted. The plain buildings had no charm of fretted masonry or solid costliness. They made the background for a long vista of elms which dappled them with flickering light and shade and varied to the eye the soft wide slopes of the Green beyond. At night they stored, like reservoirs of sentiment, the harmonies of "Gaudeamus," the blithe strains of "The Sheepskin" or "Cocachelunk" or the more tender songs of Francis M. Finch of '49:

> Floating away like the fountain's spray,
> Or the snow-white plume of a maiden.

And the echoes of his Alumni Song:

> Clasp ye the hand 'neath the arches grand
> That with garlands span our greeting,
> With a silent prayer that an hour as fair
> May smile on each after meeting;
> And long may the song, the joyous song,
> Roll on in the hours before us,
> And grand and hale may the elms of Yale
> For many a year bend o'er us.

In the memory of older graduates, too, the simplicity and dignity of the old chapel were of higher worth than any structural splendor. In and out of its portals daily, morning and evening, poured for many years the whole college body, saluting with reverent bow the President as he passed down the centre aisle. From that plain pulpit flanked by tutors' pews on either side were preached sermons on the Nature of Sin, the Freedom of the Human Will, and the Divine Decrees, the effusions of a consistent and conservative theology. A restless, mercurial throng listened to them from below, watched over by vigilant tutors in sentry-like boxes on the side aisles. Over all in the galleries sat the reverend professors and their families, watching in majestic serenity the throbbing tide of youthful life. What devotion there was in the beautiful music of the college choir and how that grand old hymn swelled out among the elms as it does to-day from eight hundred voices:

> If through unruffled seas
> Toward heaven we calmly sail
> With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee
> We'll own the favoring gale;

But should the surges rise
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

Morning prayers were less solemn. A gathering for worship at five in the summer and at six in the winter was more like the penance of a cloister than a devotional exercise. The chapel was cold, the lights were dim, the prayers were long. The gibing rhymster sang :

Day's prayers they are delightful,
They last from morn till nightfall;
And when to pray Day's once begun,
Day never stops till day is done.

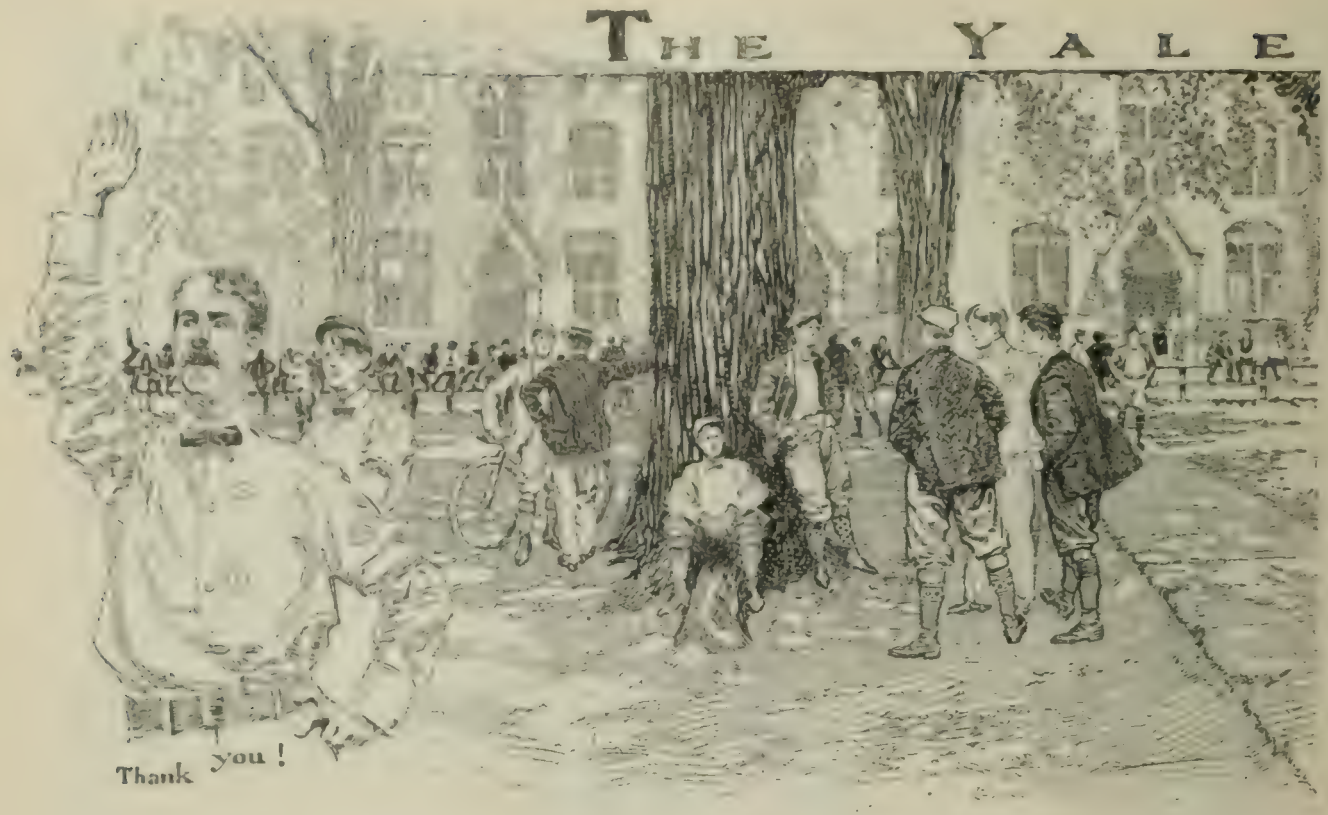
The singing furnished the only relief, and Professor Silliman felt this when after reading eight verses of a hymn, he finished with the line—"And sing to all eternity—omitting the last two stanzas." The congregation were dressed in motley, with a general predilection for a shawl or circular cloak and a pair of rubber boots to hide their naked frailties, and make them presentable for the hour of recitation which preceded a long-deferred breakfast.



Announcement of Senior Furniture Sale —Page 26.

In the social life of the college the great debating societies always held a prominent place, and contributed largely to that capacity for organization and that cohesion which has always been and is to-day a noticeable characteristic of Yale. Linonia, established in 1753, and Brothers in Unity, founded by David Humphreys in 1768, were intended to supply a literary culture which the curriculum did not furnish, and they fulfilled this office for one hundred years. They did much toward breaking down the barriers between the classes and promoting harmony and good-fellowship in college; they furnished ample opportunity for the display of forensic and literary ability and political activity. Extemporaneous disputes, orations, compositions, and humorous dialogues are mentioned in the earliest recorded proceedings. Questions which passed the scrutiny of a committee that they might correct any "bad grammar, wrong spelling, or the like," were entered together with the answers on the minutes of the scribe. Here are some of them: "How is the greatest common measure discovered in algebraic quantities?" "To extract the square root of $\frac{1}{4}\frac{1}{9}$ths?" "What is the reason that tho' all rivers run into the sea, the sea doth not increase?" Nathan Hale, of the Revolution, propounded the following: "How are the parts of life divided?" The answer, "Into three—the vegetive, the sensitive, the rational." "What thing is the most delightful to man in the world?" Answer, "It is much as the person is; if he is luxurious, he delights most in what he ought most to be ashamed of. Virtuous men will take greatest delight in virtuous actions; but what is most delightful to most men is getting money." The first question in extemporary debates in 1772 was, "Is it right to enslave the 'Africans?'" Most of the subjects were theological and indicated a spirit of free inquiry for that time. "Can a finite nature commit infinite sin?" "Is infant baptism a damage to religion?" "Was the punishment threatened to Adam in case of disobedience anything more than a temporal death?"

When a new government was in process of formation, many political subjects found their way into the field of society debate. "Have the United States any right to oblige any one of the States to come into the Constitution?" "Ought not the slave-trade to be abolished?" "Is commerce on its present footing beneficial to the United States?"—were questions discussed by men who afterward had an active part in building States and the nation. The names of David Humphreys, friend and staff-officer of Washington, Timothy Dwight, Nathan Hale, James Kent, Jeremiah Mason, John C. Calhoun,

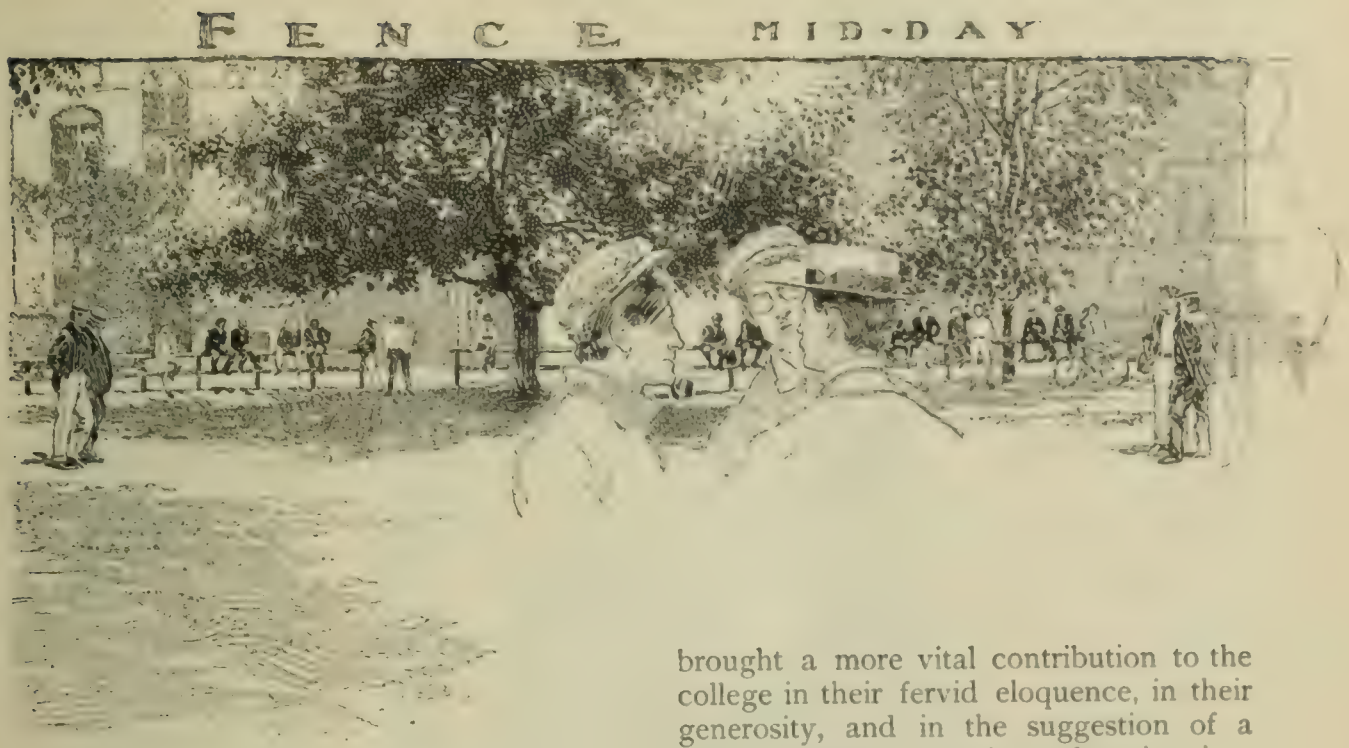


and later the members of one class—1837—who have been conspicuous in public affairs, William M. Evarts, Morrison R. Waite, Edwards Pierrepont, and Samuel J. Tilden, suggest the value of their training. There were exhibitions, plays, and prize debates. The campaigns for securing freshmen reached back into the preparatory schools, were conducted on railway trains coming into New Haven, and culminated in the "Statement of Facts," held a week after the opening of the term, when orators from the societies set forth alternately the incomparable history, the superior prize-list, and the immense advantage of one or the other in fervid oratory. Who can forget the playful humor, the sarcasm, the cross-fire of repartee, which that exciting occasion exhibited to the novice in college associations? The most spirited meetings of the commencement week were held in their halls, and men eminent in public life paid tribute to their usefulness. A third society, the Calliopean, was established by Southern students in 1819, and was an expression of their sectional feeling.

But these societies became too large; with the growth of the college the members scarcely knew each other by sight; fluent and confident public speech came to be less highly esteemed than it had been fifty years before; the course of study became more comprehensive and exacting, and the development of class societies and the expansion of college life rendered unnecessary the excitements of the society evenings; the two great literary camps which used to fill the air with their rival cries, and parade their trophies at annual commencement, passed into honorable oblivion. The Brothers men said Linonia never died because there was not a quorum at the funeral, and the Linonians retorted:

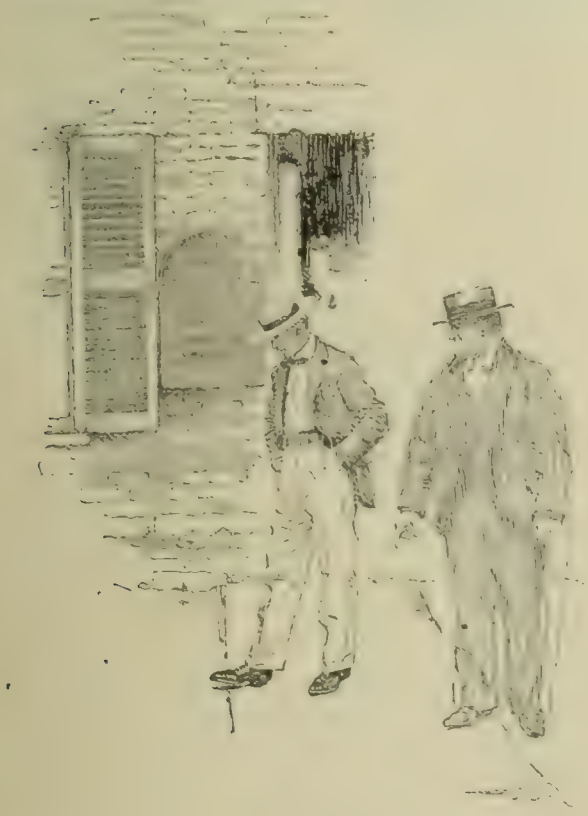
> Three hearers heard in a sleepy state,
> Three speakers spoke with eloquence great
> To gain three prizes in Brothers hall;
> Three judges judged, and that was all.

The mention of the Calliopean Society suggests the numbers and influence of Southern men at Yale before the war. They brought with them manners and a culture foreign to the sober atmosphere of the North, but fascinating to the untravelled eyes of the boys of New England. To the charm of their aristocratic bearing and address there was added a picturesqueness of attire—Byronic collar, velvet waist-



coat, flowing scarf, and sumptuous watch-chain, all crowned with the glory of locks which Hyperion might have envied—the cynosure of college fashion. But they brought a more vital contribution to the college in their fervid eloquence, in their generosity, and in the suggestion of a wider range of thought and action in a world outside the college gates.

College customs and amusements are transitory in their nature ; they rise, run their course with greater or less length of life, change with varying surroundings, or give place to others. Many in the older times were recognized institutions. The Bully Club, won in battle from sailors at the Dragon—ancient name of Fair Haven—was for forty years the symbol of leadership in the college, an ægis in combats with the town, and invested with the mystery of legendary awe. Each class had a Bully of its own, but the Senior class furnished the Bully for the college, the autocrat of the undergraduate world. The institution was abolished in 1841 in consequence of a *mêlée* on Commencement Day between its adherents and those who opposed the old order of things as savoring of barbarism. The memory of it is recalled in the dirge written by Nathaniel P. Willis, of '27, for the funeral of the Bully of his class :



Entrance to Old South Middle.

Ye've gathered to your place of prayer
With slow and measured tread ;
Your ranks are full, your mates all there—
But the soul of one has fled.
He was the proudest in his strength,
The manliest of ye all ;
Why lies he at that fearful length
And ye around his pall ?

There are old graduates who remember the grotesque hilarity of the burial of Euclid, which braved the faculty ban for nearly half a century with all the zest of lawless adventure. The old print of its ceremonies is thus described: "Over all and above all is seen the Presiding Genius of Mathematics, in despair at the sad fate of the great geometrician. He sits on a throne of hyperbolas and arching parabolas, circumscribed by spherical fiends and segments of oblique-angled devils, while his great right hand is grasping the tangents and cycloidal curves which compose his mathematical thunderbolts."

The freshman Pow-wow, a substitute for the annual foot-ball game, and the Thanksgiving Jubilee, which took the place of the more orderly exercises on Thanksgiving-eve in the staid old debating





societies, were the occasions for the display of much dramatic ability, wit, and eloquence; but their excessive exuberance brought upon them the displeasure of the authorities, and led to their abandonment.

The memory quickens at the name of the "Wooden Spoon," and recalls a crowded theatre, the vivacity of eager maidens and their gallants, a brilliant exhibition of undergraduate wit and eloquence and all the glamour of youth and unaccustomed festivity. The presentation of the coveted emblem under the charge of the Cochleaureati, as non-appointment men were called, was the great entertainment of a year less subject than now to feminine distraction. It was adopted from the custom at the University of Cambridge of naming the Junior Optime, or last man in the honor list, the "Wooden Spoon," and although the distinction was first bestowed upon a third colloquy man at Yale, in later years the desire of exalting the most popular man in his class made it the absolute gift of the undergraduates. The enchanting music, the elaborate wit of the programme, the unequalled acting, and the brilliant, fluttering audience still dazzle the mind's eye. The men of humble scholarship studied more Latin for the purposes of burlesque, paid more attention to original composition and developed more latent talent than the most sanguine of their instructors could have wished for, so great was the incentive and so eagerly sought the honor. As one of the songs had it:

Old Yale has many honors
In reach of every son,
And scarce a son departs from her
Without some honor won;
While hundreds take these honors
'Twixt every twelfth full moon,
But one a year, and only one
Can take the Wooden Spoon.

When college life has passed away,
And battle-life's begun,
This Wooden Spoon will ever be
A type of college fun.
. . . . . .
But soon you'll choose your better-half,
You'll be a fraction soon,
And fractions of a fraction then
May use this Wooden Spoon.

The Junior Promenade with an accompaniment of concert, ball, senior and soph-

omore German, has become its successor and brings a burst of color, gayety and temporary freedom from restraint into the round of college occupations.



For a short period, a sort of dark ages in the fifties. Fate and the Faculty saw fit to institute a system of intellectual torture, a revival of the *peine forte et dure*, which laid the crushing weight of Analytical Geometry, Differential and Integral Calculus, the influence of the Greek accent and Butler's ponderous "Analogy" upon a helpless college. Biennial examinations were imposed upon sophomores and seniors, and covered the entire work of the two preceding years; an unearned tribute to the mental powers of boys of eighteen. Into some minds the rills of learning never ran; and even from the diligent much must have escaped, but in the eyes of the faculty they should have been reservoirs brimming with learning to be drawn upon at will. Succeeding generations know not the nightmare of that time. Annuals and later term examinations took their place, but their memory still haunts the corners of the campus in the refrain:

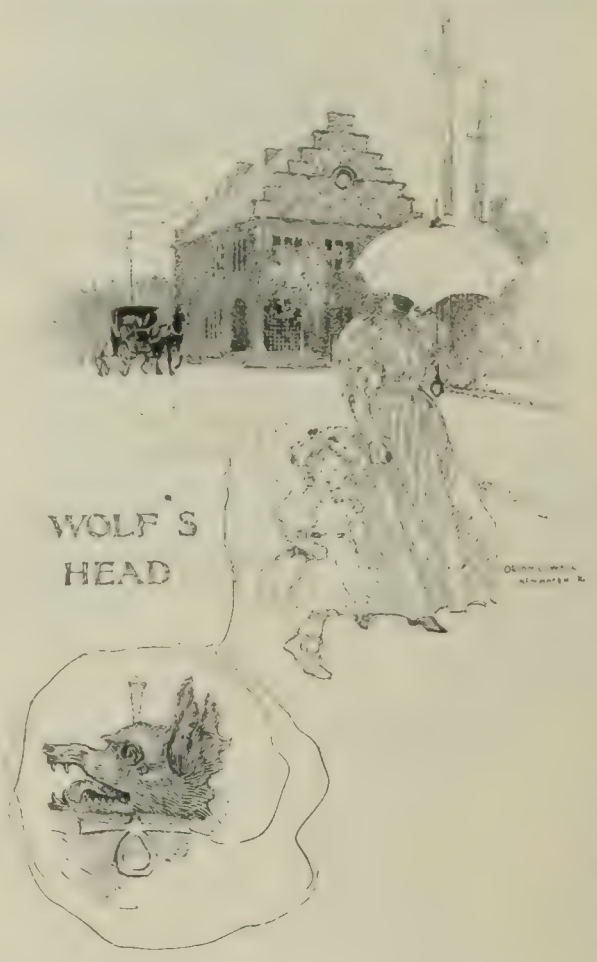
No more for us yon tuneful bell shall ring to morning prayers,
No more to long Biennials we'll mount yon attic stairs;
Examinations all are past; alumnuses you know,
We'll swell the praises loud and long of Alma Mater, O.

The inauguration of the society system which now exists at Yale was one of the most important steps in the evolution of the old simple college into a life of humming organized activity. In the year 1832, there came into being a society which is at the very core of Yale life and upon which the whole unique system is based, the ancient Society of the Skull and Bone, now known as "Skull and Bones." It was followed, in 1841, by Scroll and Key, and in 1883 by Wolf's Head, each in turn called into existence by the increasing numbers of the classes, or, as it was less euphemistically put, "to give community and sweetness to the eating of sour grapes." This was only in the birth of each, however, for they are now more nearly equal, although the prestige of age and achievement remains with "Bones," and this triumvirate sways the college world, raises to preferment or proscribes with absolute power.

These are societies of the senior class alone. The societies of the other classes —for in obedience to the Yale class-feeling each year has its own—have been ephemeral in their life and without any strong influence; their secrecy has never been profound, and a union of their forces for a college celebration has not been unusual. They generally serve as steps to the pinnacle of college success. A possible exception to this generalization should be made in favor of the Junior Societies Δ. K. E., Ψ. Y., and A. Δ. Φ., which have a history of fifty years, and though without the attraction of exclusiveness, keep Yale in touch with fraternity life in other colleges.

Except for the curriculum itself no force in the college is to be compared with the senior societies. The bond among their members lasts through life, and so close is it that even the college world knows nothing of their proceedings, and can only conjecture their purposes. Their cardinal principle in the selection of members is the recognition of character and achievement. The

various activities of a college career are all recognized — literary ability, scholarship, athletic energy, the liking of many friends are all avenues to the temple of fortune. This is the highest honor which a Yale man can receive from his fellows, and because it comes from them he sets it above scholastic distinction or any titles which the faculty can confer. All the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it, for it is itself a crown of victory for whatever task a man may have undertaken.

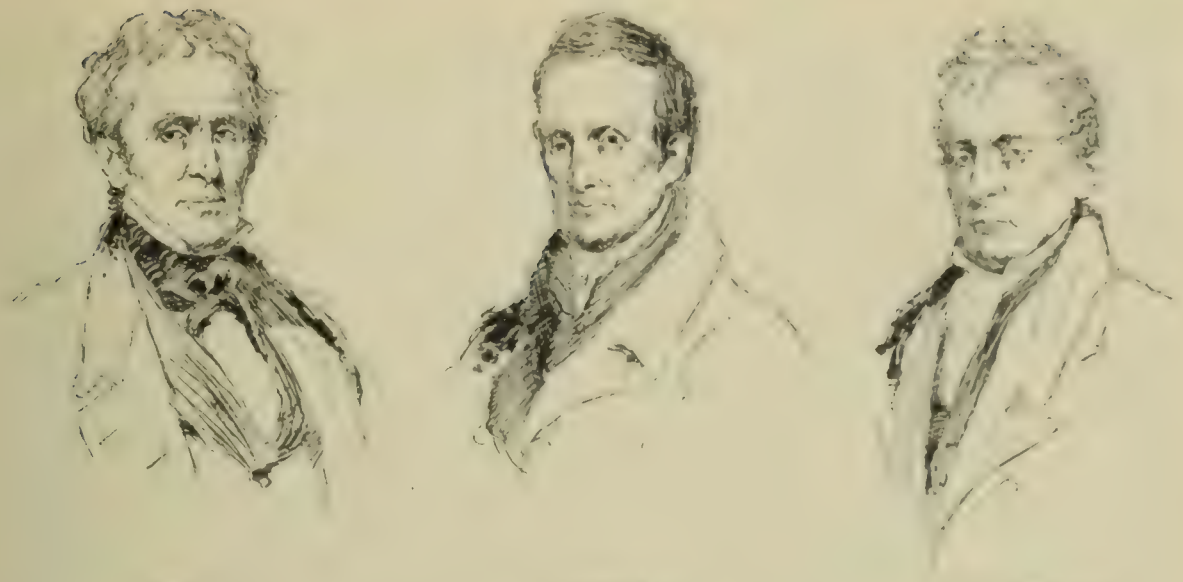


The society halls are retired and guard their own secrets. Curiosity stops abruptly at the iron doors. The members do not even breathe the name of any one of the three societies, and the little gold badge of membership never leaves the person. By so much the more is their glamour increased in the eyes of the unthinking, but their real strength lies in the character of the men they choose and in the stand they take for the better things in academic life.

The timorous freshman sees afar the shining mark, and his footsteps take a purpose in their course. The swashing sophomore, in the hurly-burly of midnight, casts a backward glance of prudence at upperclass dignity, conscious of the ordeal to come. Juniors are, of course, as men on trial for their lives, and walk accordingly with guarded, and alas ! sometimes worldly eyes. Sir Senior himself, in the full panoply of success, with the consciousness of deeds well done, feels the responsibility of great place and does his best to meet it. He has passed through the valley of tribulation and over the hill of difficulty, and now he sits serene in the enjoyment of his garnered wisdom. It may be inferred that the system has its defects — few institutions are better than the men who compose them. A world of perfect retribution is an unrealized ideal, and the mimic world of college does not always weigh with perfect scales. The genus "Swipe," anglicè toady, is not unknown ; and individuality of thought is sometimes sacrificed to public opinion, crystallized by the society men and the society standards. But what a sane, what an impartial, what a tremendous public opinion it is ! The writer, the debater, the scholar, the athlete, each is goaded to the full measure of his abilities. Life is strenuous and eminently practical because success is tangible. The organization of effort, carried to its highest development at New Haven in athletics, debate, or the different phases of social life, which is the "Yale spirit" upon its tangible and mechanical side, is due in large measure to the society influences which concentrate into channels of efficiency all the diffuse and vagrant energies of the college. The system is at once the child and supporter of that vigorous democracy which endures because it recognizes the achievements of worth, and yet acknowledges no claims of birth or station.

The only public manifestation of the effect of these senior societies upon college life is at the annual choice of members from the incoming Senior Class. For weeks before the announcement the elections have been taking place in the society retreats, and the results are disclosed in a manner at once mysterious and dramatic, which gives to the ceremony the sombre tone of a Nemesis tragedy.

On a certain Thursday afternoon in the



B. Silliman, Sr. Jeremiah Day James L. Kingsley

Professors of Fifty Years' Service.

last week of May groups of men begin to thicken about the campus. Underclassmen, juniors, heroes of the day, seniors, sceptics, and scoffers, to whom the future offers nothing, all but the forty-five society members who are withdrawn into their remote temples, sweeps, conversational mothers, graduates ruminant of the past, and professors, swell a crowd which wavers about the fence in thrilling anxiety, the perfect type of a ΧΟΡΟΣ ΓΕΡΟΝΤΩΝ, eager to praise or blame, sagacious after the event, but impotent before the march of fate.

As the college chimes ring five o'clock a senior from each society comes upon the campus into a hush of expectation. He walks solemnly to the crowd of men, enters it, threads his way about with a fixed gaze at nothing, and often passes by the object of his search until finally he comes up behind his man, taps him on the back, and with the accolade bids him sternly "Go to your room." With relaxation of the strain comes applause, varying with the popularity of the elected man, and generally louder if his fortune was unexpected. In an embarrassed rapture he goes to his room as a hero to the abode of the gods, attended by the senior as his sponsor Valkyrie. What happens there is the first mystery. From this point the elections are given out in rapid succession as the after-

CATALOGUE

Of the Officers *and* Students *in* Yale College, *November*, 1806.

REV. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D.
President, and Professor of Divinity

Hon. ELIZUR GOODRICH, Esq. Professor of Law.
Mr. JEREMIAH DAY, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.
BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, Esq. Professor of Natural History and Chemistry.
Mr. JAMES L. KINGSLEY, Professor of Languages and Ecclesiastical History.

TUTORS.

Mr. NOYES DARLING, Mr. JOHN HALL. Mr. DAVID A. SHERMA. | Mr. SERENO E. DWIGHT, Mr. MILLS DAY.

Class.

Names.	Places of Residence.	Rooms.
Burr Bradley,	*Fairfield,*	42
John Brainard,	*Haddam,*	23
John D. Chandler,	*Elizabethtown, N. J.*	38
Jonathan E. Chaplin,	*Brooklyn,*	80
Noah Coe,	*Durham;*	38

Junior Class—*continued.*

Names.	Places of Residence.	Rooms.
Columbia, S. C.	*No.*	14
Columbia, S. C.		14
North-Milford,		32

Sops

Names.
John Rice,
George H. Richards,
Hezekiah Sanford,
Benjamin F. Shelton,
Henry Sherril,

noon wears away, and within an hour all hopes are realized or defeated. For a few days the elected men may receive the congratulations of their friends, but on the following Tuesday they pass the frowning portals of the hall and their lips are sealed.

If there appears something of the childish in these observances, as no doubt there is, especially in this particular demonstration, the unfamiliar critic should consider that Yale men almost unanimously applaud their influence and cherish their existence. In 1884, when their selection of members had not met with the complete approval of the college, a proposition was made for their abolishment and a mass meeting called. A prominent man who had failed of an election delivered an enthusiastic eulogy upon the system, and the proposition to abolish was defeated by an overwhelming majority.

The moral and intellectual atmosphere of the training of older Yale was in keeping with the physical aspect of the recitation-rooms, formal and ascetic, with an uncompromising ugliness of bare whitewashed walls and blackboard, mourning badge of learning, which stood for discipline and arduous effort. The turbulent youth crowded on the yellow benches were subjected to violent temporary repression beneath the grim looks of the tutor who faced them in his little pulpit, presiding over the sacrifice, an unrelenting ἱερος. In other relations he was a good fellow—over beer and pipe he might rise to heights of geniality, but the ordinary tutor was in the class-room a sphinx before whose questions many ambitious youths perished miserably. The intellectual rigidity which his severity enforced always became painful before the lapse of the full hour of recitation, so that the explosion welcoming some touch of humor in the proceedings was as violent as the repression had been austere, and the unhappy tutor often found himself suddenly confronted with a crisis not necessarily included in the experiences of a high-stand past.

"What was the laticlavius?" said the tutor to a pitiable wretch of that order whose intellects transfuse the solid facts of positive knowledge into a nebula of vague conjectures. Boldly he concealed the weakness of his defences and faced the enemy: "It was the garment which the Roman matrons wore when they went into the Cloaca Maxima."

Equally unfortunate was the youth who volunteered to give the parentage of Trojan Ganymede. "He was," said he, "the son of Mount Olympus and an eagle." Some doubt being expressed as to the exactness of this biological statement, he proved his faith in authorship, and shocked a drowsy room into clamorous applause by reading triumphantly from the preface to his Ovid: "And Ganymede was borne to Mount Olympus by an eagle."

Even the mathematics recitation, usually a desiccated repast, was sometimes flavored with a taste of humor. A much-loved professor was deeply pained to see an estimable young man, whose knowledge was at his fingers' ends, put that knowledge into his pocket upon the professor's approach. In a voluble attempt to cover his manœuvre he said: "Professor, I think this sine of alpha can be computed upon a different theory." "Sir," mildly replied the professor, "it is a condition and not a theory that confronts you."

The men were unruly enough in those older days to justify the faculty restraint which was laid upon their irresponsible doings. The unpopular tutor was an object for humane pity. Regularly upon Saturday nights the vandal brick aimed by the hand of some Bacchic celebrant would bring with it through his window the cool night air of January. Uproarious bursts of mirth in his class-room would be so frequent as to suggest that they were not altogether adventitious. Had he a propensity for exceeding the hour of recitation, some hidden alarm clock would rattle out a reminder or a concerted shuffling of feet would express the impatience of his scholars. Mr. Washington Value, the ancient teacher of dancing when that polite accomplishment was a feature of a New Haven education, was goaded into such a Gallic frenzy that he exclaimed: "Gentlemen, if the Lord were to come down from Heaven and say, Mr. Washington Value, vill you be the dancing-master of Yale College or vill you be etairnally damn? I should say to him—Sare, if it is all the same to you I vill be etairnally damn." Citizens of the town were occasionally obliged to select their

front gates from a pile of such pieces of real property erected on the green, and a subsequently distinguished professor of Columbia College developed his taste for physical experimentation by shooting an arrow into the clock with the philanthropic purpose of delaying the arrival of the hour for morning prayers.

The practice of stealing signs was once accounted honorable, and many tablets of industrious tradesmen were borne by night into the caverns in the old brick row. It is told in "Sketches of Yale College" (1843) that on one occasion Tutor Divitiacus observed the plunder-laden flight of two of these thieves and followed hastily. The men, conscious of the pursuit, locked their door, thrust the sign into the stove and began a very audible reading of the Holy Word. The pious man would not interrupt the exercise, which ended only with the complete incineration of the sign and the closing verse : " A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, but no sign shall be given it except the sign of the prophet Jonah."

Those were the days of hazing, when unduly clever freshmen were haled from their quiet rooms to distant saloons, where they rowed furious races with toothpicks on tables slippery with beer, " browsed," with hands tied, upon paper pinned several inches above their noses upon the wall, or repeated the oration of their school commencement with compulsory gestures. Sometimes they were marched up Chapel Street at the head of a platoon of remorseless infanticides and compelled to announce to the interested townsfolk their names, genealogy, and personal claims to notoriety. Of these and kindred practices the higher civilization of a university has left only the mild disorder of campus bonfires, generally laid so as to consume the few remaining spears of grass dear to the heart of the Superintendent of Grounds and Buildings. With the first flicker of the barrel-fed flame windows fly up with startling rapidity and a chorus of " Fire ! " breaks out which lasts for fifteen minutes and drops off with scattering shots from distant South Middle or the Lyceum. An inexhaustible piece of humor is the imputation of the origin of the blaze to some unhappy scholar or immaculate deacon whose light may be burning. This information is disclosed by the Socratic method, a single interlocutor putting the question, " Who lit that fire ? " and Durfee, Farnam, Lawrence, and the old brick row responding as one " Highstand lit that fire."

The centre of all campus life is and always has been at the Fence. Up to 1888 this Palladium of liberties stood at the southeast corner of the campus on the spot now occupied by Osborne Hall ; in that year it was removed by the faculty to its present position in front of Durfee Hall. From prehistoric times this famous seat of learning has had the sanctity of an institution. It represents the most important article in that unwritten constitution of democratic principles which is the creed of every Yale man. Night and day it receives innumerable rivulets of common leisure, tributary to its havens of idlesse. Thigh to thigh sit scholar, athlete, and Bohemian, in a guild of fellowship far better than the dusty ruts of learning—

> No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
> The past unsigh'd for and the future sure—

learning a mutual respect and an appreciation of life which could not be gathered from the contemplation of a cuneiform inscription, or a journey into the wastes of spherical trigonometry. As the Master Apologist for idlers has it : " There is certainly some chill and arid knowledge to be found upon the summits of formal and laborious science ; but it is all round about you, and for the trouble of looking, that you will acquire the warm and palpitating facts of life."

After the manner of all Gaul the Fence, in its material aspect, is by the fiat of tradition divided into three parts—a generous stretch of rails for seniors and juniors, a smaller one for the sophomores, and a little tail-piece for the freshmen, which they may enjoy only if and when they overcome the Harvard freshmen at baseball. In fighting days the juniors, the very Erinys of inter-class warfare, used continually to incite the freshmen to break established law and seize the sophomore fence, and then would the battle rage as over the ships at Troy, and many reputations be won. After a time the freshmen would become conscious of the superiority of sophomore organization and de-

clime to provide amusement for the unscrupulous juniors.

The Fence fills its peculiar function with each class. The slender freshmen stand without the gates and worship with reverent desire for the days of enfranchisement when they may sit upon it and whistle the Freshman March at other freshmen yet unborn. For the sophomores it tops Olympus. It is a sufficient joy to be envied of the freshmen and with "Procul, procul este, O profani!" to preserve its sanctity from unhallowed touch. With new-fledged pride of worldliness they rub elbows with upper classmen and watch the grave and reverend seniors in their games. Sophomores always act with the united energy of an explosion, and for an escapade the Fence is an unrivalled locus proficiscendi. It is in sophomore year that a man whittles his name upon it. In junior year, when individualities are growing and it becomes a familiar thing, more subtle delights, more intellectual enjoyment of character or of contact made possible by broader experiences come from its use, and elaborate glees and madrigals supplant the roaring songs of sophomore year. The seniors have a touch of sentiment at the thought of approaching dissolution and begin to feel its power as an institution, even when they lay destructive and incendiary hands upon the seat of their affections.

At the Fence the seniors welcome spring with tops and marbles, an indulgence which has always been their especial prerogative, and the freshmen have always assembled on Washington's Birthday for their banger parade, while their natural foes perch upon the rails in the new glory of silk hats. Advertisements of the sale of furniture, signs of spring, plaster the surrounding trees, and here used Hannibal, student emeritus, to sell his wares "of saccharine sweetness." "Gentlemen," he would say, "I vow and assert that the confections which I now present for your consideration are worthy of that reputation which it has been my pride to create and my earnest ambition to uphold. Their perfection is most excellent, and their sweetness unparalleled. De gustibus." A favorite amusement of idleness was to provoke Hannibal and his ancient rival "Davy," now deceased, to debate upon metaphysical subjects. The dead languages were revivified and quotation, aphorism, and, at the last, personal epithet hurtled in full shock until a sated audience would straggle down to Mory's and slake the fever of spring with cool ale.

Has any benighted soul never heard of Mory's or of Mory's ale? That "woody" ale? Those nooks for placid thought and sympathy? The house of Mrs. Moriarty, shining with pewter, hospitable with toby and fragrant coffee, with twin golden eggs and flanking toast, shrines the memory of many quiet hours. An atmosphere of contemplation and reminiscence pervades the rooms and makes them fit for meditation or for confidence. The genius of the spot dislikes merry-making or noisy mirth, and casts his spell only upon those who appreciate the subtle charm of drowsiness and seclusion from garish pleasures. In each class some solitary soul makes it his haunt and drinks lethean ale into his blood. You may find such an one on a warm spring afternoon, when the whole college is afield or afloat, brooding in a corner or hobnobbing with some forgotten author, companion of his slow pensiveness. In the winter season rowing men will settle here some anxious question about the height of foot-braces or the distribution of the weight in this year's boat. Members of X. Δ. Θ. discuss the latest Kipling story or the tendencies of college writing. Many secrets of politics are hidden in the dusky corners, which could startle the world with the real reason why "Bibulus '81 didn't make Bones," or how Sychophantikos got into a sophomore society. Here are libations of "musty" or of the treacherous compound "velvet" poured before the victors in class races, and here do graduates of all ages and degrees lament the decay of manners and mark with an "Eheu, fugaces" the passing of the golden age of their time. Of late years the patrons of Mory's have been used to carve their names upon the round centre table, and when no more space remains, the table-top is removed and hung upon the wall for the gaze of future generations, so that the voices of the past speak with the personality of a name.

Mory's affords no shelter to the wandering freshman. He may not enter its sacred portals except under the tutelage of

a superior, and even then he is subject to discomfiting ridicule if he order ice-cream or a chicken sandwich. Truly, the eighteenth century laws in restraint of freshmen are but slightly relaxed.

In earlier days the youth who were temperate in their indulgences regaled themselves at a booth opposite South College on fried pies, ginger-bread, and root-beer, the simple products of Pond. Those who preferred stronger waters descended into the town to the cosey taproom of a publican, named Lake, whose pumps drew porter, stout, and half and half. The presence of the great Lake gave a richer tang to the ale, for his early days had been spent in the English prize-ring. He wore knee-breeches, gaiters, a frieze coat, and an air of gentle ferocity in keeping with his past, but he left the serving of beer to Mrs. Lake, a woman with a ruffled cap and portly unruffled dignity, who sat behind the little bar.

A rake's progress from the peace of a boarding-house to Pond's insidious pies and the dissolute haunt of Lake ended at the Woodcock, a supper-room in Court Street, where midnight suppers and champagne, eked out from months of economy, shocked the revellers with a sense of their depravity. No such quail have ever since whistled in the Connecticut wheat-fields, and canvas-back duck have mightily degenerated since the ghost of Lucullus was laid in those golden days.

The organization and development of intercollegiate athletics now absorb much of the energy that used to be given to such dissolute wanderings or to the furious internecine warfare of classes. From immemorial time there were mighty games of football on the New Haven Green, in which whole classes engaged. The freshmen posted their formal challenge on the bulletin of Lyceum, and the supercilious acceptance of the sophomores named the day for the struggle. "Come," cried the Class of '60,

> And like sacrifices in their trim
> To the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
> All hot and bleeding will we offer you.

And the Tyrtæus of '58 cheered his mates with the noble lines :

> Let them come on, the base-born crew!
> Each soil-stained churl—alack!
> What gain they but a splitten skull,
> A sod for their base back!

On the bloody day appointed, both sides massed in heavy column with Napoleonic tactics—while the New Haven fathers surrounded the field. When the round leather ball was kicked, two hundred men clashed together in frantic, shoving, dusty, roaring chaos, the one side striving to kick the ball to the Chapel Street fence, the other to force it to the steps of the State House. Swift runners hung upon the outskirts to seize the ball, chance-directed to their feet, and hurry it amid full-gazing applause to the goal. But it was in the middle press where deeds were uncrowned, where shirts became streamers and rib squeezed rib until they cracked, that the heroes of war and the college Bully were to be found. From this Titanic struggle the degenerates of today have evolved the emasculated game which they call football, a wretched sort of parlor pastime!

The particular savagery of '58, who gave battle with painted faces in fearful attire, excited the actual physical interference of one of the faculty, who charged upon the combatants, a member of the church militant, and found immortality in the lines :

> Poor '58 had scarce got well
> From that sad punching in the bel
> Of old Prof. Olmsted's umberell.

Then there was rowing—real rowing—another sport of heroic virtues, for it was done in mighty barges which only strong men could pull, not in attenuated shells with factitious aids to speed, and the gallant craft—that was their poetic way of alluding to it—was put to practical use by carrying Commencement maidens out to New Haven Light, an eight-mile pull. This was of course far more agreeable to the rowers than snatching at the water in a furious effort to get a few inches ahead of eight other unhappy men, and it is very much to be suspected that the girls liked their share in the occasion better, too.

The first race with Harvard took place at Lake Winnipiseogee in August, 1852, and was a sort of agreeable junket for the oarsmen. There were boat parades, evening entertainments and a two-mile race, won by the Oneida of Harvard from the

Shawmut of Yale by two lengths. A regatta in which Harvard was again victorious was held at Springfield in 1855, and from 1858 to 1870 race-meets were held at Lake Quinsigamond, near Worcester. In most of these the Yale men were vanquished, but they generally helped their conquerors to celebrate the occasion in a manner which was the origin of the traditions, long obsolete, that still find their way into the papers in accounts of the excesses of football enthusiasts. The Bay State House was the scene of rejoicing, and after all convivial spirits had been whipped into its net the doors were locked against escape and the proprietor had to deduct from the profit on his wine account the cost of broken crockery and demolished furniture.

In 1872 and 1873 the races were rowed at Springfield, and in 1874 and 1875 at Saratoga, under the auspices of the Rowing Association of American Colleges, and were won successively by Amherst, Yale, Columbia, and Cornell. In 1876 Harvard and Yale rowed again at Springfield, and ever since that year, save for the interregnum which is now so happily ending, the banks of Thames have echoed to the imprecations of the brazen-lunged little coxswains. The life at quarters for the four weeks preceding the race is a serene existence removed from all clamor or utilitarian affairs and devoted to out-of-doors and the apotheosis of youth, health, and strength. Although there are long conferences and debates on rowing matters, the primal forces are dominant and match the wide simplicity of sky and river. The sweating fierceness of four-mile trials, the sharp bursts of practice speed with each man marking the catch with voice and oar, the savage cries of the coach and the evening tingle of stretching muscles bring a man to the realization of the elements of his nature.

The era of modern football at Yale was inaugurated in 1872 by a game with Columbia under association rules with twenty men on a side. A thrilling match was played in the next year with an eleven of old Etonians, most of them in the British diplomatic service. The Englishmen were more adept, but the exchange of international hospitalities had not improved their "condition," and the Yale team carried the day by a score of three goals to two in an exciting game which lasted until after dark. The Englishmen introduced a novelty in the wearing of uniforms, consisting of white flannel jackets and trousers trimmed with broad light-blue ribbon. In 1876 the Rugby rules were adopted, under which Yale, Harvard, and Princeton have ever since played with elevens, except in 1877 and 1878, when Harvard insisted on playing with fifteens.

The public which cheers the skill or marvellous concert of an eleven knows nothing of the process out of which it has come, tried as by fire, the real effort of the college as a whole ; knows nothing of the longing of the man on the sidelines who has given his best toil for three months, perhaps for as many years, and finds his only reward in carrying his rival's sweater during the great game. The little band of substitutes who make up the second eleven and who are driven back day after day in practice, doggedly resisting every inch of trampled ground, receive no pæans from the thousands at Manhattan Field or Springfield. Is one of them hurt in practice—"Ah, yes, hard luck, but he couldn't have made the team anyhow;" and perhaps not the least of trials is the indifferent encouragement of a coach, when blame would imply potentiality worth disciplining. The college, which stands about under the cold November sky and measures out impartial criticism at the Field, may praise their efforts, but it is always as efforts, never as results, and no reverent posterity can ever honor them as "the tackle of '84" or "the man who kicked the goal from the forty-five yard line." They represent unselfish loyalty, striving in full consciousness that the heights of fame lie above their climbing, but bringing to the struggle all the enthusiasm, all the devotion, all the persevering courage which are the true spirit of Yale.

There is no mention in these pages of the organization of the University, or its development and progress under President Dwight ; nothing of the Sheffield Scientific School, whose growth has doubled the number of undergraduates, of the Divinity, Law, and Medical Schools, of the material expansion of the college, or of commodious and elaborately equipped buildings. These are but random and incomplete allusions, jetsam of the stream of college life and history, and there is in

them no effort to order the factors of the complex whole. Some glimpses of the life of the college have been here suggested—as one can sometimes learn more of the inhabitants of a distant country from a song or a story than by the aid of a Baedeker; but curriculums, professional schools, or athletic records have no graphic force. Most college graduates, men who have felt the spring in their blood, and tasted the subtle sweetness of college days—

> Days that flew swiftly, like the band
> That in the Grecian games had strife
> And passed from eager hand to hand
> The onward-dancing torch of life—

know how ethereal and intangible is the spirit of their Alma Mater; to all others knowledge can come, not by study, but by inspiration.

Still less to be desired is the trumpeting of virtues. The names of the famous sons of Yale are in the catalogue of graduates for the curious to see. Her learning has been garnered into books, and the love of her offspring has been builded into bronze and stone. But the origin itself of that love, the devotion of the sons, the wisdom of the "kindly mother," are things too fine, too spiritual for deliberate exposition. There is no master-word by which they can be unveiled to stranger eyes.

A REJECTED TITIAN

By Robert Herrick

"JOHN," my wife remarked in horrified tones, "he's coming to Rome!"

"Who is coming to Rome — the Emperor?"

"Uncle Ezra—see," she handed me the telegram. "Shall arrive in Rome Wednesday morning; have Watkins at the Grand Hotel."

I handed the dispatch to Watkins.

"Poor uncle!" my wife remarked.

"He will get it in the neck," I added, profanely.

"They ought to put nice old gentlemen like your uncle in bond when they reach Italy," Watkins mused, as if bored in advance. "The *antichità* get after them, like —like confidence-men in an American city, and the same old story is the result; they find, in some mysterious fashion, a wonderful Titian, a forgotten Giorgione, cheap at *cinque mille lire*. Then it's all up with them. His pictures are probably decalcomanias, you know, just colored prints pasted over board. Why, we *know* every picture in Venice; it's simply *impossible*——"

Watkins was a connoisseur: he had bought his knowledge in the dearest school of experience.

"What are you going to do, Mr. Watkins?" my wife put in. "Tell him the truth?"

"There's nothing else to do. I used up all my ambiguous terms over that daub he bought in the Piazza di Spagna—'reminiscential' of half a dozen worthless things, 'suggestive,' etc. I can't work them over again." Watkins was lugubrious.

"Tell him the truth as straight as you can; it's the best medicine." I was Uncle Ezra's heir; naturally I felt for the inheritance.

"Well," my wife was invariably cheerful, "perhaps he has found something valuable; at least, one of them may be; isn't it possible?"

Watkins looked at my wife, indulgently.

"He's been writing me about them for a month, suggesting that as I was about to go on to Venice, he would like to have me see them: such treasures as I should find them. I have been waiting until he should get out. It isn't a nice job, and your uncle——"

"There are three of them, Aunt Mary writes: Cousin Maud has bought one, with the advice of Uncle Ezra and Professor Augustus Painter, and Painter himself is the last one to succumb."

"They have all gone mad," Watkins murmured.

"Where did Maudie get the cash?" I asked.

"She had a special gift on coming of age,

and she has been looking about for an opportunity for throwing it away" my wife had never sympathized with my cousin Maud Vantweekle. "She had better save it for her *trousseau*, if she goes on much more with that young Professor. Aunt Mary should look after her."

Watkins rose to go.

"Hold on a minute," I said. "Just listen to this delicious epistle from Uncle Ezra."

"'. . . . We have hoped that you would arrive in Venice before we break up our charming home here. Mary has written you that Professor Painter has joined us at the Palazzo Palladio, complementing our needs and completing our circle. He has an excellent influence for seriousness upon Maud; his fine, manly qualities have come out. Venice, after two years of Berlin, has opened his soul in a really remarkable manner. All the beauty lying loose around here has been a revelation to him——'"

"Maud's beauty," my wife interpreted.

"'And our treasures you will enjoy so much—such dashes of color, such great slaps of light! I was the first to buy—they call it a Savoldo, but I think no third-rate man could be capable of so much—such reaching out after infinity. However, that makes little difference. I would not part with it, now that I have lived these weeks with so fine a thing. Maud won a prize in her Bonifazio, which she bought under my advice. Then Augustus secured the third one, a Bissola, and it has had the greatest influence upon him already; it has given him his education in art. He sits with it by the hour while he is at work, and its charm has gradually produced a revolution in his character. We had always found him too Germanic, and he had immured himself in that barbarous country for so long over his Semitic books that his nature was stunted on one side. His picture has opened a new world for him. Your Aunt Mary and I already see the difference in his character; he is gentler, less narrowly interested in the world. This precious bit of fine art has been worth its price many times, but I don't think Augustus would part with it for any consideration now that he has lived with it and learned to know its power.'"

"I can't see why he is coming to Rome," Watkins commented at the end. "If they are confident that they know all about it, and don't care anyway who did them, and are having all this spiritual love-feast, what in the world do they want any expert advice upon their text for? Now for such people to buy pictures, when they haven't a mint of money! Why don't they buy something within their means really fine—a coin, a Van Dyck print? I could get your uncle a Whistler etching for £25, a really fine thing, you know——"

This was Watkins's hobby.

"Oh, well, it won't be bad in the end of the hall at New York; it's as dark as pitch there; and then Uncle Ezra can leave it to the Metropolitan as a Giorgione. It will give the critics something to do. And I suppose that in coming on here he has in mind to get an indorsement for his picture that will give it a commercial value. He's canny, is my Uncle Ezra, and he likes to gamble, too, like the rest of us. If he should draw a prize, it wouldn't be a bad thing to brag of."

Watkins called again the next morning.

"Have you seen Uncle Ezra?" my wife asked, anxiously.

"No. Three telegrams. Train was delayed—I suppose by the importance of the works of art it's bringing on."

"When do you expect him?"

"About noon."

"Mr. Watkins," my wife flamed out, "I believe you are just shirking it, to meet that poor old man with his pictures. You ought to have been at the station, or at least at the hotel. Why, it's twelve now!"

Watkins hung his head.

"I believe you are a coward," my wife went on. "Just think of his arriving there, all excitement over his pictures, and finding you gone!"

"Well, well," I said, soothingly, "it's no use to trot off now, Watkins; stay to breakfast. He will be in shortly. When he finds you are out at the hotel he will come straight on here, I am willing to bet."

Watkins looked relieved at my suggestion.

"I believe you meant to run away all along," my wife continued, severely, "and to come here for refuge."

Watkins sulked.

"Damn the pictures and their influence," I said.

We waited in suspense, straining our ears to hear the sound of a cab stopping in the

street. At last one did pull up. My wife made no pretence of indifference, but hurried to the window.

"It's Uncle Ezra with a big, black bundle. John, run down— No! there's a facchino."

We looked at each other and laughed. "The three!"

Our patron of art came in, with a warm, gentle smile, his tall, thin figure a little bent with the fatigue of the journey, his beard a little grayer and dustier than usual, and his hands all a-tremble with nervous impatience and excitement. He had never been as tremulous before an opinion from the Supreme Court. My wife began to purr over him soothingly; Watkins looked sheepish; I hurried them all off to breakfast.

The omelette was not half done before Uncle Ezra jumped up, and began unstrapping the oil-cloth covering to the pictures. There was consternation at the table. My wife endeavored soothingly to bring Uncle Ezra's interest back to breakfast, but he was not to be fooled. My Uncle Ezra was a courageous man.

"Of course you fellows," he said, smiling at Watkins, in his suave fashion, "are just whetting your knives for me, I know. That's right. I want to know the worst, the hardest things you can say. You can't destroy the intrinsic *worth* of the pictures for us; I have lived with mine too long, and know how precious it is!"

At last the three pictures were tipped up against the wall, and the Madonnas and saints in gold, red, and blue were beaming out insipidly at us. Uncle Ezra affected indifference. Watkins continued with the omelette. "We'll look them over after breakfast," he said, severely, thus getting us out of the hole temporarily.

After breakfast my wife cooked up some engagement, and hurried me off. We left Uncle Ezra in the hands of the physician. Two hours later, when we entered, the operation had been performed—we could see at a glance—and in a bloody fashion. The pictures were lying about the vast room as if they had been spat at. Uncle Ezra smiled wanly at us with the courage of the patient who is a sceptic about physicians.

"Just what I expected," he said, briskly, to relieve Watkins, who was smoking, with the air of a man who has finished his job and is now cooling off. "Mr. Watkins thinks Painter's picture and Maud's are copies, Painter's done a few years ago and Maud's a little older, the last century. My Savoldo he finds older, but repainted. You said cinque cento, Mr. Watkins?"

"Perhaps, Mr. Williams," Watkins answered, and added, much as a dog would give a final shake to the bird, "*Much* repainted, hardly anything left of the original. There may be a Savoldo underneath, but you don't see it." Watkins smiled at us knowingly. My wife snubbed him.

"Of course, Uncle Ezra, *that's* one man's opinion. I certainly should not put much faith in one critic, no matter how eminent he may be. Just look at the guide-books and see how the 'authorities' swear at one another. Ruskin says every man is a fool who can't appreciate his particular love, and Burckhardt calls it a daub, and Eastlake insipid. Now there are a set of young fellows who think they know all about paint and who painted what. They're renaming all the great masterpieces. Pretty soon they will discover that some tenth-rate fellow painted the Sistine Chapel."

Watkins put on an aggrieved and expostulatory manner. Uncle Ezra cut in.

"Oh! my dear! Mr. Watkins may be right, quite right. It's his business to know, I am sure, and I anticipated all that he would say; indeed, I have come off rather better than I expected. There is old paint in it somewhere."

"Pretty far down," Watkins muttered. My wife bristled up, but Uncle Ezra assumed his most superb calm.

"It makes no difference to me, of course, as far as the *worth* of the work of art is concerned. I made up my mind before I came here that my picture was worth a great deal to me, much more than I paid for it." There was a heroic gasp. Watkins interposed mercilessly, "And may I ask, Mr. Williams, what you did give for it?"

Uncle Ezra was an honest man. "Twenty-five hundred lire," he replied, sullenly.

"Excuse me" (Watkins was behaving like a pitiless cad), "but you paid a great deal too much for it, I assure you. I could have got it for——"

"Mr. Watkins," my wife was hardly civil to him, "it doesn't matter much what you could have got it for."

"No," Uncle Ezra went on bravely, "I am a little troubled as to what this may mean to Maud and Professor Painter, for you see their pictures are copies."

"Undoubted modern copies," the unquenchable Watkins emended.

"Maud has learned a great deal from her picture. And as for Painter, it has been an education in art, an education in life. He said to me the night before I came away, 'Mr. Williams, I wouldn't take two thousand for that picture: it's been the greatest influence in my life.'"

I thought Watkins would have convulsions.

"And it has brought those two young souls together in a marvellous way, this common interest in fine art. You will find Maud a much more serious person, Jane. No, if I were Painter I certainly should not care a fig whether it proves to be a copy or not. I shouldn't let that influence me in my love for such an educational wonder."

The bluff was really sublime, but painful. My wife gave a decided hint to Watkins that his presence in such a family scene was awkward. He took his hat and cane. Uncle Ezra rose and grasped him cordially by the hand.

"You have been very generous, Mr. Watkins," he said, in his own sweet way, "to do such an unpleasant job. It's a large draft to make on the kindness of a friend."

"Oh, don't mention it, Mr. Williams; and if you want to buy something really fine, a Van Dyck print—a——"

Uncle Ezra was shooing him toward the door. From the stairs we could still hear his voice. "Or a Whistler etching for twenty-five pounds, I could get you, now, a very fine——"

"No, thank you, Mr. Watkins," Uncle Ezra said, firmly. "I don't believe I have any money just now for such an investment."

"My wife tiptoed about the room, making faces at the exposed masterpieces. "What shall we do?" Uncle Ezra came back into the room, his face a trifle grayer and more worn. "Capital fellow, that Watkins," he said, "so firm and frank."

"Uncle," I ventured at random, "I met Flügel the other day in the street. You know Flügel's new book on the Renaissance. He's the coming young critic in art, has made a wonderful reputation the last three years, is on the *Beaux Arts* staff, and really *knows*. He is living out at Frascati. I could telegraph and have him here this afternoon; perhaps."

"Well, I don't know;" his tone, however, said "Yes." "I don't care much for expert advice—for specialists. But it wouldn't do any harm to hear what he has to say. And Maud and Painter have made up their minds that Maud's is a Titian."

So I ran out and sent off the dispatch. My wife took Uncle Ezra down to the Forum and attempted to console him with the ugliness of genuine antiquity, while I waited for Flügel. He came in a tremendous hurry, his little, muddy eyes winking hard behind gold spectacles.

"Ah, yes," he began to paw the pictures over as if they were live stock, "that was bought for a Bonifazio," he had picked up Maud's ruby-colored prize. "Of course, of course, it's a copy, an old copy, of Titian's picture, No. 3,405, in the National Gallery at London. There is a replica in the Villa Ludovisi here at Rome. It's a stupid copy, some alterations, all for the bad—worthless—well, not to the *antichità*, for it must be 1550, I should say. But worthless for us and in bad condition. I wouldn't give cinque lire for it."

"And the Bissola?" I said. "Oh, that was done in the seventeenth century—it would make good kindling. But this," he turned away from Painter's picture with a gesture of contempt, "this is Domenico Tintoretto fast enough, at least what hasn't been stippled over and painted out. St. Agnes's leg here is entire, and that tree in the background is original. A damned bad man, but there are traces of his slop work. Perhaps the hair is by him, too. Well, good-by, old fellow, I must be off to dinner."

That was slight consolation: a leg, a tree, and some wisps of hair in a picture three feet six by four feet eight. Our dinner that evening was labored. The next morning Uncle Ezra packed his three treasures tenderly, putting in cotton-wool at the edges, my wife helping him to make them comfortable. We urged him to stay over with us for a few days; we would all go on later to Venice. But Uncle Ezra seemed

moved by some hidden cause. Back he would trot at once. "Painter will want his picture," he said, "he has been waiting on in Venice just for this, and I must not keep him." Watkins turned up as we were getting into the cab to see Uncle Ezra off, and insisted upon accompanying us to the station. My wife took the opportunity to rub into him Flügel's remarks, which, at least, made Watkins out shady in chronology. At the station we encountered a new difficulty. The ticket collector would not let the pictures through the gate. My uncle expostulated in pure Tuscan. Watkins swore in Roman.

"Give him five lire, Mr. Williams."

Poor Uncle Ezra fumbled in his pocketbook for the piece of money. He had never bribed in his life. It was a terrible moral fall, to see him tremblingly offer the piece of scrip. The man refused, "positive orders, *permesso* necessary," etc., etc. The bell rang; there was a rush. Uncle Ezra looked unhappy.

"Here," Watkins shouted, grabbing the precious pictures in a manner far from reverent, "I'll send these on, Mr. Williams; run for your train." Uncle Ezra gave one undecided glance, and then yielded. "You will look after them," he pleaded, "carefully."

"You shall have them safe enough," my wife promised.

"Blast the pasteboards," Watkins put in under his breath, "the best thing to do with them is to chop 'em up." He was swinging them back and forth under his arm. My wife took them firmly from him. "He shall have his pictures, and not from your ribald hands."

A week later Rome became suddenly oppressively warm. We started off for Venice, Watkins tagging on incorrigibly, "I want to see 'Maud,'" he explained. The pictures had been packed and sent ahead by express. "The storm must have burst, tears shed, tempers cooled, mortification set in," I remarked as we were being shoved up the Grand Canal toward the Palazzo Palladio. "There they are in the balcony," my wife exclaimed, "waving to us. Something is up; Maudie is hanging back with Aunt Mary, and Professor Painter is at the other end with Uncle Ezra."

The first thing that caught the eye after the flurry of greetings was the impudent blue and red of Uncle Ezra's "Sancta Conversazione," Domenico Tintoretto, Savoldo, or what not; St. Agnes's leg and all beaming at us from the wall. The other two were not there. My wife looked at me. Maudie was making herself very gracious with little Watkins. Painter's solemn face began to lower more and more. Aunt Mary and Uncle Ezra industriously poured oil by the bucket upon the social sea.

At last Maud rose: "You *must* take me over there at once, Mr. Watkins. It will be such an enjoyment to have someone who really knows about pictures and has taste." This shot at poor Painter; then to my wife, "Come, Jane, you will like to see your room."

Painter crossed to me and lugubriously suggested a cigar on the balcony. He smoked a few minutes in gloomy silence.

"Does that fellow know anything?" he emitted at last, jerking his head at Watkins, who was pouring out information at Uncle Ezra. I began gently to give Charles Henderson Watkins a fair reputation for intelligence. "I mean anything about art? Of course it doesn't matter what he says about my picture, whether it is a copy or not, but Miss Vantweekle takes it very hard about hers. She blames me for having been with her when she bought it, and having advised her and encouraged her to put six hundred dollars into it."

"Six hundred," I gasped.

"Cheap for a Bonifazio, or a *Titian*, as we thought it."

"Too cheap," I murmured.

"Well, I got bitten for about the same on my own account. I sha'n't get that Rachel's library at Berlin, that's all. The next time you catch me fooling in a subject where I don't know my bearings—like fine art—You see Mr. Williams found my picture one day when he was nosing about at an *antichità*, and thought it very fine. I admire Mr. Williams tremendously, and I valued his opinion about art subjects much more then than I do now. He and Mrs. Williams were wild over it. They had just bought their picture, and they wanted us each to have one. They have lots of sentiment, you know?"

"Lots," I assented.

"Mrs. Williams got at me, and well, she made me feel that it would bring me nearer to Miss Vantweekle. You know she goes in for art, and she used to be impatient with me because I couldn't appreciate. I was dumb when she walked me up to some old Madonna, and the others would go on at a great rate. Well, in a word, I bought it for my education and I guess I have got it!

"Then the man, he's an old Jew on the Grand Canal, Raffman, you know him? He got out another picture, the Bonifazio. The Williamses began to get up steam over that, too. They hung over that thing Mr. Williams bought, that Savoldo or Domenico Tintoretto, and prowled about the churches and the galleries finding traces of it here in the style of this picture and that; in short we all got into a fever about pictures, and Miss Vantweekle invested all the money an aunt had given her before coming abroad in that Bonifazio.

"I must say that Miss Vantweekle held off some time, was doubtful about the picture; didn't feel that she wanted to put all her money into it. But she caught fire in the general excitement, and I may say"—here a sad sort of conscious smile crept over the young professor's face—"at that time I had a good deal of influence with her. She bought the picture, we brought it home, and put it up at the other end of the hall. We spent hours over that picture, studying out every line, placing every color. We made up our minds soon enough that it wasn't a Bonifazio, but we began to think—now don't laugh or I'll pitch you over the balcony—it was an early work of Titian. There was an attempt in it for great things, as Mr. Williams said: no small man could have planned it. One night we had been talking for hours about them, and we were all pretty well excited. Mr. Williams suggested getting Watkins's opinion. Maud—Miss Vantweekle said, loftily, 'Oh! it does not make any difference what the critics say about it, the picture means everything to me;' and I, like a fool, felt happier than ever before in my life. The next morning Mr. Williams telegraphed you and set off."

He waited.

"And when he returned?"

"It's been hell ever since."

He was in no condition to see the comic side of the affair. Nor was Miss Vantweekle. She was on my wife's bed in tears.

"All poor Aunt Higgins's present gone into that horrid thing," she moaned, "and all the dresses I was planning to get in Paris. I shall have to go home looking like a perfect dowdy!"

"But think of the influence it has been in your life—the education you have received from that picture. How can you call all that color, those noble faces, 'that horrid thing,'" I said, reprovingly. She sat upright.

"See here, Jerome Parker, if you ever say anything like that again, I will never speak to you any more, or to Jane, though you are my cousins."

"They have tried to return the picture," my wife explained. "Professor Painter and Uncle Ezra took it over yesterday; but, of course, the Jew laughed at them."

"'A copy!' he said." Maud put in, "Why, it's no more a copy than Titian's "Assumption." He could show us the very place in a palace on the Grand Canal where it had hung for four hundred years. Of course, all the old masters used the same models, and grouped their pictures alike. Very probably Titian had a picture something like it. What of that? He defied us to find the exact original."

"Well," I remarked, soothingly, "that ought to comfort you, I am sure. Call your picture a new Titian, and sell it when you get home."

"Mr. Watkins says that's an old trick," moaned Maud, "that story about the palace. He says old Raffman has a pal among the Italian nobility, and works off copies through him all the time. I won't say anything about Uncle Ezra, he has been as kind and good as he can, only a little too enthusiastic. But Professor Painter!"

She tossed her head.

The atmosphere in the Palazzo Palladio for the next few days was highly charged.

At dinner Uncle Ezra placidly made remarks about the Domenico Tintoretto, almost vaingloriously, I thought. "Such a piece of Venice to carry away. We missed it so much, those days you had it in Rome. It is so precious that I cannot bear to pack it up and lose sight of it for five months. Mary, just see that glorious piece of color over there."

Meantime some kind of conspiracy was on foot. Maud went off whole mornings with Watkins and Uncle Ezra. We were left out as unsympathetic. Painter wandered about like a sick ghost. He would sit glowering at Maud and Watkins, while they held whispered conversations at the other end of the hall. Watkins was the hero. He had accepted Flügel's judgment with impudent grace.

"A copy of Titian, of course," he said to me; "really it is quite hard on poor Miss Vantweekle. People, even learned people, who don't know about such things had better not advise. I have had the photographs of all Titian's pictures sent on, and we have found the original of your cousin's picture. Isn't it very like?"

It was very like; a figure was left out in the copy, the light was changed, but still it was a happy guess of Flügel.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" I said to Maud, who had just joined us.

"Oh, Mr. Watkins has kindly consented to manage the matter for me; I believe he has a friend here, an artist, Mr. Hare, who will give expert judgment on it. Then the American vice-consul is a personal friend of Mr. Watkins, and also Count Corner, the adviser at the Academy. We shall frighten the old Jew, sha'n't we, Mr. Watkins?"

I walked over to the despised Madonna that was tipped up on its side, ready to be walked off on another expedition of defamation.

"Poor Bonifazio," I sighed, "Maud, how can you part with a work of fine art that has meant so much to you?"

"Do you think, Jerome, I would go home and have Uncle Higgins with his authentic Rembrandt, and all his other pictures, laugh at me and my Titian? I'd burn it first."

I turned to Uncle Ezra. "Uncle, what strange metamorphosis has happened to this picture? The spiritual light from that color must shine as brightly as ever, the intrinsic value remains forever fixed in Maud's soul: it is desecration to reject such a precious message. Why it's like sending back the girl you married because her pedigree proved defective, or because she had lost her fortune. It's positively brutal!"

Maud darted a venomous glance at me; however, I had put the judge in a hole.

"I cannot agree with you, Jerome." Uncle Ezra could never be put in a hole. "Maud's case is a very different one from Mr. Painter's or mine. We can carry back what we like personally, but for Maud to carry home a doubtful picture into the atmosphere she has to live in—why, it would be intolerable with her uncle a connoisseur, all her friends owners of masterpieces." Uncle Ezra had a flowing style. "It would expose her to annoyance, to mortification—constant, daily. Above all to have taken a special gift, a fund of her aunt's, and to apply it in this mistaken fashion is cruel."

Painter remarked bitterly to me afterward, "He wants to crawl on his share of the responsibility. I'd buy the picture if I could raise the cash, and end the whole miserable business."

Indeed, Watkins seemed the only one blissfully in his element. As my wife remarked, Watkins had exchanged his interest in pictures for an interest in woman. Certainly he had planned his battle well. It came off the next day. They all left in a gondola at an early hour. Painter and I watched them from the balcony. After they were seated, Watkins tossed in carelessly the suspected picture. What went on at the *antichità's*, no one of the boatload ever gave away. Watkins had a hold on the man somehow, and the evidence of the fraud was overwhelming. About noon they came back, Maud holding an enormous envelope in her hand.

"I can never, never thank you enough, Mr. Watkins," she beamed at him. "You have saved me from such mortification and unhappiness, and you were so *clever*."

That night at dinner Uncle Ezra was more than usually genial and beamed upon Maud and Watkins perpetually. Watkins was quite the hero and did his best to look humble.

"How much rent did the spiritual influence cost, Maud?" I asked. She was too happy to be offended. "Oh, we bought an old ring to make him feel pleased, five pounds, and Mr. Hare's services were worth five pounds, and Mr. Watkins thinks we should give the vice-consul a box of cigars."

"Let's see: ten pounds and a box of cigars, that's 300 lire at the price of exchange. You had the picture just three weeks, a

hundred Lit a week for the use of all that education in art, all that spiritual influence. Quite cheap, I should say."

"And Mr. Watkins's services, Maud?" my wife asked, viciously. There was a slight commotion at the table.

"May I, Maud?" Watkins murmured.

"As you please, Charles," Maud replied, with her eyes lowered to her soup-plate.

"Maud has given herself," Uncle Ezra said, gleefully.

Painter rose from the table and disappeared into his room. Pretty soon he came out bearing a tray with a dozen champagne glasses, of modern-antique Venetian glass.

"Let me present this to you, Miss Vantweckle," he pronounced, solemnly, "as an engagement token. I, I exchanged my picture for them this morning."

"Some Asti Spumanti, Ricci."

"To the rejected Titian—" I suggested for the first toast.

WHITE PANSIES

By Archibald Lampman

Day and night pass over rounding,
  Star and cloud and sun.
Things of drift and shadow, empty
  Of my dearest one.

Soft as slumber was my baby,
  Beaming bright and sweet;
Daintier than bloom or jewel
  Were his hands and feet.

He was mine, mine all, mine only,
  Mine and his the debt;
Earth and Life and Time are changers—
  I shall not forget.

Pansies for my dear one, heart's-ease,—
  Set them gently, so;
For his stainless lips and forehead,
  Pansies white as snow.

Would that in the flower-grown, little
  Grave they dug so deep,
I might rest beside him, dreamless,
  Smile no more, nor weep.



THE MODERN BUSINESS BUILDING

(THE CONDUCT OF GREAT BUSINESSES—FIFTH PAPER)

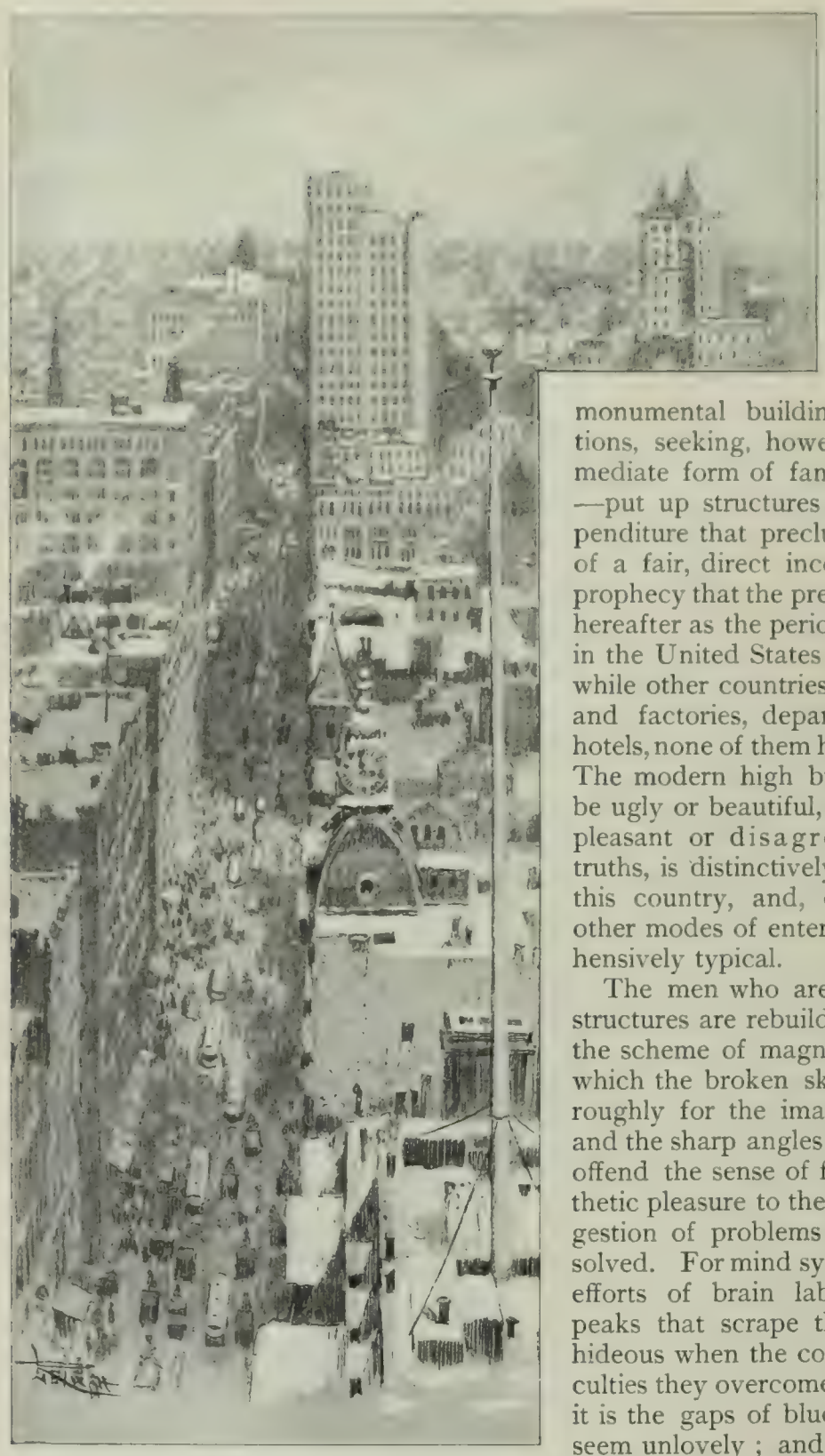
By J. Lincoln Steffens

With Illustrations by W. R. Leigh

The sky-line of New York is changing so rapidly that the American traveller who goes abroad can recognize with more certainty the profiles of the foreign cities he approaches than that of his own metropolis as he sees it from the deck of the steamer on his return. It may be his first visit to Europe; he may know London, Rome, and Paris only from views of them in old prints. But, if he has an eye for such things, his first glimpse of St. Paul's, St. Peter's, or Notre Dame will tell him to what place he is coming, for all the world knows these pinnacles, has known them for centuries. They are as conspicuous and characteristic in the silhouettes of their cities as they were when they were built. One of the Dutch governors of New Amsterdam, seeking in spirit some familiar earthly habitation, might find old Amsterdam, for it cuts the same figure in the sky to-day that it did when he left it, but the last dead boss of New York, if by any chance he should get away from where he ought to be, would search the horizon in vain for the face of his city. The features his eye would seek are there: Old Trinity still stands, its steeple, like the spires of the old cathedrals, uplifted high above the earth; but its solitary prominence is gone. The modern office building has risen higher than the head of the cross, and the church has lost its distinction. The enterprise of business has surpassed the aspiration of religion.

New York, in this, as in so many other things, is but the type of American cities. Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, even Washington—they all are rising bodily, constantly, fast, and their climbing sky-lines are writing with reckless realism across the heavens the same great story of material progress. It is time to read this writing of the walls. It may mean more than the increase of wealth, the growing power of capital, the might of skilled and disciplined labor. These have their own value, and have been the cause of national pride, but now they are the scapegoats of reactionary discontent. Men hate them. Is there nothing better back of these things?

The papers that have preceded this one have been answering the question. It was brains and character, the writers showed, that initiate, organize, and develop such enterprises as the department store, the modern hotel, the factory, and the bank; and this is the story of the sky-lines. They do not tell it so simply as the other businesses, because they are less familiar, but they make it more conspicuous when told, and they leave it in a more enduring form for the future to read. A great building



BROADWAY, THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF BUSINESS.

View from twenty-second story of building at Broadway and Pine Street, looking north.

may be a failure financially without disappearing, like a mismanaged store or banking company. It will remain, bearing in its form and plan the traces of its uses, which may be finally the only remnants of the other creations of modern business enterprise, the only legible chapter of the common tale. With this in mind some men build, giving their name to what is called the monumental building; and corporations, seeking, however, the more immediate form of fame—advertisement—put up structures on a scale of expenditure that precludes the possibility of a fair, direct income in rent. The prophecy that the present will be known hereafter as the period of high building in the United States is not absurd, for while other countries have great banks and factories, department stores and hotels, none of them has "sky-scrapers." The modern high building, whether it be ugly or beautiful, whether it express pleasant or disagreeable traits and truths, is distinctively of this day and this country, and, containing all the other modes of enterprise, it is comprehensively typical.

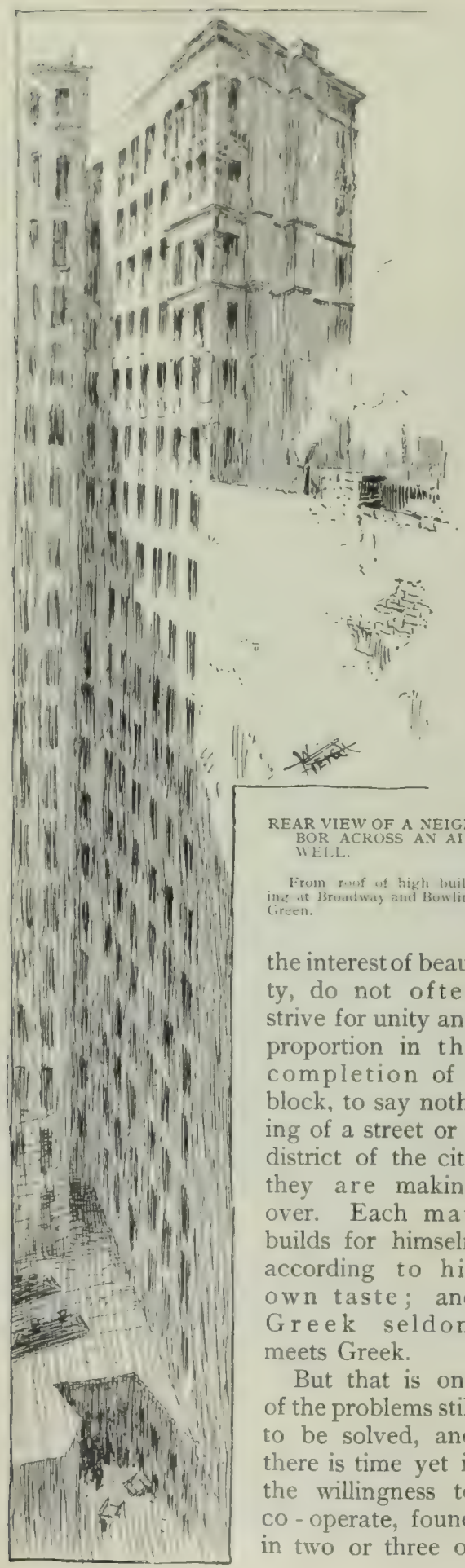
The men who are raising these new structures are rebuilding cities. That is the scheme of magnificent proportions which the broken sky-lines sketch out roughly for the imagination to fill in, and the sharp angles of the outline that offend the sense of form now give æsthetic pleasure to the mind by their suggestion of problems solved and to be solved. For mind sympathizes with the efforts of brain labor. The sudden peaks that scrape the sky are not so hideous when the complication of difficulties they overcome is realized. Then it is the gaps of blue sky between that seem unlovely; and they, too, have an appeal for toleration, since the art of high building is new and crude, and these spaces are opportunities for the builders of to-morrow to perfect the architecture of to-day.

To the minds that are "rebuilding American cities" the work does not appear on the grand scale suggested by that phrase.



"HIGHER THAN THE HEAD OF THE CROSS."
Looking south from the roof of building at Broadway and Pine Street.

New York and Chicago have not, as London had in Prince Albert and Paris in Baron Haussmann, a representative of the community to mark out a design and to carry through a scheme to which all of the parts should conform. Here the individual is supreme, and, thus far, unchecked. Even the architects, who have to care for



REAR VIEW OF A NEIGHBOR ACROSS AN AIR-WELL.

From roof of high building at Broadway and Bowling Green.

the interest of beauty, do not often strive for unity and proportion in the completion of a block, to say nothing of a street or a district of the city they are making over. Each man builds for himself, according to his own taste; and Greek seldom meets Greek.

But that is one of the problems still to be solved, and there is time yet if the willingness to co-operate, found in two or three of the greater architects, spreads through the profession and meets a responsive spirit among the other callings engaged in modern construction. Heretofore the architect has not always been the master mind, and his considerations have not been the only ones that weighed.

The financier, the real estate expert, the engineer, the machinist, the contractor or builder, and the business manager have all worked with the architect, and sometimes one, sometimes another, has been the predominating influence. Capital and labor have also played important parts. But capital, though an essential, is a small element, and receives little of the reward; as an investment, an office building ranks with and pays not much more than a gilt-edged bond. Labor is the most expensive factor, getting from eighty to ninety per cent. of the total cost of construction, but, like capital, it does none of the brain-work. And the subject of this article is the brains that go into high buildings; we have to do with capital as the financier handles it, and with labor as the contractor directs it. For the rest, our interest is in the foresight, the imagination, the thought, the originality, and the knowledge of these and other experts in this business.

Originally the demand for high buildings presented a purely financial problem. Owners of property in the business parts of cities found they could rent more space than their buildings of two, three, and four stories contained, and they wanted new buildings of five or six stories, or additional floors above the old roof. To finance this operation was easy, and any intelligent carpenter or mason could do the job. After awhile, however, the need in the larger cities for space in the centres where business was most progressive and profitable passed beyond the capacity of the six-story buildings, and a better man than the master-mason was needed.

"Down-town," as the great city marketplaces are called, became overcrowded. It could grow and expand as a whole, but certain parts of it could not move. Some lines of business had taken possession of ground space enough to accommodate them when they settled, and others grouped themselves close around till they hemmed one another in. Then traditions and the



"HIDEOUS HIGH BUILDINGS."

Looking east from Central Park at night.

habits of customers fixed the limits more and more definitely, making changes almost impossible. To cross a street might mean failure, and the turning of a corner would not be thought of. The wholesale dry-goods firms of New York succeeded in getting out of Cedar, William, and Pine Streets, but it was done with fear and trembling after years of hesitation, and nobody was certain for many months after the moving that a fatal mistake had not been made. Every effort of the jewellers of Maiden Lane to leave their street has been unsuccessful. Their rent is high, the location is not convenient, and other businesses would pay well to be so near the financial centre, but the jewellers are afraid their customers would not find them elsewhere than in Maiden Lane, and that street as an address is invaluable to the firm that writes to the country with it on its letter-head. Then, for a last example, there is "Wall Street;" how far can the stock-brokers go from Wall Street?

Confined on all sides round, the only way out was up. Limited as to the ground, business sought the air. It had to be done; but how? That was the question. To pile more stories on the sixth was useless, since no one would climb up to them; the young brokers and lawyers might be willing to do it, but their customers would not follow. The problem became mechanical, and the financier and the architect were as helpless as the mason.

The passenger elevator was the solution. It was a clumsy hoist moved by a hand-windlass when inventive genius began to study its possibilities, and no one could have foreseen in any of its earlier forms that it was to be to modern building what the steam-engine is to transportation, a rev-



THE ROOF HOUSE, 25 FEET HIGH, WHERE THE JANITOR BRINGS UP HIS FAMILY.
Broadway and Bowling Green.

olutionary agent. Steam-power was applied to it in 1866. The result was an apparatus with so many faults that it presented clearly all the necessities for success. It was slow, jerky, and dangerous. To overcome these defects the experimenters turned to hydraulic power, in the water-balance elevator. A car was carried up by the weight of a water-vessel filled at the top of the shaft, and was let down by emptying the water at the bottom. Speed and smoothness of motion were thus secured, but the control was doubtful, and though the accidents that occurred were not fatal, they were wet and disagreeable. Absolute safety was first achieved in the direct-acting ram hydraulic elevators; but they, too, were slow and, for high structures, impracticable, since the cylinder had to be sunk as deep below ground as the shaft rose high above it. Having safety, however, the makers clung to the hydraulic power till they eliminated one by one all the defects of their machine. Meanwhile electricity was applied successfully, and now there are several systems that satisfy all the requirements of the highest buildings and the most impatient of human beings.

THE HEAD-PORTER, SOMETIME JANITOR.



With the elevator, long before it was perfected, rose all that made the problem of high building — high rents, high prices for ground space, and high hopes. There was great risk in the first application of the elevator to the office building, but it is capital that is timid, not the financiers, the brains that handle it; they are cautious, but daring. They saw that the new device for lifting passengers to the unbuilt upper stories brought the unclaimed space above the costly ground within easy reach, but no one could foresee how the tenants and their customers would take this mode of transit, nor was there any basis for estimating the rents that would be paid. The whole financial question rested on these unknown elements.

The prices charged for a given space in one of the earliest buildings called high in New York will show how speculative and how far astray were the first reckonings on the effect of the elevator. The building was finished in 1868, and the manager let a suite on the top floor for $850 a year. He raised the rent the next year to $1,250, and, thinking the limit reached in that figure, signed a contract for a five-year lease. Bound by his agreement, he had to refuse offers rising gradually to $4,500, which he got readily at the end of the sixth year. People became accustomed to the elevator as their



LOWER BROADWAY, NEAR TRINITY CHURCH.

Looking north, on Sunday, when downtown is supposed to be deserted. There is a population, unnoticed on the busy week days, that keeps the streets always alive. It is made up of employees of high buildings.



AN ARCADE.

This one is in a comparatively old building and has paid well without suggesting imitation in other buildings till now, when several proposed structures are to have them. They are popular and profitable in many European cities, and in high buildings here are the shopping quarters for the tenants and their customers.

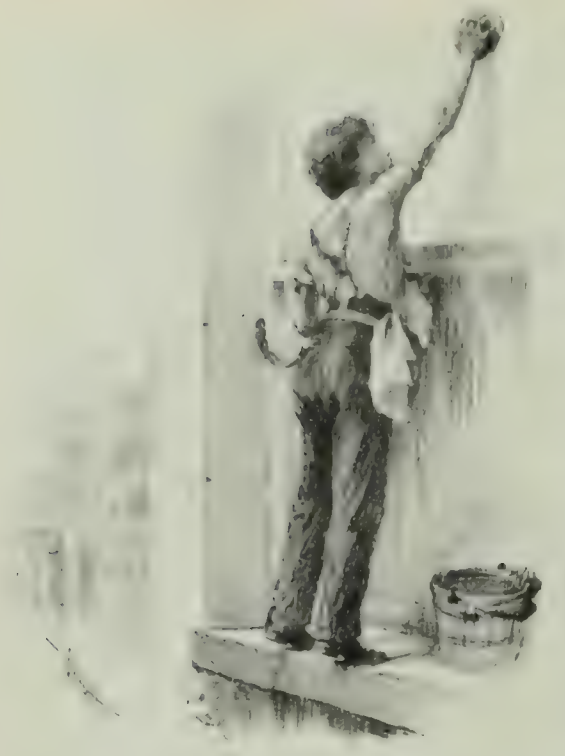
fathers did to the steam-cars, and now the top stories of high buildings bring in more rent than the middle floors. There are men called "high livers" who will not have an office unless it is up where the air is cool and fresh, the outlook broad and beautiful, and where there is silence in the heart of business.

The first builders, trusting that something like this would come to pass, drew the elevator shaft in their plans, and put up eight-story buildings regardless of the gasping scepticism of the crowd. On every trip of the car was an unseen passenger, the value of property in the financial and other centres where the commercial fight was thickest. A lot that was worth forty dollars a square foot rose to fifty, sixty, seventy-five dollars, and owners of low buildings in good locations found themselves receiving an income, fair for half a million, on what was worth a million. They were tempted to sell or rebuild. Those who could afford it held on for a further rise, encouraged by the slower but equally certain advance of rents. Many sold, however, and the new owners had bought to make the property pay, or, if they sought primarily a permanent location for their business, they listened to proposals to improve the property into an independent paying investment.

This was the financial problem, and it is the same to-day that it was twenty years ago, and it will be the same twenty years hence. In general terms its purpose is to make a good security also a good investment; to buy something that has a value above its earning powers because it is first-class security for a loan, like a government bond, and is in demand as a perfectly safe investment for trust funds, and then try to make it pay as a business enterprise. In most of our greater cities a man can borrow money at nearly as low a rate on real estate in the financial centres as he can on high-



THE RUGGED SKY-LINE OF LOWER NEW YORK FROM THE JERSEY SHORE AT NIGHT.



THE OUTSIDE WINDOW CLEANER.

On some big buildings he works inside only, when the water freezes on the sills. He is strapped or chained in place, but some men who try it cannot, nevertheless, stand the view fifteen or twenty stories down.

class bonds, and the difference is disappearing. The bonds have the advantage of their divisibility; the holder of a million dollars' worth can hypothecate them in any number of parcels at even rates, while the owner of a piece of real estate of equal value has to put a mortgage on the whole to secure a loan however small, and the first lien lowers the value of all subsequent mortgages. To obviate this difficulty, companies are incorporating to fund real estate so that its value can be handled in the form of stocks and bonds, just as the securities of railroads and manufacturing companies are handled in the financial markets.

Thus stated, the financial aspect of the high-building problem may look like another perpetual motion quest. But the financiers, fortunately, do not take that view of it, and their approximations to the solution have been productive at every step. They began the rebuilding of cities the moment the elevator led the way, exercising little mental power in exact calculation, but showing all the more courage and experimental curiosity. Perhaps there was some recklessness in the first ventures. They spent large sums of money, and could not tell whether they would get back any fair portion of it. It has been said that the earliest builders were corporations, the custodians of other people's money; but the exceptions where individuals, however few, entered the field, some in New York and many in Chicago, indicate that it was a natural, general movement, caused by the chase of brains after the rent-ridden rise of real estate values.

In Chicago the great fire of 1871 forced property-owners to reconstruct from the ground up. Having had some experience with values that outstripped the capacity of their old buildings, they rebuilt either temporarily or as permanently as they knew how. They meant to erect structures so cheap that they could be torn down without much loss, or so high that they would be up at any height to which land values might ever rise. They did not build quite as wisely as they thought, it turned out, but they found out how to do it, and as the demand continued to grow, and architects kept on building, the Chicago builders long held their lead in the solution of the structural problems.

The first "high" buildings, which were from eight to eleven stories high, served only to increase the demand for higher



FOR BEAUTY NOT BUSINESS.

construction, for values kept pace with their growth and the elevator did not stop. It could go on up to any height, and the success of these buildings proved conclusively that tenants would not balk. The financial outlook was clear, but capital waited on the ingenuity of the builders.

From 1865 up to about 1875 the architects planned for solid masonry walls and heavy beams and pillars. The walls carried the weight of the floors and supported themselves. With each additional story, therefore, the walls at their base had to go higher with the solid masonry method was to lose more income at the bottom than was won at the top. Adding the ever-increasing cost of the foundation and the walls, the financiers saw that their upward course was coming to an end; the beckoning elevator, with its load of rents, had to be disregarded.

There was no time, of course, when either financiers or architects confessed that progress was checked. Nor did the problem set forth here ever appear with the definiteness that it has in the retrospect.



ENGINE- AND DYNAMO-ROOM IN THE BASEMENT; TO THE COMFORTABLE TENANT A SECRET SERVICE.

to be increased in thickness and strength, so that as the demand for height grew and was satisfied, the lower structure became more and more bulky and costly. The material that went into these sustaining parts was enormous in amount and expensive in quality. It is estimated that the material in a certain high building, erected in 1869, would supply masonry for six modern buildings of its size.

Then, too, most of the high buildings were put up in the streets where ground space was so valuable that even rich men and large corporations could not afford to have very much of it, and one lot or two was so small a space that the thickness of the fattening walls cut appreciably into the rentable room. There came a time when Men were working on particular buildings; they were studying out devices to overcome the minor difficulties that beset them, and they made progress slowly, step by step. They began early to use metal, for instance. Probably there is not a building anywhere that rises eight stories without cast-iron or steel somewhere in its frame. It was applied as floor beams, as pillars, later for all interior columns, and by and by was recognized as the key to the building problem. But it was new to architects as a means, and was not the material contemplated in the art they had studied; hence they hesitated.

Another expert was needed, if the art of building was to go on supplying the insatiable demands of the real estate market—

some one who understood the laws of metals. The engineer was the man. The architect, seeing him spinning his suspension bridge, recognized that his was the knowledge wanted, and called him down to consultations about the building of houses. It was a new problem to the engineer, and he had to study its requirements; but it was a promising field, too, and he stayed. He studied architecture, and the architectural engineer was the result. In some conspicuous instances his conversion was so complete that his origin is almost forgotten, and he ranks among the leaders of his adopted art. But while the engineer was mastering architecture, the architect was working into the mysteries of engineering, and among the famous builders of any large American city to-day there are examples of the combination in three ways —the architect who has made himself an engineer, the engineer turned architect, and the firm with one member an architect and another an engineer.

The union of the two arts extended the substitution of metal for masonry. The architect, blocked by the widening base of his brick walls, was taught that a slender pillar of iron could carry as much as his fattest mound. All that stone and brick were needed for was to protect the iron from fire and corrosion. In the superstructure the masonry need be no thicker than was required to give the frame-work rigidity. So they built, throwing more and more of the real work on the iron, and leaving off ever-increasing amounts of masonry.

Without following the transition through the minuter changes, the movement may be divided into two periods, that of the double and that of the single construction. After all the saving of space that seemed possible in the details of pillars and girders, the building of high structures had risen only a story or two, and the demand for more of the free air and light continued. The next step was a brilliant one; the engineer suggested that iron could be made to carry the floors. This would relieve the walls of any weight but their own, and would reduce still further the space they must occupy all the way down the building. There would be two distinct structures—the iron frame, which would be independent and complete in itself, and a shell of masonry around it, closing it in to keep out the weather. They were fastened together, these two buildings, and supported each other somewhat, but theoretically either would stand alone so long as there was no wind or other side pressure.

When done, this revolutionary method of construction stood the test that was considered sufficient by the eager men who were trying to solve the modern architectural problem, and the financiers backed them for more. The price of lots in the neighborhood of the new buildings rose with them, in part because of them. The very solution of the old problem entailed a fresh one. The permanent financial question was revived in altered proportions. The builders overcame the difficulties of details, perfected their construction, and forged ahead a story or two by minor savings. But as the buildings grew in height even the separate walls, which had to bear only their own weight, increased at the base again, and presented the same old obstacle, a wall so thick on the most valuable floors that the rentable space was encroached upon to an extent that cut off below the gains in income above.

Why not let the iron frame that had carried the floors so easily take also the weight of the walls? It meant running the floor beams out under the masonry, a little strengthening of the columns, and it presented a pretty problem in handling wind-pressure. But these were matters of mathematics and engineering, not of rentable space. On the contrary, there would be a saving of room everywhere. It was tried on a small scale in New York in 1881, again on a whole building in Chicago in 1883, and during the next few years was gradually accepted everywhere as a profitable method of high construction on a narrow foundation. Steel was substituted for iron; hot steel rivets closed the connections and secured perfect rigidity, and gusset plates took the lateral pressure not distributable to the floors and interior columns. The steel cage assumed the whole burden of the sky-scrapers. The walls became a veneer, panels to protect the metals and the tenants from fire and weather. A Chicago architect recently began at the top, and put on his walls in succession downward to show that it could be done, and last year a builder in New York, whose



THE NIGHT GANG AT WORK PUSHING A JOB THROUGH.

This scene is in the sixth story of a building at Christopher and Greenwich Streets.

supply of lower-story stone was delayed by the cutters, closed in his upper floors while he waited.

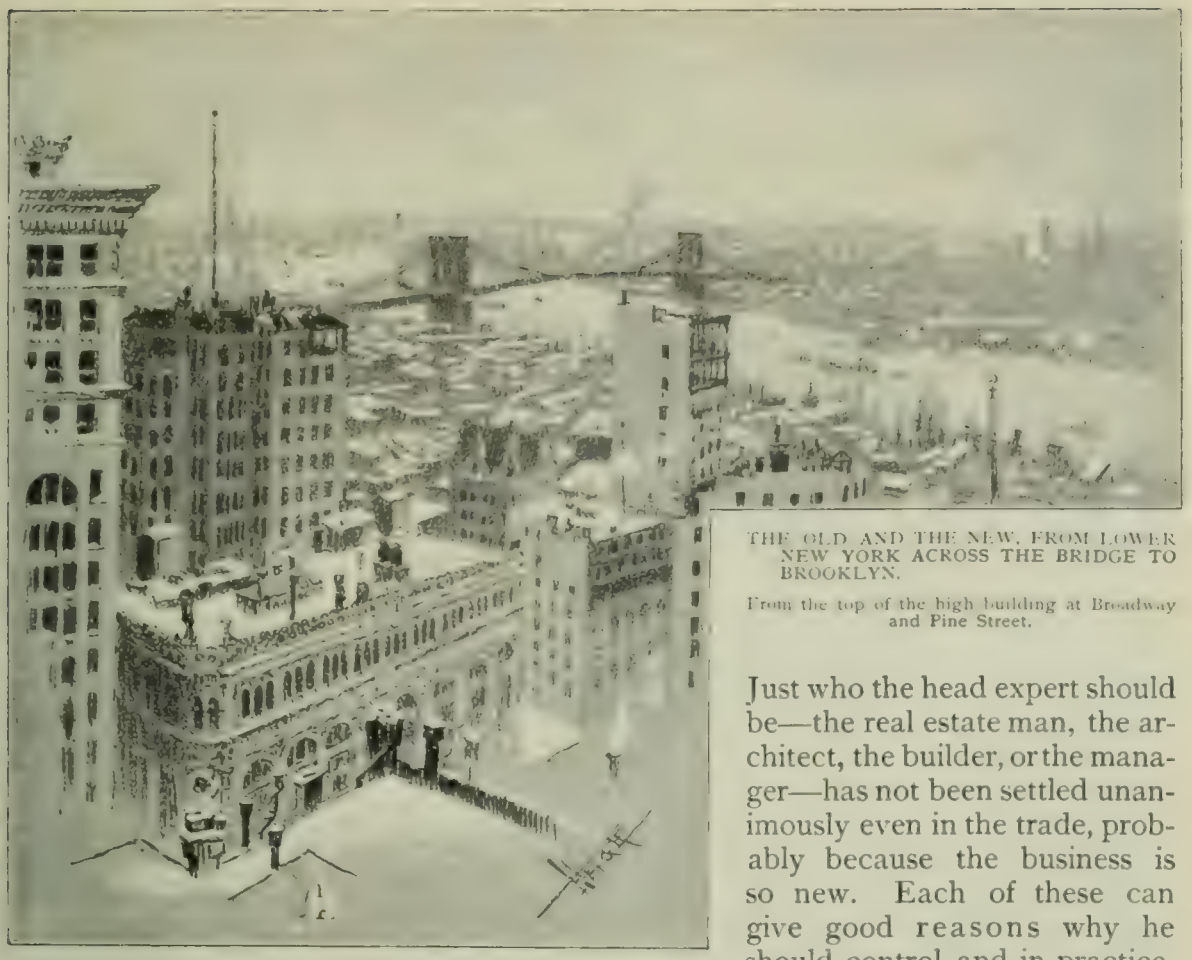
Some architects are still afraid of the Chicago method, as the steel cage construction is called, and lean heavily when they can on their masonry, but for the lofty tower on a small base the steel cage is inevitable. No one can tell how long it will stand the test of time. There are 1,950 tons of steel in a building 370 feet high, which weighs in all 15,000 tons, and the metal will surely corrode; but how long before its sustaining strength will be vitiated to the danger-point is a question that no one can answer empirically, and the present generation of builders is not likely to know how well or how badly it has builded.

They can be sure of this, however, that they have solved their problem; they have reduced the cost of construction from about $5 to 37 cents a cubic foot; they can build as high as the elevator can go, and the elevator knows no limit. Legislation may interfere. The architects and builders themselves have invited legal restrictions to the height of buildings in several of the Eastern States. Otherwise, there is nothing in sight to check the rise of the sky-lines of the great cities. The financier talks of foundation costs and the increasing space required for elevators to serve more than thirty stories. All this means that the problem is back with the financier again, and that to go on would make necessary the combination of capital for the purchase of a large enough ground space to start with to give room for a solid bottom on which to build and plenty of inside room for the numerous elevators, local and express. A building thirty stories high has dug a hole for itself in New York; and, at the time of this writing, in the same city, the plans for fifteen buildings of fifteen stories or more were filed in the Building Department. One heard much grumbling about overdoing, and there was the rub; the builders had outstripped at last the rise of rents, which were handicapped by hard times.

But whether they go higher or not is a question beyond the present theme. The point is that they can. There are engineers who can lay the foundations for fifty stories; there are architects who can plan the construction; there are builders who can realize the conception, and financiers who can manage the scheme. In short, brain can do its work when capital is ready and if the law permits.

The brain that is engaged in this business directly is divided into more than a hundred trades, each one of which has been developing its particular branch with the same strenuousness, boldness, and ingenuity that have characterized the architectural engineering. The architect himself has been laboring with a thousand considerations not even hinted at in this article. He has been studying out such other general problems as ventilation, light, economy of space, convenience, proportion, besides attending to special applications of all his principles, and those of all the other trades that entered the building with his, and add to the ever-varying problem. The engineers have been pondering such essentials as joinings and strains and foundations. In Chicago, where there is no hard pan within reach, they devised a floating "raft" of steel and concrete to lie flat on the shifting sands below the lake level, and on that they can build with such perfectly even distribution of weight that when the whole structure of twenty or more stories settles it sinks plumb. The elevator-builder has achieved such precision that the number of cars put into a building is determined by the cubical contents of the structure. The plumber has applied to his art the principles of sanitary science. The machinist has fitted his enormous plant to the dimensions of the cellar, and has plotted with the elevator man to use for the improved heating-system the exhaust steam from the power engines to warm the tenant after it has lifted him to his floor and lighted his room. The heater man has arranged so that all the tenant has to do is to set a gauge opposite the degree Fahrenheit at which he would like to have the temperature of his room kept, and the machinery automatically keeps it there.

So it is with the roofer and the tile man, the master mason and the carpentry man (no longer a mere carpenter), the manufacturer of hardware and the locksmith; the patent spring on the door closes it quickly, but prevents a slam, and the locks are exclusive for each door, with a master-



THE OLD AND THE NEW, FROM LOWER NEW YORK ACROSS THE BRIDGE TO BROOKLYN.

From the top of the high building at Broadway and Pine Street.

key for the janitor. In one case, an armory, a set of locks was made with a private locker for each man, a master-key for all, and for each company another master-key that would not open a locker in any other company-room.

"I didn't realize there were so many trades in the world as I found I had to deal with when I undertook to finance this building," said the president of a corporation that had built a sky-scraper. "But what amazed me most was the thought and the forethought and the cleverness that have gone into even the smallest things connected with a building, and the complicated perfection to which everything has been brought."

This financier, it happens, is one who attempted to manage the construction as well as the financing of his company's building, and, like many another expert manipulator of capital who has thought he could build an office building to pay, simply because he could put up a country house or run a railroad, he has paid heavily to learn that it is a distinct business, requiring special knowledge and training.

Just who the head expert should be—the real estate man, the architect, the builder, or the manager—has not been settled unanimously even in the trade, probably because the business is so new. Each of these can give good reasons why he should control, and in practice, first one, then another, appears as the master mind who hires the special service of the others. Again, all four and the engineer and the owner are combined successfully in one person; but in such a case the comprehensive talent builds to sell, not to rent, which is quite a different business.

The rule that is working out most satisfactorily to the investor, who knows only that he wants a building that will pay good interest on his capital, is to choose his experts, and form them into a committee, over which he himself presides to see to it that the best executive mind directs the work, while the considerations of the other specialists are regarded in proportion to their importance from the owner's point of view; or, if the owner cannot attend to it, to leave it all either to the real estate man who is to manage the building as a business after it is constructed, or to an architect who has built buildings that pay. Corporations appoint a committee of their directors, to which are added, one by one as they are chosen, the architect, the builder, and the manager. Individuals go first to



A DEEP FOUNDATION IN ROCK.

A simple but long and costly process, because of the proximity of high buildings, easily disturbed by the blasting. The scene is from Fifth Avenue, New York, and the depth, forty feet from the curb, is for cellar and subcellar space, not to reach solid bottom. Downtown in New York and in Chicago the spread or floating foundation of concrete and steel beams is for safety, and is more expensive and difficult. Most elaborate is the pneumatic caisson foundation, invented to reach down through water-bearing material.

the man they happen to know personally—architect, builder, or real estate man—and whichever is the first on the field is apt to keep the ascendancy to the end. This accidental procedure is operating so steadily to the advantage of the real estate man that he is coming to be the chief of builders.

He is the first and the last adviser of the investors ; they go to him to buy the ground, or, if they have it, to discuss what to do with it to make it pay, and they consult with him, when the building is ready, about leases, tenants, rent-collecting, and the details of management. Indeed, it is he who often suggests the whole enterprise. Knowing the value, the probable income, and the capacity for paying improvements of property, he goes to the owners with propositions to tear down and rebuild, and if unsuccessful in this attempt to drum up trade, he seeks for the property a purchaser who will listen. But whether he originates the idea or not, he handles the problem first, and he can come pretty near telling what the solution will be.

The general question is : how to make fair interest out of a safe investment in an office building? So thoroughly has this problem been worked out that the expert real estate man can state with reasonable certainty the following known quantities : the rent per annum per square foot, the cost of the building per cubic foot, the value of the ground per square foot, and the cost of maintenance per square foot. The figures vary, of course, according to the city, the neighborhood, the exact location, and the markets for materials, rents, etc. In New York last spring the figures for the Wall Street neighborhood were $3.50 a square foot for rentable space, which should be about 66 to 70 per cent. of the whole floor room, and 40 cents a cubic foot for building. There were few sales of lots, and the prices paid were very high. One was next to the highest ever known, $228.57 a square foot. But the cost of the ground and the location are variables that are subjects of discussion in the light of the determinants, and the expert has to adjust the venture on them as a basis before the business begins.

He may know, for instance, that while one piece of property under consideration is costly, it is better for the whole scheme, either because there is a demand near it for office space, or because that particular neighborhood is not likely to be overbuilt. If a cheaper lot is thought of, he has to advise whether the class of tenants who will occupy it is good ; whether a better class of tenants can be drawn so far (it may be only a hundred yards) from the places where they are now ; whether the growth of the kind of business they think to build for is in their direction. In short, knowledge and foresight and judgment have to be exercised in settling these preliminaries, which differ in each case from every other the real estate expert has ever had ; and he knows that the success of the enterprise depends upon his first decision, the location of his building.

When that is determined, he has one absolute figure for his exact estimates, and he goes over his variables again, square foot and cubic foot, with fresh interest. The shape of the lots may cut off or add to his guess as to the amount of rentable space, which depends on light and air and the class of his probable tenants. If his client has taken a corner, he has increased the first item, the cost of the ground, which is the greatest, but he has gained in spacing and attractiveness. On the other hand, again, he has made it necessary to count on a greater charge per cubic foot for construction, since two fronts demand more for decoration and finish. These readjustments were all considered, however, before the price was paid, and the next question is taken up, also not altogether fresh.

The location decided in a general way what the character of the building must be, but before any plans are ordered that matter has to be considered in detail. The architect needs to know whether there is to be a big bank or a number of small businesses on the ground floor, and whether above there are to be many offices to the story or spacious lofts for storage and factories. The real estate agent, or, if he has been chosen, the owner's own renting agent, sounds for tenants, sometimes getting his principal tenants engaged, always finding out whether he is to have lawyers or merchants. Corporations and large businesses have these first questions off their hands, since they are to be their own principal tenants, but even they have to have an expert pronounce after inquiry upon the possibilities of their building for other uses.

If the architect has not been called in before this point is reached, he is now, for without him no further progress can be made. He may have been consulted first, but his work would not have begun any sooner ; he would have engaged some real estate man to do all this preliminary study of the business anyway. When it is done, the architect goes over the financial estimates, taking the dimensions and form of the lot, looking up on his map the character of the subsoil to obtain an idea of the sort of foundation he has to build on, and making observations of the surrounding buildings. He draws roughly the plan of the new building to see what rentable space he can count on for each floor, and then he and the real estate expert compare notes and reckon out the height of the structure.

Assuming a certain number of stories, they multiply the rentable space on the ground plan by it, and that result by the market rate per square foot of rents in the neighborhood. From this they subtract the cost of maintenance, getting the income, which they compare with the interest at the desired rate on the cost of the ground and the estimated cost of the building. If the two figures do not balance in the investor's favor, a story or two is added. Increasing the height, however, may complicate the problem by the considerations of good service and foundation costs. Up to a certain height four elevators may be sufficient, but the car space has to bear a definite ratio to the rentable area, and one added story may just pass the limit of capacity of the assumed number of cars, so that more have to be allowed for. This means more room for shafts and a corresponding loss of rentable space. Again, a building of from eight to twelve stories will stand safely on a shallow, inexpensive foundation, while fourteen stories would have to be settled on the bedrock, seventy-two feet down at Broadway and Pine Street, New York, or have an elaborate and costly bed made for it, as in Chicago. Thus the rising calculations reach a point where the owner must change his scheme radically. Unless he is willing to venture a much greater amount of capital for a very high building, he has either to relinquish a little income or cut something, the quality of the material or the elaboration of finish ; and if he chooses to reach high for the coveted income, he increases the risk of having vacant rooms, since he may exceed the space needs of the neighborhood. For a structure that is built in twelve months, the consideration of these preliminary matters often lasts two or three years.

When they are decided, the architect begins drawing his plans, and continues to draw them till the building is completed. There are some forty sets necessary for a high building. The details are innumerable, and each one has to be fully conceived in imagination before it can be executed in steel or stone. All the possible uses of the building have to be foreseen ; every pound of dead and live weight has to be calculated and prepared for ; each particular beam, girder, pillar, and arch must be located and marked with its dimensions, material, and the load and lateral pressure it has to bear ; the paths of a network of pipes and wires have to be traced through all their ramifications. But even to sketch the architect's work would be a long story in itself. It will have to suffice to indicate some of the features of it that bear obviously on the success or failure of the building as a business enterprise.

There are buildings close together that seem to the layman to be equally attractive for their purposes, but one of them will be filled with tenants, while others will always have vacant rooms and many removal signs outside. In one case of two such contrasting buildings, everybody who knew anything about it—clients, manager, and disinterested architects—said the failure of the building was the fault of the man who drew the plans. One architect will distribute his rentable space in stores or offices nicely adapted to the business of the neighborhood, another will have them too large or too small ; one will grasp too much rentable space, another will be extravagant with halls and lobbies. Errors can be made either way on almost any point, and not be the fault of a careless study. The conflict of requirements calls for sacrifices of one set of considerations for some other. The elevators, with their first floor vestibule, should not take up valuable front space that is light, but they should be conspicuously in sight the moment the entrance is passed. The corridors may be inside, away from the daylight, but to leave them dark or dim is fatal. So insistent are tenants of the best

class on convenience and approachableness of their offices that they prefer to be in a "tower" building at any height than in a large building with intricate, half-lighted hallways, and this observation weighs in the balance for upward instead of surface expansion. The architect has to conjure up every conceivable need and whim of the tenant, and then, after providing for them, he has to arrange for changes after all. He plans large rooms, not too large, and small rooms, not too small; then specifies partitions that may be changed. He may have one front exposed to the light, or he may have two or three, but in any case, no matter what the depth of the lot, he is expected to have light and good ventilation for every room. When all else is done he may strive for beauty, or the owner's substitute.

Beauty absolute is believed by some critics to be incompatible with remunerative height. Most architects of enlightenment admit that the beautiful "sky-scraper" has not yet been designed, but their striving for it proves that they do not despair, and an acknowledged achievement would pay, for advertisement is the mercantile equivalent of applause. Conspicuousness helps rent a building. Men like to be in one so well known that the name of it is address enough without the street number, which is easily forgotten; and a corporation that erects a home for itself striking enough to be talked about, and pictured throughout the country, finds by actual experience that the investment, though a failure as a renting enterprise, pays astonishingly. Hideousness, if recognized as such generally, is harmful, for the notoriety frightens off the best class of tenants, leaving the building to those who do not know or care and do not pay regularly and well.

The fundamental æsthetic problem talked of in the great architects' offices is to design the exterior to express in some way the character of the construction. To have a light, airy, all-supporting steel cage veneered with a stone that suggests enormous weight and massive walls, is an ugly lie. The conventional notions of the owner may be an explanation of the architect's appointment of such monstrous atlantes as those on page 46 that are pretending to carry a thirty-story building. But the economy of simplicity would excuse saving this expense, and clear the façades for the study of the real question, which the serious architect is trying to answer, to wit: how to make his building look as high as it is, and light and graceful besides. The necessity of a fireproof wrapping for the metal frame is one obstacle: the other is the centuries-old preconception of beauty of proportion. Business interest makes for the destruction of the latter; the former is falling before tireless ingenuity.

While the architect is wrestling with light and space, the contractor begins his race against time. He joins the building committee, and either undertakes for a fee the execution of the plans or offers to do it for a lump sum, taking all risks and making such profits as he can. If he is to finance the construction, he competes for the contract by bidding on the architect's specifications, which are a big book of particulars, prescribing the materials to be used, the amount and quality, the date of completion, and a clause exempting the owner from responsibility for damages by accidents to life or property and the builder from the loss of time in strikes. On some of the specifications the builder estimates for himself, taking the masonry if he is a mason-builder, the wood-work if he is a carpentry-builder, but most of them he has to sublet to specialists: the manufacturer of steel, the plumber, the tile-maker, and the roofer. When all the estimates are in, the builder adds to the sum his profits, and submits the total with a stipulation for periodical payments, one when so many beams are set, another when the iron work is in, another when so many floors are down, and so on to the end, when the balance, including fifteen per cent. withheld from each part payment, is paid. Thus the builder, who is rarely a capitalist, is enabled to arrange for the payment of his labor and the contractors under him. Sometimes a contract on a set of specifications is sublet several times; the hardware contractor, for example, giving out the locks and door-springs to patentees. But the owner knows only the builder, who conducts the whole and has all the responsibility.

If the builder is engaged for a fee, the architect, or, now and then, the owner, lets the contracts and manages the finances of the operation. The builder furnishes his trained office force, his staff of experts, his

plant, and his own executive ability, and distributes the payments of labor and contractors on the order of the financing agent. His duties are the same; he is the captain of industry. He orders the movements of thousands of men and thousands of tons of material, according to a plan of campaign that he lays out carefully in advance. With a small space of ground to work on, and a limited time, he has to foresee precisely when each beam and each man shall come and go. The sixth-story piers must be delivered when those of the fifth are in place, and they must not be a day late, for the girders of the seventh come then, and there is no room to store anything, since the masons are there at work on the lower walls, and the ground is occupied by their materials. Each squad of workmen follows another, and if one is late, all that come after are delayed, and the completion of the building is not on time.

That means a loss to the owner, and disarranges the whole scheme, for, from the time the old building is torn down to the day the new one is opened, a large amount of capital is earning nothing. The period of construction when no interest is coming in is reckoned in the cost of the building, and, counting on its coming to an end at a certain date, the rooms are rented from that time long ahead. Even the tenants are inconvenienced and may be lost by any failure of the builder's plans.

To hurry at first is the rule now. The builder has to know how long it takes to manufacture the materials, and he gets out the orders for the difficult work first, and all as soon as possible. With the acceptance of each contract there is a clause binding the contractor to deliver at the date fixed by the builder, no sooner and no later; but the builder informs himself from time to time whether the promise is to be kept, whether the cornice-maker, for instance, who is to be ready a month hence, has begun the work that will take a month to do. That is to say, the builder watches the progress of his building, not at the scene of construction alone, but in the shops and factories also. While the borings are making for the foundation he sends one of his staff up to the quarry to see if the stone is being taken out of the ground, and to report whether the vein is of the quality that was shown when the surface inspection was made. A year is the time allowed to erect the highest buildings, and the foundation and labor difficulties are the only elements of doubt provided for in the contract. Dividing the year into twelve periods, the builder reduces it to days, and appoints a clerk of the work and a timekeeper to enforce the schedule. Each load of cement, iron, piping, or brick is examined as it arrives, and if it is "up to specifications" is receipted for and turned over to the workmen who put it in place. As the construction proceeds, reports are made to the master-builder, who sometimes has photographs taken to save himself a personal inspection. If the masons are lagging, the mason contractor is called upon to put more men on his job, and some other contractor, the tile man perhaps, is asked to begin a day or two earlier to make up the loss.

The architect also keeps tally on the work, for the builder's reports of progress have to be countersigned by the designer before any payments are sanctioned by the owner. These architect's certificates play another part in the financial scheme if the owner is building on credit. In that case he has negotiated for a loan which, when the building is done, becomes a mortgage on the whole property, but interest is saved to the borrower by receiving the money only as it is needed to pay the contractor's bills, in parts timed according to the advancement of the work. The whole loan may be of an amount for which the ground would not be a sufficient security, so, as the improvements increase the value of it, the lender, assured by the certificates of builder and architect, advances the sums that carry on the scheme till, at the end, there is a general settlement by which the owner gets his building, the capitalist the mortgage, if there is one, the architect and the builder their fees or profits, and the manufacturers and labor the capital invested.

But that does not end the business. The completion of the building is the materialization of the architect's plans, but those of the financier culminate in the management, which begins now to realize the expectations of the enterprise as a whole.

In the days of the old buildings, this was easy. An agent sat with his feet up

on a desk, scrutinizing loftily or lazily the applicants who approached him, credentials in hand, with a request for a place on the waiting list for the offices that might fall vacant from time to time. He accepted those who seemed to his fancy to be up to the mark, rejecting the others in the line with slight courtesy. He rarely went to the building. A tyrant ruled there, some pensioner of the owner, whom all the tenants addressed respectfully as "Mr. Janitor." Sometimes he was a good-natured ignoramus who became a "character;" oftener he was a peevish, useless hanger-on, whose sole purpose was to grind as much as he could out of his natural prey, the creatures given him with the building by his patron, the owner. All the tenant's lease included was the office, the daylight the carpenter failed to exclude, the right to pass up and down the stairs and halls, and, in the finer offices, a gas-jet or two and a fireplace. There was water on the lower floors. Fuel the janitor provided, for an extra fee and a share. Gas or lamp light the tenant arranged for himself. The cleaning was done by some woman hired through the janitor.

Competition and the high buildings changed all that. It is the tenant's turn now to scrutinize and reject the offers of the line of agents, who have taken down their feet to run about, "hustling" to fill their gaping space. The janitor was hard to subjugate, but he is passing away. The cross old autocrats had to be discharged; the young men who harbored the traditions of their office had their salaries cut in half, and, if that did not reduce their insolence, were put in livery and called headporters. The owner had set a new example, and he had to choose between the janitor and the spoiled tenant.

Now the lawyer or business man who has been induced to come into a modern sky-scraper has the cab-door opened by a uniformed giant, who escorts him (under an umbrella, if it is raining) across a clean sidewalk to the revolving storm-door. Inside the janitor's ghost salutes him, a detective sees that no thief slips in to pick his pocket, or pedler or beggar to annoy him, while the hall-man indicates the one of several elevators that is waiting to shoot him to his floor so swiftly that it can make no appreciable difference in time whether he is on the third or the twentieth story. But, lest a second may be missed, there is an express elevator that does not stop at any floor below the fifteenth. His room has been swept, dusted, and put in order by a staff of servants he never sees. He touches a button to fix the temperature of his room; another to turn on the electric light, if the day is dull or the hour is late, otherwise the daylight will stream in gloriously, for there are "no dark rooms." The dust of the street he may rinse from his hands with hot or cold water, and on his rack are fresh towels, which come he knows not whence. Telephone, messenger-calls, and mail-chutes are conveniently near. In the latest of the new buildings there is an internal telephone system that connects through the first floor switch with any other room in the building or with the city service. They furnish also a bath-room on each floor, and a private bath if desired. One of the latest conveniences is a bicycle storage-room in the basement of a building not finished at this writing. Libraries for the use of tenants are not so new, but running ice-water and bachelor apartments are.

This last feature makes it possible for a business man to live in a building day in and day out. The manager arranges to have a restaurant somewhere within his walls, on or near the roof, if possible, and some large buildings run their own kitchen, to be sure of first-class service. In the corridor are cigar, news, and boot-blacking stands. Elevators do not stop, as they used to, at six o'clock, but take turns running all night. For society, the tenant has the club, which is coming to be a feature of the high building. The bedroom was all that was lacking, when a New York business man recently called the attention of a manager to the omission, and suggested one for himself. He thought of the fine view of cities and rivers and harbors from his office-window near the roof, imagined the cool, fresh air of that altitude, and recalled the hot and lonely summer months when his family was out of town, and he asked why he should go five miles to an abandoned home every night. The manager said he need not. A bedroom was drawn in the plans, and finding other tenants charmed by the idea of chambers, he adopted them

as a novelty for his building. And to complete the scheme, he is talking of having a roof garden, with a variety stage, to while away the evenings of tenants and to catch the pleasure-seekers who now pass through the lower part of the city to go to the theatres uptown.

To make changes suggested by a tenant in this way it is necessary that the manager should have consulted with him before the building was completed, and should have power to carry out his ideas. In a properly conducted enterprise, the manager joins the council of builders before anything is done. He begins his work with the real estate man, sometimes in his stead, and is as busy as the builder throughout the period of construction ; for the future of the building is in his charge, and he represents the tenants who are to use it. The time has passed when the capitalist can put so much money into brick and stone regardless of any fact except the insatiable demand for office room in crowded neighborhoods. All the fads and prejudices of a fastidious tenantry have to be anticipated now, and new luxuries may have to be suggested and provided to draw men from buildings equipped only with all the necessaries of business life. The manager, who has to rent the building, knows these things, and he is supreme from the start in all matters of internal arrangement. The only excuse for not heeding his directions is the plea that they are structurally or financially impossible. It is he who decides whether the first floor is to be planned for a bank or a number of stores, and divides the upper floors into small offices or large suites, according to his judgment or knowledge of the needs of the neighborhood.

Usually it is knowledge. The manager keeps himself posted on the movements of business firms, getting in the form of gossip the names of those who are dissatisfied with their quarters, and of owners of old buildings who are preparing to tear down and rebuild, thus threatening the tenure of their tenants. To these people the manager of a proposed new building goes with his offer to let them space with the privilege of subdividing it to suit their requirements. Getting them pledged, he hastens to others, and though he may not secure many tenants so soon, he learns exactly what is wanted on the spot where his building is to be. There may be conflicting demands ; he may be on the boundary between importers who require lofts or store-rooms, and lawyers who wish offices, and it is often a difficult and delicate task to arrange with the architect for a compromise plan that will satisfy both clients. But the man for such a place has to be able to solve many nice problems, as many as any of the other experts engaged in building operations.

When the manager has determined the character of the building, the contracts are drawn, and the date of completion is set. That limits and drives him just as it does the builder and the contractors, for when the building is delivered he is expected to have ready the occupants, who are counted on to make the capital invested begin again to pay interest, and any failure on his part disturbs the calculations of the financier in the same way that the builder's delay does. And there is another factor that whips on the manager. In every city there are what are called " moving days," when old leases expire and new ones begin. May 1st, for example, is the date when " downtown " New York makes its general shift. Above Chambers Street, and as far north as Fourteenth, the change is made on February 1st, chosen, doubtless, because the old stock of merchandise is low at that time, and the new goods are not yet in. The residence districts of the city move on October 1st, which is about the time when the people who have been out of town for the summer are returning. Why the extreme southern end of Manhattan Island picked out May 1st, no one has been able to explain, but settled it is unalterably, and the new buildings erected there are hurried through so as to be ready for occupancy by that day ; and the manager who rushes around seeking tenants knows that he will have in his building all the first year only as many as he has secured on May-day. He may add a few firms who happen to open business in the interval, and chance may throw in his way two or three tenants who are so dissatisfied with some other building that they move out at a sacrifice of rent paid ; but, as a rule, the space vacant on the moving day remains a losing investment for a year.

Hence, besides the advantage of offering the tenant a voice in the planning of

his space, the manager is urged to commence early the canvass for occupants by the time limitation and the serious consequences of exceeding it. While the architect is drawing the projected floor plans, the manager takes them, and makes up his schedule of rents. He has already told the committee what he can get for the space per square foot, and the financier has calculated on that figure for a certain income, which has now to be arranged for in detail. It has to be divided among the floors, and then among the rooms. If he has set $3.50 a square foot as the average, the manager now starts with, say, $8 as the rate on the ground floor, $5 on the second, and $2.50 on the others up to the top stories, where he can charge $3 or $3.50. Then, as he puts in the partitions asked for by his first clients, he raises or lowers the rates for the other rooms according to minute considerations of light, convenience, and conspicuousness, taking care, however, to make the sum of his various prices produce the total expected of that floor, and yet have each charge fall within the general market rates.

When this is done he prepares his prospectus, a handsomely printed paper book with diagrams of each floor, a description of the building, with the names of the specialists engaged on it—the architect, the builder, the elevator-maker, the electrician, the plumber, the mason, the carpentry-men. There are pictures of the front and sides of the proposed building, of the main hall and the machinery-room, views from the windows, sketches of the interior decoration, and little essays on the novelties and special features. The pamphlet is sent out to possible tenants and to the newspapers for "written notices" which are free advertisements, but the most effective use of it is in the hands of the staff of renting agents.

Personal solicitation of the cleverest and most alluring kind is necessary to fill in a year one of these great buildings that will house from one to four thousand people. There are ten or twelve other buildings to be ready, and for them also an active canvass is being made. The competition is almost desperate in some cities where there has been overbuilding in hard times. In New York the stress is such that it is said the only sure source of tenants is in the continuance of the process, as the tearing down of more old buildings for the next year's crop of new buildings supplies the tenants for this May's openings.

Despite the scramble, however, the best manager is the one who knows when to reject an application and stand a loss in vacant space ; for a building, like a neighborhood, has character, and if it is a new structure he has to create that essential to permanent success. The reputation of the building affects the trade, custom, and clientele of its inhabitants, injuring those who are above it, and injured in turn by those who are below it. Anyone can call to mind well-known buildings that would be creditable as business addresses ; they might help to sell a bill of goods. And there are others, equally familiar, that would cause a doubt as to a man's credit, unless his "line" were as low as the reputation of his building. The experienced manager is well aware of this, and, eager as he is for tenants, hard as he labors and plots for good men to come into his space, he resists the temptation to take everybody who applies.

The method some managers follow to give their place a fine start toward respectability is to get an old firm of national renown to head their rent roll. There are many such that have stuck to the ramshackle, antiquated building where they began their careers fifty years ago. Again and again they have been urged to move into the pretentious new buildings. The darkness of their rooms, the inconvenience of the arrangements, bad plumbing, bad air, slow elevator service, all these and other disagreeable conditions of their environment have been pointed out by the eloquent man with the beautiful little pamphlet ; in vain. The old firm has always been there ; their clients know the familiar place ; they are making a couple of hundred thousand dollars a year as it is ; their books and papers could not be moved. It is hard to persuade the head of the profession to the top of the town. But one by one they are pulled up, almost by the roots. Perhaps the most obdurate member of the firm dies or his energetic son joins the office. The sharp-witted manager, who knows everything that touches his business, hears of the change, and he reopens his case for a last trial.

Sometimes the case is won by making sacrifices. In New York, a year ago, the manager of a new building, desperate for a brilliant opening, went to a grand old firm of lawyers, offered them his best floor, ripped out and rearranged to suit, at a lower rate than they paid in the old building, and undertook to move them free of charge in one day and night—furniture, papers, books, documents, pictures, all to be taken up as they were, and set down in relatively the same positions in the new quarters.

This was an extreme case, but it paid. The name of that firm was used as a charm to draw other firms of equal stability though of less fame, and many more that were seeking in obscurity a similar practice. And the manager foresees that when so immovable a firm is once established in his building it will take root for another half century, while the branches it shoots forth, younger men reared in the office, will seek growing space near the old trunk. The character of his building is assured.

An example on the other side, of a building that made a bad beginning, was furnished by an expert manager who tried to reclaim it. At the time of its completion it was the tallest structure in New York. The man who erected it was a man of low tastes, but of great ability as a sensational business manager. His creation was like him, and it soon expressed his character as well as his mind. He let the first comers settle about him, and did not see he had made a mistake till he discovered that his low class of tenants were not good pay. Then, after himself trying to mend the case, he asked the trained specialist to see what he could do. It was a novel experiment at that time, and the manager entered upon it with energy and ideas. He turned out the worst tenants, and induced respectable people to take their places at very low rents. That was as far as he got. He says with a laugh that he might have succeeded if his exemplary tenants had stayed, but they could not stand it ; they told him they would not have minded for themselves two or three months of being crowded and jostled about in the elevators by their neighbors—the trouble was that their clients did not like to see and smell the obnoxious clients of the neighbors, and, besides, thought it disreputable to be seen going into the building. The manager had to give up the task, convinced of the futility of reformation of buildings in general, and more impressed than ever with the necessity of starting aright.

As the opening day approaches, the manager has to organize his system and staff for the conduct, the maintenance, and the cleaning of his building. Everything must be in perfect order on the first day when the tenants arrive, so the staff often enters the building while the last workmen are there, and follows them up with the cleaning, room by room. From twenty to a hundred men and women are employed, according to the size of the building and the manager's notion of economy, and since these people are to furnish the permanent service for possibly six thousand tenants, and their twenty thousand (in one building the estimate on an elevator count of one day was forty-five thousand) clients, each employee, from the machinist down to the scrub-woman, is chosen with the scrupulousness of a civil service examination. The "pull" that used to decide in this business, as it still does in politics, has been abolished by the competition for efficient service.

The methods of running the business of a modern high building are so various that it is impossible to determine either a typical case or the drift of practice under experience. Some owners have a superintendent of the building, an expert machinist and electrician, who attends to the maintenance and reports to the manager, whose functions are renting and financing. Other buildings are in the control of the manager, who lets out the cleaning and heavy repairing by contract, and has in his janitor and chief engineer executive heads of staffs for routine work. One corporation that has fourteen buildings distributed over the United States, Europe, Australia, and South America has in New York a financial manager for all, with local managers in each building to rent, supply, and keep them in good condition. The central office receives the rent and authorizes extraordinary expenditures, requires regular reports in detail of all changes and expenses, and supervises all the business of each building through a travelling inspector.

These are corporation methods. Indi-

viduals who own modern buildings usually abandon the management of them after they have tried it long enough to learn that it is a distinct business, requiring expert direction. They turn it over to some real estate firm that has a staff of men who do nothing else. There is the manager or superintendent of buildings, who is an able organizer of men and a keen executive. Under him is a corps of renting agents and collectors, bookkeepers who carry the general account of expenses for all the buildings and separate individual and proportionate accounts of each owner. Outside this office staff there are an inspector, who visits each building every day, and a machinist, an electrician, a carpenter, a plumber, and a painter, whose duty it is to direct repairs. Then, each building has its own janitor, with his squad of hall and elevator men, scrub-women, sweepers, moppers, dusters, and outside window-cleaners ; and the engineer, with his assistants, electrician, and firemen. The janitor makes weekly reports in writing to the central office of repairs, of changes, complaints, and requests of tenants, while the engineer accounts for the coal and other supplies used by him in amounts and in the power expended in heat, light, and elevators.

The cost of maintenance for a year, including taxes, insurance, supplies, repairs, and service, is from two to three per cent. of the capital invested, and increases with the age of the building. One manager, who had eleven years' experience in a building about fifteen years old, said he spent an average of $5.50 a day to repair pipes and plumbing ; $4 a day for bricking and tiling ; he replaced 2,000 of his 11,000 lights a year ; bought sixteen tons of coal a day. But the new methods of construction of everything that goes into the later buildings are expected, and indeed promise, to reduce these items to absurdities. The latter-day managers are setting the builders, contractors, and manufacturers who supply the plant fresh problems of economy by their close figuring on expenses. A boiler that needs more than so much per pound of power for repairs is not satisfactory. Masonry must wear only so much a cubic foot a year to be within the specifications. Lights and plumbing and wiring and tubing that have to be renewed at a cost of more than so many cents per thousand feet are charged up against the supplier of them ; and the manager is equally exacting with himself. He doles out coal at so many tons the week per thousand cubic feet of rentable space, and hires scrub-women on the basis of 32,000 square feet of floor a day for each mop.

Despite all his precise reckoning, however, and his reduction of the problem to an accuracy of calculation that is almost scientific, the inexorable laws of the market gradually cut down his income. The building earns less year by year. The manager's own requirements of economy and ingenuity of construction involve the solution of fresh problems, lowering the cost of building, which entails the increase of new and higher structures ; and that carries with it higher values of the ground built on, and correspondingly lower rents.

But it is capital that loses by the inevitable process, capital and labor. Competition and progress reduce the one to two or three per cent. a year, the other to $1.50 a day. But the same forces stir up brains and strengthen character ; they develop a sky-scraping builder, earning $50,000 a year, whose name is an advertisement for the buildings he puts up, out of a master mason who began life as a bricklayer. And the end is not yet ; our cities, as their ragged sky-lines show, will be rebuilding for many years to come. The grind between capital and labor will go on, while the financier, the architect, the builder, the manager—the brains of business enterprise—will grow and profit mightily.



The Old Arms of the City of Bristol

JOHN CABOT

By the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava

When dealing with the life and work of John Cabot one is tempted to follow the example of the author of a famous book on Iceland, who, having devoted a chapter to "A description of the snakes of Iceland," fell back for its contents on the statement, "There are no snakes in Iceland." In our case less succinctness is possible, for John Cabot certainly existed, though in so hazy a condition that many of his biographers have confounded him with his son Sebastian, and have eked out the biography of the one with particulars incident to the career of the other. It may be questioned whether an impersonality of the kind is not advantageous to the estimate formed of any considerable man by his fellow-creatures, for while his achievements survive to speak for him, less hold is left for the fangs of the sporting resurrectionists who make a prey of great reputations—a fate which Tennyson so dreaded, and which Shakespeare has escaped. About Columbus, thanks to his correspondence, his journals, his reports to Ferdinand and Isabella, with the additional light — or darkness — furnished by his enemies, we know everything, with the result that a distinguished English writer has recently denounced him as "the paragon of slave-dealers," or in some such opprobrious terms. His name, at all events, is in everyone's mouth. And yet the little-noticed voyage of our obscure and shadowy Cabot, though in itself far less meritorious as an original and daring enterprise, has been fraught with more far-reaching and beneficent consequences to the human race than all the exploits of Columbus and of his followers put together. Before, however, referring to such details as we possess of John Cabot's expedition, it may be well to glance at the geographical notions which were current at this period.

Many circumstances indicate that, about the commencement of the fifteenth century, one of those waves of impulse, which, from time to time, descend like a mysterious afflatus upon the world, had begun to impregnate the minds of men with a longing for maritime adventure, and to inflame their imaginations with the expectation of discoveries fraught with undreamt of felicities. A principal cause for this may be traced to the revival of learning, and especially to the recovery of the forgotten treasures of Greek literature. During the dark ages, and under the artless guidance of ecclesiastical tradition and monkish scholasticism, the science of geography had gone completely astray. The early Christian maps of the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries are all of the same character. The world is represented as a flat disc, or square, or oblong, surrounded by a canal-like ocean, with Jerusalem in the exact centre. The leading cities, splendidly fortified, are stuck down around an amorphous Mediterranean choked with islands. Paradise and its rivers are duly portrayed, and the whole scheme is surmounted by the figures of Adam and Eve in paradisiacal costume. As time goes on, instead of improving, the map-making of the world still further deteriorates; for travellers' tales now begin to confuse and corrupt the simplicity of the early cartography, and the picture of

The illustrations for this article have been selected by Mr. Wilberforce Eames, of the Lenox Library, New York.

the earth is overlaid or distorted by the introduction of mermaids, men without heads, or wearing their faces in their stomachs, unicorns, centaurs, and griffins, until its configuration assumes the appearance of a nightmare or a zoological garden. It is true that the geographical lore of the ancients, as summarized by Ptolemy, happily continued to survive, more or less intact, in the literature of the Arabs; but the speculations of the Mohammedan world, whose loadstone was Mecca, were naturally attracted to the regions of the south and east, and the travels and adventures of Sindbad the Sailor embalm the stories told by many a vagrant Syrian or Egyptian merchant on his return from Persia, India, and China, in the one direction, or from Zanzibar and Madagascar in the other. At a later period, indeed, the western Arabs made excellent pirates, and terrorized the shores of both Europe and Africa, nay, even of America and England, but for many hundred years the whole Arab race had the deepest horror of the Atlantic, and calumniated its blue loveliness by calling it "the green sea of darkness," while their learned doctors declared that a man mad enough to tempt its dangers ought to be deprived of his civil rights. The conjectures, consequently, of the classic philosophers, and the hints scattered up and down Greek poetry of mysterious coasts and islands beyond the setting sun, failed to engage their attention, and as at this time their supremacy in Spain and Portugal, as well as in Morocco, barred the way of the maritime states of Christendom to the coast, the expanse of waters that rolled and tumbled beyond the pillars of Hercules remained a "*Mare Clausum*" long after a considerable knowledge had been gained not only of the Arabian and Indian Seas, but even of the hithermost tracts of the Pacific. Still it is from the writings of Edrisi, their greatest geographer, who, about 1150, was residing at the Court of the Norman Princes of Palermo, that we get the first account of a landfall made on the shores of the fabled Atlantis.

The adventurers consisted of eight near relations, who, some time in the year 1100, provisioned a ship for several months, and sailed one fine morning from Lisbon, then an Arab town, into the pathless west. After eleven days they reached a brown and fetid sea. Turning south, they came to an island where sheep were feeding, but the bitterness of the mutton unfitted them for food. Continuing their voyage in the same direction for another twelve days, they light upon a city full of beautiful men and women. Here, after a term of imprisonment, the ruler of the island put them blindfolded into a boat, and eventually they found themselves cast upon the coast of Africa, whence they made their way back to Lisbon, and gave their names to the street of "The Wanderers" in that city.

Whether in the foregoing story we are entertained with a premature discovery of Madeira, the Canaries, or the Cape Verd Islands, or with a myth, nobody can now tell.

While, however, the doctors and the divines of the Middle Ages persisted in regarding the earth as a plane surface, on the ground of such texts of Scripture as "Thou hast made all men to dwell on the '*face*' of the earth," and denied its rotundity because the Psalmist says, "In his hands are all the '*corners*' of the earth," or argued that "men at the supposed antipodes could not walk with their heads downward," and that ships could not sail, nor rain fall, "upward," there existed all the time in the writings of Aristotle and of his heathen successors conceptions of the nature of the globe which came wonderfully near the truth. For instance, in his treatise on the heavens, Aristotle asserts that "the earth is not only round, but not so very large, and the sea which washes the shores outside the Pillars of Hercules, bathes also the neighboring coasts of India." Again, in another work, he says, "It is probable that at the side of the earth, opposite our own, there are other continents, some large, some small, bearing the same proportion to the Atlantic as our islands to the seas which surround them." Strabo, also, following Eratosthenes, observed that, if it were not for the intervening Atlantic, we could pass from Spain to India along the same parallel of latitude, and quotes Poseidonius as saying that one only wanted a good easterly wind to reach India. Seneca goes a step farther in the same direction, and enforces this conclusion in the following prophetic passage in his "Medea:" "There will come a time when ocean will unbar his gates, and, as Tethys lifts the veil, new continents will

rise in view, nor will Thule be the limit of the world." Lastly, Macrobius, in his comment on the "Dream of Scipio," prophesies that if you go far enough west, you will reach the antipodes.

Side by side with the conjectures of these serious men of science, dreams and fancies as to a blessed region bathed in golden sunshine, far down the foam-fringed ridges of the Western Sea, were already floating about the world, even in pre-historic times. With Homer, it was the garden of the Hesperides, the abode of the noble dead, where there was neither snow nor winter—he had wellnigh added "where there are no more tears." With Solon and the early Greeks, if we are to believe Plato's lovely story, half myth, half allegory, and perhaps not wholly untrue, it was the island of Atlantis. Aristotle also speaks of a blissful island in the west discovered by the Carthaginians, as does Diodorus, who gives a vivid description of its fruits, its flowers, its singing birds, and crystal streams; and Plutarch asserts that Sertorius having been defeated both by land and by sea, had half a mind to find consolation from his sorrows in certain far-away regions of which he had heard from some adventurous mariners just come back from them.



Arms of the Company of Merchant Venturers of Bristol, of which Cabot was Governor in 1553.

With the advent of the Middle Ages, analogous traditions become rife, and take even a firmer hold upon the receptive imagination of the early Christian world. St. Brandan sails from Ireland in search of the earthly Paradise, and, with the assistance of a friendly giant, reaches, in mid-ocean, an isle surrounded by shining walls of gold; and so authentic was this discovery considered, that the island of St. Brandan remained extant on the maps until the end of the sixteenth century. Thanks to Tennyson, we all know about the voyage of Maeldune and the enchanted archipelago he visited. Again, as soon as the Moors invade the Spanish Peninsula, seven bishops with their disciples sail forth upon the *mare tenebrosum*, and land on a beatific shore, where they build seven great cities. Many hundred years later a handful of ship-men have the impertinence to present themselves before Prince Henry the Navigator * to announce that they had just arrived from this blessed country, and that the descendants of its episcopal founders were anxious to know whether the Moors still reigned in Portugal. Though the Prince doubted, others believed, and a noble Portuguese, Ferdinand Ulmo, in 1487—that is to say, a year after the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope—entered into an agreement with the Government of Portugal, in a document which is still extant, to take possession of the "seven cities," on condition that they should be placed under the jurisdiction of himself and his heirs. Even Prince Henry was much preoccupied by a desire to reach the Court of Prester John, an elusive Christian potentate ruling an impalpable Eastern realm, whose name was probably a corruption of the Persian "Ferishta-i-Jehán," *i.e.*, Angel of the World, and not synonymous with Priest or Presbyter John, as is generally thought.

In the same way, too, as the inhabitants of Kerry and Galway fancied that now and then they could descry, just before sunset, the glistening tops of the island of St. Brandan, so the people of the Canaries, as well as those of Madeira, were firmly convinced that, at what some conjectured to be a distance of one hundred leagues, and others fifty, they had seen on many a clear day the dim bastions of a far-off land, which, nevertheless, had always escaped their search as often as they had sailed in pursuit of it.

Passing from the guesses after truth of the Old World philosophers, and the fantasies of the mediæval dreamers, we stand upon surer ground on reaching the unpromising realm of Thule, as Iceland still continued to be called. The first visitors to its inhospitable shores were undoubtedly some Irish anchorites; for the bells and crosses found by the early Norse emigrants bear witness to their whilom presence. It seems to have been re-discovered by a jarl of the Faroe Islands in 860, though the

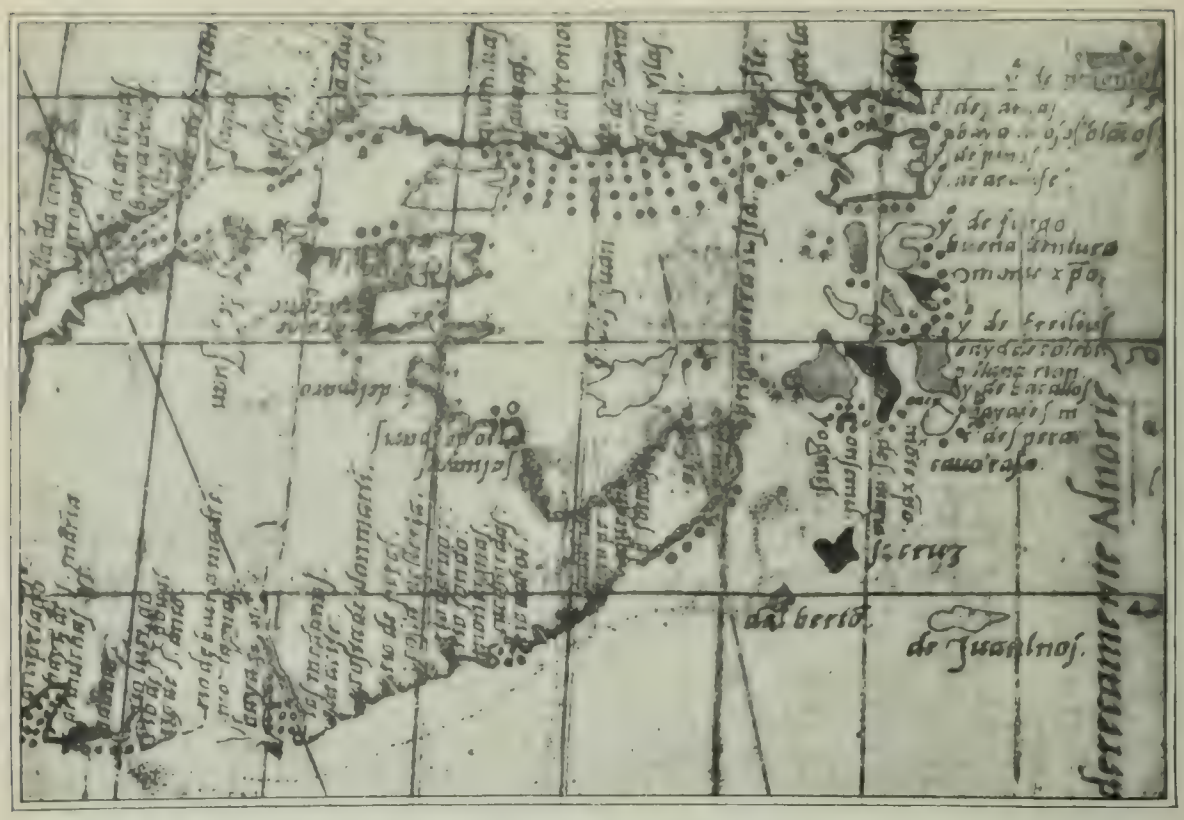
* See Mr. Beazley's "Life of Prince Henry the Navigator," an admirable book treating of this period, and illustrated by an interesting collection of mediæval maps.



Sebastian Cabot at about Eighty Years of Age.

Reproduced from the engraving in Seyer's History of Bristol published in 1821. The original painting was attributed to Holbein and was destroyed by fire in 1625.

Viking Raven Floke, with Ingolf and Leif, his fellow-islanders, are regarded as the founders of the colony. Ten years later Gunniborn sights Greenland, and calls it "White Shirt." But more than a century passes before the first settlement of Greenland is effected under the guidance of Eric the Red, who, with the genuine spirit of a "promoter," christens the country by the deceptive appellation it now bears, because, as he himself confesses, "it is a good name to attract emigrants." It has been contended that the designation Greenland proves that in former days the climate was different from what it is at present, and that some accumulation of permanent ice on its eastern seaboard converted what were in those days verdant fields into their present icy aspect; but Dr. Nansen, whom we consulted on the point, does not subscribe to this opinion. There is no doubt, however, that for several hundred years the eastern shore of what we now call Davis Strait was the seat of several Icelandic settlements, for recent explorers have laid bare the ruins of houses, churches, and sepul-



Cabot's Landfall: Enlarged Detail of Map shown on page 67.

chres, with many a Runic stone memorial. One of these is dated 1133, being inscribed with the name of Erling, the son of Sigvat.

Once established in their new homes, these hardy Norse rovers were pretty sure to continue their seafaring westward, though, as so often happens, this result was precipitated by an accident. A man named Bjarni Herjulfson, sailing, in company with his father, from Iceland to Eric's Fiord in Greenland, was driven through unknown seas to the coast of a wooded shore, on which, however, he did not stop to land. On returning home, he was much blamed for his want of enterprise, and Leif, the son of Eric the Red, in the year 1000 buys his ship, and, putting five and twenty men on board, starts upon what proves a momentous voyage, since it culminated in their coming to a country so inviting and temperate, so rich in vines and self-grown wheat,* that they called it "Wineland the Good," while Leif himself, on returning in the following spring to Greenland, became known as Leif the Lucky. Leif's expedition was followed by that of his brother Thorwald, who was "determined to be talked about." He put to sea with thirty men, and wintered in his brother's booths. But in the following spring he was set upon by a stunted race of men, who used skin canoes, and whom the Norsemen called Skrælings, or Esquimaux. In a fight which ensued, Thorwald received a mortal wound from an arrow, and his settlement came to an end.†

Nothing daunted by this untoward issue, Thorfinn Karlsefne shortly afterward organizes an adventure upon a far larger scale than the small expedition of his predecessors, and in the year 1006 embarks with one hundred and sixty men and five women in three ships, laden with all the apparatus necessary for founding a permanent colony. But the Skrælings descended upon him in still greater numbers than upon Thorwald, and Thorfinn, seeing the hopelessness of his endeavor, makes up his mind to go back to Greenland, carrying with him not only his wife Gudrid but his baby Snorre, the first modern "American" known to history. At a later period Gudrid, we are told, went on a pilgrimage to Rome. The Saga takes especial care to explain that the discomfiture of Thorfinn was accelerated by the quarrels of the men

* It must have been wild rice

† There seems some doubt as to this independent voyage of Thorwald. According to another account he was killed when accompanying Thorfinn Karlsefne.



A Section of Sebastian Cabot's Map of the World, 1544

From the photograph (full-size of original) in the Lenox Library.



Cape North; One of the Suggested Landfalls of Cabot, June 24, 1497.

over the five ladies, though it admits that once, when the Norsemen were in full retreat, one of them, a natural daughter of Eric the Red, seized a sword, and, confronting the foe, dropped her shift down to her waist. The Skrælings, finding that it was a woman by whom they were so unexpectedly opposed, fled amain.

Karlsefne's expedition is the last serious one of the kind of which we have any certain knowledge; for, though Freydis, the same lady who had behaved so gallantly on the occasion above mentioned, embarked on a fresh attempt, it only ended in disaster. Helge and Finnboge, two brothers, whom she had induced to accompany her, were murdered, with her connivance, soon after reaching their destination, while Freydis herself and the remnant of her ship's company came back to Greenland. But, even if we reject, as it is to be feared we must, the subsequent tale told by Rafn, "the Limerick trader," and by Are Frode, of Gudleif and Gudlangson's voyage to Great Ireland, it is possible that other adventurers, with varying fortunes, may have endeavored to establish themselves on the shores of Wineland, for in the Icelandic Sagas there are to be found traces of voyages having been undertaken during the next two hundred years in the same direction as the earlier ones—traces which receive some confirmation from lists still extant of successive Greenland bishops, as well as from hints in other Sagas of missionary visits to these western lands.

Considerable difficulty has been found in determining how far south these Norsemen made their way. The generally received opinion is that they got down as far as Boston and the New England States; but from the length of the day, which has been carefully recorded by the explorers, it is doubtful if they even reached Nova Scotia. Probably the north coast of Newfoundland was the farthest limit of their descent southward. That such hardy adventurers should have been arrested on the threshold of what would have proved so momentous a discovery is easily accounted for. In spite of their courage, their want of firearms forced them to yield to numbers. The Esquimaux, or the Indians, or whatever was the race which confronted them, engaged with the invaders upon far more equal terms than the inhabitants of Cuba with the Spaniards, or the Mexicans and Peruvians with Cortez and Pizarro. As a consequence, not only did this Viking colonization of Wineland cease, but the memory of it almost perished, and the Sagas recalling it, of which only later and discordant copies have been preserved,

+

muy magco señor

1533

Leva

oy dia del bien aventurado san juan recebi vna carta del adelantado de
canaria por la qual me parece que todavia tiene gana de tomar la
empresa del rio de parana q tanto caro me cuesta vn criado del dicho
adelantado me dio la carta y me dixo que va alla y lleua carta
del dicho adelantado para los señores del consejo sobra la dicha empe
sa plega dios nro señor de encaminarlo todo como su santa fe catolica
sea alli mas ensalçada. y el ynperador nro señor servido. /

— señor la carta q vra mt me enbio amandar q yziese ya la tengo
acabada. y dada al contador de la casa de la contratacion para que
la entregue la vra mt suplico a vra mt me perdone porque auer la
acabado mas presto y enverdad sino fuera por la muerte de
my hija. y por la dolencia de my muger y mya dias ha q para
vra mt la hubiera recebido. bien pense de llevarla yo mismo
con otras dos q tengo fechas para su magt cesar q sus magt y los
señores del consejo quedaran satisfechos dellas por q derecho
no se puede nabegar por rredondo por sus derrotas como se haze por
vna carta. y la causa por q no desea y no rrueste ca qui ya y como es
forçoso q lo haga. y que tantas quartas. a de nordeste. y nornoreste
a la nordeste q torna a bolverse azia el norte. y en que meridiano
y con esto torna su magt la regla cierta para tomar la longitud

— señor suplico a vra mt me aga mt de escrivir a estos señores
officiales de la casa de la contratacion que me socorran con vn
terçio de my salario adelantado para que me pueda despachar
de aqui ya alla. abesar las manos de vra mt y a hablar con los
señores del consejo. y llevarles vn criado mio que quedo en la
costa del brasil el qual vino con los portugeses q de alla vinie
ron. para q de relacion de todo lo q alla he fecho los portugeses.
y esto suplico a vra mt allende de otras muchas mts que
de vra mt tengo rrecebidas. nro señor guarde la magca per
sona de vra mt y estado acreciente como por vra mt es desea
do y vros servidores desean. a my señora doña juana beso las
manos. / de sevilla. oy dia del bien aventurado san juan del
1533 años

besa las manos de vra mt
su muy cierto servidor

Sebastian Cabot

Autograph Letter of Sebastian Cabot, Seville, 1533.

Reproduced from Harrisse's "John Cabot," by permission of the publisher, B. F. Stevens, London.

came to be regarded as myths and inventions scarcely worthy of attention.

Rumors, nevertheless, of these voyages were probably current among such persons in Europe as were interested in the geographical problems which had begun to attract attention under the stimulating influence of Prince Henry of Portugal, and of his explorations along the coasts of Africa. An echo of these may have reached the ears of Columbus, for we know that he went to Iceland some years before he started on his first expedition. It has been sought on this account to belittle the merits of his great achievement, as though the success of his voyage had thus been rendered a foregone conclusion, and that he were little better than an impostor in taking credit for his discoveries. But this is an ungenerous judgment. In the first place, it is evident from his letter to the Florentine geographer Toscanelli, dated three years anterior to his visit to Iceland, that in his own mind he had long since set his egg upon its end. In other words, he had convinced himself that, by traversing the Atlantic, he would reach land. It is true the lands he expected to find were not the American continents, but the east coast of China as described by Marco Polo and depicted on Ptolemy's map, which, though at fault in many respects, such as in making Ceylon twice as big as India, and in joining the south of Africa with an Antarctic continent, thus separating the Indian from the Atlantic Ocean, was wonderfully correct within its hypothetical limits. Columbus was strongly supported in his views by his Italian correspondent, then seventy-seven years old, who, in a letter from Florence, dated June 25, 1474, transmits to Alphonso the Fifth, King of Portugal, a plan for reaching India based on the foregoing theory: "I am sending you a map," he says, "on which you will see I have placed opposite to Ireland and Africa, due west, the commencement of the Indies, with the islands and coasts where you might land. You will not be surprised if I call the West the land of spices, known to us as the Levant, for those who continue to sail westward will arrive at exactly the same places as those who travel eastward by land." He further designates the provinces and kingdoms referred to as dependencies of the Grand Khan, who lives generally in Cathay. And yet, shrewd as were the guesses of Columbus and of his friend Toscanelli, our own Roger Bacon, as well as Albertus Magnus, two hundred years earlier, had come nearer the real truth than either of them; for both these thirteenth-century sages were of opinion that what the Greeks called "the Oikoumené," *i.e.*, the inhabited earth as then known, which included Cathay, by no means comprised the total of the habitable globe, and that there remained a fourth, or at all events a fifth, part still to be discovered. "The great portion of this fourth," says Roger Bacon, "is in the antipodes."

Columbus was still further strengthened in his convictions by other indications, more significant even than the theories of his learned contemporary. For instance, Martin Vicente, a pilot, had told him that, having sailed four hundred leagues to the west of Cape St. Vincent, he had found in the water a piece of carved wood which had evidently been labored, but not with an iron instrument. His own brother-in-law, Pedro Correo, had also seen a similar piece of wood, which had drifted onto the island of Porto Santo, and he had heard from the King of Portugal that reeds of immense size had floated to the south of those islands from the West. The inhabitants of the Azores, too, spoke of the trunk of huge pine-trees, such as did not grow upon any of their own islands, having been wafted to their coast by westerly winds, and especially of two dead bodies cast upon the island of Flores, whose appearance was different from that of any other known race of people. Moreover, Las Casas states that among Columbus's papers was one in his own hand which said that a "cock-eyed sailor" had told him that, having been driven out of his course in a northwest direction, he had seen land —probably Greenland.

Far, however, from diminishing the credit of Columbus, the foregoing facts only increase his claim to be regarded as a man of genius; for, though these conceptions of a transatlantic land may have been germinating in the minds of a few individuals, they were entirely opposed to the general beliefs and prejudices of the day, nor had any human being dreamt of giving practical effect to them. On the contrary, the difficulties which Columbus

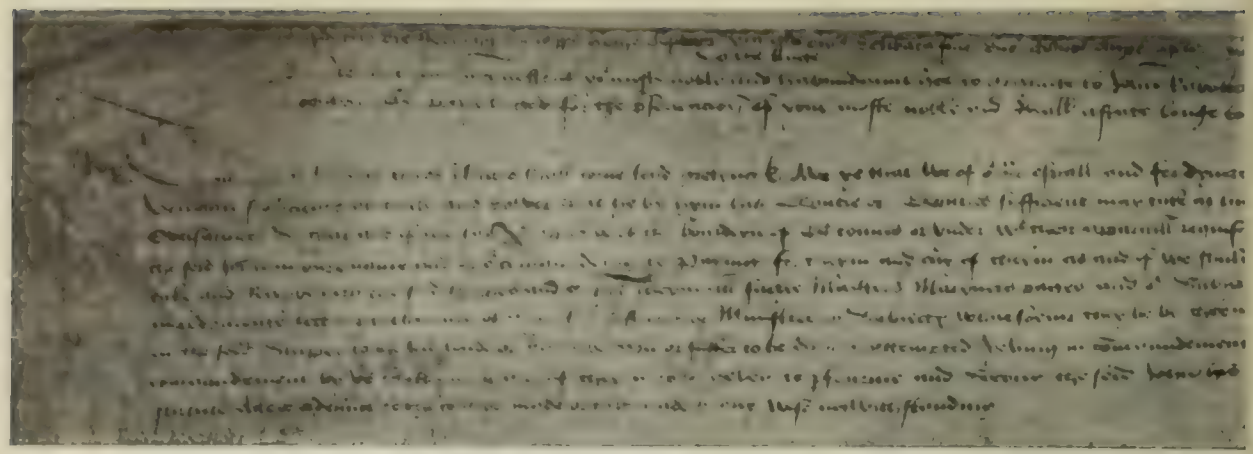


The Lenox Globe (about 1506-10), Showing the Region of Cabot's Landfall.

This globe is on copper and is in the possession of the Lenox Library, New York.

experienced in convincing the Courts of Portugal and Spain, and the learned and vigorous minds which surrounded King John and Ferdinand and Isabella, of the possibility of accomplishing an enterprise which, if successful, would have been so greatly to the advantage of either crown, is in itself a proof of the extraordinary merit attaching to his initiative. An experienced seaman, a man obviously entitled to attention, comes to the king, promising in a few weeks to put him in possession of golden realms, and of the priceless pearls, gems, and spices of the East, and it takes seventeen years of persistent solicitation before any real attention is paid to his proposals, and a few hundred pounds can be spared for fitting out the miserable little cockle-shells which constituted his first squadron. The fact was that almost everybody looked upon the whole thing as a mad dream. The notions of the philosopher who swore he heard the sun hiss as it dropped into the ocean, still dominated even fairly intelligent minds. To them the world was flat, and the torrid zone a flaming barrier, where the waters boiled and bubbled, and which cut off all communication with whatever lay beyond. The belief in the antipodes was a blasphemous conception, and that the earth was possessed of four corners, an article necessary to salvation. Even Dante's tutor, Brunetto Latini, when he first saw a magnetic needle in Roger Bacon's study, could not help remarking that no mariner would dare to use so diabolical an instrument. For anyone, in the face of such a discouraging mass of popular belief, laughed at by the Court, almost excommunicated by the Church, to plunge with undaunted spirit into the unknown, and to hold to his own opinion against the world, implies a fortitude of mind which may be justly termed heroic.

Columbus set sail from Huelva on Au-



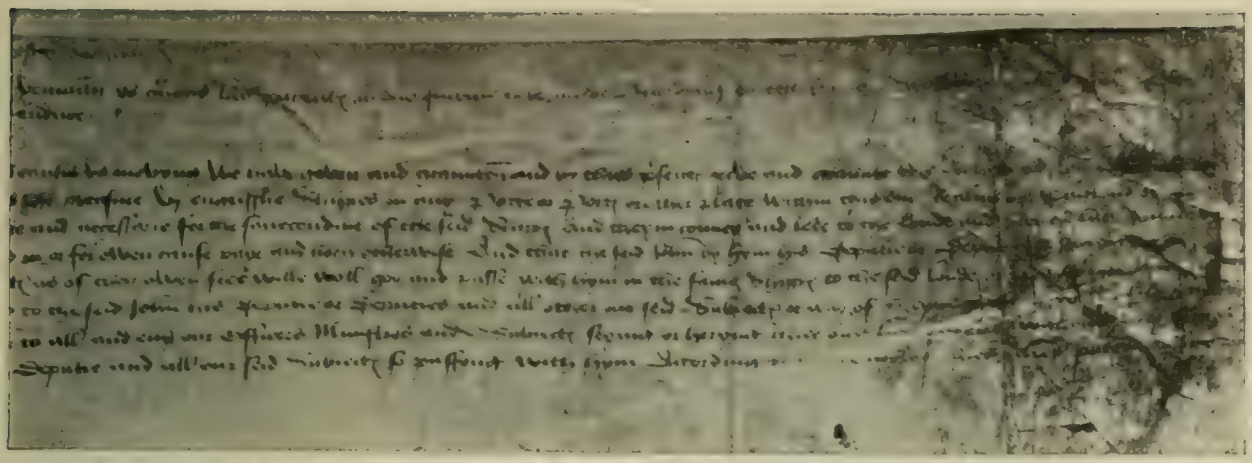
New Letters Patent Granted to John Cabot by Henry VII., February 3, 1498. Photo-

gust 3, 1492, and entered the Tagus on his return voyage, on March 4, 1493.

It was on March 5, 1496, that is to say, three years later, that a patent was granted by Henry the Seventh to John Cabot, citizen of Venice, and to Lewis, Sebastian, and Sanctus, "sonnes of the said John," empowering them to seek out, subdue, and occupy at their own charges any regions which before had been unknown to all Christians. They were further authorized to set up the royal banner and to possess the territories discovered by them as the King's vassals. On the other hand, a fifth part of the gains of the voyage was reserved to the Crown. The above arrangement was probably facilitated by the fact of Cabot having already successfully negotiated for King Henry an agreement with the King of Denmark in reference to matters affecting the English trade with Iceland, which was at this time the principal source of our supplies of fish. A whole year, however, elapsed before the Cabots were in a position to act upon the authority given to them by their patent.

Jean, or Giovanne, Cabotto, or rather Gavotta, though called in his patent a citizen of Venice, was not a Venetian born, but a provincial Genoese who was granted the freedom of Venice after a residence there of fifteen years. Nor do we know what brought him to England. That he at once took up his permanent abode at Bristol seems pretty certain, for his son Sebastian was born there, and it was to that city he returned after a visit to Venice when his boy was four years old, as Sebastian himself tells Peter Martyr, but of the details of John Cabot's life as a British citizen no particulars survive.

Although Cabot's first voyage of discovery did not take place until four years after Columbus returned, the one mariner need not be regarded as a servile imitator of the other. Before his arrival in Bristol, John Cabot's reputation as an experienced seaman and navigator had been fully recognized. He was also a considerable traveller by land, having visited Mecca and other Eastern countries. The talk that was in the air of lucrative expeditions to regions south of the Canaries, and the conjectures as to what a voyage across the Atlantic might give birth, must have long afforded him food for speculation. He was already in England when Bartholomew Columbus left London to deliver to his brother Christopher an invitation from the English king to enter his service and accept his patronage; and Bristol was a port from which, during the previous years, many ships had sailed in the vain search for those phantom islands which had never ceased to haunt the imagination of the dwellers on the western coasts of Britain and Ireland. As soon as the startling news of Columbus's return and of the roseate accounts he gave of his discoveries spread abroad, the maritime world of Europe naturally caught fire. But the peculiarity of Cabot's proposals consisted in the idea of enabling Henry the Seventh to outstrip his rival, the Spanish king, in the acquisition of fresh territories, and to reach the shores of India and China before him (for the conception of an intermediate continent was as absent from the mind of Cabot as it was from that of Columbus)



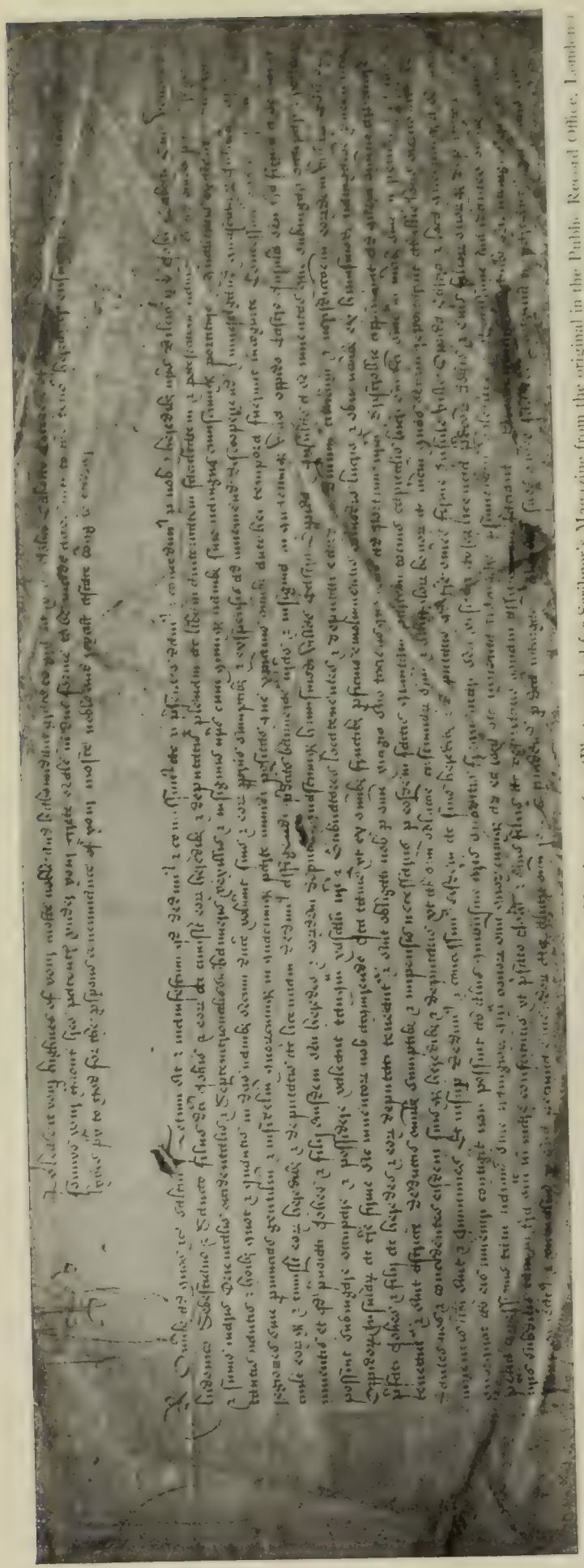
graphed for Scribner's Magazine from the original in the Public Record Office, London.

by keeping along a higher parallel of latitude, and consequently by a shorter route. In fact, Cabot's notion was that of a northwest passage. Accordingly, on May 2, 1497, he set sail in a vessel of about fifty tons, called the Matthew, manned by a crew of sixteen English sailors. On June 24th, at early morn, they sighted land. The exact point thus reached has been the subject of considerable dispute. Some authorities imagine Cabot's landfall to have been the coast of Labrador; others suggest Cape Breton; but the more probable conjecture, as well as an unbroken local tradition, points to Cape Bonavista, in Newfoundland, as the land first seen. The Matthew re-entered the port of Bristol on August 6, 1497, after an absence of a little more than three months.

Of what happened during the passage out and home, we have no record. On his return, Cabot seems to have had a very good reception at the hands of his adopted fellow-countrymen. Pasqualigo, a Venetian in London, writing to his brother in Venice, says: "The English run after him like mad. His name is Zuan Cabot, and they call him the great Admiral." But the most we learn of the matter is in a letter from Raimondo do Soncino, dated London, December 18, 1497, addressed to the Duke of Milan: "The King," he says, "has gained a great part of Asia without a stroke of the sword. In this kingdom is a popular Venetian called Zoanne Caboto, a man of considerable ability, most skilful in navigation, who, having seen the most serene kings, first him of Portugal, then him of Spain, that they had occupied unknown islands, thought to make a similar acquisition for His Majesty (Henry VII.). And having obtained the royal privileges which gave him the use of the land found by him, provided the right of possession was reserved to the Crown, he departed in a little ship from Bristol with eighteen persons, who placed their fortunes with him. Passing Ibernia (Ireland) more to the west, and then ascending toward the north, he began to navigate the eastern part of the ocean, leaving for some days the north to the right hand, and having wandered enough, he came at last to firm land, where he planted the royal banners, took possession for His Highness, made certain marks, and returned.

"The said Messer Zoanne, as he is a foreigner and poor, would not be believed if his partners who are all Englishmen, and from Bristol, did not testify to the truth of what he tells. This Messer Zoanne has the description of the world in a chart, and also in a solid globe, which he has made, and he shows where he landed; and that going toward the east he passed considerably beyond the country of the Tanais. The sea is full of fish, which are taken not only with the net but also with a basket in which a stone is put so that the basket may plunge into water. And the Englishmen, his partners, say that they can bring so many fish that the kingdom will have no more business with Islanda (Iceland), and that from this country there will be a very great trade in the fish they call stock-fish.

"They say, now they know where to go, the voyage will not take more than fifteen days if fortune favors them after leaving Ibernia. The Admiral, as Messer Zoanne



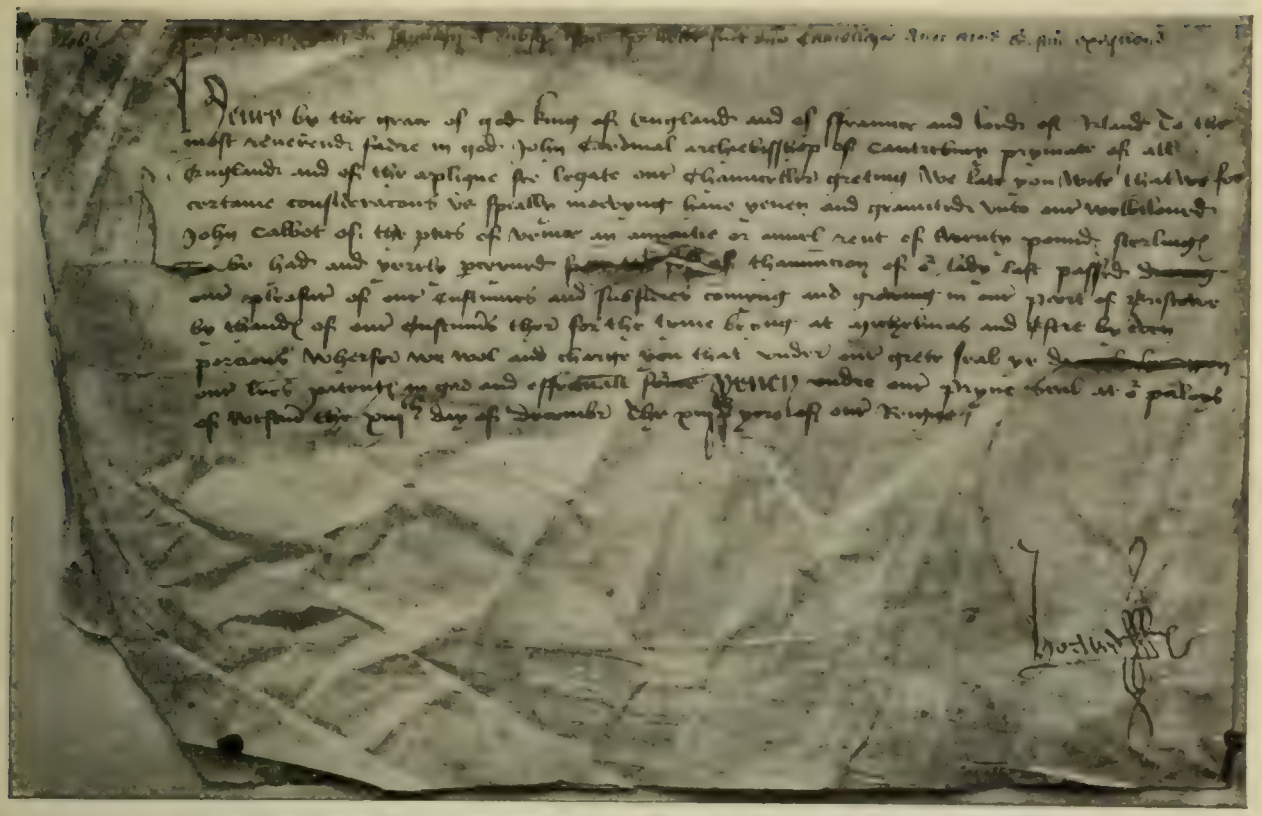
Petition of John Cabot and his Sons to Henry VII., with the Letters Patent, March 5, 1496. (Photographed for Scribner's Magazine from the original in the Public Record Office, London.)

is already styled, has given his companion, a Burgundian, an island, and has also given another to his barber, a Genoese, and they regard themselves as counts, and my Lord the Admiral as a prince. And I believe that some poor Italian friars will go on the voyage, who have the promise of being bishops. And I, being a friend of the Admiral, if I wished to go, could have an archbishopric."

The King assigned to Cabot a pension of £20 per annum, and there is an entry of another £10 given him as a donation, but it is hoped that this modest sum was for the sailor who first sighted land. Henry the Seventh, however, was a penurious monarch, and in his eyes the above honorarium may have seemed sufficient. In any event, he granted Cabot a second patent, dated February 3, 1498, which authorized him to lay his hand upon any six ships, if not more than two hundred tons, in any part of the realm, "and them convey and lead to the land and isles of the late found by the said John, in our name and by our commandment." Before the expedition was ready John Cabot died, leaving the new adventure to be prosecuted by his son.

Sebastian Cabot, who started from Bristol in May, 1498, with a fleet of five vessels, seems to have first sailed in a northwesterly direction, and probably found his way into Hudson's Bay; but the ice was too much for him, or at all events for his crews, for they became mutinous, and compelled him to bear up. On this he returned to Baccalaos,* in Newfoundland, to refit, and subsequently cruised along the American coast as far as Virginia in

* A corruption of a Basque word meaning "dried cod."



Warrant of Henry VII., December 13, 1497, Granting a Pension of £20 to John Cabot

Photographed for Scribner's Magazine from the original in the Public Record Office, London.

38° north latitude, having explored thirteen hundred miles of the American seaboard.

Sebastian's further fortunes may be briefly summarized. In 1512 he is found at Seville engaged in revising the Spanish king's maps and charts. After the death of Ferdinand he returned to England, but in 1518 he again went to Spain, and in 1524 he took part in the famous conference summoned at Badajos, under the auspices of Charles the Fifth, to determine whether the Moluccas belonged to Spain or to Portugal. The question arose out of the original treaty, dated 1494, between Ferdinand of Spain and John of Portugal, under which, with the sanction of the Pope, it was agreed that whatever lay to the east of a meridian drawn through a point three hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Cape Verd Islands should belong to Portugal, and everything to the west of that meridian to Spain. As this arrangement applied to both hemispheres of the globe, it resulted in giving Brazil to Portugal, and in the Moluccas being adjudged to Spain, though the Portuguese retained possession of them till ousted out by the Dutch. In 1526 Sebastian Cabot set out on a still more important expedition, whose object was the exploration of the Pacific Ocean ; but, owing to the disaffection of his subordinates, this intention was frustrated, and Cabot put into La Plata. He sailed up that river three hundred and fifty leagues, built a fort at one of the mouths of the Paraná, which stream he ascended in boats, and also penetrated some distance up the Paraguay. His attempts to found a colony not proving successful, on account of quarrels with the natives, which in some measure owed their origin to an indigenous chief having fallen in love with the wife of one of his officers, Sebastian threw up the enterprise, and, returning to England, made his permanent home among us. In 1549 Edward the Sixth granted him a pension of 250 marks, and gave him the title of Grand Pilot. During the next few years he was occupied in promoting trading expeditions to Russia, and as a consequence became Governor of the Muscovy Company. Sebastian Cabot is supposed to have died in London in 1557, being then about eighty years old.

From what has been stated it is evident that the Cabots may be justly called the discoverers of the North American continent. Columbus, unluckily for the per-



St. John's Gate, Bristol. From a Recent Photograph.

A landmark contemporary with Cabot's residence in Bristol.

fect accomplishment of his original idea, had been waylaid by the West Indian Islands, and entangled in the network of the Antilles. An impression prevails that he never reached any part of the American terra firma, but this is a mistake, for he not only anchored and landed in various harbors on the coast of Honduras and Nicaragua, but he also entered the Gulf of Paria, and observing the tremendous flow of fresh water which poured through it, rightly concluded that he must be in the neighborhood of such a river as only a big continent could account for. But, even if he had never got beyond Cuba, or Hispaniola, it is to Columbus, and to Columbus alone, that must be assigned the glory of having led the way to the New World. It is in vain that his critics have tried to minimize his credit—the universal verdict of mankind has long since made his fame immortal.

Yet it is neither to Columbus nor to Cabot, whose repute as an original discoverer

must be reckoned only second to that of Columbus, that the honor of giving his name to the American continent has fallen. By a ludicrous perversity of fortune, not only one, but both the great continents of North and South America have been called after Amerigo Vespucci, an Italian, who occupied a subordinate position in some of the later expeditions. Vespucci was born in Florence in 1451, and apparently was employed by the Medici family as their commercial agent in Spain. In 1496 we hear of him acting as factor for the house of Juanoto Berardi, a rich Florentine merchant, who had contracted to furnish the Spanish sovereign with armaments for the service of the newly discovered countries. In this way he made acquaintance with Columbus, who, in his letters to his son, speaks of him in friendly terms. In 1499 a little fleet of four vessels sailed for Paria under the command of Alonzo de Ojeda, and Amerigo Vespucci accompanied him. On returning, in 1500, Vespucci wrote, on July 18th, an account of this voyage to Lorenzo de Pier Francisco de Medici, of Florence. In this communication he suppresses the names of his admiral and of the other persons concerned in the enterprise, and allows it to be understood that he had been in independent command of two caravels, which probably were vessels commissioned by the house of Berardi. In 1501 Vespucci, having quitted Spain, takes service with Emanuel, King of Portugal, and sails to the coast of Brazil. Of this voyage he also gives an account in a second letter to his former correspondent. Neither of these letters saw the light until the middle of the last century. But in 1504 Vespucci wrote a third letter to the same Lorenzo de Medici. This was the first of his narratives that appeared in print. It was published in Latin, at Strasburg, in 1505, under the title of "Americus Vesputius de Orbe Antarcticâ per Regem Portugalliæ pridem inventa." A second edition of the document was printed in Vicenza in 1507, and it was reprinted in Italian at Milan, in 1508. This third letter, however, relates not to his first Spanish voyage in company with Ojeda to the Gulf of Paria, but to the second voyage, under the auspices of the King of Portugal, to the coast of Brazil, and it was on account of this voyage to the Brazils that Amerigo Vespucci was first considered the discoverer of "Terra Firma." As a matter of fact the Brazils had been already reached and formally taken possession of by two other navigators—in 1500 by Vicente Yañez Pinzon, for Spain, and in the same year by Pedro Alvarez Cabral, on the part of Portugal, though it is but fair to add that these circumstances were unknown to Vespucci and his associates. In 1503 Vespucci embarked on a further voyage, again under the auspices of Portugal, in a caravel which formed part of a squadron of six vessels under the command of Gonzalo Coelho. Vespucci's ship reached the Brazils in safety, in company with one consort, but the commander of the squadron and the other four ships were never heard of again.

Shortly after his return from this last cruise Vespucci wrote a letter, dated from Lisbon, September 4, 1504, containing a summary account of all his voyages, to René, Duke of Lorraine. In this narrative Vespucci, in addition to the expeditions above referred to, states that he had made a voyage to Paria, that is to say, to Terra Firma, in 1497, three years before Columbus arrived there. This statement must either have been an invention of Vespucci's to serve some particular purpose, or a spurious interpolation introduced into his original manuscript. The reasons for considering the account of this particular voyage of Vespucci's to be false are set forth in Washington Irving's admirable "Life of Columbus."

However much we may deplore the cuckoo-like accident by which Vespucci became godfather to the two Americas, Vespucci himself must not be held responsible for the usurpation. The unconscious criminal was a certain Martin Waldseemüller, of Fribourg, an eminent cosmographer patronized by René, Duke of Lorraine. The Duke probably showed Vespucci's letter to his geographical friend, who incorporated its contents with the treatises which he was issuing under the assumed name of "Hylacomylas," and, as these publications had a wide circulation, the use of the name America thus became propagated throughout the world.

It now only remains for us to consider the practical consequences of John Cabot's discoveries. At the commencement of this article it has been suggested that they have been more important in their ultimate re-

sults even than those of Columbus himself, and of the Spanish explorers who succeeded him. Nor, however paradoxical it may sound, will there be any difficulty in proving the soundness of this opinion. The Spanish adventurers, indeed, were instrumental in bringing vast regions under the dominion of the Spanish crown, and in pouring, for a certain number of years, rivers of gold into the Spanish treasury, but the policy which accomplished these results was a barren policy of cruelty, rapine, and extortion. It led to the extinction of two interesting and original civilizations, to the demoralization of the conquerors, and to the ultimate impoverishment of the kingdom whose revenues had been thus artificially inflated. Nor, giving every credit to the South and Central American Republics for the characteristics which now distinguish them, can the result of the original impulse to which they owe their birth be regarded as ideal. John Cabot, on the other hand, having by good fortune struck the northern coast of America, acquired for the Anglo-Saxon race—the only race that possesses a proper conception of the two pillars that support civilization : "Liberty" and "Justice"—a permanent footing on a vast theatre peculiarly fitted for the development of the best forms of human energy. It is true he found neither gold nor treasure ; nor were there cities, temples, palaces, or richly cultivated lands of which he could make a prey. Snowfields, ice-bound rivers, desolate primeval woods, and a bitter climate were his portion. And yet it was amid these unpromising surroundings that he hit upon a mine of wealth, richer, more perennial, and better calculated to stimulate legitimate and remunerative industry than the El Dorados of Peru or the ingots of Mexico ; for he "cast his shoe over" the deep-sea fishing grounds that fringe the neglected island of Newfoundland. No sooner did it become known to the hardy mariners of Devon and Bristol that this prolific source of an honest livelihood was open to them, than the road across the Atlantic between the west of England and St. John's became a beaten track. The Icelandic voyage was abandoned, and all the energies of our seamen were employed in reaping these new-found harvests of the Western Sea. Yet nearly a hundred years were to elapse before the government of England comprehended the importance of the jurisdiction which John Cabot had asserted on its behalf over these uninviting regions. In the meantime other nations, as was to be expected, were not slack in seeking to claim a share in our good fortune. French, Spanish, Portuguese, Basque, and Breton ships crowded onto the banks, or sought refuge in St. John's and the neighboring anchorages, though they all agreed in acknowledging the unavowed ascendency of their British associates, who imposed their authority upon these cosmopolitan fleets in what was sometimes a very rough-and-ready manner. In this way our honest mariners, and they alone, not only preserved intact England's territorial rights over Newfoundland, but also her sovereignty along the coasts of Nova Scotia and northern Virginia, as New England was at first called ; for it was not until the end of the sixteenth century that the island was formally taken possession of by Sir Humphrey Gilbert in the name of Queen Elizabeth.

It is to Raleigh that the credit is due of the more energetic interest that now came to be taken in Newfoundland. He was never tired of reiterating that its loss would be the greatest calamity that could befall his sovereign ; he spared neither pains nor money in stimulating its colonization ; and it was at his instigation perhaps that Elizabeth passed an Act of Parliament, requiring her loyal subjects to eat fish on Wednesdays as well as on Saturdays, though this was to be done solely from "political" motives, *i.e.*, to encourage the fishing industry ; for the same statute applied a penalty to anyone who advocated the practice on religious grounds. In 1600 the Newfoundland trade and fishery employed 250 ships and 10,000 men ; for already the island had become the stepping-stone, first to Raleigh's own unsuccessful endeavor to establish a colony in Virginia, and, some years later, to the settlement effected by the London Company at Jamestown. It was to be expected that both France and Spain would regard the expansion of our influence in the western Atlantic with disfavor ; but, after the defeat of the Armada, the Spanish fishing fleet of 200 ships and 6,000 men ceased to frequent such distant waters, and on

the ascent of the St. Lawrence by Jacques Cartier, in 1534, the attention of the French became concentrated upon Canada. In 1610 Lord Bacon appears, in conjunction with Raleigh, as a promoter of a trading company to Newfoundland. About the same time Lord Baltimore obtains a grant of land on the island, which, however, he afterward exchanges for another patent, under which he was empowered to settle Maryland, where the city of Baltimore preserves his name and the memory of his enterprise. In the same way, John Mason, Governor of Newfoundland and a captain in the British navy, founded New Hampshire.*

On the accession of James the First, with his autocratic traditions and his High Church prejudices, a fresh incentive was applied to the colonizing impulse, which, in the next generation, was still further accelerated by the tyranny of Charles and the ecclesiastical zeal of Laud. The irritation to which King James's policy gave birth had already resulted in the emigration of the Pilgrim Fathers and their associates as early as 1620, and it has been calculated that by 1640 from twenty to thirty—some, indeed, say as many as sixty—thousand Englishmen had sailed from British and Dutch ports to New England. This movement, and the untoward circumstances which led to it, undoubtedly bred an anti-monarchical spirit in the breasts of our colonists and their descendants, and paved the way for those republican forms of government which have been adopted by the United States, and, following their example, by all the Spanish and Portuguese settlements in the two Americas. But on these obvious consequences of Stuart folly it is not necessary to insist. What concerns us more is the fact that the expansion of England's navy, and the development of her maritime strength, may be clearly traced to the results which flowed from John Cabot's unostentatious voyage, through the stimulus given to ship-building, to seafaring, and to seamanship in connection with the Newfoundland fishing fleets.

But the further and still more important outcome of Cabot's adventure continued for a long time to be clouded and confused by the rival pretensions of other nations. The Dutch, following in the track of Hudson, who, in 1609, had explored the river which still bears his name, established themselves on Manhattan Island, and in 1615 built Fort Nassau, near the present site of Albany. During the next ten years the States of New Netherland and New Amsterdam were fairly consolidated, in spite of James the First's assertion of a prior right of occupancy on the strength of the younger Cabot's coasting voyage. In the same way Lower Canada was taken possession of by the French, who, by the erection of forts on the banks of the Ohio and along the valley of the Mississippi, extended their sovereignty over the "Hinterland," as it would now be called, which enclosed on all sides the British possessions. In our day an impression prevails that the French make bad colonists; but their achievements both as explorers and settlers in North America at this time equalled in daring, energy, and success anything that has been exhibited by ourselves. So true was their *coup d'œil* in the choice of their forts and blockhouses that each selection they made, though at that time choked by the bush or lost in the prairie, has since become a centre of trade and the site of a prosperous city; and to this day, thanks to the intelligence, the vigor, and, under its new conditions, the fecundity of the race, they hold their own on equal terms with their British fellow-subjects in Canada, as is signally illustrated at the present moment by the fact of the office of the First Minister of the Crown in the Dominion being filled by Mr. Laurier, a distinguished French Canadian.

It was inevitable that causes of offence should arise between these inchoate and incongruous offshoots of different European nations thus thrown at random on the shores of the New World, especially as the boundaries of their respective territories were not only indefinite but undefinable by any public law to which they could agree to appeal—while the partisanship of the Iroquois and the Six Nations on the one side, and of the Algonquins on the other, still further complicated the situation. The hold of the Dutch upon the regions they occupied was slight, and their

* See Judge Prowse's full, conscientious, and most interesting "History of Newfoundland." The learned author abundantly exhibits the debt of gratitude we owe to the founders of the colony.

interests were still further compromised by the mismanagement of their rulers, so that Charles the Second had little difficulty in reviving and revindicating the claims of his grandfather to the great province of New York, as it came to be called in honor of his brother, the Duke of York, its nominal governor. In the case of the French the position was very different, and had Louis the Fourteenth, the Regent, and Louis the Fifteenth, understood the real interests of their country, the whole face and destiny of the American continent might have assumed a different aspect. But the French kings spent on their mistresses, their palaces, and their pleasures the money which should have gone to their hardy "voyageurs" and settlers on the other side of the Atlantic, and the fall of Quebec determined once for all the fate of the western continent. To estimate the result of this momentous event would be a vain endeavor; for what words would be sufficient to embrace or to anticipate the consequences to mankind, to civilization, and to religion of the occupation of the temperate zones of North America by what will soon be one hundred millions of the Anglo-Saxon race. It may suffice to say that while in the hold of Columbus's caravel there lurked the Inquisition, slavery, the carnage of Cortez and Pizarro, the devastating policy of successive Spanish viceroys, and a permanent instability of affairs—all the elements which unite in constituting a free, God-fearing state and a mighty nation, in developing the prosperity and ordered government which are born of honest industry, found their way to the New World through the instrumentality of John Cabot and the rough western seamen who accompanied him.

GREENCASTLE JENNY

A BALLAD OF 'SIXTY-THREE

By Helen Gray Cone

Oh, Greencastle streets were a stream of steel
With the slanted muskets the soldiers bore,
And the scared earth muttered and shook to feel
The tramp and the rumble of Longstreet's Corps;
The bands were blaring "The Bonny Blue Flag,"
And the banners borne were a motley many;
And watching the gray column wind and drag
Was a slip of a girl—we'll call her Jenny.

A slip of a girl—what needs her name?—
With her cheeks aflame and her lips aquiver,
As she leaned and looked with a loyal shame
At the steady flow of the steely river:
Till a storm grew black in the hazel eyes
Time had not tamed, nor a lover sighed for;
And she ran and she girded her, apron-wise,
With the flag she loved and her brothers died for.

Out of the doorway they saw her start
  (Pickett's Virginians were marching through),
The hot little foolish hero-heart
  Armored with stars and the sacred blue.
Clutching the folds of red and white
  Stood she and bearded those ranks of theirs,
Shouting shrilly with all her might,
  "Come and take it, the man that dares!"

Pickett's Virginians were passing through;
  Supple as steel and brown as leather,
Rusty and dusty of hat and shoe,
  Wonted to hunger and war and weather;
Peerless, fearless, an army's flower!
  Sterner soldiers the world saw never,
Marching lightly, that summer hour,
  To death and failure and fame forever.

Rose from the rippling ranks a cheer;
  Pickett saluted, with bold eyes beaming,
Sweeping his hat like a cavalier,
  With his tawny locks in the warm wind streaming.
Fierce little Jenny! her courage fell,
  As the firm lines flickered with friendly laughter,
And Greencastle streets gave back the yell
  That Gettysburg slopes gave back soon after.

So they cheered for the flag they fought
  With the generous glow of the stubborn fighter,
Loving the brave as the brave man ought,
  And never a finger was raised to fright her:
So they marched, though they knew it not,
  Through the fresh green June to the shock infernal,
To the hell of the shell and the plunging shot,
  And the charge that has won them a name eternal.

And she felt at last, as she hid her face,
  There had lain at the root of her childish daring
A trust in the men of her own brave race,
  And a secret faith in the foe's forbearing.
And she sobbed, till the roll of the rumbling gun
  And the swinging tramp of the marching men
Were a memory only, and day was done,
  And the stars in the fold of the blue again.

(Thank God that the day of the sword is done,
And the stars in the fold of the blue again!)

C. D. GIBSON



At Dinner.



LONDON

AS SEEN BY C. D. GIBSON

VI—LONDON PEOPLE

ONCE upon a time, judging by John Leech's pictures of English women (who could do almost everything in those days but manage their hoop-skirts), they were all short and became instantly stout when they arrived at forty. If Leech was right, English women must have changed very much since then. It may be that they grew tall to more closely resemble Du Maurier's goddesses. In many cases they have succeeded, as may be seen at Lord's or at any fashionable race-course. There may not be a variety of good looks, but one type is very beautiful. So strong is the family likeness, they might all be handsome sisters. There was something very sweet and lovable about that plump little woman of Mr. Leech's. I only met her in reality after she had grown into a sweet old lady, and I should have regretted not having seen her before had I not seen her tall granddaughters. The London dowager, although often severe in appearance, is very kind and interesting. Her name has been for years on the most exclusive visiting lists, and she could tell you more about the people in the room than the servants themselves. Sitting often alone, and apparently neglected, she is not an object of pity, nor has she merely the habit of going about. She is a much needed member of society, and she is very happy. She is the social historian. She gives her candid and much valued opinion on a new engagement, and can tell just who the young people's ancestors were. She is so interesting that it is easy to overlook her often ridiculous clothes and over-display of jewelry, and to see beneath her false bang a true and accomplished woman.



Phil May.

In England it is most important to be the eldest son of an influential family. The eldest son begins life on a holiday among the tenantry dependent upon his family. Bonfires are lighted in his honor, and from the eating and drinking, blessings shower on the future owner of the place. He is the first to go to Eton. During the holidays he sees his brothers and sisters; but before they become fairly acquainted he goes to Oxford or Cambridge, and when he returns from his travels abroad, completely finished, there is no limit to the admiring raptures with which he is received by his sisters. His brothers in the meantime have gone to Australia, South Africa, or India. If they stay at home they are called "detriments" and are met with in-



George du Maurier—Drawn from life in June 1896.

stant discouragement as soon as an eligible young man appears.

With the consolation of hoping that possibly the young lady thinks more of him than she does of the man who has been selected for her, many a "detriment" has fought fever and natives in a far off land, happy in the belief that it is perhaps better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. Among the well born the pleasant spectacle of a young man fighting the battle of life for himself is seldom seen. At a very early age his profession is chosen for him, and with years he acquires

none of the anecdotes that characterize the self-made man.

To be related distantly to people of rank is a calamity ; it gives the unhappy family social ambitions, and still not the power to lift themselves above snubs. They become social shuttlecocks, and see encouragement where only a little is given. Their anxiety and desire to please make them helpless and the playthings of the more fortunate, and old age finds them with no definite position, but with the same object in life, the gates still shut in their faces—but hoping.





An Englishman can tell at once in just what particular walk of life every other Englishman is ; consequently, at home every Englishman is made to know his place, and it is not surprising that some of them find comfort abroad.

English people are never forgetful of services rendered. A public servant, long after his work has lost its value, may grow old in comfort and be spared the mortification of neglect. Londoners are charitable, and will patiently listen to a singer long after his fame has outlived his voice. A music-hall audience will shout itself hoarse over a song which mentions Tom Sayers or any favorite of days gone by. In England a public man performs with a net under him, in the shape of an easy office, into which he may drop when the work of his life is done. It relieves the strain on the nerves of his audience, and possibly the performance is longer, if not better.

The fact that Phil May is a prophet in his own country should alone clear Englishmen of the suspicion that they are slow to see fun. On an Englishman's love of fair play and good sport no suspicion has ever rested. It is the most attractive thing about him, and it is only natural that the greatest assortment of good-natured people are to be found at the Derby. I had already met them in May's drawings, and I was prepared to find the good-nature contagious. Last year a party on a coach opposite the Royal box and a policeman, who looked after that particular part of the course, drank champagne out of the same bottle. When the Prince of Wales came down to lead Persimmon off the track, short men stood on boxes and balanced themselves by holding on to whoever stood next to them. Gypsy fortune-tellers and painted-

faced minstrels climbed on the backs of coaches. Everyone shouted together and wished that the Prince had been a little taller, so that they might all have seen him.

English-speaking people have been introduced to each other by a long line of clever draughtsmen. They have laughed together about the same people in the truest and sweetest-natured way in all the world. Above all others, one hand awakened the interest that finally grew into an intimacy resulting in people knowing themselves and others better. It has brought men together by its chivalrous praise of women, and women together by its fair treatment of men, and the same master-hand brought men and women together by the tender sympathy it showed for children and all nature. The beautiful was safe in that gentle hand. Although the heart that guided it no longer beats, the human interest and kindly feeling that it awakened will live forever, and all the world has placed among the foremost men of his day the affectionately remembered name of George du Maurier.

These drawings were made among the most hospitable people I ever met. When I have failed, it has not been owing to a lack of interest, but more likely on account of a consciousness that my results would fall short of my desires. The disappointments following the completion of a drawing made from a beautiful woman are many. In these portraits I have the most to regret.

C. D. G.





William Morris.

From a hitherto unpublished photograph taken during the last year of his life by his friend and helper, Emery Walker.

WILLIAM MORRIS

By Walter Crane

When a man of so strong a personality, of such rich and varied gifts as the great poet and craftsman we have so recently lost, passes away, it is difficult at first to realize the fact, still less to measure the extent of that loss, especially for those who have enjoyed his personal friendship, and who have only associated him with the utmost energy and the full vigor of life and health and creative work.

Few men seemed to drink so full a measure of life as William Morris, and, indeed, he frankly admitted in his last days that he *had* enjoyed his life. I have heard him say that he only knew what it was to be alive. He could not conceive of death, and the thought of it did not trouble him.

I first met William Morris in 1870, at a dinner at the house of the present Earl of Carlisle, a man of keen artistic sympathies and considerable artistic ability, notably in water-color landscapes. He was an enthusiast for the work of Morris and Burne-Jones, and had just built his house at Palace Green from the designs of Mr. Philip Webb, and Morris & Company had decorated it. Morris, I remember, had just returned from a visit to Iceland, and

could hardly talk of anything else. It seemed to have laid so strong a hold upon his imagination ; and no doubt its literary fruits were the translations of the Icelandic sagas he produced with Professor Magnusson, and also the heroic poem of "Sigurd the Volzung." He never, indeed, seemed to lose the impressions of that Icelandic visit, and was ever ready to talk of his experiences there—the primitive life of the people, the long pony rides, the strange, stony deserts, the remote mountains, the geysers and the suggestions of volcanic force everywhere, and the romance-haunted coasts.

I well remember, too, the impression produced by the first volume of "The Earthly Paradise," which had appeared, I think, shortly before the time of which I speak : the rich and fluent verse, with its simple, direct, Old World diction ; the distinct vision, the romantic charm, the sense of external beauty everywhere, with a touch of wistfulness. The voice was the voice of a poet, but the eye was the eye of an artist and a craftsman.

It was not so long before that the fame began to spread of the little brotherhood



Design for Wall Paper.

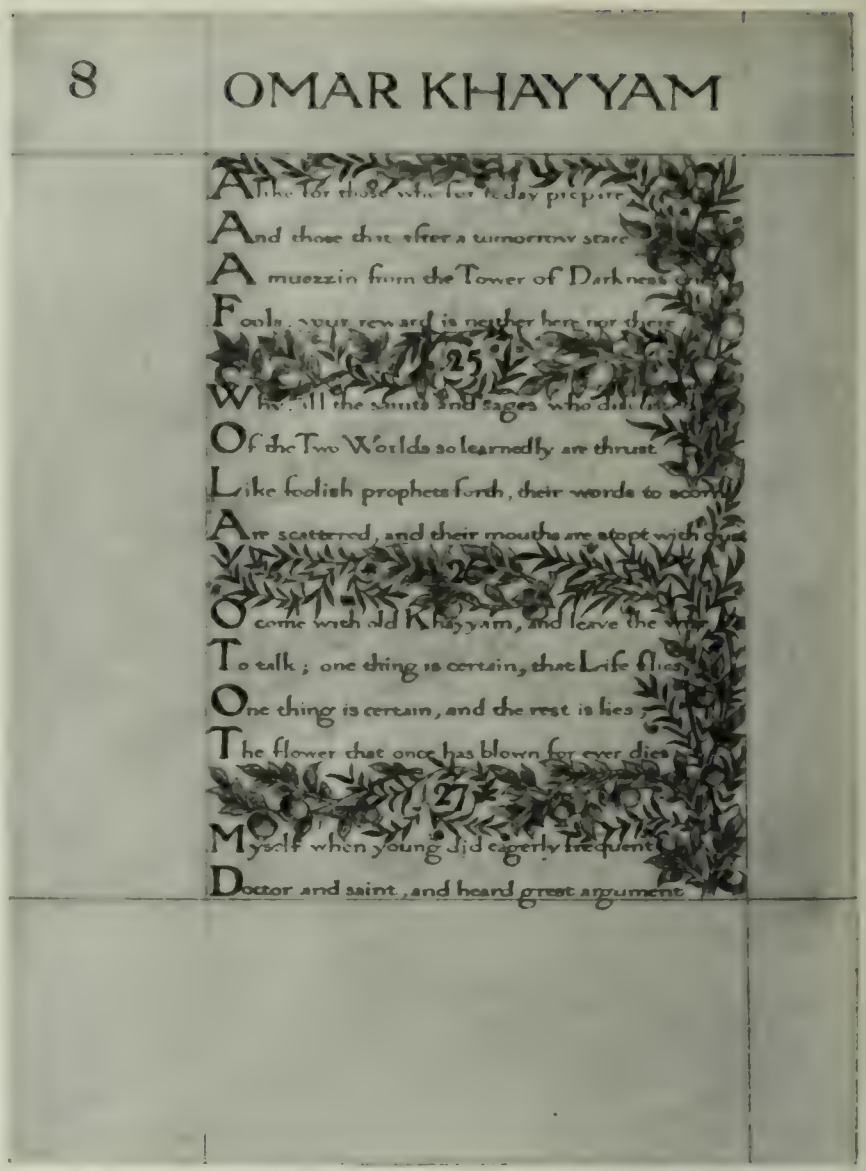


The Rose Trellis—Wall Paper Design.

of artists who gathered together at the house at Redhill, built by Mr. Philip Webb, it was said, in an orchard without cutting down a single tree. Dante Gabriel Rossetti was the centre of the group, the leading spirit, and he had absorbed the spirit of the Preraphaelite movement and centralized it both in painting and verse. But others co-operated at first, such as his master, Ford Madox Brown, and Mr. Arthur Hughes, until the committee of artists narrowed down, and became a firm, establishing workshops in one of the old-fashioned houses on the east side of Queen Square, Bloomsbury, a retired place, closed by a garden to through traffic at the northern end. Here Messrs. Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Co. (which included a very notable man, Mr. Philip Webb, the architect) began their practical protest against prevailing modes and methods of domestic decoration and furniture, which had fallen since the great exhibition of 1851 chiefly under the influence of the Second Empire taste in upholstery, which was the antithesis of the new English movement. This represented in the main a revival of the mediæval spirit

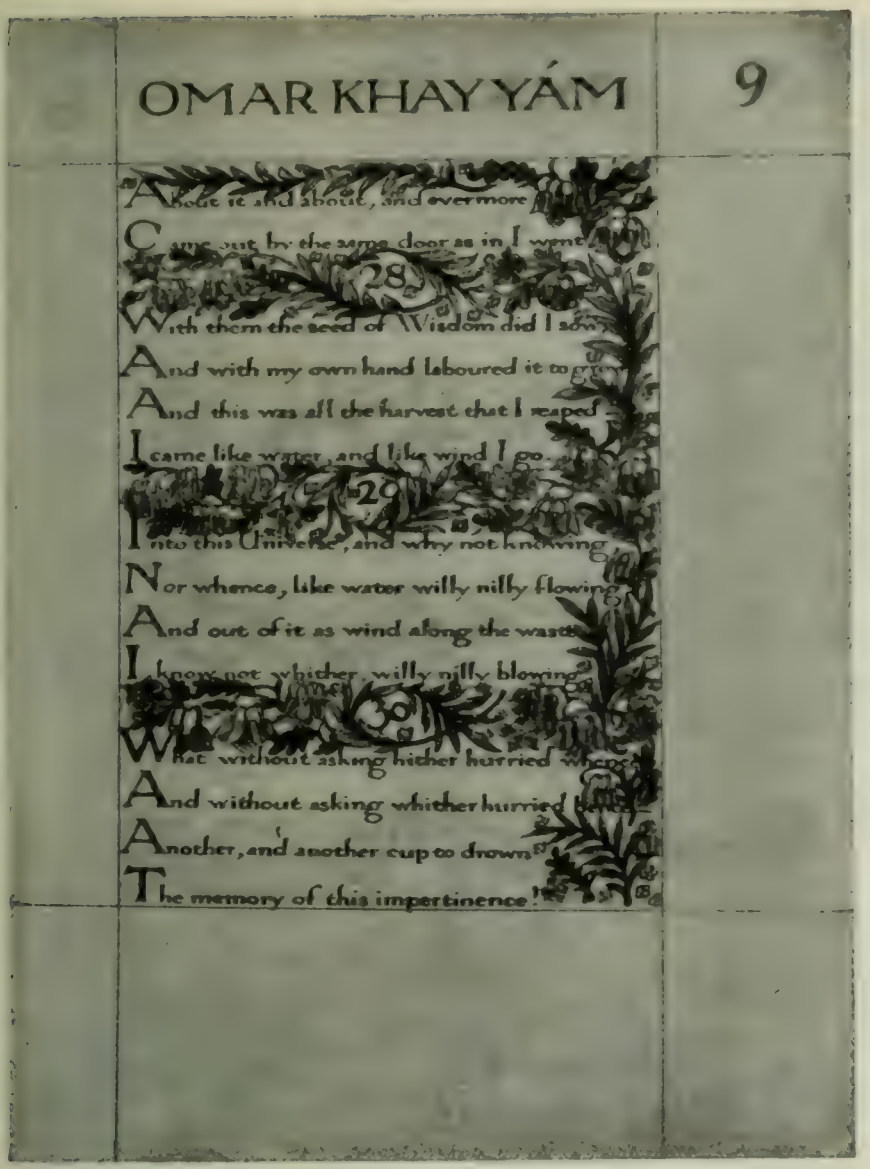
(not the letter) in design; a return to simplicity, to sincerity; to good materials and sound workmanship; to rich and suggestive surface decoration, and simple constructive forms.

The simple, black-framed, old English Buckinghamshire elbow-chair, with its rush-bottomed seat, was substituted for the wavy-backed and curly legged stuffed chair of the period, with its French polish and concealed, and often very unreliable, construction. Bordered Eastern rugs, and fringed Axminster carpets, on plain or stained boards, or India matting, took the place of the stuffy planned carpet; rich, or simple, flat patterns acknowledged the wall, and expressed the proportions of the room, instead of trying to hide both under bunches of sketchy roses and vertical stripes; while, instead of the big plate-glass mirror, with ormolu frame, which had long reigned over the cold white marble mantelpiece, small bevelled glasses were inserted in the panelling of the high wood mantelshelf, or hung over it in convex circular form. Slender black wood or light brass curtain-rods, and curtains to match the coverings, or carry out the color of the room, displaced the heavy mahogany and ormolu battering-rams, with their fringed and festooned upholstery, which had hitherto overshadowed the window of the so-called comfortable classes. Plain white or green paint for interior wood-work drove graining and marbleing to the public-house; blue and white Nankin, Delft, or Grès de Flandres routed Dresden and Sèvres from the cabinet; plain oaken boards and trestles were preferred before the heavy mahogany telescopic British dining-table of the mid-nineteenth century; and the deep, high backed, canopied settle with loose cushions ousted the castored and padded couch from the fireside.



Pages from the Illuminated Manuscript Copy of the
By permission, from the original in

Such were the principal ways, as to outward form, in which the new artistic movement made itself felt in domestic decoration. Beginning with the houses of a comparatively limited circle, mostly artists, the taste rapidly spread, and in a few years Morrisian patterns and furniture became the vogue. Cheap imitation on all sides set in, and commercial and fantastic persons, perceiving the set of the current, floated themselves upon it, tricked themselves out like jackdaws with peacocks' feathers, and called it "the æsthetic movement." The usual excesses were indulged



Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám, hitherto unpublished.
the possession of Lady Burne-Jones.

in by excitable persons, and the inner meaning of the movement was temporarily lost sight of under a cloud of travesty and ridicule, until, like a shuttlecock, the idea had been sufficiently played with and tossed about by society and the big public, it was thrown aside, like a child's toy, for some new catch-word. These things were, however, but the ripples or falling leaves upon the surface of the stream, and had but little to do with its sources or its depth, though they might serve as indications of the strength of the current.

The art of Morris and those associated with him was really but the outward and visible sign of a great movement of protest and reaction against the commercial and conventional conceptions and standards of life and art which had obtained so strong a hold in the industrial nineteenth century.

Essentially Gothic and romantic and free in spirit as opposed to the authoritative and classical, its leader was emphatically and even passionately Gothic in his conception of art and ideals of life.

The inspiration of his poetry was no less mediæval than the spirit of his designs, and it was united with a strong love of nature and an ardent love of beauty.

One knows but little of William Morris's progenitors. His name suggests Welsh origin, though his birthplace was Walthamstow. Born March 24, 1834, one of a well-to-do family, it was a fortunate circumstance that he was never cramped by poverty in the development of his aims. Escaping the ecclesiastical influence of Oxford and a Church career, his prophets being rather John Ruskin and Thomas Carlyle, he approached the study and practice of art from the architectural side under one of our principal English Gothic revivalists, George Edmund Street, although he at one time entertained the idea of becoming a painter, and an interesting picture of Tristan and Isolde from his hand is said still to exist somewhere. Few men had a better understanding of the nature of Gothic architecture, and a wider knowledge of the historic buildings of his own country, than William Morris, and there can be no doubt that this grasp of the true root and stem of the art was of enormous advantage when he came to turn his attention to the various subsidiary arts and handicrafts comprehended under decorative design. The thoroughness of his methods of work and workmanlike practicality were no less re-



Meeting Room of the Hammersmith Socialist Society—Kelmscott House.

markable than his amazing energy and capacity for work.

In one of his earlier papers he said that it appeared to be the object with most people to get rid of, or out of, the necessity of work, but for his part he only wanted to find time for more work, or (as it might be put) to live in order to work, rather than to work in order to live.

While as a decorative designer he was, of course, interested in *all* methods, materials, and artistic expression, he concentrated himself generally upon one particular kind at a time, as in the course of his study and practice he mastered the difficulties and technical conditions of each.

At one time it was dyeing, upon which he held strong views as to the superiority, permanency, and beauty of vegetable dyes over the mineral and aniline dyes, so much used in ordinary commerce, and his practice in this craft, and the charm of his tints, did much to check the taste for the vivid but fugitive colors of coal-tar.

His way was to tackle the thing with his own hands, and so he worked at the vat, like the practical man that he was in these matters. An old friend tells the story of his calling at the works one day and, on inquiring for the master, hearing a strong, cheery voice call out from some inner den, "I'm dyeing, I'm dyeing, I'm dyeing!" and the well-known, robust figure of the craftsman presently appeared in his blue shirt-sleeves, his hands stained blue from the vat where he had been at work.

At another time it was weaving that absorbed him, and the study of dyeing naturally led him to textiles, and, indeed, was probably undertaken with the view of reviving their manufacture in new forms, and from rugs and carpets he conceived the idea of reviving Arras tapestry. I remember the man who claimed to have taught Morris to work on the high-warp loom. His name was Wentworth Buller. He was an enthusiast for Persian art, and he had travelled in that country and found



A Design for Printing on Cotton.

out the secret of the weaving of the fine Persian carpets, discovering, I believe, that they were made of goats' hair. He made some attempt to revive this method in England, but from one cause or another was not successful. William Morris, when he had learned the craft of weaving himself, set about teaching others, and trained two youths, one of whom (Mr. Dearle) is now chief at the Merton Abbey Works, who became exceedingly skilful at the work, executing the large and elaborate design of Sir Edward Burne-Jones (The Adoration of the Magi), which was first worked for the chapel of his own and Morris's college (Exeter College) at Oxford.

In this tapestry, as was his wont, Morris enriched the design with a foreground of flowers, through which the Magi approach with their gifts the group of the Virgin and Child, with St. Joseph.



The Daisy—an Early Wall-Paper Design.

In fact, the designs of William Morris are so associated with and so often form part of the work of others, or only appear in some conditioned material form, that little or no idea of his individual work, or of his wide influence, could be gathered from any existing autograph work of his. That he was a facile designer of floral ornament his numerous beautiful wall-papers and textile hangings prove, but he always considered that the finished and final form of a particular design, complete in the material for which it was intended, was the only one to be looked at, and always objected to showing preliminary sketches and working drawings. He was a keen judge and examiner of work, and fastidious, and as he did not mind taking trouble himself he expected it from those who worked for him. His artistic influence was really due to the way he supervised work under his control, carried out by many different craftsmen under his eye, and not so much by his own actual handiwork.

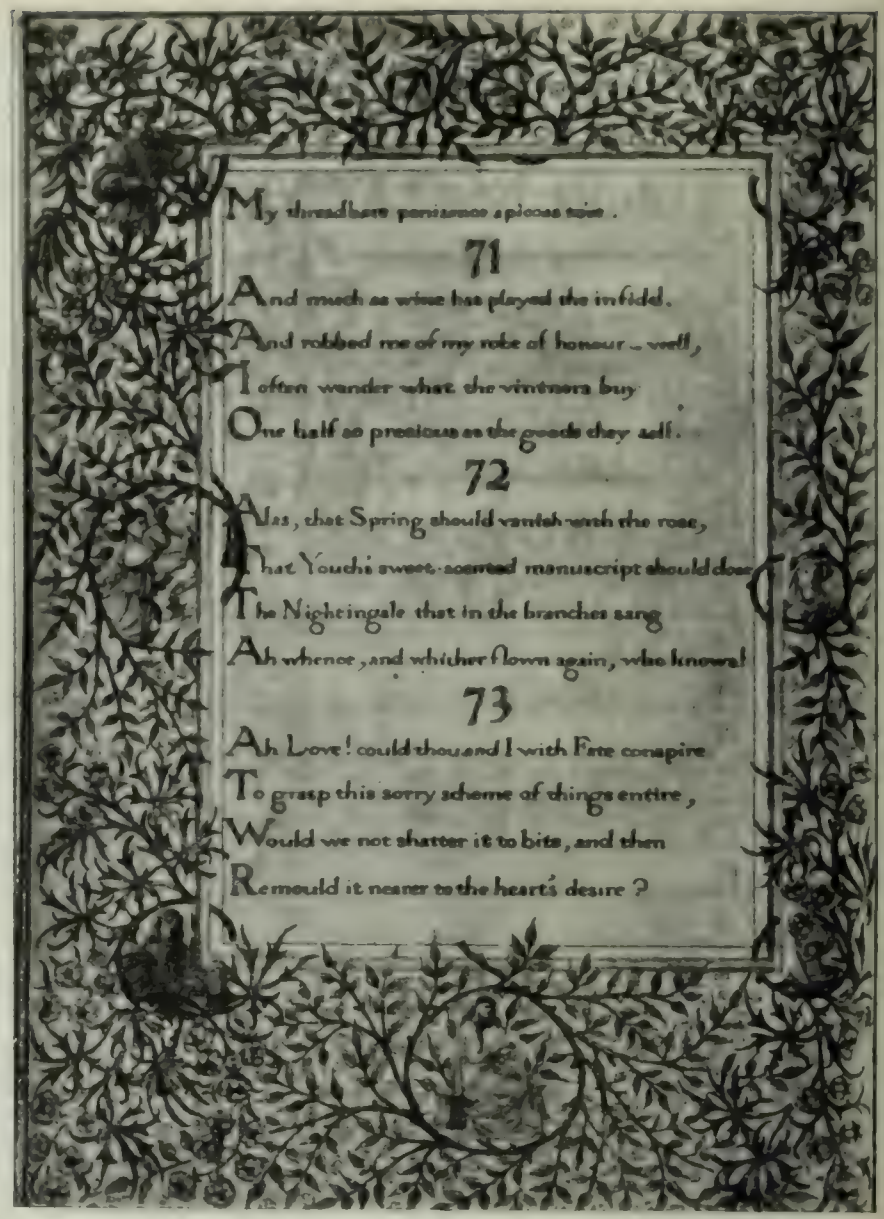
In any estimate of William Morris's power and influence as an artist, this should always be borne in mind. He always described himself as an artist working with assistants, which is distinct from the manufacturer who simply directs a business from the business point of view. Nothing went out of the works at Queen Square, or, later, at Merton Abbey, without his sanction from the artistic point of view.

The wave of taste which he had done so much to create certainly brought prosperity to the firm, and larger premises had to be taken; so Morris & Company emerged from the seclusion of Queen Square and opened a large shop in Oxford Street, and set up extensive works at Merton Abbey—a most charming and picturesque group of workshops, surrounded by trees and kitchen-gardens, on the banks of the river Wandle in Surrey, not far from Wimbledon. The tapestry and carpet looms which were first set up at Kelmscott House, on the upper mall at Hammersmith,* were moved to Merton, where also the dyeing and painted glass-work were carried on.

This latter art had long been an important part of the work of the firm. In early days designs were supplied by Ford Madox

* Here Morris lived when in London and his press was set up close by at Sussex House, opposite to which is the Dove's Bindery of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson. Much of Morris's time was spent at Kelmscott, near Lechlade, Gloucestershire, a delightful old manor house close to the Thames stream. This house was formerly held by D. G. Rossetti.

Brown and D. G. Rossetti, but later they were entirely from the hands of Morris's closest friend, Edward Burne-Jones; that is to say, the figure-work. Floral and subsidiary design was frequently added by William Morris, as were also the leading of the cartoons. The results of their co-operation in this way have been the many fine windows scattered over the land, chiefly at Oxford and Cambridge, where the Christ Church window and those at Jesus College may be named, while the churches of Birmingham have been enriched by many splendid examples, more particularly at St. Philip's. Their glass has also found place in the United States, in Richardson's famous church at Boston, and at the late Miss Catherine Wolfe's house, Vinland, Newport.



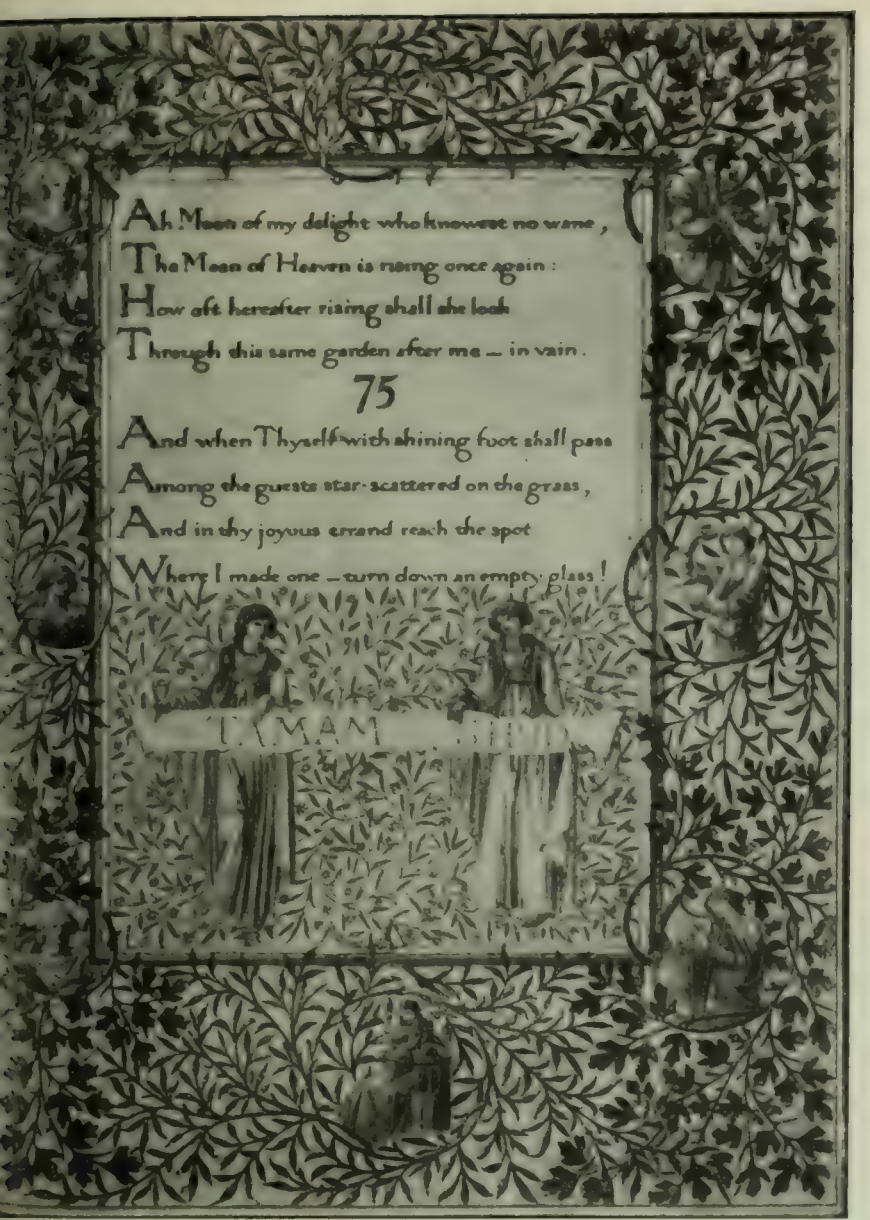
Other Pages from Mr. Morris's Manuscript Copy of

An exquisite autograph work of William Morris's is the copy of "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám," which he wrote out and illuminated with his own hand, though even to this work Burne-Jones contributed a miniature, and Mr. Fairfax Murray worked out other designs in some of the borders. This beautiful work is in the possession of Lady Burne-Jones, and was exhibited at the first Arts and Crafts Exhibition in 1888. And it is by her special permission that I am enabled to give some reproductions of the pages here.

It is so beautiful that one wonders the artist was not induced to do more work of the kind; but there is only known to be one or two other manuscripts partially completed by him. Certainly his love for mediæval illuminated MSS. was intense and his knowledge great, and his collection of choice and rare works of this kind probably unique. The same might be said of his collection of early printed books, which was wonderfully rich with wood-cuts of the best time and from the most notable presses of Germany, Flanders, Italy, and France.

This brings us to William Morris's next and, as it proved, last development in art—the revival of the craft of the printer, and its pursuit as an art.

I recall the time when the project was first discussed. It was in the autumn of 1889. It was the year of an Art Congress at Edinburgh, following the initial one at Liverpool the preceding year, held under the auspices of the National Association for the Advancement of Art. Some of us afterward went over to Glasgow to lecture; and a small group, of which Morris was one, found



Omar Khayyám, in the possession of Lady Burne-Jones.

themselves at the Central Station Hotel together. It was here that William Morris spoke of his new scheme, his mind being evidently centred upon it. Mr. Emery Walker (who has supplied me with the photographs which illustrate this article) was there, and was his constant and faithful helper in all the technicalities of the printers' craft: Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, also, who may be said to have introduced a new epoch in book-binding, and whose name was often associated with Morris as binder of some of his books.

Morris took up the craft of printing with characteristic thoroughness. He began at the beginning and went into the paper question, informing himself as to the best materials and methods, and learning to make a sheet of paper himself. The Kelmscott Press paper is made by hand, of fine white linen rags only, and is not touched with chemicals. It has the toughness and something of the quality of fine Whitman drawing-paper.

When he set to work to design his types he obtained enlarged photographs of some of the finest specimens of both Gothic and Roman, from the books of the early printers, chiefly of Bale and Venice. He studied and compared these, and as the result of his analysis designed two or three different kinds of type for his press, beginning with the "Golden" type, which might be described as a Roman type under Gothic influence, and developing the more frankly Gothic forms known as the "Troy" and the "Chaucer" types. He also used Roman capitals founded upon the best forms of the early Italian printers.

Morris was wont to say that he considered the glory of the Roman alphabet was in its capitals, but the glory of the Gothic alphabet was in its lower case letters.

He was asked why he did not use types after the style of the lettering in some of his title-pages, but he said this would not be reasonable, as the lettering of the titles were specially designed to fit into the given spaces, and could not be used as movable type.

The initial letters are Gothic in feeling, and form agreeably bold quantities in black and white in relation to the close and rich matter of the type, which is still further relieved occasionally by floral sprays in bold open line upon the inner margins, while when woodcut pictures are used they were led up to by rich borderings.

The margins of the title and opening chapter which faced it are occupied by richly designed broad borders of floral arabesques upon black grounds, the lettering of the title forming an essential part of the ornamental effect, and often placed upon a mat or net of lighter, more open arabesque, in contrast to the heavy quantities of the solid border.

The Kelmscott Chaucer is the monumental work of Morris's press, and the border designs, made specially for this volume, suppass in richness and sumptuousness all his others, and fitly frame the woodcuts after the designs of Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

The arabesque borders and initial letters of the Kelmscott books were all drawn by Morris himself, the engraving on wood was mostly done by Mr. W. H. Hooper—almost the only first-rate fac-simile engraver on wood left—and a good artist and craftsman besides. Mr. Arthur Leverett engraved the designs to "The Glittering Plain," which were my contribution to the Kelmscott Press, but I believe Mr. Hooper did all the other work, while Mr. Fairfax Murray and Mr. Catteson Smith drafted the Burne-Jones designs upon the wood.



The Peacock—Woollen Hanging.



Design for Silk Hanging.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that many years before the Kelmscott Press was thought of an illustrated edition of "The Earthly Paradise" was in contemplation, and not only were many designs made by Burne-Jones, but a set of them were actually engraved by Morris himself upon wood for the "Cupid and Psyche," though they were never issued to the public.

I have spoken of the movement in art represented by William Morris and his colleagues as really part of a great movement of protest—crusade against the purely commercial, industrial, and material tendencies of the day.

This protest culminated with William Morris when he espoused the cause of Socialism.

Now some have tried to minimize the Socialism of William Morris, but it was, under the circumstances of his time, the logical and natural out-

come of his ideas and opinions, and is in direct relation with his artistic theories and practice.

For a thorough understanding of the conditions of modern manufacture and industrial production, of the ordinary influences which govern the producers of marketable commodities, of wares offered in the name of art, of the condition of worker, and the pressure of competition, he was in a particularly advantageous position.

So far from being a sentimentalist who was content melodiously and pensively to regret that things were not otherwise, he was driven by contact with the life around him to his economic conclusions. As he said himself, it was art led him to Socialism, not economics, though he confirmed his convictions by economic study.

As an artist, no doubt at first he saw the uglification of the world going on, and the vast industrial and commercial machine grinding the joy and the leisure out of human life as regarded the great mass of humanity. But as an employer he was brought into direct relation with the worker, as well as the market and the public, and he became fully convinced that the modern system of production for profit and the world-market, however inevitable as a stage in economic and social evolution, was not only most detrimental to a healthy and spontaneous development of art and to conditions of labor, but that it would be bound, ultimately, by the working of natural laws, to devour itself.

Never cramped by poverty in his experiments and in his endeavors to realize his ideals, singularly favored by fortune in all his undertakings, he could have had no personal reasons on these scores for protesting against the economic and social tendencies and characteristics of his own time. He hated what is called modern civilization and all its works from the first, with a whole heart, and made no secret of it. For all that, he was a shrewd and keen man in his dealings with the world. If he set its fashions and habits at defiance, and persisted in producing his work to please himself, it was not his fault that his countrymen eagerly sought them and paid lavishly for their possession. A common reproach hurled at Morris has been that he produced costly works for the rich while he professed Socialism. This kind of thing, however, it may be remarked, is not said by those friendly to Socialism, or anxious for the consistency of its advocates—quite the contrary. Such objectors appear to ignore, or to be ignorant of, the fact that according to the quality of the production must be its cost; and that the cheapness of the cheapest things of modern manufacture is generally at the cost of the cheapening of human labor and life, which is a costly kind of cheapness after all.

If anyone cares for good work, a good price must be paid. Under existing conditions possession of such work is only possible to those who can pay the price, but this seems to work out rather as part of an indictment against the present system of production, which Socialists wish to alter.

If a wealthy man were to divest himself of his property and distribute it, he would not bring Socialism any nearer, and his self-sacrifice would hardly benefit the poor at large (except, perhaps, a few individuals), but under the working of the present system his wealth would ultimately enrich the rich—would gravitate to those who *had*, and not to those who *had not*. The object of Socialism is to win justice, not charity.

A true commonwealth can only be established by a change of feeling, and by the will of the people, deliberately, in the common interest, declaring for common and collective possession of the means of life and of wealth, as against individual property and monopoly. Since the wealth of a country is only produced by common and collective effort, and even the most individual of individualists is dependent for every necessary, comfort, or luxury of life upon the labor of untold crowds of workers, there is no inherent unreasonableness in such a view, or in the advocacy of such a system, which might be proved to be as beneficial, in the higher sense, for the rich as for the poor. It is, of course, quite possible to cling to the contrary opinion, but it should be fully understood that Socialism does not mean "dividing up," and that a man is not necessarily not a Socialist who does not sell all that he has to give to the poor. "A poor widow is gathering nettles to stew for her dinner. A perfumed seigneur lounging in the *œil de bœuf* hath an alchemy whereby

he can extract from her every third nettle and call it rent." Thus wrote Carlyle. Men like William Morris would make such alchemy impracticable; but no man can change a social (or unsocial) system by himself, however willing; nor can anyone, however gifted or far-seeing, get beyond the conditions of his time, or afford to ignore them in the daily conduct of life, although at the same time his life and expressed opinions may all the while count as factors in the evolution by which a new form of society comes about.

Thus much seems due to the memory of a man like William Morris, who was frequently taunted with not doing, as a Socialist, things that, as a Socialist, he did not at all believe in; things, for which, too, one knows perfectly well, his censors, if he had done them, would have been the first to denounce him for a fool.

At all events, it is certain that William Morris spent some of the best years of his life, he gave his time, his voice, his thought, his pen, and much money to put Socialism before his countrymen. This can never be gainsaid. Those who have been accustomed to regard him from this point of view as a dangerous revolutionary might be referred to the writings of John Ball, and Sir Thomas More, his predecessors in England's history, who upheld the claims of labor and simple life against waste, want, and luxury. Indeed, it might be contended that it was a conservative clinging to the really solid foundations of a happy human life which made Morris a Socialist as much as artistic conviction and study of modern economics. The enormous light which has been recently thrown by historic research upon mediæval life, and conditions of labor, upon the craft guilds, and the position of the craftsman in the Middle Ages—light to which Morris himself in no small degree contributed—must also be counted as a factor in the formation of his opinions. But whether accounted conservative or revolutionary in social economics and political opinion, there can be no doubt of William Morris's conservatism in another field, important enough in its bearings upon modern life, national and historic sentiment, and education—I mean the protection of Ancient Buildings. He was one of the founders of the society having that object, and remained to the last one of the most energetic members of the committee, and in such important work his architectural knowledge was of course of the greatest value. At a time when, owing to the action of a multitude of causes, the historic buildings of the past are in constant danger, not only from the ravages of time, weather, and neglect, but also, and even to a greater extent, from the zeal of the "restorer," the importance of the work which Morris did with his society—the work which that society carries on—can hardly be overestimated.

The pressure of commercial competition and the struggle for life in our cities—the mere necessity for more room for traffic—the dead weight of vested interest, the market value of a site, the claims of convenience, fashion, ecclesiastical or otherwise, or sometimes sheer utilitarianism, entirely oblivious of the social value of historic associations of architectural beauty—all are apt to be arrayed at one time or another, or even, perhaps, all combined, against the preservation of an ancient building if it happens to stand in their way.

The variety, too, of the cases in which the difference of the artistic conditions which govern the art and craft of building in the past and in the present is another element which often prevents the defenders and destroyers from meeting on the same plane. It is the old tragic conflict between old and new, but enormously complicated, and with the forces of destruction and innovation tremendously increased.

William Morris was a singularly sane and what is called a "level-headed" man. He had the vehemence, on occasion, of a strong nature and powerful physique. He cared greatly for his convictions. Art and life were real to him, and his love of beauty was a passion. His artistic and poetic vision was clear and intense—all the more so, perhaps, for being exclusive on some points. The directness of his nature, as of his speech, might have seemed singularly unmodern to some who prefer to wrap their meaning with many envelopes. He might occasionally have seemed brusque, and even rough; but so does the north wind when it encounters obstacles. Men are judged by the touchstones of personal sympathy or antipathy; but whether at-

tracted or repelled in such a presence, no one could come away without an impression that he had met a man of strong character and personal force, whether he realized any individual preconception of the poet, the artist, and the craftsman, or not.

He was certainly all these, yet those who only knew him through his works would have but a partial and incomplete idea of his many-sided nature, his practicality, personal force, sense of humor,* and all those side-lights which personal acquaintance throws upon the character of a man like William Morris.

* It is noteworthy that one who excluded humor from his own work, whether literary or artistic, had a keen appreciation of it in the work of others. Few who only knew Morris through his poems, romances, and designs would imagine that among his most favorite books were "Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain, and "Uncle Remus." I have often heard him recall passages of the former with immense enjoyment of the fun. He was, besides, always an admirer of Dickens.

THE STORY OF A PLAY

BY W. D. HOWELLS

XIV

During the week that passed before Maxwell heard from the manager concerning his play, he did another letter for the *Abstract*, and, with a journalistic acquaintance enlarged through certain Boston men who had found places on New York papers, familiarized himself with New York ways and means of getting news. He visited what is called the Coast, a series of points where the latest intelligence grows in hotel bars and lobbies of a favorable exposure, and is nurtured by clerks and barkeepers skilled in its culture, and by inveterate gossips of their acquaintance; but he found this sort of stuff generally telegraphed on by the Associated Press before he reached it, and he preferred to make his letter a lively comment on events, rather than a report of them. The editor of the *Abstract* seemed to prefer this, too. He wrote Maxwell some excellent criticism, and invited him to appeal to the better rather than the worse curiosity of his readers, to remember that this was the principle of the *Abstract* in its home conduct. Maxwell showed the letter to his wife, and she approved of it all so heartily that she would have liked to answer it herself. "Of course, Brice," she said, "it's *you* he wants, more than your news. Any wretched reporter could give him that, but you are the one man in the world who can give him your mind about it."

"Why not say universe?" returned Maxwell, but though he mocked her he was glad to believe she was right, and he was proud of her faith in him.

In another way this was put to proof more than once during the week, for Louise seemed fated to meet Mrs. Harley on the common stairs now when she went out or came in. It was very strange that after living with her a whole month in the house and not seeing her, she should now be seeing her so much. Mostly she was alone, but sometimes she was with an elderly woman, whom Louise decided at one time to be her mother, and at another to be a professional companion. The first time she met them together she was sure that Mrs. Harley indicated her to the chaperon, and that she remembered her from Magnolia, but she never looked at Louise, any more than Louise looked at her, after that.

She wondered if Maxwell ever met her, but she was ashamed to ask him, and he did not mention her. Only once when they were together did they happen to encounter her, and then he said, quite simply, "I think she's certainly an actress. That public look of the eyes is unmistakable. Emotional parts, I should say."

Louise forced herself to suggest, "You might get her to let you do a play for her."

"I doubt if I could do anything unwholesome enough for her."

At last the summons they were expecting from Grayson came, just after they had made up their minds to wait another week for it.

Louise had taken the letter from the maid, and she handed it to Maxwell with a gasp at sight of the Argosy Theatre address printed in the corner of the envelope. "I know it's a refusal."

"If you think that will make it an acceptance," he had the hardihood to answer, "it won't. I've tried that sort of thing too often;" and he tore open the letter.

It was neither a refusal nor an acceptance, and their hopes soared again, hers visibly, his secretly, to find it a friendly confession that the manager had not found time to read the play until the night before, and a request that Maxwell would drop in any day between twelve and one, which was rather a leisure time with him, and talk it over.

"Don't lose an instant, dear!" she adjured him.

"It's only nine o'clock," he answered, "and I shall have to lose several instants."

"That is so," she lamented; and then they began to canvass the probable intention of the manager's note. She held out passionately to the end for the most encouraging interpretation of it, but she did not feel that it would have any malign effect upon the fact for him to say, "Oh, it's just a way of letting me down easy," and it clearly gave him great heart to say so.

When he went off to meet his fate, she watched him, trembling, from the window; as she saw him mounting the elevated steps, she wondered at his courage; she had given him all her own.

The manager met him with "Ah, I'm glad you came soon. These things fade out of one's mind so, and I really want to talk about your play. I've been very much interested in it."

Maxwell could only bow his head, and murmur something about being very glad, very, very glad, with a stupid iteration.

"I suppose you know, as well as I do, that it's two plays, and that it's only half as good as if it were one."

The manager wheeled around from his table, and looked keenly at the author, who contrived to say, "I think I know what you mean."

"You've got the making of the prettiest kind of little comedy in it, and you've got the making of a very strong tragedy. But I don't think your oil and water mix, exactly," said Grayson.

"You think the interest of the love-business will detract from the interest of the homicide's fate?"

"And vice versa. Excuse me for asking something that I can very well understand your not wanting to tell till I had read your play. Isn't this the piece Godolphin has been trying out West?"

"Yes, it is," said Maxwell. "I thought it might prejudice you against it, if——"

"Oh, that's all right. Why have you taken it from him?"

Maxwell felt that he could make up for his want of earlier frankness now. "I didn't take it from him; he gave it back to me."

He sketched the history of his relation to the actor, and the manager said, with smiling relish, "Just like him, just like Godolphin." Then he added, "Well, now I'll tell you, and you mustn't take it amiss. Godolphin may not know just why he gave the piece up, and he probably thinks it's something altogether different, but you may depend upon it the trouble was your trying to ride two horses in it. Didn't you feel that it was a mistake yourself?"

"I felt it so strongly at one time that I decided to develop the love-business into a play by itself and let the other go for some other time. My wife and I talked it over very fully. We even discussed it with Godolphin. He wanted to do Atland. But we all backed out simultaneously, and went back to the play as it stood."

"Godolphin saw he couldn't make enough of Atland," said the manager, as if he were saying it to himself. "Well, you may be sure he feels now that the character which most appeals to the public in the play is Salome."

"He felt that before."

"And he was right. Now, I will tell you what you have got to do. You have either got to separate the love-business from the rest of the play and develop it into a comedy by itself——"

"That would mean a great deal of work, and I am rather sick of the whole thing."

"Or," the manager went on without minding Maxwell, "you have got to cut

the part of Salome, and subordinate it entirely to Haxard"—Maxwell made a movement of impatience and refusal, and the manager finished—"or else you have got to treat it frankly as the leading part in the piece, and get it into the hands of some leading actress."

"Do you mean," the author asked, "that you—or any manager—would take it if that were done?"

Grayson looked a little unhappy. "No, that isn't what I mean, exactly. I mean that as it stands, no manager would risk it, and that as soon as an actor had read it, he would see, as Godolphin must have seen from the start, that Haxard was a subordinate part. What you want to do is to get it in the hands of some woman who wants to star, and would take the road with it." The manager expatiated at some length on the point, and then he stopped, and sat silent, as if he had done with the subject.

Maxwell perceived that the time had come for him to get up and go away.

"I'm greatly obliged to you for all your kindness, Mr. Grayson, and I won't abuse your patience any further. You've been awfully good to me, and—" He faltered, in a dejection which he could not control. Against all reason, he had hoped that the manager would have taken his piece just as it stood, and apparently he would not have taken it in any event.

"You mustn't speak of that," said the manager. "I wish you would let me see anything else you do. There's a great deal that's good in this piece, and I believe that a woman who would make it her battle-horse could make it go."

Maxwell asked, with melancholy scorn, "But you don't happen to know any leading lady who is looking round for a battle-horse?"

The manager seemed trying to think. "Yes, I do. You wouldn't like her altogether, and I don't say she would be the ideal Salome, but she would be, in her way, effective; and I know that she wants very much to get a play. She hasn't been doing anything for a year or two but getting married and divorced, but she made a very good start. She used to call herself Yolande Havisham; I don't suppose it was her name; and she had a good deal of success in the West; I don't think she's ever appeared in New York. I believe she was of quite a good Southern family; the Southerners all are; and I hear she has money."

"Godolphin mentioned a Southern girl for the part," said Maxwell. "I wonder if——"

"Very likely it's the same one. She does emotional leads. She and Godolphin played together in California, I believe. I was trying to think of her married name—or her unmarried name——"

Some one knocked at the door, and the young man put his head in, with what Maxwell fancied a preconcerted effect, and gave the manager a card. He said, "All right; bring him round," and he added to Maxwell, "Shall I send your play——"

"No, no, I will take it," and Maxwell carried it away with a heavier heart than he had even when he got it back from Godolphin. He did not know how to begin again, and he had to go home and take counsel with his wife as to the next step.

He could hardly bear to tell her of his disappointment, and it was harder still to tell her of the kind of hope the manager had held out to him. He revolved a compromise in his mind, and when they sat down together, he did not mean to conceal anything, but only to postpone something; he did not clearly know why. He told her the three alternatives with the play which the manager had suggested, and she agreed with him that they were all impossible.

"Besides," she said, "he doesn't promise to take the play, even if you do everything to a 't.' Did he ask you to lunch again?"

"No, that seemed a thing of the past."

"Well, let us have ours, and then we can go into the Park, and forget all about it for awhile, and perhaps something new will suggest itself."

That was what they did, but nothing new suggested itself. They came home fretted with their futile talk. There seemed nothing for Maxwell to do but to begin the next day with some other manager.

They found a note from Grayson waiting Maxwell. "Well, you open it," he said listlessly to his wife, and in fact he felt himself at that moment physically unable to cope with the task, and he dreaded any fluctuation of emotion that would follow, even if it were a joyous one.

"What does this mean, Brice?" demanded his wife, with a terrible provisionality in her tone, as she stretched out the letter to him, and stood before him where he lounged in the cushioned window-seat.

Grayson had written: "If you care to submit your play to Yolande Havisham, you can easily do so. I find that her address is the same as yours. Her name is Harley. But I was mistaken about the divorce. It was a death."

Maxwell lay stupidly holding the note before him.

"Will you tell me what it means?" his wife repeated. "Or why you didn't tell me before, if you meant to give your play to that creature?"

"I don't mean to give it to her," said Maxwell, doggedly. "I never did, for an instant. As for not telling you that Grayson had suggested it—well, perhaps I wished to spare myself a scene like the present."

"Do you think I will believe you?"

"I don't think you will insult me. Why shouldn't you believe I am telling you the truth?"

"Because —because you didn't tell me at once."

"That is nonsense, and you know it. If I wanted to keep this from you, it was to spare you the annoyance I can't help now, and because the thing was settled in my mind as soon as Grayson proposed it."

"Then, why has he written to you about it?"

"I suppose I didn't say it was settled."

"Suppose? Didn't you *know* whether you did?"

"Come, now, Louise! I am not on the witness-stand, and I won't be cross-questioned. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. What is the matter with you? Am I to blame because a man who doesn't imagine your dislike of a woman that you never spoke to suggests her taking part in a play that she probably wouldn't look at? You're preposterous! Try to have a little common sense!" These appeals seemed to have a certain effect with his wife; she looked daunted; but Maxwell had the misfortune to add, "One would think you were jealous of the woman."

"*Now* you are insulting *me!*" she cried. "But it's a part of the vulgarity of the whole business. Actors, authors, managers, you're all alike."

Maxwell got very pale. "Look out, Louise!" he warned her.

"I *won't* look out. If you had any delicacy, the least delicacy in the world, you could imagine how a woman who had given the most sacred feelings of her nature to you for your selfish art, would loathe to be represented by such a creature as that, and still not be jealous of her, as you call it! But I am justly punished! I might have expected it."

The maid appeared at the door and said something, which neither of them could make out at once, but which proved to be the question whether Mrs. Maxwell had ordered the dinner.

"No, I will go—I was just going out for it," said Louise. She had in fact not taken off her hat or gloves since she came in from her walk, and she now turned and swept out of the room without looking at her husband. He longed to detain her, to speak some kindly or clarifying word, to set himself right with her, to set her right with herself; but the rage was so hot in his heart that he could not. She came back to the door a moment, and looked in. "*I* will do *my* duty."

"It's rather late," he sneered, "but if you're very conscientious, I dare say we shall have dinner at the usual time."

He did not leave the window-seat, and it was as if the door had only just clashed to after her when there came a repeated and violent ringing at the bell, so that he jumped up himself, to answer it, without waiting for the maid.

"Your wife—your wife!" panted the bell-boy, who stood there. "She's hurt herself, and she's fainted."

"My wife? Where—how?" He ran down the stairs after the boy, and in the hallway on the ground floor he found Louise stretched upon the marble pavement, with her head in the lap of a woman, who was chafing her hands. He needed no look at this woman's face to be sure that it was the woman of his wife's abhorrence, and he felt quite as sure that it was the actress, Yolande Havisham, from the effective drama of her self-possession.

"Don't be frightened. Your wife turned her foot on the steps, here. I was coming into the house, and caught her from fall-

ing. It's only a swoon." She spoke with the pseudo-English accent of the stage, but with a Southern slip upon the vowels here and there. "Get some water, please."

The hall-boy came running up the back stairs with some that he had gone to get, and the woman bade Maxwell sprinkle his wife's face. But he said: "No—you," and he stooped and took his wife's head into his own hands, so that she might not come to in the lap of Mrs. Harley; in the midst of his dismay he reflected how much she would hate that. He could hardly keep himself from being repellant and resentful toward the woman. In his remorse for quarrelling with Louise, it was the least reparation he could offer her. Mrs. Harley, if it was she, seemed not to notice his rudeness. She sprinkled Louise's face, and wiped her forehead with the handkerchief she dipped in the water; but this did not bring her out of her faint, and Maxwell began to think she was dead, and to feel that he was a murderer. With a strange, æsthetic vigilance he took note of his sensations for use in revising Haxard.

The janitor of the building had somehow arrived, and Mrs. Harley said: "I will go for a doctor, if you can get her up to your apartment;" and she left Louise with the two men.

The janitor, a burly Irishman, lifted her in his arms, and carried her up the three flights of steps; Maxwell followed, haggardly, helplessly.

On her own bed, Louise revived, and said: "My shoe— Oh, get it off!"

The doctor came a few minutes later, but Mrs. Harley did not appear with him, as Maxwell had dreaded she would. He decided that Mrs. Maxwell had strained, not sprained, her ankle, and he explained how the difference was all the difference in the world, as he bound the ankle up with a long ribbon of india-rubber, and issued directions for care and quiet.

He left them there, and Maxwell heard him below in parley, apparently with the actress at her door. Louise lay with her head on her husband's arm, and held his other hand tight in hers, while he knelt by the bed. The bliss of repentance and mutual forgiveness filled both their hearts, while she told how she had hurt herself.

"I had got down to the last step, and I was putting my foot to the pavement, and I thought, Now I am going to turn my ankle. Wasn't it strange? And I turned it. How did you get me upstairs?"

"The janitor carried you."

"How lucky he happened to be there! I suppose the hall-boy kept me from falling—poor little fellow! You must give him some money. How did you find out about me?"

"He ran up to tell," Maxwell said this, and then he hesitated. "I guess you had better know all about it. Can you bear something disagreeable, or would you rather wait——"

"No, no, tell me now! I can't bear to wait. What is it?"

"It wasn't the hall-boy that caught you. It was that—woman."

He felt her neck and hand grow rigid, but he went on, and told her all about it. At the end, some quiet tears came into her eyes. "Well, then, we must be civil to her. I am glad you told me at once, Brice." She pulled his head down and kissed him, and he was glad, too.

XV

Louise sent Maxwell down to Mrs. Harley's apartment to thank her, and tell her how slight the accident was; and while he was gone, she abandoned herself to an impassioned dramatization of her own death from blood-poisoning, and her husband's early marriage with the actress, who then appeared in all his plays, though they were not happy together. Her own spectre was always rising between them, and she got some fearful joy out of that. She counted his absence by her heart-beats, but he came back so soon that she was ashamed, and was afraid that he had behaved so as to give the woman a notion that he was not suffered to stay longer. He explained that he found her gloved and bonneted to go out, and that he had not stayed for fear of keeping her. She had introduced him to her mother, who was civil about Louise's accident, and they had both begged him to let them do anything they could for her. He made his observations, and, when Louise, after a moment, asked him about them, he said they affected him as severally typifying the Old South and the New South. They had a photograph over the

mantel, thrown up large, of an officer in Confederate uniform. Otherwise the room had nothing personal in it; he suspected the apartment of having been taken furnished, like their own. Louise asked if he should say they were ladies, and he answered that he thought they were.

"Of course," she said, and she added, with a wide sweep of censure: "They get engaged to four or five men at a time, down there. Well," she sighed, "you mustn't stay in here with me, dear. Go to your writing."

"I was thinking whether you couldn't come out and lie on the lounge. I hate to leave you alone in here."

"No, the doctor said to be perfectly quiet. Perhaps I can, to-morrow, if it doesn't swell up any worse."

She kept her hold of his hand, which he had laid in hers, and he sat down beside the bed, in the chair he had left there. He did not speak, and after awhile she asked, "What are you thinking of?"

"Oh, nothing. The confounded play, I suppose."

"You're disappointed at Grayson's not taking it."

"One is always a fool."

"Yes," said Louise, with a catching of the breath. She gripped his hand hard, and said, as well as she could in keeping back the tears, "Well, I will never stand in your way, Brice. You may do anything—*anything*—with it that you think best."

"I shall never do anything you don't like," he answered, and he leaned over and kissed her, and at this her passion burst in a violent sobbing, and when she could speak she made him solemnly promise that he would not regard her in the least, but would do whatever was wisest and best with the play, for otherwise she should never be happy again.

As she could not come out to join him at dinner, he brought a little table to the bedside, and put his plate on it, and ate his dinner, there, with her. She gave him some attractive morsels off her own plate, which he had first insisted on bestowing upon her. They had such a gay evening that the future brightened again, and they arranged for Maxwell to take his play down town the next day, and not lose a moment in trying to place it with some manager.

It all left him very wakeful, for his head began to work upon this scheme and that. When he went to lock the outer door for the night, the sight of his overcoat hanging in the hall made him think of a theatrical newspaper he had bought coming home, at a certain corner of Broadway, where numbers of smooth-shaven, handsome men, and women with dark eyes and champagned hair were lounging and passing. He had got it on the desperate chance that it might suggest something useful to him. He now took it out of his coat-pocket, and began to look its advertisements over in the light of his study lamp, partly because he was curious about it, and partly because he knew he should begin to revise his play, otherwise, and then he should not sleep all night.

In several pages of the paper ladies with flowery and alliterative names and pseudonyms proclaimed themselves in large letters, and in smaller type the parts they were presently playing in different combinations; others gave their addresses and announced that they were At Liberty, or specified the kinds of rôles they were accustomed to fill, as Leads or Heavies, Dancing Soubrettes and Boys; Leads, Emotional and Juvenile; Heavy or Juvenile or Emotional Leads. There were gentlemen seeking engagements who were Artistic Whistling Soloists, Magicians, Leading Men, Leading Heavies, Singing and Dancing Comedians, and there were both ladies and gentlemen who were now Starring in this play or that, but were open to offers later. A teacher of stage dancing promised instruction in skirt and serpentine dancing, as well as high kicking, front and back, the backward bend, side practice, toe-practice, and all novelties. Dramatic authors had their cards among the rest, and one poor fellow, as if he had not the heart to name himself, advertised a play to be heard of at the office of the newspaper. Whatever related to the theatre was there, in a bizarre solidarity, which was droll enough to Maxwell in one way. But he hated to be mixed up with all that, and he perceived that he must be mixed up with it more and more, if he wrote for the theatre. Whether he liked it or not, he was part of the thing which in its entirety meant high-kicking and toe-practice, as well as the expression of the most mystical passions of the

heart. There was an austerity in him which the fact offended, and he did what he could to appease this austerity by reflecting that it was the drama and never the theatre that he loved; but for the time this was useless. He saw that if he wrote dramas he could not hold aloof from the theatre, nor from actors and actresses—heavies and juveniles, and emotionals and soubrettes. He must know them, and more intimately; and at first he must be subject to them, however he mastered them at last; he must flatter their oddities and indulge their caprices. His experience with Godolphin had taught him that, and his experience with Godolphin in the construction of his play could be nothing to what he must undergo at rehearsals and in the effort to adapt his work to a company. He reminded himself that Shakespeare even must have undergone all that. But this did not console him. He was himself, and what another, the greatest, had suffered, would not save him. Besides, it was not the drama merely that Maxwell loved; it was not making plays alone; it was causing the life that he had known to speak from the stage, and to teach there its serious and important lesson. In the last analysis he was a moralist, and more a moralist than he imagined. To enforce, in the vividest and most palpable form, what he had thought true, it might be worth while to endure all the trials that he must; but at that moment he did not think so; and he did not dare submit his misgiving to his wife.

They had now been six months married, and if he had allowed himself to face the fact he must have owned that, though they loved each other so truly, and he had known moments of exquisite, of incredible rapture, he had been as little happy as in any half year he had lived. He never formulated his wife's character, or defined the precise relation she bore to his life; if he could have been challenged to do so, he would have said that she was the whole of life to him, and that she was the most delightful woman in the world.

He tasted to its last sweetness the love of loving her and of being loved by her. At the same time there was an obscure stress upon him which he did not trace to her at once; a trouble in his thoughts which, if he could have seen it clearly, he would have recognized for a lurking anxiety concerning how she would take the events of their life as they came. Without realizing it, for his mind was mostly on his work, and it was only in some dim recess of his spirit that the struggle took place, he was perpetually striving to adjust himself to the unexpected, or rather the impredicable.

But when he was most afraid of her harassing uncertainty of emotion or action he was aware of her fixed loyalty to him; and perhaps it was the final effect with himself that he dreaded. Should he always be able to bear and forbear, as he felt she would, with all her variableness and turning? The question did not put itself in words, and neither did his conviction that his relation to the theatre was doubled in difficulty through her. But he perceived that she had no love for the drama, and only a love for his love of it; and sometimes he vaguely suspected that if he had been in business she would have been as fond of business as she was of the drama. He never perhaps comprehended her ideal, and how it could include an explicit and somewhat noisy devotion to the aims of his ambition, because it was his, and a patronizing reservation in regard to the ambition itself. But this was quite possible with Louise, just as it was possible for her to have had a humble personal joy in giving herself to him, while she had a distinct social sense of the sacrifice she had made in marrying him. In herself she looked up to him; as her father's and mother's daughter, as the child of her circumstance, there is no doubt she looked down upon him. But neither of these attitudes held in their common life. Love may or may not level ranks, but marriage unquestionably does, and is the one form of absolute equality. The Maxwells did not take themselves or each other objectively; they loved and hated, they made war and made peace, without any sense of the difference or desert that might have been apparent to the spectators.

Maxwell had never been so near the standpoint of the impartial observer as now when he confronted the question of what he should do, with a heart twice burdened by the question whether his wife would not make it hard for him to do it, whatever it was. He thought, with dark fore-

boding, of the difficulties he should have to smooth out for her if it ever came to a production of the piece. The best thing that could happen, perhaps, would be its rejection, final and total, by all possible managers and actors; for she would detest any one who took the part of Salome, and would hold him responsible for all she should suffer from it.

He recurred again to what he had felt so strongly himself, and what Grayson had suggested, and thought how he could free himself from fealty to her by cutting out the whole love-business from his play. But that would be very hard. The thing had now knitted itself in one texture in his mind, and though he could sever the ties that bound the parts together, it would take from the piece the great element of charm. It was not symmetrical as it stood, but it was not two distinct motives; the motives had blended, and they really belonged to each other. He would have to invent some other love-business if he cut this out, but still it could be done. Then it suddenly flashed upon him that there was something easier yet, and that was to abandon the notion of getting his piece played at all, and to turn it into a novel. He could give it narrative form without much trouble, if any, beyond that of copying it, and it would be thought a very dramatic story. He saw instantly how he could keep and even enhance all the charm of the love-business as it stood, in a novel; and in his revulsion of feeling he wished to tell his wife. He made a movement toward the door of her room, but he heard the even breathing of her sleep, and he stopped and flung himself on the lounge to think. It was such a happy solution of the whole affair! He need not even cease trying with managers, for he could use the copy of the play that Godolphin had returned for that, and he could use the copy he had always kept for recasting it in narrative. By the time that he had got his play back from the last manager he would have his novel ready for the first publisher. In the meantime he should be writing his letters for the *Abstract*, and not consuming all his little savings.

The relief from the stress upon him was delicious. He lay at rest and heard the soft breathing of his wife from the other room, and an indescribable tenderness for her filled his heart. Then he heard her voice saying, "Well, don't wake him, poor boy!"

XVI

Maxwell opened his eyes, and found the maid lightly escaping from the room. He perceived that he had slept all night on the lounge, and he sent a cheery hail into his wife's room, and then followed it to tell her how he had thought it all out. She was as glad as he was; she applauded his plan to the ceiling; and he might not have thought of her accident if he had not seen presently that she was eating her breakfast in bed.

Then he asked after her ankle, and she said, "Oh, that's perfectly well, or the same as perfectly. There's no pain at all, there, to speak of, and I shall get up to luncheon. You needn't mind me any more. If you haven't taken your death of cold sleeping there on the lounge——"

"I haven't."

"I want you to go down town to some manager with your play, and get some paper, the kind I like; and then, after lunch, we'll begin turning it into a novel, from your copy. It will be so easy for you that you can dictate, and I'll do the writing, and we'll work it up together. Shall you like collaborating with me?"

"Ah!——"

"It will be our story, and I shall like it twice as well as if it were a play. We shall be independent of the theatre, that's one satisfaction; they can take the play, if they like, but it will be perfectly indifferent to us. I shall help you get in all those nice touches that you said you could never get into a play, like that green light in the woods. I know just how we shall manage that love business, and we sha'n't have any horror of an actress interpreting our inspirations to the public. We'll play Atland and Salome ourselves. We'll—ow!"

She had given her foot a twist in the excitement and she fell back on the pillow rather faint. But she instantly recovered herself with a laugh, and she hurried him away to his breakfast, and then away with his play. He would rather have stayed and begun turning it into a story at once. But she would not let him; she said, it would be a loss of time, and she should

fret a good deal more to have him there with her, than to have him away, for she should know he was just staying to cheer her up.

When he was gone she sent for whatever papers the maid could find in the parlor, so that she need not think of him in the amusement she would get out of them. Among the rest was that dramatic newspaper which caught her eye first, with the effigy of a very dramatized young woman whose portrait filled the whole first page. Louise abhorred her, but with a novel sense of security in the fact that Maxwell's play was going so soon to be turned into a story; and she felt personally aloof from all the people who had dragged him down with a sense of complicity in their professional cards. She found them neither so droll nor so painful as he had, but she was very willing to turn from them, and she was giving the paper a parting glance before dropping it, when she was arrested by an advertisement which made her start:

WANTED.—A drama for prominent star; light comic and emotional; star part must embody situations for the display of intense effects. Address L. STERNE, this office.

A series of effects as intense as the advertiser could have desired in a drama followed one another in the mind of Louise. She now wildly reproached herself that she had, however unwittingly, sent her husband out of reach for four or five hours, when his whole future might depend upon his instantly answering this notice. Whether he had already seen the notice and rashly decided to ignore it, or had not seen it, he might involve himself with some manager irretrievably before he could be got at with a demand which seemed specifically framed to describe his play. She was in despair that there was no means of sending a messenger-boy after him with any chance of finding him. The light comic reliefs which the advertiser would have wished to give the dark phases of her mood were suggested by her reckless energy in whirling herself into her dressing-gown, and hopping out to Maxwell's desk in the other room, where she dashed off a note in reply to the advertisement in her husband's name, and then checked herself with the reflection that she had no right to sign his name: even in such a cause she must not do anything wrong. Something must be done, however, right or wrong, and she decided that a very formal note in the third person would involve the least moral trespass. She fixed upon these terms, after several experiments, almost weeping at the time they cost her, when every moment was precious:

Mr. Brice Maxwell writes to Mr. L. Sterne and begs to inform him that he has a play which he believes will meet the requirements of Mr. Sterne, as stated in his advertisement in the "Professional Register" of November the tenth. Mr. Maxwell asks the favor of an interview with Mr. Sterne at any time and place that Mr. Sterne may appoint.

It seemed to her that this violated no law of man or God, or if it did the exigency was such that the action could be forgiven, if not justified. She ransacked Maxwell's desk for a special delivery stamp, and sent the letter out beyond recall; and then it occurred to her that its opening terms were too much those of a lady addressing a seamstress; but after a good deal of anguish on this point she comforted herself with the hope that a man would not know the form, or at least would not suspect another man of using it offensively.

She passed the time till Maxwell came back, in doubt whether to tell him what she had done. There was no reason why she should not, except that he might have seen the advertisement and decided not to answer it for some reason; but in that case it might be said that he ought to have spoken to her about it. She told him everything at once, but there were many things that he did not tell her till long afterward; it would be a good thing to let him realize how that felt; besides it would be a pleasure to keep it and let it burst upon him, if that L. Sterne, whoever he was, asked to see the play. In any case, it would not be a great while that she need keep from him what she had done, but at sight of him when he came in she could hardly be silent. He was gloomy and dispirited, and he confessed that his pleasant experience with Grayson had not been repeated with the other managers. They had all been civil enough, and he had

seen three or four of them, but only one had consented to let him even leave his play with him; the others said that it would be useless for them to look at it.

She could not forbear showing him the advertisement she had answered as they sat at lunch, but he glanced at it with disdain, and said there must be some sort of fake in it; if it was some irresponsible fellow getting up a combination he would not scruple to use the ideas of any manuscript submitted to him and work them over to suit himself. Louise could not speak. All heart went out of her; she wanted to cry, and she did not tell what she had done.

Neither of them ate much. He asked her if she was ready to begin on the story with him; she said, Oh, yes; and she hobbled off into the other room. Then he seemed to remember her hurt for the first time: he had been so full of his failure with the play before. He asked her how she was, and she said, much better; and then he stretched himself on the lounge and tried to dictate, and she took her place at his desk and tried to write. But she either ran ahead of him, and prompted him, which vexed him, or she lagged so far behind that he lost the thread of what he was saying and became angry. At last she put her head down on the paper and blotted it with her tears.

At that he said, "Oh, you'd better go back to bed," and then though he spoke harshly, he lifted her tenderly and half carried her to her room.

XVII

They did not try working the play into a story again together. Maxwell kept doggedly at it, though he said it was of no use; the thing had taken the dramatic form with inexorable fixity as it first came from his mind; it could be changed, of course, but it could only be changed for the worse, artistically. If he could sell it as a story, the work would not be lost; he would gain the skill that came from doing, in any event, and it would keep him alive under the ill-luck that now seemed to have set in.

None of the managers wanted his play. Some of them seemed to want it less than others; some wanted it less immediately than others; some did not want it after reading; some refused it without reading it; some had their arrangements made for an indefinite time, others in the present uncertain state of affairs could not make any arrangements; some said it was an American play; others that it was un-American in its pessimistic spirit; some found it too literary; others, lacking in imagination. They were nearly all so kind that at first Maxwell was guilty of the folly of trying to persuade them against the reasons they gave; when he realized that these reasons were also excuses, he set his teeth and accepted them in silence.

For a number of days Louise suffered in momentary expectation of a reply from L. Sterne. She thought it would come by district messenger the day she wrote; and for several days afterwards she had the letters brought to her first, so that she could read them, and not disturb Maxwell with them at his work, if it were not necessary. He willingly agreed to that; he saw that it helped to pass the irksome time for her. She did not mean to conceal any answer she should have from L. Sterne, but she meant when the answer came to prepare her husband for it in such sort, that he would understand her motive, and though he condemned it, would easily forgive her. But the days went and no letter from L. Sterne came, and after a season of lively indignation at his rudeness, Louise began to forget him a little, though she still kept her surveillance of the mails.

It was always on her conscience, in the meantime, to give some of the first moments of her recovery to going with Maxwell and thanking Mrs. Harley for the kindness she had shown her in her accident. She was the more strenuous in this intention, because the duty was so distasteful, and she insisted upon Maxwell's company, though he argued that he had already done enough himself in thanking her preserver, because she wished to punish a certain reluctance of her own in having him go. She promised herself that she would do everything that was right by that creature; and perhaps she repaired to her presence in rather overwhelming virtue. If this was so, Mrs. Harley showed herself equal to the demand upon her, and was overwhelming in her kind. She not only made nothing of what she had done

for Louise, but she made nothing of Louise, and contrived with a few well directed strokes to give her distinctly the sense of being a chit, a thing Louise was not at all used to. She was apparently one of those women who have no use for persons of their own sex ; but few women, even of that sort, could have so promptly relegated Louise to the outside of their interest, or so frankly devoted themselves to Maxwell. The impartial spectator might easily have imagined that it was his ankle which had been strained, and that Louise was at best an intrusive sympathizer. Sometimes Mrs. Harley did not hear what she said ; at other times, if she began a response to her, she ended it in a question to him ; even when she talked to Louise, her eyes were smouldering upon Maxwell. If this had all or any of it been helpless or ignorant rudeness, it could have been borne and forgiven ; but Louise was aware of intention, of perfect intelligence in it ; she was sensible of being even more disliked than disliking, and of finally being put to flight with a patronizing benevolence for her complete recovery which was intolerable. What was worse was that, while the woman had been so offensive, she could not wholly rid herself of the feeling that her punishment was in a measure merited, though it was not justice that had dealt with her.

"Well, that is over," said Maxwell, when they were again by themselves.

"Yes, forever," sighed Louise, and for once she was not let have the last word.

"I hope you'll remember that I didn't want to go."

At least they had not misunderstood each other about Mrs. Harley.

Toward the end of the month, Louise's father and mother came on from Boston. They professed that they had been taken with that wish to see the autumn exhibition at the National Academy, which sometimes affects Bostonians, and that their visit had nothing to do with the little hurt that Louise wrote them of after she was quite well of it. They drove over from their hotel the morning they arrived, and she did not know anything of their coming till she heard their voices at the door ; her father's voice was rather husky from the climb to her apartment.

The apartment was looking somewhat frowsy, for the Maxwells breakfasted late, and the housemaid had not had time to put it in order. Louise saw it through her father's and mother's eyes with the glance they gave it, and found the rooms ridiculously little, and furnished with cheap Fourteenth Street things ; but she bragged all the more noisily of it on that account, and made her mother look out of the windows, for the pretty view they had from their corner-room. Mrs. Hilary pulled her head back from the prospect of the railroad-ridden avenue with silent horror, and Louise burst into a wild laugh. "Well, it *isn't* Commonwealth Avenue, mamma ; I don't pretend that, you know."

"Where's Maxwell ?" asked Hilary, still puffing from the lounge he had sunk upon as soon as he got into the room.

"Oh, he's down town interviewing a manager about his play."

"I thought that fellow out West had his play. Or is this a new one ?"

"No," said Louise, very slowly and thoughtfully, "Brice has taken back his play from Mr. Godolphin." This was true ; he *had* taken it back in a sense. She added, as much to herself as to her father. "But he *has* got a new play—that he's working at."

"I hope he hasn't been rash with Godolphin ; though I always had an idea that it would have been better for him to deal with a manager. It seems more business-like."

"Oh, much," said Louise.

After a little while, they were more at home with each other ; she began to feel herself more their child, and less Maxwell's wife ; the barriers of reluctance against him, which she always knew were up with them, fell away from between them and herself. But her father said they had come to get her and Maxwell to lunch with them at their hotel, and then Louise felt herself on her husband's side of the fence again. She said, no, they must stay with her ; that she was sure Brice would be back for lunch ; and she wanted to show them her house-keeping. Mrs. Hilary cast her eye about the room, at the word, as if she had seen quite enough of it already, and this made Louise laugh again. She was no better in person than the room was, and she felt her mother's tacit censure apply to her slatternly dressing-gown.

"I know what you're thinking, mamma. But I got the habit of it when I had my strained ankle."

"Oh, I'm sure it must be very comfortable," Mrs. Hilary said, of the dressing-gown. "Is it entirely well, now?" she added, of the ankle; and she and Hilary both looked at Louise in a way that would have convinced her that their final anxiety concerning it had brought them to New York, if she had not guessed it already. "The doctor," and by this she meant their old family doctor, as if he were the only one, "said you couldn't be too careful."

"Well, I haven't been careful," said Louise, gayly, "but I'm quite well, and you can go back at once, if that's all, mamma."

Hilary laughed with her. "You haven't changed much, Louise."

Her mother said, in another sense, "I think you look a little pulled down," and that made her and her father laugh again. She got to playing with him, and poking him, and kissing him, in the way she had with him when she was a girl; it was not so very long ago.

Her mother bore with this for awhile, and then she rose to go.

"You're not going to stay!" Louise protested.

"Not to-day, my dear. I've got some shopping to do before lunch."

"Well," said Louise, "I didn't suppose you would stay the first time, such swells as you and papa. But I shall insist upon your coming to-morrow when you've recovered a little from the blow this home of virtuous poverty has given you, and I've had a chance to dust and prepare for you. And I'll tell you what, mamma; Brice and I will come to dinner with you, to-night, and we won't take any refusal. We'll be with you at seven. How will that do, papa?"

"That will do," said Hilary, with his arm round her waist, and they kissed each other to clinch the bargain.

"And don't you two old things go away and put your frosty pows together and say Brice and I are not happy. We do quarrel like cats and dogs every now and then, but the rest of the time we're the happiest couple in the universe; and an example to parents."

Hilary would have manifestly liked to stay and have her go on with her nonsense, but his wife took him away.

When Maxwell came in, she was so full of their visit, that she did not ask him what luck he had with his play, but told him at once they were going to dine with her father and mother. "And I want you to brace up, my dear, and not let them imagine anything."

"How, anything?" he asked, listlessly.

"Oh, nothing. About your play not going perfectly. I didn't think it necessary to go into particulars with them, and you needn't. Just pass it over lightly if they ask you anything about it. But they won't."

Maxwell did not look so happy as he might at the prospect of dining with his wife's father and mother, but he did not say anything disagreeable, and after an instant of silent resentment, Louise did not say anything disagreeable either. In fact, she devoted herself to avoiding any displeasures with him, and she arrived with him at the Hilarys' hotel on perfectly good terms, and as far as he was concerned, in rather good spirits.

Upon the whole, they had a very good time. Hilary made occasion to speak to Maxwell of his letters to the *Abstract*, and told him they were considered by far the best letters of the kind published anywhere, which meant, anywhere in Boston.

"You do that sort of thing so well, newspaper writing," he continued, with a slyness that was not lost upon Louise, though Maxwell was ignorant of his drift, "that I wonder you don't sometimes want to take it up again."

"It's well enough," said Maxwell, who was gratified by his praise.

"By the way," said Hilary, "I met your friend, Mr. Ricker, the other day, and he spoke most cordially about you. I fancy he would be very glad to have you back."

"In the old way? I would rather be excused."

"No, from what he said, I thought he would like your writing in the editorial page."

Maxwell looked pleased. "Ricker's always been very good, but he has very little influence on the *Abstract*. He has no money interest in the paper."

Hilary said, with the greatest artfulness,

"I wonder he doesn't buy in. I hear it can be done."

"Not by Ricker, for the best of all possible reasons," said Maxwell, with a laugh.

Louise could hardly wait till she had parted from her father and mother before she began on her husband: "You goose! Didn't you see that papa was hinting at buying *you* a share in the *Abstract?*"

"He was very modest about it, then; I didn't see anything of the kind."

"Oh, do you think *you* are the only modest man? Papa is *very* modest, and he wouldn't make you an offer outright, unless he saw that you would like it. But I know that was what he was coming to, and if you'll let me——"

A sentiment of a reluctance rather than refusal was what made itself perceptible from his arm to hers, as they hurried along the street together, and Louise would not press the question till he spoke again.

He did not speak till they were in the train on their way home. Then he said, "I shouldn't care to have a money interest in a newspaper. It would tie me up to it, and load me down with cares I should hate. It wouldn't be my real life."

"Yes," said his wife, but when they got into their little apartment, she cast an eye opened to its meanness and narrowness over the common belongings, and wondered if he would ever ask himself whether this was her real life. But she did not speak, though she was apt to speak out most things that she thought.

XVIII

Some people began to call, old friends of her mother's, whose visit to New York seemed to have betrayed to them the fact of Louise's presence for the first time, and some friends of her own, who had married, and come to New York to live, and who said they had just got back to town long enough to learn that she was there. These all reproached her for not having let them know sooner where she was, and they all more or less followed up their reproaches with the invitations which she dreaded because of Maxwell's aversion for them. But she submitted them to him, and submitted to his refusal to go with her, and declined them. In her heart she thought he was rather ungracious, but she did not say so, though in two or three cases of people whom she liked, she coaxed him a little to go with her. Meeting her mother, and talking over the life she used to lead in Boston, and the life so many people were leading there still, made her a little hungry for society; she would have liked well enough to find herself at a dinner again, and she would have felt a little dancing after the dinner no hardship; but she remembered the promise she had made herself not to tease Maxwell about such things. So she merely coaxed him, and he so far relented as to ask her why she could not go without him, and that hurt her, and she said she never would go without him. All the same, when there came an invitation for lunch, from a particularly nice friend of her girlhood, she hesitated and was lost. She had expected, somehow, that it was going to be a very little lunch, but she found it a very large one, in the number of people, and after the stress of accounting for her husband's failure to come with her, she was not sorry to have it so. She inhaled with joy the atmosphere of the flower-scented rooms; her eye dwelt with delight on their luxurious and tasteful appointments, the belongings of her former life, which seemed to emerge in them from the past, and claim her again; the women in their chic New York costumes and their miracles of early winter hats, hailed her a long-lost sister by every graceful movement and cultivated tone; the correctly tailored and agreeably mannered men had polite intelligence of a world that Maxwell never would and never could be part of; the talk of the little amusing, unvital things that began at once, was more precious to her than the problems which the austere imagination of her husband dealt with; it suddenly fatigued her to think how hard she had tried to sympathize with his interest in them. Her heart leapt at sight of the long, rose-heaped table, with its glitter of glass and silver, and the solemn perfection of the serving-men; a spectacle not important in itself was dear to her from association with gayeties, which now, for a wicked moment, seemed to her better than love.

There were all sorts of people: artists and actors, as well as people of fashion. Her friend had given her some society notable to go out with, but she had appointed for the chair next her on the other hand, a

young man in a pretty pointed beard, whom she introduced across from the head of the table, as soon as she could civilly take the notable to herself. Louise did not catch his name, and it seemed presently that he had not heard hers, but their acquaintance prospered without this knowledge. He made some little jokes, which she promptly responded to, and they talked awhile as if they were both New Yorkers, till she said, at some remark of his, "But I am not a New Yorker," and then he said, "Well, neither am I," and offered to tell her what he was if she would tell him what she was.

"Oh, I'm from Boston, of course," she answered, but then, instead of saying where he was from, he broke out:

"Now I will fulfil my vow!"

"Your vow? What is your vow?"

"To ask the first Boston person I met if that Boston person knew anything about another Boston person, who wrote a most remarkable play I saw in the fall out at home."

"A play," said Louise, with total loss of interest in the gentleman's city or country.

"Yes, by a Boston man named Maxwell——"

Louise stared at him, and if their acquaintance had been a little older, she might have asked him to come off. As it was she could not speak, and she let him go on.

"I don't know when I've ever had a stronger impression in the theatre than I had from that play. Perfectly modern, and perfectly American." He briefly sketched it. "It was like a terrible experience on the tragic side, and on the other side, it was a rapture. I never saw love-making on the stage before that made me wish to be a lover——"

A fire-red flew over Louise's face, and she said, almost snubbingly, as if he had made some unwarrantable advance: "I think I had better not let you go on. It was my husband who wrote that play. I am Mrs. Maxwell."

"Mrs. Maxwell! You are Mrs. Maxwell?" he gasped, and she could not doubt the honesty of his amaze. His confusion was so charming that she instantly relented. "Of course I should like to have you go on all day, as you've begun, but there's no telling what exceptions you might have been going to make later. Where did you see my husband's play?"

"In Midland——"

"What! You are not—you can't be—Mr. Ray?"

"I am—I can," he returned, gleefully, and now Louise impulsively gave him her hand under the table-cloth.

The manœuvre caught the eye of the hostess. "A bet?" she asked.

"Better," cried Louise, not knowing her pun, "a thousand times," and she turned without further explanation to the gentleman: "When I tell Mr. Maxwell of this he will suffer as he ought, and that's saying a great deal, for not coming with me to-day. To think of it's being *you!*"

"Ah, but to think of it's being *he!* You acquit me of the poor taste of putting up a job?"

"Oh, of anything you want to be acquitted of! What crime would you prefer? There are whole deluges of mercy for you. But now, go on, and tell me everything you thought about the play."

"I'd rather you'd tell me what you know about the playwright."

"Everything, of course, and nothing." She added the last words from a sudden, poignant conviction. "Isn't that the way with the wives of you men of genius?"

"Am I a man of genius?"

"You're literary."

"Oh, literary, yes. But I'm not married."

"You're determined to get out of it, somehow. Tell me about Midland. It has filled such a space in our imagination! You can't think what a comfort and stay you have been to us! But why in Midland? Is it a large place?"

"Would it take such a very big one to hold me? It's the place I brought myself up in, and it's very good to me, and so I live there. I don't think it has any vast intellectual or æsthetic interests, but there are very nice people there, very cultivated, some of them, and very well read. After all, you don't need a great many people; three or four will do."

"And have you always lived there?"

"I lived a year or so in New York, and I manage to get on here some time every winter. The rest of the year, Midland is quite enough for me. It's gay at times; there's a good deal going on; and I can write there as well as anywhere, and bet-

ter than in New York. Then, you know, in a small way I'm a prophet in my own country, perhaps because I was away from it for awhile. It's very pretty. But it's very base of you to make me talk about myself when I'm so anxious to hear about Mr. Maxwell."

"And do you spend all your time in writing Ibsen criticisms of Ibsen plays?" Louise pursued against his protest.

"I do some other kind of writing."

"As?"

"Oh, no! I'm not here to interview myself."

"Oh, but you ought. I know you've written something—some novel. Your name is so familiar—and was from the first." Mr. Ray laughed and shook his head in mockery of her cheap device. "You mustn't be vexed because I'm so vague about it. I'm very ignorant."

"You said you were from Boston."

"But there are Bostons and Bostons. The Boston that I belonged to never hears of American books till they are forgotten."

"Ah, how immortal I must be there!"

"I see you are determined to be bad. But I remember now; it was a play. Haven't you written a play?" He held up three fingers. "I knew it! What was it?"

"My plays," said the young fellow, with a mock of superiority, "have never been played. I've been told that they are above the heads of an audience. It's a great consolation. But now, really, about Mr. Maxwell's. When is it to be given here? I hoped very much I might happen on the very time."

Louise hesitated a moment, and then she said: "You know he has taken it back from Godolphin." It was not so hard to say this as it was at first, but it still required resolution.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Mr. Ray. "I never thought he appreciated it. He was so anxious to make his part all in all that he would have been willing to damage the rest of it irretrievably. I could see, from the way he talked of it, that he was mortally jealous of Salome; and the girl who did that did it very sweetly and prettily. Who has got the play now?"

"Well," said Louise, with rather a painful smile, "nobody has it at present. We're trying to stir up strife for it among managers."

"What play is that?" asked her friend, the hostess, and all that end of the table became attentive, as any fashionable company will at the mention of a play; books may be more or less out of the range of society, but plays never at all.

"My husband's," said Louise, meekly.

"Why, does *your* husband write *plays?*" cried the lady.

"What did you suppose he did?" returned Louise, resentfully; she did not in the least know what her friend's husband did, and he was no more there to speak for himself than her own.

"He's written a very *great* play," Mr. Ray spoke up with generous courage; "the very greatest American play I have seen. I don't say ever written, for I've written some myself that I haven't seen yet," he added, and everyone laughed at his bit of self-sacrifice. "But Mr. Maxwell's play is just such a play as I would have written if I could—large, and serious, and charming."

He went on about it finely, and Louise's heart swelled with pride. She wished Maxwell could have been there, but if he had been, of course Mr. Ray would not have spoken so freely.

The hostess asked him where he had seen it, and he said in Midland. Then she said, "We must all go," and she had the effect of rising to do so, but it was only to leave the men to their tobacco.

Louise laid hold of her in the drawing-room: "Who is he? What is he?"

"A little dear, isn't he?"

"Yes, of course. But what has he done?"

"Why he wrote a novel—I forget the name, but I have it somewhere. It made a great sensation. But surely *you* must know what it was?"

"No, no," Louise lamented. "I am ashamed to say I don't."

When the men joined the ladies, she lingered long enough to thank Mr. Ray, and try to make him tell her the name of his novel. She at least made him promise to let them know the next time he was in New York, and she believed all he said in regret that he was going home that night. He sent many sweet messages to Maxwell, whom he wanted to talk with about his play, and tell him all he had thought about it. He felt sure that some manager would take it and bring it out in New York, and again he exulted that it was out of the actor's hands.

A manager might not have an artistic interest in it; an actor could only have a personal interest in it.

XIX

Louise came home in high spirits. The world seemed to have begun to move again. It was full of all sorts of gay hopes, or at least she was, and she was impatient to impart them to Maxwell. Now she decided that her great office in his life must be to cheer him up, to supply that spring of joyousness which was so lacking in him, and which he never could do any sort of work without. She meant to make him go into society with her. It would do him good, and he would shine. He could talk as well as Mr. Ray, and if he would let himself go, he could be as charming.

She rushed in to speak with him, and was vexed to find a strange man sitting in the parlor alone. The stranger rose at her onset, and then, when she confusedly retreated, he sank into his chair again. She had seen him black against the window, and had not made out any feature or expression of his face.

The maid explained that it was a gentleman who had called to see Mr. Maxwell earlier in the day, and the last time had asked if he might sit down and wait for him. He had been waiting only a few minutes.

"But who is he?" demanded Louise, with a provisional indignation in case it should be a liberty on some unauthorized person's part. "Didn't he give you a card?"

He had given the girl a card, and she now gave it to Mrs. Maxwell. It bore the name Mr. Lawrence Sterne, which Louise read with much the same emotion as if it had been Mr. William Shakespeare. She suspected what her husband would have called a fake of some sort, and she felt a little afraid. She did not like the notion of the man's sitting there in her parlor while she had nobody with her but the girl. He might be all right, and he might even be a gentleman, but the dark bulk which had risen up against the window and stood holding a hat in its hand was not somehow a gentlemanly bulk, the hat was not definitively a gentleman's hat, and the baldness which had shone against the light was not exactly what you would have called a gentleman's baldness. Clearly, however, the only thing to do was to treat the event as one of entire fitness till it proved itself otherwise, and Louise returned to the parlor with an air of ladylike inquiry, expressed in her look and movement; if this effect was not wholly unmixed with patronage, it still was kind.

"I am sorry," she said, "that my husband is out, and I am sorry to say that I don't know just when he will be at home." She stood and the man had risen again, with his portly frame and his invisible face between her and the light again. "If I could be of any use in giving him a message—" She stopped; it was really sending the man out of the house, and she could not do that; it was not decent. She added, "Or if you don't mind waiting a few minutes longer——"

She sat down, but the man did not. He said: "I can't wait any longer just now; but if Mr. Maxwall would like to see me, I am at the Coleman House." She looked at him as if she did not understand, and he went on: "If he doesn't recall my name he'll remember answering my advertisement some weeks ago in the *Theatrical Register*, for a play."

"Oh, yes!" said Louise. This was the actor whom she had written to in behalf of Maxwell. With electrical suddenness and distinctness, she now recalled the name, L. Sterne, along with all the rest, though the card of Mr. Lawrence Sterne had not stirred her sleeping consciousness. She had always meant to tell Maxwell what she had done, but she was always waiting for something to come of it, and when nothing came of it, she did not tell; she had been so disgusted at the mere notion of answering the man's advertisement. Now, here was the man himself, and he had to be answered, and that would probably be worse than answering his advertisement. "I remember," she said, provisionally, but with the resolution to speak exactly the truth; "I wrote to you *for* Mr. Maxwell," which did not satisfy her as the truth ought to have done.

"Well, then, I wish you would please tell him that I didn't reply to his letter because it kept following me from place to place, and I only got it at the *Register* office this morning."

"I will tell Mr. Maxwell," said Louise.

"I should be glad to see his play, if he still has it to dispose of. From what Mr. Grayson has told me of it, I think it might —I think I should like to see it. It might suit the—the party I am acting for," he added, letting himself go.

"Then you are not the—the—star?"

"I am the manager for the star."

"Oh," said Louise, with relief. The fact seemed to put another complexion on the affair. A distaste which she had formed for Mr. Sterne personally began to cede to other feelings. If he was manager for the star, he must be like other managers, such as Maxwell was willing to deal with, and if he knew Mr. Grayson he must be all right. "I will tell Mr. Maxwell," she said, with no provisionality this time.

Mr. Sterne prepared to go, so far as buttoning his overcoat and making some paces toward the door gave token of his intention. Louise followed him with a politeness which was almost gratitude to him for reinstating her in her own esteem. He seemed to have atmospheric intelligence of her better will toward him, for he said, as if it were something she might feel an interest in: "If I can get a play that will suit, I shall take the road with a combination immediately after New Year's. I don't know whether you have ever seen the lady I want the play for."

"The lady?" gasped Louise.

"She isn't very well-known in the East yet, but she will be. She wants a play of her own. As I understand Mr. Grayson, there is a part in Mr. Maxwell's play that would fit her to a T, or could be fitted to her; these things always need some little adaptation." Mr. Sterne's manner became easier and easier. "Curious thing about it is that you are next door—or next floor—neighbors, here. Mrs. Harley."

"We—we have met her," said Louise in a hollow murmur.

"Well, you can't have any idea what Yolande Havisham is from Mrs. Harley. I shall be at the Coleman the whole evening, if Mr. Maxwell would like to call. Well, good-morning," said Mr. Sterne, and he got himself away before Louise could tell him that Maxwell would never give his play to a woman; before she could say that it was already as good as accepted by another manager; before she could declare that if no manager ever wanted it, still, as far as Mrs. Harley was concerned, with her smouldering eyes, it would always be in negotiation; before she could perform or express any utter and final refusal and denial of his abominable hopes.

It remained for her either to walk quietly down to the North River and drown herself or to wait her husband's return and tell him everything and throw herself on his mercy, implore him, adjure him, not to give that woman his play; and then to go into a decline that would soon rid him of the clog and hindrance she had always been to him. It flashed through her turmoil of emotion that it was already dark, in spite of Mr. Sterne's good-morning at parting, and that some one might speak to her on the way to the river; and then she thought how Maxwell would laugh when she told him the fear of being spoken to had kept her from suicide; and she sat waiting for him to come, with such an inward haggardness that she was astonished at sight of herself in the glass, to find that she was looking very much as usual. Maxwell certainly noticed no difference when he came in and flung himself wearily on the lounge, and made no attempt to break the silence of their meeting; they had kissed, of course, but not spoken.

She was by no means sure what she was going to do; she had hoped that there would be some leading on his part that would make it easy for her to do right, whatever the right was, but her heart sank at sight of him. He looked defeated and harassed. But there was no help for it. She must speak, and speak unaided; the only question was whether she had better speak before dinner or after. She decided to speak after dinner, and then all at once she was saying: "Brice, I have brought something dreadful on myself."

"At the lunch?" he asked, wearily, and she saw that he thought she had been making some silly speech she was ashamed of.

"Oh, if it had only been at the lunch!" she cried. "No, it was here—here in this very room."

"*I* don't know what's the matter with you, Louise," he said, lying back and shutting his eyes.

"Then I must tell you!" And she came out with the whole story, which she had to repeat in parts before he could understand it. When he did understand that she had answered that advertisement in the *Register*, in his name, he opened his eyes and sat up.

"Well?" he said.

"Well, don't you see how wrong and wicked that was?"

"I've heard of worse things."

"Oh, don't say so, dearest! It was living a lie, don't you see? And I've been living a lie ever since, and now I'm justly punished for not telling you long ago."

She told him of the visit she had just had, and who the man was, and whom he wanted the play for; and now a strange thing happened with her. She did not beseech him not to give his play to that woman; on the contrary she said: "And now, Brice, I want you to let her have it. I know she will play Salome magnificently, and that will make the fortune of the piece, and it will give you such a name that anything you write after this will get accepted; and you can satisfy your utmost ambition, and you needn't mind me—no—or think of me at all any more than if I were the dust of the earth; and I am! Will you?"

He got up from the lounge and began to walk the floor, as he always did when he was perplexed; and she let him walk up and down in silence as long as she could bear it. At last she said: "I am in earnest, Brice, I am indeed, and if you don't do it, if you let me or my feelings stand in your way, in the slightest degree, I will never forgive you. Will you go straight down to the Coleman House, as soon as you've had your dinner, and tell that man he can have your play for that woman?"

"No," said Maxwell, stopping in his walk, and looking at her in a dazed way.

Her heart seemed to leap into her throat. "Why?" she choked.

"Because Godolphin is here."

"Godo——" she began; and she cast herself on the lounge that Maxwell had vacated, and plunged her face in the pillow and sobbed, "Oh, cruel, cruel, *cruel!* Oh, *cruel*, cruel, cruel, cruel!"

XX

Maxwell stood looking at his wife with the cold disgust which hysterics are apt to inspire in men after they have seen them more than once. "I suppose that when you are ready you will tell me what is the matter with you."

"To let me suffer so, when you knew all the time that Godolphin was here, and you needn't give your play to that creature at all," wailed Louise.

"How did *I* know you were suffering?" he retorted. "And how do I know that I can do anything with Godolphin?"

"Oh, I *know* you can!" She sprang up with the greatest energy, and ran into the bed-room to put in order her tumbled hair; she kept talking to him from there. "I want you to go down and see him the instant you have had dinner; and don't let him escape you. Tell him he can have the play on any terms. I believe he is the only one who can make it go. He was the first to appreciate the idea, and—Frida!" she called into the hall toward the kitchen, "we will have dinner at once, now, please—he always talked so intelligently about it; and now if he's where you can superintend the rehearsals, it can be the greatest success. How in the world did you find out he was here?"

She came out of her room, in surprising repair, with this question, and the rest of their talk went on through dinner.

It appeared that Maxwell had heard of Godolphin's presence from Grayson, whom he met in the street, and who told him that Godolphin had made a complete failure of his venture. His combination had gone to pieces at Cleveland, and his company were straggling back to New York as they could. Godolphin was deeply in debt to them all, and to everybody else; and yet the manager spoke cordially of him, and with no sort of disrespect, as if his insolvency were only an affair of the moment, which he would put right. Louise took the same view of it, and she urged Maxwell to consider how Godolphin had promptly paid him, and would always do so.

"Probably I got the pay of some poor devil who needed it worse," said Maxwell.

She said, "Nonsense! The other act-

ors will take care of all that. They are so good to each other," and she blamed Maxwell for not going to see Godolphin at once.

"That was what I did," he answered, "but he wasn't at home. He was to be at home after dinner."

"Well, that makes it all the more providential," said Louise; her piety always awoke in view of favorable chances. "You mustn't lose any time. Better not wait for the coffee."

"I think I'll wait for the coffee," said Maxwell. "It's no use going there before eight."

"No," she consented. "Where is he stopping?"

"At the Coleman House."

"The Coleman House? Then if that wretch should see you?" She meant the manager of Mrs. Harley.

"He wouldn't know me, probably," Maxwell returned, scornfully. "But if you think there's any danger of his laying hold of me, and getting the play away before Godolphin has a chance of refusing it, I'll go masked. I'm tired of thinking about it. What sort of lunch did you have?"

"I had the best time in the world. You ought to have come with me, Brice. I shall make you, the next one. Oh, and guess who was there! Mr. Ray!"

"*Our* Mr. Ray?"

"There is no other, and he's the sweetest little dear in the world. He isn't so big as you are, even, and he's such a merry spirit, he hasn't the bulk your gloom gives you. I want you to be like him, Brice. I don't see why you shouldn't go into society, too."

"If I'd gone into society to-day, I should have missed seeing Grayson, and shouldn't have known Godolphin was in town."

"Well, that is true, of course. But if you get your play into Godolphin's hands, you'll have to show yourself a little, so that nice people will be interested in it. You ought to have heard Mr. Ray celebrate it. He piped up before the whole table."

Louise remembered what Ray said very well, and she repeated it, to a profound joy in Maxwell. It gave him an exquisite pleasure, and it flattered him to believe that, as the hostess had said in response, they, the nice people, must see it, though he had his own opinion of nice people, apart from their usefulness in seeing his play. To reward his wife for it all, he rose as soon as he had drunk his coffee, and went out to put on his hat and coat. She went with him, and saw that he put them on properly and did not go off with half his coat-collar turned up. After he got his hat on, she took it off to see whether his cow-lick was worse than usual.

"Why, good heavens! Godolphin's seen me before, and besides I'm not going to propose marriage to him," he protested.

"Oh, it's much more serious than that!" she sighed. "Anybody would take *you*, dear, but it's your play we want him to take—or take back."

When Maxwell reached the hotel, he did not find Godolphin there. He came back twice, at intervals of half an hour. Then, as something in his manner seemed to give him authority to see him, the clerk volunteered to say that he thought likely he might find the actor at the Players' Club. In this hope he walked across to Gramercy Park. Godolphin had been dining there, and when he got Maxwell's name, he came half way down the stairs to meet him. He put his arm round him to return with him to the library.

There happened to be no one else there, and he made Maxwell sit down in an arm-chair fronting his own, and give an account of himself since they parted. He asked after Mrs. Maxwell's health, and as far as Maxwell could make out he was sincere in the quest. He did not stop till he had asked, with the most winning and radiant smile. "And the play, what have you done with the play?"

He was so buoyant that Maxwell could not be heavy about it, and he answered as gaily: "Oh, I fancy I have been waiting for you to come on and take it."

Godolphin did not become serious, but he became if possible more sincere. "Do you really think I could do anything with it?"

"If you can't nobody can."

"Why, that is very good of you, very good indeed, Maxwell. Do you know, I have been thinking about that play. You see, the trouble was with the Salome. The girl I had for the part was a thoroughly

nice girl, but she hadn't the weight for it. She did the comic touches charmingly, but when it came to the tragedy she wasn't there. I never had any doubt that I could create the part of Haxard. It's a noble part. It's the greatest rôle on the modern stage. It went magnificently in Chicago with the best people. You saw what the critics said of it?"

"No; you didn't send me the Chicago papers." Maxwell did not say that all this was wholly different from what Godolphin had written him when he renounced the play. Yet he felt that Godolphin was honest then and was honest now. It was another point of view; that was all.

"Ah, I thought I sent them. There was some adverse criticism of the play as a whole, but there was only one opinion of Haxard. And you haven't done anything with the piece yet?"

"No, nothing."

"And you think I could do Haxard? You still have faith in me?"

"As much faith as I ever had," said Maxwell; and Godolphin found nothing ambiguous in a thing certainly susceptible of two interpretations.

"That is very good of you, Maxwell; very good." He lifted his fine head and gazed absently a moment at the wall before him. "Well, then I will tell you what I will do, Mr. Maxwell; I will take the play."

"You will!"

"Yes; that is if you think I can do the part."

"Why, of course!"

"And if—if there could be some changes—very slight changes—made in the part of Salome. It needs subduing." Godolphin said this as if he had never suggested anything of the kind before; as if the notion were newly evolved from his experience.

"I will do what I can, Mr. Godolphin," Maxwell promised, while he knitted his brows in perplexity. "But I do think that the very strength of Salome gives relief to Haxard—gives him greater importance."

"It *may* do so, dramatically. But theatrically, it detracts from him. Haxard must be the central figure in the eye of the audience from first to last."

Maxwell mused for a moment of discouragement. They were always coming back to that; very likely Godolphin was right; but Maxwell did not know just how to subdue the character of Salome so as to make her less interesting. "Do you think that was what gave you bad houses in Chicago—the double interest, or the weakened interest in Haxard?"

"I think so," said Godolphin.

"Were the houses bad—comparatively?"

Godolphin took a little note-book out of his breast-pocket. "Here are my dates. I opened the first night, the tenth of November, with Haxard, but we papered the house thoroughly, and we made a good show to the public and the press. There were four hundred and fifty dollars in it. The next night there were three hundred; the next night, two eighty; Wednesday matinée, less than two hundred. That night we put on 'Virginius,' and played to eight hundred dollars; Thursday night, with the 'Lady of Lyons,' we had eleven hundred; Friday night, we gave the 'Lady' to twelve hundred; Saturday afternoon with the same piece, we took in eleven hundred and fifty; Saturday night, with 'Ingomar,' we had fifteen hundred dollars in the house, and a hundred people standing." Maxwell listened with a drooping head; he was bitterly mortified. "But it was too late then," said Godolphin, with a sigh, as he shut his book.

"Do you mean," demanded Maxwell, that my piece had crippled you so that—that——"

"I didn't say that, Mr. Maxwell. I never meant to let you see the figures. But you asked me."

"Oh, you're quite right," said Maxwell. He thought how he had blamed the actor, in his impatience with him, for not playing his piece oftener—and called him fool and thought him knave for not doing it all the time, as Godolphin had so lavishly promised to do. He caught at a straw to save himself from sinking with shame. "But the houses, were they so bad everywhere?"

Godolphin checked himself in a movement to take out his note-book again; Maxwell had given him such an imploring look. "They were pretty poor everywhere. But it's been a bad season with a good many people."

"No, no," cried Maxwell. "You did very well with the other plays, Godolphin. Why do you want to touch the thing again?

It's been ruinous to you so far. Give it up! Come! I can't let you have it!"

Godolphin laughed, and all his beautiful white teeth shone. There was a rich, wholesome red in his smoothly shaven cheeks; he was a real pleasure to the eye. "I believe it would go better in New York. I'm not afraid to try it. You mustn't take away my last chance of retrieving the season. Hair of the dog, you know. Have you seen Grayson lately?"

"Yes, I saw him this afternoon. It was he that told me you were in town."

"Ah, yes."

"And Godolphin, I've got it on my conscience, if you do take the play, to tell you that I offered it to Grayson, and he refused it. I think you ought to know that; it's only fair; and for the matter of that, it's been kicking round all the theatres in New York."

"Dear boy!" said Godolphin, caressingly, and with a smile that was like a benediction, "that doesn't make the least difference."

"Well, I wished you to know," said Maxwell, with a great load off his mind.

"Yes, I understand that. Will you drink anything, or smoke anything? Or—I forgot! I hate all that, too. But you'll join me in a cup of tea downstairs?" They descended to the smoking-room below, and Godolphin ordered the tea, and went on talking with a gay irrelevance till it came. Then he said, as he poured out the two cups of it: "The fact is, Grayson is going in with me, if I do your piece." This was news to Maxwell, and yet he was somehow not surprised at it. "I dare say he told you?"

"No, he didn't give me any hint of it. He simply told me that you were in town, and where you were."

"Ah, that was like Grayson. Queer fish."

"But I'm mighty glad to know it. You can make it go, together, if any power on earth can do it; and if it fails," Maxwell added, "I shall have the satisfaction of ruining some one else this time."

"Well, Grayson has made nearly as bad a mess of it as I have, this season," said Godolphin. "He's got to take off that thing he has going now, and it's a question of what he shall put on. It will be an experiment with Haxard, but I believe it will be a successful experiment. I have every confidence in that play." Godolphin looked up, his lips set convincingly, and with the air of a man who had stood unfalteringly by his opinion from the first. "Now, if you will excuse me, I will tell you what I think ought to be done to it."

"By all means," said Maxwell; "I shall be glad to do anything you wish, or that I can."

Godolphin poured out a cloudy volume of suggestion, with nothing clear in it but the belief that the part of Haxard ought to be fattened. He recurred to all the structural impossibilities that he had ever desired, and there was hardly a point in the piece that he did not want changed. At the end he said: "But all these things are of no consequence, comparatively speaking. What we need is a woman who can take the part of Salome, and play it with all the feminine charm that you've given it, and yet keep it strictly in the background, or thoroughly subordinated to the interest in Haxard."

For all that Godolphin seemed to have learned from his experience with the play, Maxwell might well have thought they were still talking of it at Magnolia. It was a great relief to his prepossessions in the form of conclusions to have Grayson appear, with the air of looking for some one, and of finding the object of his search in Godolphin. He said he was glad to see Maxwell, too, and they went on talking of the play. From the talk of the other two Maxwell perceived that the purpose of doing his play had already gone far with them; but they still spoke of it as something that would be very good if the interest could be unified in it. Suddenly the manager broke out: "Look here, Godolphin! I have an idea! Why not frankly accept the inevitable? I don't believe Mr. Maxwell can make the play different from what it is, structurally, and I don't believe the character of Salome can be subdued or subordinated. Then why not play Salome as strongly as possible, and trust to her strength to enhance Haxard's effect, instead of weakening it?"

Godolphin smiled toward Maxwell: "That was your idea."

"Yes," said Maxwell, and he kept himself from falling on Grayson's neck for joy.

"It might do," the actor assented with smiling eagerness and tolerant superiority. "But whom could you get for such a Salome as that?"

"Well, there's only one woman for it," said Grayson.

"Yolande Havisham?"

The name made Maxwell's heart stop. He started forward to say that Mrs. Harley could not have the part, when the manager said: "And we couldn't get her. Sterne has engaged her to star in his combination. By the way, he was looking for you to-day, Mr. Maxwell."

"I missed him," answered Maxwell, with immense relief. "But I should not have let him have the piece while I had the slightest hope of your taking it."

Neither the manager nor the actor was perhaps greatly moved by his generous preference, though they both politely professed to be so. They went on to canvass the qualities and reputations of all the other actresses attainable, and always came back to Yolande Havisham, who was unattainable; Sterne would never give her up in the world, even if she were willing to give up the chance he was offering her. But she was the one woman who could do Salome.

They decided that they must try to get Miss Pettrell, who had played the part with Godolphin, and who had done it with refinement, if not with any great force. When they had talked to this conclusion, Grayson proposed getting something to eat, and the others refused, but they went into the dining-room with him, where he showed Maxwell the tankards of the members hanging on the walls over their tables—Booth's tankard, Salvini's, Irving's, Jefferson's. He was surprised that Maxwell was not a member of the Players, and said that he must be; it was the only club for him, if he was going to write for the stage. He came out with them and pointed out several artists whose fame Maxwell knew, and half a dozen literary men, among them certain playwrights; they were all smoking and the place was blue with the fume of their cigars. The actors were coming in from the theatres for supper, and Maxwell found himself with his friends in a group with a charming old comedian who was telling brief, vivid little stories, and sketching character, with illustrations from his delightful art. He was not swagger, like some of the younger men who stood about with their bell-crowned hats on, before they went into supper; and two or three other elderly actors who sat round him and took their turn in the anecdote and mimicry, looked, with their smooth-shaven faces, like old-fashioned ministers. Godolphin, who was like a youthful priest, began to tell stories, too; and he told very good ones admirably, but without appearing to feel their quality, though he laughed loudly at them with the rest.

When Maxwell refused everyone's wish to have him eat or drink something, and said good-night, Grayson had already gone in to his supper and Godolphin rose and smiled so fondly upon him that Maxwell felt as if the actor had blessed him. But he was less sure than in the beginning of the evening that the play was again in Godolphin's hands; and he had to confirm himself from his wife's acceptance of the facts in the belief that it was really so.

(To be concluded in August.)

WHIST FADS

By "Cavendish"

When several thousand thoughtful people take up a science—or, what comes to the same thing, a scientific amusement—it is morally certain they will not rest content to leave it as they found it. Some of them will be trying experiments. Now, if these experiments are conducted on a sound basis, they deserve to be welcomed; if, on the other hand, they are mere hap-hazard leaps in the dark, they are only worthy of condemnation. It is the object of the present paper to examine critically some recent whist experiments, and to point out their true character. Even "fads" should not be condemned unheard.

Experimental whist commenced its career in America by the practice of leading nine, instead of fourth-best, from king, knave, nine, and one or more small cards. The lead of nine was to show absolutely the possession of king, knave, etc. It was not to be led from any other combination. It was, consequently, necessary to alter the received lead of nine, from ace, queen, ten, nine, and from ace, knave, ten, nine. This was seen and provided for, by recommending the lead of ace from those combinations.

Now, if any special advantage is to be gained by showing king, knave in hand, the nine lead might be submitted to as an irregular opening, with a particular object. But the reverse is the case. If the adversaries hold any high cards in the suit, the lead of nine, on this system, instructs them how to take the best chance of making tricks. Moreover, it gives less information than the lead of nine from the recognized combinations, as well as compelling unusual leads from them. Deeper analysis of this fad would be waste of space. It has been tried, and is now generally given up.

Simultaneously with this, or soon after, it was seriously announced that the discard of an eight (or higher), second hand, is a call for trumps.

The theory is that when second hand declines to trump a doubtful card, he is strong in trumps, and that, if he throws away a card at least as high as an eight, his other plain cards must be read eight or better.

Those who deem such play a call can hardly have realized what a call for trumps means. When a player throws away an unnecessarily high card before a low one, or calls, he says in effect, "Partner, blindly abandon your own game, lead me a trump, and I will answer for a great score." Many hands could be constructed in which a refusal to accept a force, accompanied by the discard of a high card has no such meaning.

It is true that a brainy player, finding strength in trumps, and strong, plain suits with his partner, might often be induced to lead a trump in consequence of a high discard, when otherwise he would not. That is a point of judgment. The exercise of judgment is quite different from blind abandonment. There are still a number of high-class players who regard a discard of eight or better as a call. It is, however, more consistent with reason for players before answering the supposed call to consult their hands with the object of determining whether under the circumstances a trump lead is in their opinion advisable.

Next, probably, in chronological order is the four signal. This is a deferred call. When an unnecessarily high card is followed at the first opportunity by a low one, the lead of a trump is commanded. Thus, North leads king; South (his partner) plays three. North next leads ace of the same suit; South plays two. South has unequivocally demanded an immediate trump lead. But suppose that to the first trick South plays three, and to the second plays four, and to the third plays two, deferring the completion of the call to the third round of the suit. It is evident he is not in a desperate hurry for a trump lead, or he would have completed the call on the second round. He has said, in whist language, "I have four trumps; I do not ask you to abandon your game to mine, as I am not strong enough to have trumps out whether it suits your hand or not. But, if

it should happen to suit your hand to lead a trump presently, I can support you."

The above mode of play has found favor with some American players of the first flight, who deem it a decided trick winner.

But grave objections may be urged against the four signal. The concealment of a small card from partner during two rounds of a suit may cause him to misplace all the remaining cards of it, and may result in his playing the remainder of the hand on erroneous assumptions, until he is set right by the lead of a third round of his suit, or by some other means, such as a discard. A detailed explanation of this objection would be so highly technical that it is scarcely possible to place it clearly, in a few words, before any but an accomplished player. It will perhaps be sufficient to say here, that the more observant and skilful the partner, the more likely is he to be misled by such play, or, at least, to be put to guessing by it. A more formidable objection, and one more readily comprehended, is probably to be found in the fact that when the four signal is developed later in the game, it tells the adversaries just what it is to their advantage to know, *viz.*, that the possessor of four trumps is not strong enough to lead them, unless he finds some assistance from his partner. The opponents, acting on this information, will shape their course accordingly, by endeavoring to force the four signaller, and then to draw his residual teeth, or to weaken him in other ways patent to whist-players.

It cannot, however, be denied that the four-signal fad has the approval of a number of distinguished players. Therefore it must not be hastily disparaged ; perhaps the Scotch verdict of not proven may meet the case as it at present stands.

About the same period a good deal of ingenuity was expended in inventing systems to show two, three, or four trumps. They may be briefly dismissed. The answer to most of them (with the exception of the sub-echo) is, that exhibition of weakness in trumps is more likely to be of advantage to the adversaries than to the exhibitor. Four trumps must be classed as strength ; but to declare four, subject to the proviso that the accompanying strength in plain suits does not warrant a trump lead, is equivalent to a confession of weakness in plain suits.

There is, however, one class of conditions, in connection with number of trump showing fads, which requires examination. It is the irregular, original, plain suit lead, when an honor is turned up to the leader's right hand ; this lead is a request to partner to lead a trump through the honor.

This mode of leading is sometimes described as a call. But, if a player is strong enough to call for trumps he is strong enough to lead them. Having refrained from leading them, he can only request, and not command, a trump lead from his partner.

The main objection to an irregular, original lead is that it *is* irregular. The original lead should be directive. Then, or never, can most important information be communicated to partner. If this information is withheld for the sake of a possible subsequent lead, through an honor, the original leader is paying very dear for his whistle. Beyond this, it may be that the irregularity of the lead is not developed until too late for advantage to accrue from it ; meanwhile partner is in a puzzle, and probably miscalculates the leader's holding in all suits. Nevertheless, it must be allowed that many high-class players favor the scheme under discussion. It has, therefore, to be treated with gentleness, though it is not approved by those who prefer to give definite and precise information by the original lead. It is a fad, pure and simple ; is founded on no general principle of play, and should be avoided until it can be proved to be a distinct trick winner, as against players of equal calibre. It may well be doubted whether such proof is at present forthcoming.

The most daring innovation on accepted whist principles which has cropped up lately, is the practice of leading originally from a short suit in preference to a long one. It is claimed for short-suitism that it gives an opportunity of making small trumps by ruffing, and may tend to the establishment of a cross-ruff, and that it may result in having strong suits, and especially tenace suits, led to by the adversary. Now this is perfectly true ; but the plan renders it almost impossible for short suiters to bring in long-suits, and

may meanwhile have assisted the adversaries to bring in theirs. It is not denied that guerilla tactics sometimes gain tricks; but it remains to be shown that they gain more on the balance than the recognized informatory long suit game. The problem is of such extreme complexity that no proof can be offered. The investigator is, therefore, driven to seek the opinions of experienced writers and players. This, it is admitted, is not so satisfactory as a demonstration would be; but when demonstration cannot be had, the only course left open is to consult authorities. From the time of Lord Folkestone's party (1728) to the present, there has been wellnigh the unanimous opinion of experts that the original lead should be from the strongest suit; and it has been stated (but on what authority seems doubtful) that about ninety per cent. of American whist-players continue to adhere to the long-suit game. It is contrary to all human experience that so large a percentage should be wrong. It is conceded that there may be exceptional hands; a system based on exceptions is not one to be regarded favorably, as a rule, when submitted to the test of common-sense.

An approximate solution of the problem will probably be found erelong from practical experience. The short-suit faddists play duplicate matches from which luck is, to a great extent, eliminated. If they win a considerable proportion of these matches, the whole theory of whist will have to be reconsidered; if, on the other hand, they are hopelessly beaten, short-suitism will die a natural death.

The discard from the best protected suit, on adverse declaration of strength in trumps, has lately been assaulted, and has even been called an exploded fallacy. It seems advisable to say a few words in its defence; but as the arguments *pro* and *con* require an intimate knowledge of whist, the subject will only be touched lightly. The manœuvres of intelligent players, with the exception of short suiters, tend to this: To establish a suit; then, with reasonable strength in trumps, to exhaust the opponents; and finally to bring in the established suit. If these tactics work successfully, or seem to give promise of a successful issue, long cards of an established suit should be religiously preserved. But it may be, and often is in actual play, that the wary adversary counterplots and strives to obstruct the design. Then the bigger battalion will generally carry the day, and, if against, defence must be substituted for attack. The question then is, What is the best defence? When the opponent is firing off his trump artillery, and is known to have plenty of ammunition in reserve, there is no chance for the defender by ordinary methods. He must, therefore, reverse his tactics, and try to save what little he can, by protecting his weak spots, and, to revert to card language, must discard from the suit in which he is well protected, but which he cannot hope to bring in.

There is another side to the shield. The man who starts the shooting may have encountered an adversary with as much ammunition as himself, or more, and who may shoot back. Then comes the trouble. Are the discards to be protective or the reverse? They become entirely a matter of judgment; and, as no rule can be laid down for judgment, the discards are often misleading. Then ensue recriminations, and the discard from strength is sneered at as an exploded fallacy. If the players who desire to explode it would only turn their attention to the fact that the first discard depends on who has the command of trumps when it is made, they would probably improve their game and would displace the exploded-fallacy fad from their imagination. Still, it has to be allowed that, under certain circumstances, the original discard is beset with difficulties. This, however, is no reason for attempting to explode a fallacy which is not a fallacy. The accepted style of discarding is consonant with sound reason; the only objection to it, and one which cannot be surmounted by introducing any other style, is that judgment is often requisite for its correct interpretation.

The rotary discard is beneath notice. Take the suits in any agreed on order, and discard from the one next to that which partner is to lead, jumping the trump suit. A short trial will prove the inefficiency of this fad.

There are other minor fads which are passed over in silence. It is not worth

while to stick up wooden whist-men for the fun of knocking them over.

There remain for examination some modes of play respecting which good judges are not agreed. These cannot be properly denominated fads; they are more rightly named disputed points. It may be premised that when not merely two experts, but two bands of experts, differ as to the best course to adopt in certain cases, there is probably not much to be lost or gained by the adoption of either. What is important, however, is, that partners should know each other's proclivities.

Should ace be led from ace and four small of a plain suit, or should the fourth best be led? This has been a vexed question for some years.

As whist is played in England (straight, five up, and counting honors), it seems probable that the original lead of ace is best. The game is too short to admit of not making a certain trick (bar trumping), when able. There is, perhaps, one exception, *viz.*, with such strength in trumps as to warrant a trump lead if partner can assist in the long suit headed by ace. But, when duplicate whist on the American method is the game, and every hand is played for what it is worth, the matter assumes quite a different aspect.

According to the best modern calculations, for which precise accuracy is not claimed (the problem not lending itself to absolute demonstration), there is a slight advantage, so far as the probability of making tricks in the suit is concerned, in leading the fourth best rather than the ace.

This, however, may be offset by other considerations which are of too remote and technical a character to be discussed here. One, however, may be mentioned, *viz.*, that the lead of ace at once declares great strength in the suit, while the lead of fourth best leaves such strength uncertain during the early part of the hand. Hence it may be fairly assumed there is not much to it one way or the other; this bears out the premise that when doctors disagree, both sides may be justified in their opinions.

Should original fourth best, or fourth best of those remaining in hand, be led after an original lead of ace, from ace and four or more small ones? Of course, if the leader is one who does not lead ace originally, *cadit quæstio*. If he lead ace, and continues the suit, there is a division of opinion as to the best card with which to proceed. From a careful analysis, made by the present writer, it seems to be a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other, or nearly so, with a very slight advantage (as it appears to him) to the lead of the fourth best remaining in hand. The difference, however, if any, is so trifling, and its determination depends on so many factors, that no one can be said to be wrong in adopting either method. Again, it will be observed, the premise as to opposite opinions of experts is in full vigor.

Lastly, the Hamilton lead of ten, from queen, knave, ten, demands attention; and it is rather an awkward customer to tackle.

To begin at the beginning, it should be observed that when a high card (other than ace from ace and small ones) is led originally it is chosen because, however the unknown cards lie, the command will remain on the second or third round with the original leader. Thus king or queen is led from suits headed by king and queen; if the ace is forced out on the first round, the leader has the winning card of the suit. Again, from suits headed by queen, knave, ten, the first lead is queen or ten in preference to a small card. At the worst—that is, if partner has neither ace nor king—the leader will remain with the command on the third round. And for a similar reason, ten is usually led from king, knave, ten, and small, to prevent an adverse combination of ace, queen, nine, from winning three tricks in the suit.

Consequently, when a high card is led originally, certain combinations of high cards can be read in the leader's hand. When queen is led originally the combinations may be ace, king, queen, with at least two small; or king, queen, with at least three small; or queen, knave, ten, with one or more small. In no other case is the leader's partner uncertain as to which of three combinations has been opened.

It has, therefore, been proposed—and the proposal is certainly ingenious—to lead ten, from queen, knave, ten, and so to reduce the queen leads to two. But in order to render this action effective the lead of ten, from king, knave, ten, etc., must be dropped, and the lead of fourth best substituted. Then, every high-card

lead will convey definite information to partner of one of two alternatives; the first lead may often decide between them, owing to the fall of the cards, or to the cards held by partner in the suit led; in default of this, the card chosen for the second lead will always decide. To explain in detail would involve a list of leads and a discussion of the inferences to be drawn from them. The discussion would then become too technical for the general reader, who, if he does not know the leads, can search for them in any text-book. For the whist-player, who already knows the leads, the insertion of them would be superfluous.

That the Hamilton idea simplifies the leads, and would be, in the long run, advantageous to the leader and his partner, goes without saying, were it not that the risk is run of losing tricks by leading small from king, knave, ten, etc., which is its necessary complement. The argument then is narrowed to this: Is it better to run the stated risk for the sake of giving valuable information at once? This question is not susceptible of decision by calculation; it can only be determined by a long series of experiments. Those who adopt the Hamilton scheme are of opinion that the occasional failure to obtain command in king, knave, ten suits, is of less importance than the certainty of giving definite information by the first card led; those who reject the Hamilton lead, of course hold the contrary. And, as before observed, when bands of experts differ on a given proposition, the probability is, there is not much to it either way.

With the intention of reconciling differences which at present prevail, it was resolved at the Whist League Congress of 1896 to appoint an advisory committee to consider the wisdom (or the reverse) of having a standing committee to examine the various systems of play now in vogue, and to recommend that which in their opinion is the best. The advisory committee has approved the appointment of a standing committee to report at the seventh congress, in 1897.

Glendower's calling spirits from the vasty deep is nothing to this. Short suiters will short suit, long suiters will long suit, and faddists will fad without the slightest regard to the recommendations of any committee. It is not to be supposed that because some eminent players advise the lead of card A, others, perhaps less known to fame, will abstain from leading card B, if they deem it more likely to turn out a trick winner. Each man who thinks at all about the game will persevere with his favorite mode of play, and will laugh to scorn the suggestions of any committee whose views do not coincide with his. The committee will undertake the impossible task of trying to persuade everybody to think alike. It is to be hoped their recommendations will not be very specific, as, in the contrary case, they will probably be mortified at finding their expert tender as much honored in the breach as in the observance.

THE POINT OF VIEW

ONE of the first things said of New York by M. Ferdinand Brunetière was a thing to be remembered by those who are seeking to lead the studious life among difficult conditions; it was to the effect that the upper stories of the tall modern buildings "high up in the light and air," should be excellent places in which to work. M. Brunetière had had no personal experience of a meditative working existence at those architectural altitudes, ascended to and descended from with the swift motion of lifts, but his imagination discovered to him that a great deal of serenity—a serenity associated with spectacular visions of fine sunrises and sunsets—might invest it. Mr. Fuller, of Chicago, had already made an analogous discovery. This novelist has a fondness for characters that move and have their being at the top of high buildings, housed there like birds that have nested as far out of harm's way as possible, and he seems to find a certain satisfying pictorial quality in their position.

The Idealistic Use of Tall Buildings.

These things, we say, are worth remembering. A disinterested observer of New York might declare that a local reason, a reason of a scenic nature, so to put it, militated largely against its becoming an intellectual centre. It is a city unprovided with secluded corners, sheltered harbors amid its rapid currents, where that order of mind which cannot do its work without drawing sustenance from occasional contemplation, and from a certain amount of periodical revery and rumination, can turn for a moment aside from the turmoil and take its bearings and reorganize its forces. Museums and picture-galleries and libraries and historic churches (or even churches not historic) open all day and every day, are such secluded corners, such sheltered harbors; parks are, likewise, and green and peaceful suburbs reached by pleasantly insensible degrees. There is nothing "pleasantly insensible" in the processes of ferriage by which New Yorkers reach most of their suburbs, and of public picture-galleries and museums they cannot yet expect to have any great supply. There are the quiet upper stretches of Central Park, certainly; but, in the circumstances, that is little. Let a man stop to consider by how much the intellectual streams that have poured forth for centuries from some little German university town might have been shorn of their richness but for those "excursions" in the neighborhood which art and nature and custom have combined to make so frequent and easy; let him think what an ally the Sorbonne may have had in apparently unoccupied hours spent alone with a clarified vision of things in the rooms of the Louvre, or under a vine-covered arbor along the Seine's banks; let him realize what our own Boston's literary vitality in its best day may have owed to the gentle placidity of Cambridge's umbrageous streets, so near at hand. The studious spirit, the spirit of investigation, of generalization, and that brooding imaginative activity from which spring great creations in art and letters, demand a fostering local habitat, as well as an atmosphere of congenial minds—a habitat, by the way, which cannot be supplied by the domestic circle only. There are times when a man must leave behind him even the best influences of his daily existence. There should be spots where he may do so. It seems to be absolutely a condition of poise, health, vigor, to one who works and lives in any sort in and by the mind, that he must be able to "get away" sometimes; without elaborate preparation, on the instant's spur, perhaps, for a quarter of an hour, an hour,

only, when the necessity comes, or—what's more to the purpose—before it comes. In New York, where shall he go? Escape is always possible if one may go far enough and take long enough in the process. But escape at short range, so to say, is what is required by the vast majority of intellectual workers. Has M. Brunetière suggested a solution?

Perhaps it is the aërial window of the tall, modern building that is to be the escape, the refreshment. Those wide sweeps which the eye can take over the house-tops to skyey horizons, and which may carry the thought with them, dragging it from its grooves and changing its currents, are to be as restful oases—reached with no more trouble than the raising of a curtain comes to—to the minds of intellectual workers. The gaze of such a worker might range from his perch in midair, at the close of the day, from the many-slipped New York Bay and the converging flow of the two great rivers, to the white buildings of Cathedral Heights. In steadying the nerves, in lifting the aspiration, in purging the soul from trivial obsessions, that flight of the glance and the brain would be no mean substitute for the dim chapel or the silent gallery in which the Old World student and thinker pauses to gather fresh courage, and to tune his forces anew to the key-note of his endeavor. The order of the inspiration may be different; it arouses us to feel that it need not be less potent.

If this is the idealistic use of the high modern building, in which, superficially, there appeared to be so little that could ever touch the ideal at any point, M. Brunetière has only perceived what many another student and scholar, born to our life and limited by its conditions, must thankfully perceive hereafter, not without a measure of exaltation.

THE FIELD OF ART

WOMEN ART STUDENTS' CLUBS.

THE Catherine Lorillard Wolfe Art Students' Club, established in the first days of last November, in Grace House, on Broadway, in this city, is one of the very latest organizations in the cause of the young woman student of art. It owes its existence to Mrs. Wm. W. Newell, who, with her husband, has been interested in the welfare of these students in Paris, and to Dr. Huntington of Grace Church. Two comfortable rooms on the second floor of Grace House, adjoining the rectory, formerly used by missionary and aid societies, were offered for the use of the club for a year, and funds were raised for its equipment. Of these two rooms, cheerfully furnished in red denim, with maroon curtains, the necessary tables, chairs, etc., one serves as a tea-room, in which, every afternoon from four to six, two ladies of the committee are in attendance to pour tea and distribute sandwiches, and the other offers one large table covered with periodicals and works of reference, and a second with a supply of neat stationery duly bearing the club imprint. The members have also the use of the circulating library connected with the church. The rooms are open from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; the annual due is $1, and there is no other expense. Within ten days of its organization the club had a list of forty members, and the advantages it offers are so great, and the class it appeals to is so numerous, that it is probable that the present accommodations will be too restricted before the end of the year. For the tenants of small and unwarmed hall bed-rooms, or of apartments occupied by

three or four in common, with the accompanying and inevitable weariness of each other's constant society, for those whose income is so limited as to shut them out from most comforts, physical and intellectual, these warmed, well-lighted, and well-furnished rooms offer an opening into the world which they see around them. The pecuniary resources of these patient workers are in many cases pitifully small. It has been proposed to open soon at Twilight Park, in the Catskills, a boarding-house for these students, with rates adapted to their slender purses; and, in this city, it is even hoped by some of those most interested in the training of women in industrial design to erect a large apartment-house, with a restaurant attached, near the building in which the Art Students' League is established, for the accommodation of women students.

Various methods have been adopted to lighten this burden of poverty, both by the young aspirants themselves and by their friends, both at home and abroad, in crowded cities and in small summer settlements, and to these the young woman lends herself with that general cheerfulness, that lively interest in details and ability to make the most of small things, which give her in many cases an advantage over the man. The little club in Grace House, for her benefit exclusively, is similar in some respects to that of the Art Students' Association in Paris, organized five years ago, for students of both sexes, with reading-rooms, periodicals, entertainments, etc.; "the social life of the school" of the Chicago Art Institute "is fostered by the organization among the pupils of scientific, artistic, and literary clubs. It is believed that such organizations among the students themselves are important adjuncts to the symmetrical development of the scientist, the artist, and the scholar." The young women of Mr. Chase's famous Shinnecock summer school early came into the enjoyment of a large house on the hills provided for their special amusement as an Art Club in which to hold fancy-dress balls, witch parties, and other diversions; and various manifestations of this feminine capacity for relaxation will be recalled by innumerable visitors to picturesque summer-resorts in the land where these disciples have gathered, generally under the lead of some masculine preceptor. In one very paintable Connecticut village a real Japanese princeling, who was studying Western art methods, furnished for two or three summers deep and abiding joy to all the summer maids. The bedazzled scorn of the native rustics for these "purple girls" (as they have been called when led by a distinguished impressionistic landscape-painter) has only served to contribute to this holiday hilarity. The delights of small afternoon "teas" in very small housekeeping apartments are not monopolized by the women students, at home and abroad, but they are usually more cheerful and appropriate when not under masculine dispensation. Loftier flights are furnished by the issuing of small illustrated periodicals, dealing with art topics—a favorite enterprise with a few of the larger schools, one of the latest of these being a quarterly, *The Quarto*, by the pupils of the Slade School in England. The workers in Paris have until very recently enjoyed the great advantage over those in London of finding all the galleries and museums open on Sunday. The object of the Art Students' League of this city, as set forth in its first circular in June, 1875, was declared to be, not only "the attainment on the part of its members of a higher development in art culture," but also "the encouragement of a spirit of unselfishness and true friendship, mutual help in study, and sympathy and practical assistance (if need be) in time of sickness and trouble."

Unhappily, the burden of intelligent testimony, from those having the widest experience as instructors, seems to demonstrate the unwelcome fact that in very many cases it is but a mistaken kindness to encourage the study of art by educated young girls, as, indeed, it is but too often with their masculine fellow-students. Against this, of course, are to be set off the benefits that the community, or, at least, *her* community, may derive from the well-directed training of even an unsuccessful art student. Whether triumphant or disappointed, each would-be artist returns home sooner or later as a missionary of better culture, and, as Mr. Van Dyke has said, "they are all jesuitical in their advocacy of art." In this missionary work, the pupils from the industrial art schools are possibly even more valuable; it is Mr. Grant Allen's opinion, apropos of the Home Arts and Industries Association, that "in order to arouse artistic feeling in the people at large, they must all make something with their own hands themselves." Dürer's advice to certain young artists, to take counsel only of a man "who can explain his meaning *with his*

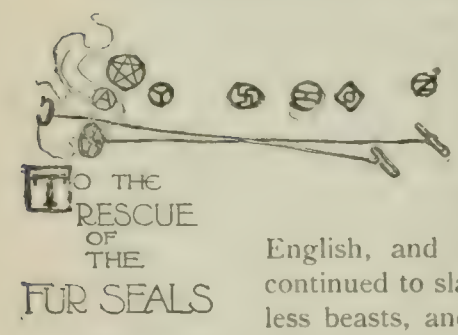
hand," is applicable also to the artistic industries. The necessary encouragement of a due sense of the dignity and value of the latter branches need not, however, always be carried as far as the directors of the School of Industrial Art of the Pennsylvania Museum did recently when they declined to accept a free scholarship from the Academy of Fine Arts. It is but natural that in the exercise of some of the many branches of applied art, openings will be found for many more of these workers with little talent than in the more restricted professions of the painters, sculptors, and illustrators.

The oft-quoted impossibility of really *teaching* art adds to the difficulties of the student who brings to his tasks nothing more valuable than a strong desire. Even in the imparting of technical methods of expression, in the recognition of the danger that the preceptor may smother the pupil's struggling individuality under his own, there are the widest divergings. (Possibly one of the young woman's special disadvantages may be found in her greater proneness to accept masculine leads.) The most highly valued principles have been set aside in course of time as valueless, and the educational institutes vary as much as those of any other profession. The long course of assaults from outside which those of the Beaux-Arts and of the Royal Academy have sustained is matter of history, and that bulwark of British Art, the South Kensington, has lately been discovered to be so completely under the management of the "officers and ex-officers of the Royal Engineers" that its administration and its productions have been declared, on very good authority, to be "a very by-word in centres of artistic learning on the Continent."

Two of these fountains of instruction which are accepted as embodying the latest and most valuable principles, have been concerned with this great question of the female student. The school of Professor Herkomer, R.A., which enjoys a high reputation in Great Britain as one in which the "course of training is wholly opposed to the idea of forcing the neophyte into a groove in the way of a particular line of thought or action," as one in which "the learner should 'find his own identity,'" was by no means conducted on these high principles in the first few years after its founding in 1883. So strongly was the individuality of the Bavarian-British master impressed upon everything that some of the more intelligent and better equipped of the female scholars revolted. All visits to the art galleries of the metropolis, fifteen miles away, were discouraged on the grounds that "it would do them no good." On the oak panellings of the walls of the school-house was a singular absence of reproductions of works of art of any kind; in the "gallery" were some of the master's pictures and a cast of Thornycroft's "Teucer." Strict discipline was maintained, and attendance was expected at all the classes from life and in painting, morning, afternoon, and evening. Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, the English bookbinder, is a convert to the Socialistic doctrines of William Morris and Walter Crane, and believes that the salvation of humanity is to be found in handicraft. Led by these principles, he abandoned his profession of barrister, and took up with that of a maker of books, in the treatment of the covers of which especially he has endeavored to demonstrate a new artistic individuality. If we may believe Mr. Brander Matthews, he is "one of the most characteristic personalities in the strange struggle for artistic freedom now going on in England." His theory of ornament is defined as designs "composed of a few simple tools, arranged upon a geometrical plan of equal simplicity, the figured tools being directly copied from natural forms," and the general effect sought being "one of great richness and elaboration." His methods and principles, somewhat modified, have been brought to this country by his only American pupil, Miss Nordhoff, who, with a strong feeling for decorative beauty, has found in this, with us, little worked field success in conveying by skilful handicraft artistic aspirations suggested as much as possible by the book itself. The joy of working with your own hands is indeed very sincere—as so many of the explorers of the lofty and wind-swept regions of pure intellect have testified when they came down; and it is this joy of material creation, of making something out of nothing like a very little god, that holds steadily to their work through poverty and great discouragement so many hundreds of men and women.

ABOUT THE WORLD

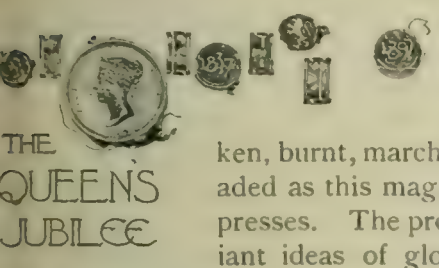
JUST as the world has become about resigned to the threatened extinction of the fur seal species, an energetic movement has been set on foot by our State department toward a final effort to give the Behring Sea herds a chance for existence.



The results of the Paris arbitration had been absolutely nil for any effective relief; the pelagic sealers, Russian, English, and American, have continued to slaughter the helpless beasts, and pelagic sealing has accounted for the death of some 1,100,000 animals—for with the 400,000 females killed at sea perished not only their unborn young, but 400,000 nursing pups that were left without food by the death of their mothers. Last year President Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, was appointed by President Cleveland to make a thorough and scientific investigation of the habits of the herds, and the causes of their rapid decline, and the results of the study are unusually interesting, especially in the charmingly simple and effective remedy which President Jordan proposes. After spending last summer in the northwest waters in a minute investigation of the animals, he has made an official report which places the entire responsibility for the decline of the herds on the pelagic hunters. Not only does land-killing fail to account for the decrease, but President Jordan thinks that it would actually operate to the advantage of the herds in reducing the natural mortality, provided only the bachelor seals were killed. To insure immunity for the mothers, President Jordan proposes the striking plan of branding the females so thoroughly that they will be practically unavailable for skin-hunters' purposes. He and his staff made a careful practical test of this method, and found that heavy and ineffaceable brands could be burned across the back of the mother seal, in the parts where the skin is most valuable, without hurting or seriously incommoding the animal. One is accustomed to think of seals as wary animals inhabiting the Arctic fastnesses of the northern waters, and anyone who has tried his hand at making pot shots with a rifle among the casual *phocæ* of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland waters may suspect the seriousness of a proposal to catch, brand, and turn loose practically every female seal in Alaskan waters. But President Jordan knows exactly what he is talking about. He and his aids branded more than three hundred and fifty animals in their experiments, and he calls into evidence the practice of giving the Aleutian Indians five thousand seals each year for food—a measure which involved the herding of about ten thousand animals in order that the quota of bachelors might be separated and killed. So much for the mothers and the more important sect; but President Jordan is not inclined to turn the noble army of bachelors over to the tender mercies of the sea-hunters. He thinks that it would be feasible to herd up, say 50,000 bachelors in July, on St. Paul's or St. George's Islands, and keep them fenced in during August. Since the climatic conditions of Behring Sea confine active operations in the open waters to these months, the poachers would be at a loss for game sufficient to justify their rather costly paraphernalia, with such a number of animals subtracted from the field, and with the females unmarketable, —and the industry must die. President McKinley has appointed ex-Secretary Foster and Hon. Charles S. Hamlin to do what can be

done this year, and this plan of President Jordan's should furnish the basis of such active precautions as actually to give the seal species a chance. It is thought that the two specific measures which we have outlined will not only stop the radical decrease in the herds, but will actually lead them to increase steadily to something like their former abundance.

THACKERAY ventured to say that the celebration of the Princess Alexandra's marriage was the greatest and most impressive fête ever planned in honor of a woman. If so, it is very safe to claim a superlative distinction for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, which is being cheered, preached, spoken, burnt, marched, and cannonaded as this magazine leaves the presses. The proposals for brilliant ideas of glorification which have agitated the epistolary friends of the *Times* during the past six months have run through all phases of human interest from a monster petition for the oblivion of the chimney-pot hat, to the total abolition of slavery in her Majesty's dominions. Another plan energetically put forward, founded an academy of philologists in honor of this sixtieth year of the Queen's reign, and composed of the most eminent scientists, whose *devoir* should be to look after the Queen's English, to see that its essential purity is preserved, and to weed out corrupting influences—in short, to preserve the English tongue, which, according to the London and Parisian essayists, is in danger of extinction along with the fur seals. The imaginary picture of such a body dealing with Walt Whitman is not without elements of humor. A fourth and very pretty scheme, emanating from some more poetic quality of loyalty, suggested that on the great Jubilee Day all rural and suburban England should repair to its fields, its trees, its mountains, its vales, its lakes, and its rivers, to choose the most beautiful of these works of nature, whether they be Exmoor Heath or only a lonely yew-tree, and bestow on them the Queen's name, to hold forever.



These are samples of the running fire of commemorative plans, which are suggestions not of irresponsible blatherskites and confirmed "Constant Readers," but of the most notable men in the kingdom. Back of them is a steady volley of local charitable efforts, headed by the plan of the Prince of Wales to raise a permanent endowment fund of £150,000 a year for the London Hospitals. With this suggestion as a fillip, there is surely not a benevolent society in England which has neglected this occasion to get itself out of debt or add to its income. If this department were given over entirely to a mere enumeration of their names, without a word of comment, there would be too little space to print the list, especially as many of the titles read like the "Queen Victoria Jubilee Nursing Institute Commemoration Fund," which had, months before the event, some hundreds of thousands of dollars to its credit. Innumerable towns are preparing to celebrate the occasion by clearing away slums, by erecting statues, by having art and artisan exhibitions, by erecting public buildings, endowing technical schools, renewing churches, establishing libraries, museums, public gardens, gymnasiums, coffee taverns, and drinking-fountains without end. And the addresses to Her Majesty! One London paper which has unsuspiciously begun the task of printing a note of national festivities suggests wearily that a wing of Buckingham Palace will have to be set aside for the warehousing of these addresses.

THE Senate has now finally disposed of the treaty of arbitration. In its checkered career the most important clauses of the measure had already been amended to a degree that led the more enthusiastic friends of arbitration to cry out over its "evisceration." Of the important changes made by the Senate before the Treaty was deemed worthy of final annihilation, one withdrew the suggestion that King Oscar of Sweden should appoint the umpire of the second class of tribunals, and eased the minds of sturdy democrats, who feared even this much intervention from one tainted with the surroundings of monarchism. Another amendment allowed the President to appropriate any "jurist of repute" to be an arbiter, not limiting him to the members of the Supreme Bench, on the plea that the justices might be



THE FATE OF THE ARBITRATION TREATY

fully occupied with the exacting and important duties of their court. Finally, the most important, indeed the only greatly important, amendment provided that when a particular question arose for arbitration it should not be placed in the hands of the tribunal until the formal assent of the Senate were given. If there are many other Senates with the relative temper of the present body, one can imagine that this possible limitation would have become very real. But having thus provided that only such specific cases as they approved of should be arbitrated, our legislators came to an opinion, by a vote of 42 to 26, that no arbitration at all was even better. The vote was phenomenally outside of party lines or sectional prejudices, but it requires no especially keen analysis to find arrayed against the treaty all those names which have been impatient or sceptical of reform in other shapes.

The popular mood toward the matter of arbitration was strikingly shown by a device of the National Arbitration Commission, the results of which have just been made public. The Commission wrote to a great number of citizens, who might fairly be termed "representative," of the most diverse occupations with total disregard of the known or suspected sentiments of the persons approached, asking, "May we quote you as standing with ourselves in favor of the ratification of the Arbitration Treaty without amendment?" It is true that such a question would bring answers from a larger proportion of those who favored arbitration than of those who opposed it; but even thus the result shows that a vast majority of the intelligent people of the land wished the Senate to show far more hospitality to the original treaty than the measure received. Out of a total of one thousand and two answers, nine hundred and thirty-two assented without qualification; only twelve expressed opposition to the treaty; twenty-two thought it ought to be amended, while the rest, thirty-six, did not explain their position in refusing their support.

FOR more than a decade the Hon. Charles Algernon Parsons, a son of that Earl of Rosse who built the great telescope, has been working with devoted patience on the turbine problem, in the attempt to perfect a mechanism that would not allow the great relative loss of steam-power which had made this class of engines useless for the most important applications of power. The improvements made each year in turbine construction had in 1892 produced a machine that would generate one horse-power for each 15.1 pounds of steam used per hour, and in the last few years a number of turbines have been successfully constructed, some with so much as 900 horse-power, and an even greater relative efficiency.

The Fastest Ship Afloat.

Three years ago some gentlemen formed a syndicate to investigate the adaptability of the turbine engine for the propulsion of steamships. Last winter the Turbinia was built, and her successive trials, after various improvements and alterations, have shown this marvellous little vessel to have, even in her present state, a maximum speed of 32¾ knots, or 37½ miles per hour. There are some new torpedo boats which run just a trifling fraction of a mile more per hour, but they are vessels five or more times as large as the Turbinia. She is but 100 feet long and 9 feet beam, and it is almost incomprehensible to think of so slight a craft flying through the water at the rate of 37½ miles per hour. But even if there were not this extraordinary exhibition of speed, the trial of the Turbinia in England would have an unusual interest for marine engineers, and a glimmer, at least, of hope for all the sea-going public, in the totally new conditions of her methods of propulsion. The piston-rod jerking up and down for each revolution of the screw has absolutely disappeared. In its place there is practically a second screw on the shaft, inside the vessel. This is turned by the expansive power of the steam, and forces the shaft to revolve and the exterior propeller with it. The turbine weighs scarcely a fourth as much per horse-power as the engines and auxiliary machinery of the great express steamers of to-day. But most important of all, since the turbine is a perfect rotary engine, there is scarcely any increase of vibration with increase of speed, whereas with ordinary marine engines one finds a fearful addition of jar and wrack with every knot gained.

If the Turbinia means that we are to get to Europe in three days at 37½ knots—it would take three days and a-half—without any vibration to speak of in the hull, she will be welcome indeed. But even without this benefaction there is more radical importance in her feats than in any departure in marine construction that has been seen for many days, and the public will look forward to the trial trips yet to come with vivid interest.



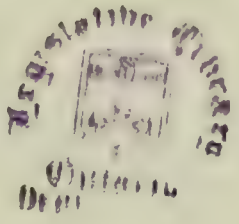
SCENES FROM THE GREAT NOVELS—VIII.

DIMMESDALE'S REVELATION.—*The Scarlet Letter, Chapter XXIII.*

Stand any here that question God's judgment on a sinner? Behold! Behold a dreadful witness of it!

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.007

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

NOW, a locomotive is, next to a marine engine, of course, the most sensitive thing man ever made; and No. .007, besides being sensitive, was new. The red paint was hardly dry on his spotless bumper-bar, his headlight shone like a fireman's helmet in a street parade, and his cab might have been a hardwood-finish parlor. They had run him into the round-house after his trial—he had said good-by to his best friend in the shops, the overhead travelling-crane; the big world was just outside and—the other locos were taking stock of him. He looked at the semicircle of bold, unwinking headlights, heard the low purr and mutter of the steam mounting in the gauges, scornful hisses of contempt as a slack valve lifted a little, and would have given a month's oil for leave to crawl through his own driving-wheels into the brick ash-pit beneath him. .007 was an eight-wheeled "American" loco, but a little different from others of his type, and as he stood he was worth $10,000 on the Company's books. But if you had bought him at his own valuation, after half an hour's waiting in the darkish echoing round-house, you would have saved exactly nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars and ninety-eight cents. A heavy Mogul freight, with a short cow-catcher and a deep fire-box, that came down within three inches of the rail, began the game, speaking to a Pittsburgh Consolidation, who was visiting.

"Where did this thing blow in from?" he asked, with a dreamy puff of light steam.

"It's all I can do to keep track of our makes," was the answer, "without lookin' after *your* back-numbers. "'Guess it's something Peter Cooper left over when he died."

.007 quivered, his steam was getting up, but he held his tongue. Even a hand-car knows what sort of locomotive it was that Peter Cooper experimented upon in the far-away thirties. It carried its coal and water in two apple-barrels, and was not much bigger than a bicycle.

Then up and spoke a small, newish, switching-engine, with a little step in front of his bumper-timber and his wheels so close together that he looked like a broncho getting ready to buck.

"Something's wrong with the road when a Pennsylvania gravel-pusher tells us anything about our stock, *I* think. That kid's all right. Eustis designed him, and Eustis designed me. Ain't that good enough guarantee?"

.007 could have carried the switching-loco round the yard in his tender, but he felt grateful for even this little word of consolation.

"We don't use hand-cars on the Pennsylvania," said the Consolidation. "That —er—peanut-stand's old enough and ugly enough to speak for himself."

"He hasn't bin spoken to yet. He's bin spoke *at*. Hain't ye *any* manners on

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A man in a black Prince Albert, without a collar, came up . . . and said that what *he* said went.—Page 139.

the Pennsylvania?" said the switching-loco.

"*You* ought to be in the yard, Poney," said the Mogul, severely. "We're all long-haulers here."

"That's what you think," said the little fellow. "You'll know more 'fore the night's out. I've been down to Track Seventeen and the freight there—— Oh, Christmas!"

"I've trouble enough in my own division," said a lean, light suburban loco, with very shiny brake-shoes. "My commuters wouldn't rest till they got a parlor-car. They've hitched it on just ahead o' the caboose, and it hauls worse'n a snow-plough. I'll snap her off some day sure, and then they'll blame every one except their fool-selves. They'll be askin' me to haul a vestibuled next!"

"Made you in New Jersey, didn't they?" said Poney. "Thought so. Commuters and truck-wagons aren't any sweet haul, but I tell *you* they're a heap better'n cuttin' out refrigerator-cars or oil-tanks. Why, I've hauled——"

"Haul! You?" said the Mogul, contemptuously. "A heap *you* haul! It's all you can do to bunt a cold-storage car up the yard. Now, I—" he paused a little to let the words sink in—"I handle the Flying Freight—eleven cars worth just anything you please to mention. On the stroke of eleven I pull out: and I'm timed for thirty-five an hour. Costly—perishable—fragile—immediate—that's me! Suburban traffic's one degree better than switching. Express freight's what pays."

"Well, I ain't given to blowing, as a rule," began the Pittsburgh Consolidation.

"No? You were sent in here because you grunted on the grade," Poney interrupted.

"Where I grunt, you'd lie down, Poney: but, as I was saying, I don't blow much. Notwithstandin', *if* you want to see freight that is freight, moved lively, you should see me warbling through the Alleghenies with thirty-seven ore-cars behind me and the brakemen fightin' tramps till they can't attend to my tooter. I have to do all the holdin' back then, and, though I say it, I've never had a load get away from me yet. No, sir. Haulin's one thing, but



Then .007 put both drivers and his pilot into it, as the saying is, for he asked what sort of a thing a hot box might be?—Page 138.

judgment and discretion's another. You want judgment in my business."

"Ah! But are you not paralyzed by the sense of your overwhelming responsibilities?" said a curious, husky voice from a corner.

"Who's that?" .007 whispered to the Jersey commuter.

"Compound — experiment — N.G. 'Bin switchin' in the B. & A. yards for six months when she wasn't in the shops. She's economical (*I* call it mean) in her coal, but she takes it out in repairs. Ahem! I presume you found Boston somewhat isolated, madam, after your New York season?"

"I am never so well occupied as when I am alone." The Compound seemed to be speaking half way up her smoke-stack.

"Sure," said the irreverent Poney, under his breath. "They don't hanker after her any in the yard."

"But, with my constitution and temperament—my work lies in Boston—I find your *outrecuidance*——"

"Outer which?" said the Mogul freight. "Simple cylinders are good enough for me."

"Perhaps I should have said *farouche-rie*," hissed the Compound.

"I don't hold with any make of *papier-maché* wheel," insisted the Mogul.

The Compound sighed pityingly and said no more.

"Git 'em all shapes in this world, don't ye?" said Poney. "That's Mass'chusetts all over. They half start an' then they stick on a dead-centre an' blame it all on other folk's ways o' treatin' them. Talkin' o' Boston, Comanche told me last night he had a hot box just beyond the Newtons, Friday. That was why, *he* says, the Accommodation was held up. Made out no end of a tale, Comanche did."

"If I'd heard that in the shops with my boiler out for repairs, I'd know 'twas one o' Comanche's lies," the New Jersey commuter snapped. "Hot box! Him! What happened was that they'd put an extra car on, and he just lay down on the grade and squealed. They had to send 127 to help him through. 'Made it out a hot box, did he? Time before that he said he was ditched! Looked me square in the headlight and told me that as cool as—as a water-tank in a cold wave. Hot box! You ask 127 about Comanche's hot box. Why, Comanche was side-tracked and 127 —(he was just about as mad as they make 'em on account o' being called out at ten o'clock at night) took hold and snapped her into Boston in seventeen minutes. Hot box! Hot fraud! That's what Comanche is."

Then .007 put both drivers and his pilot into it, as the saying is, for he asked what sort of thing a hot box might be?

"Paint my bell sky-blue!" said Poney, the switcher. "Make me a surface-railroad-loco with a hardwood skirtin'-board round my wheels. Break me up and cast me into five cent sidewalk fakir's mechanical toys! Here's an eight-wheel coupled 'American' don't know what a hot box is! Never heard of an emergency-stop either, did ye? Don't know what ye carry jack-screws for? You're too innocent to be left alone with your own tender. Oh, you—you flat-car!"

There was a roar of escaping steam before anyone could answer, and .007 nearly blistered his paint off with pure mortification.

"A hot box," began the Compound, picking and choosing her words as though they were coal, "A hot box is the penalty exacted from inexperience by haste. Ahem!"

"Hot box!" said the Jersey Suburban. "It's the price you pay for going on the tear. It's years since I've had one. It's a disease that don't attack short-haulers as a rule."

"We never have hot boxes on the Pennsylvania," said the Consolidation. "They get 'em in New York—same as nervous prostration."

"Ah, go home on a ferry-boat," said the Mogul. "You think because you run on steeper grades than our road 'ud allow, you're a kind of Allegheny angel. Now, I'll tell you what you—Here's my folk. Well, I can't stop. See you later, perhaps."

He rolled forward majestically to the turn-table, and swung like a man-of-war in a tide-way, till he picked up his track. "But as for you, you pea-green swivellin' coffee-pot (this to .007), you go out and learn something before you associate with those who've made more mileage in a week than you'll make in a year. Costly,



He had never seen deep water before, and shivered as the flat drew away and left his bogies within six inches of the black, shiny tide.—Page 145.

perishable, fragile, immediate—that's me ! S'long."

"Split my tubes if that's actin' polite to a new member o' the Brotherhood," said Poney. "There wasn't any call to trample on ye like that. But manners was left out when Moguls was made. Keep up your fire, kid, an' burn your own smoke. Guess we'll all be wanted in a minute."

Men were speaking rather excitedly in the round-house. One man, in a dingy jersey, said that he hadn't any locomotives to waste on the yard. Another man, with a piece of crumpled paper in his hand, said that the yard-master said that he was to say that if the other man said anything he, the other man, was to shut his head. Then the other man waved his arms and wanted to know if he was expected to keep locomotives in his hip-pocket. Then a man in a black Prince Albert, without a collar, came up dripping, for it was a hot August night,



But .007 had caught one glimpse of the superb six-wheel-coupled racing locomotive who hauled the pride and glory of the road.—Page 146.



The yard-master never even looked up from his bundle of freight receipts.—Page 145.

and said that what *he* said went; and between the three of them the locomotives began to go, too—first the Compound; then the Consolidation; then .007.

Now, deep down in his fire-box, .007 had cherished a hope that as soon as his trial was done, he would be led forth with songs and shoutings, and attached to a green and chocolate vestibuled flyer, under charge of a bold and noble engineer, who would pat him on his back, and weep over him, and call him his Arab steed. (The boys in the shops used to read wonderful stories of railroad life while .007 was being built, and .007 expected things to happen as he had heard.) But there did not seem to be many vestibuled fliers in the roaring, rumbling, electric-lighted yards, and his engineer only said:

"Now, what sort of a fool sort of an injector has Eustis loaded onto this rig this time," and he put the lever over with an angry snap, crying: "Am I supposed to switch with this thing, hey?"

The collarless man mopped his head and replied that, in the present condition of the yard, the engineer would switch and keep on switching till the cows came home.



He took the eighty-foot bridge without the guard-rail, like a hunted cat on the top of a fence.—Page 147.

.007 pushed out gingerly, his heart in his headlight, so nervous that the clang of his own bell nearly made him jump the track. Lanterns waved or danced up and down before and behind him; and on every side, six tracks deep, sliding backward and forward, with clashings of couplers and squeals of hand-brakes, were cars — more cars than .007 had dreamed of. There were oil-cars, and hay-cars, and stock-cars full of lowing beasts, and ore-cars, and potato-cars with stove-pipe ends sticking out in the middle; cold-storage and refrigerator cars dripping iced-water on the tracks; ventilated fruit and milk cars; flat-cars with truck wagons full of market-stuff; flat-cars loaded with reapers and binders, all red and green and gilt under the sizzling electric lights; flat-cars piled high with strong scented hides, pleasant hemlock-plank, or bundles of shingles; flat-cars creaking under the weight of thirty-ton castings, angle irons, and rivet-boxes for some new bridge; and hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of box-cars loaded, locked and chalked. Men — hot and angry — crawled among and between and through and under the wheels; men took flying jumps through his cab, when he halted for a moment: men sat on his pilot as he went forward, and on his tender when he went back, and regiments of men ran along the tops of the box-cars beside him, screwing down brakes, waving their arms and saying curious things.



"'Tweren't even a decent sized hog," he said. "'Twere a shote."—Page 147.

He was pushed forward a foot at a time; whirled backwards, his rear-drivers clinking and clanking, a quarter of a mile; jerked into a switch (yard switches are *very* stubby and unaccommodating), bunted into a Red D, or Merchant's Transport car, and, without any hint of the weight behind him, started up again. As soon as his load was fairly on the move, three or four cars would be cut off, .007 would bound forward, only to be held hiccupping on the brake. Then he would wait a few minutes, watching the whirled lanterns; deafened with the clang of the bells, giddy with the vision of the sliding cars, his brake-pump panting forty to the minute, his front coupler lying sideways on his cow-catcher, like a tired dog's tongue in his mouth; and the whole of him covered with half burnt coal-dust.

"'Tisn't so easy switching with a straight-backed tender," said his little friend of the round-house, bustling by at a trot. "But you're comin' on pretty fair. 'Ever see a flyin' switch? No? Then look at me."

He was in charge of a dozen heavy flat cars. Suddenly he shot away from them with a sharp "*Whut!*" a switch opened in the shadows ahead; he turned up it like a rabbit, as it snapped behind him, and the long line of twelve-foot-high lumber jolted on into the arms of a full-sized road loco,



His tender had thrown coal all over him, and he looked like a disreputable buffalo. Page 148

who acknowledged the receipt with a dry howl.

"My man's reckoned the smartest in the yard at that trick," he said. "Gives me cold shivers when another fool tries it, though. That's where my short wheel-base comes in. Like as not you'd have your tender scraped off if *you* tried it." .007 had no ambitions that way, and said so. "No? Of course this ain't your regular business, but, say, don't you think it's interestin'? Have you seen the yard-master? Well, he's the greatest man on earth, an' don't you forget it. When are we through? Why, kid, it's always like this, day *an'* night—Sundays and week days. See that thirty-car freight slidin' in four, no, five tracks off? She's all mixed freight, sent here to be sorted out into straight trains. That's why we're cuttin' out the cars one by one." He gave a vigorous push to a west-bound car as he spoke; and started back with a little snort of surprise, for the car was an old friend—an M. T. K. box-car.

"Jack my drivers, but it's Homeless Kate! Why, Kate, ain't there *no* gettin' you back to your friends? There's forty chasers out for you from your road, if there's one. Who's holdin' you now?"

"Wish I knew," said Homeless Kate. "I belong in Topeka, but I've bin to Cedar Rapids; I've bin to Winnipeg; I've bin to Newport News; I've bin all down the old Atlanta and West Point, an' I've bin to Buffalo. Maybe I'll fetch up at Haverstraw. I've only bin out ten months, but I'm homesick, I'm just achin' homesick."

"Try Chicago, Katie," said the switching-loco; and the battered old car lumbered down the track, jolting: "I want to be in Kansas when the sunflowers bloom."

"Yard's full o' Homeless Kates an' Wanderin' Willies," he explained to .007. "I knew an old Fitchburg flat-car out seventeen months; an' one of ours was gone fifteen 'fore ever we got track of her. Dunno quite how our men fix it. 'Swap around, I guess. Anyway, I've done *my* duty. She's on her way to Kansas, via Chicago; but I'll lay my next boilerful she'll be held there to wait consignee's convenience and sent back to us with wheat in the fall."

Just then the Pittsburgh Consolidation passed at the head of a dozen cars.

"I'm goin' home," he said, proudly.

"Can't get all them twelve on to the flat. Break 'em in half, Dutchy!" cried Poney. But it was .007 who was backed down to the last six cars, and he nearly blew up with surprise when he found himself pushing them on to a huge ferry-boat. He had never seen deep water before, and shivered as the flat drew away and left his bogies within six inches of the black, shiny tide.

After this he was hurried to the freight-house, where he saw the yard-master, a smallish, white-faced man in shirt, trousers, and slippers, looking down upon a sea of trucks, a mob of bawling truckmen and squadrons of backing, turning, sweating, spark-striking horses.

"That's shippers' carts loadin' on to the receivin' trucks," said the small engine, reverently. "But *he* don't care. He let's 'em cuss. He's the Czar—King—Boss! He says 'Please' and then they kneel down an' pray. There's three or four strings o' to-day's freight to be pulled before he can attend to *them*. When he waves his hand that way, things happen."

A string of loaded cars slid out down the track, and a string of empties took their place. Bales, crates, boxes, jars; carboys, frails; cases and packages flew into them from the freight-house as though the cars had been magnets and they iron filings.

"Ki-yah!" shrieked little Poney. "Ain't it great?"

A purple-faced truckman shouldered his way to the yard-master and shook his fist under his nose. The yard-master never even looked up from his bundle of freight receipts. He crooked his forefinger slightly and a tall young man, in a red shirt, lounging carelessly beside him, hit the truckman under the left ear, so that he dropped quivering and clucking on a hay-bale.

"Eleven, seven, ninety-seven, L. Y. S.; fourteen ought ought three; nineteen thirteen; one one four; seventeen ought twenty-one M. B., *and* the ten west bound. All straight except the two last. Cut 'em off at the junction. An' *that's* all right. Pull that string." The yard-master, with mild blue eyes, looked out over the howling truckmen at the waters in the moonlight beyond, and hummed:

> All things bright and beautiful,
> All creatures great and small,
> *All* things wise and wonderful,
> The Lawd Gawd, He made all!

.007 moved out the cars to deliver them to the regular road-engine. He had never felt quite so limp in his life before.

"Curious, ain't it?" said Poney, puffing on the next track. "You an' me, if we got that man under our bumpers, we'd work him into red waste and not know what we'd done, but—up there—with the steam hummin' in his boiler that awful quiet way. . . ."

"*I* know," said .007. "Makes me feel as if I'd dropped my fire, an' was getting cold. He *is* the greatest man on earth."

They were at the far north end of the yard, now, under a switch-tower, and looking down on the four-track way of the main traffic. The Boston Compound was to haul .007's string to some far-away northern junction over an indifferent roadbed; and she mourned aloud for the ninety-six pound rails of the B. & A.

"You're young, you're young," she coughed. "You don't realize your responsibilities."

"Yes, he does," said Poney, sharply. "But he don't lie down under 'em." Then, with a side-spurt of steam, exactly like a tough spitting, "There ain't more than fifteen thousand dollars worth o' freight behind her anyway, and she carries on as if 'twere a hundred thousand—same as the Mogul's. Excuse me, madam, but you've the track . . . She's stuck on a dead-centre again—bein' specially designed not to."

The Compound crawled across the tracks on a long slant, groaning horribly at each switch; and moving like a cow in a snowdrift. There was a little pause along the yard after her tail-lights had disappeared; switches locked crisply and everyone seemed to be waiting.

"Now, I'll show you something worth," said Poney. "When the Purple Emperor ain't on time, it's about time to amend the constitution. The first stroke of twelve is——"

".Boom!" went the clock in the big yard-tower, and far away .007 heard a full, vibrating *Yah! Yah! Yah!* A head light twinkled on the horizon like a star; grew an overpowering blaze and whooped up the humming track to the roaring music of a happy giant's song:

With a michnai — ghignai — shtingal! — Yah! Yah! Yah!
Ein — Zwei — Drei — Mutter! Yah! Yah! Yah!
She climb upon der shteeple,
Und she frighten all der people,
Singin' michnai — ghignai — shtingal! Yah! Yah!

The last defiant "yah! yah!" was delivered a mile and a half beyond the passenger depot, but .007 had caught one glimpse of the superb six-wheel-coupled racing locomotive who hauled the pride and glory of the road, the gilt-edged Purple Emperor, the millionaires' south-bound express, laying the miles over his shoulder as a man peels a shaving from a soft board. The rest was a blur of maroon enamel, a bar of white light from the electrics in the cars, and a flicker of nickel-plated hand-rail on the rear platform.

"Ooh!" said .007.

"Seventy-five an hour these five miles. Baths, I've heard; barber's shop, I know, because I've seen the coons; and a library and the rest to match. Yes, sir, seventy-five an hour! But he'll talk to you in the round-house just the same as I would. And I—cuss my wheel-base!—I'd kick clean off the track at half his gait. He's the Master of our Lodge. Cleans up in our house. I'll introdooce you some day. He's worth knowin'! There ain't many can sing that song, either."

.007 was too full to answer. He did not hear a raging of telephone-bells in the switch-tower, nor the man, as he leaned out and called to .007's engineer, "Got any steam?"

"'Nough to run her a hundred mile out 'o this, if I could," said the engineer, who belonged to the open road and hated switching.

"Then get. The Flying Freight's ditched forty mile out, with fifty rods o' track ploughed up. No; no one's hurt, but both tracks are blocked. Lucky the wreckin' car an' derrick are this end of the yard. Crew'll be along in a minute. Hurry! You've the track."

"Well, I could jest kick my little sawed-off self," said Poney, as .007 was backed, with a bang, on to a grim and grimy car like a caboose, but full of tools—a flat-car and a derrick behind it. "Some folks are one thing and some are another; but *you're* in luck, kid. They push a wreck-

ing-car. Now, don't get rattled. Your wheel-base will keep you on the track, and there ain't any curves worth mentionin'. Oh, say! Comanche told me there's one section o' saw-edged track that's liable to jump ye a little. Fifteen an' a half out, *after* the grade at Jackson's crossin'. You'll know it by a farm-house an' a wind-mill and five maples in the door-yard. Wind-mill's west o' the maples, an' there's an eighty-foot iron bridge in the middle o' the section with no guard-rails. See you later. Luck!"

Before he knew well what had happened, .007 was flying up the track into the wide dark world. Then fears of the night beset him. He remembered all he had ever heard of landslides, rain-piled bowlders, blown trees, and strayed cattle; all that the Boston Compound had ever said of responsibility and a great deal more that came out of his own head. With a very quavering voice he whistled for his first grade-crossing (an event in the life of a locomotive) and his nerves were in no way restored by the sight of a frantic horse and a white-faced man in a buggy less than a yard from his right shoulder. Then he was sure he would jump the track; felt his flanges mounting the rail at every curve; knew that his first grade would make him lie down even as Comanche had done at the Newtons. He whirled down the grade to Jackson's crossing, saw the wind-mill west of the maples, felt the badly laid rails spring under him, and sweated big drops all over his boiler. At each jarring bump he believed an axle had smashed and he took the eighty-foot bridge without the guard-rail, like a hunted cat on the top of a fence. Then a wet leaf stuck against the glass of his headlight and threw a flying shadow on the track, so that he thought it was some little dancing animal that would feel soft if he ran over it; and anything soft underfoot frightens a locomotive as it does an elephant. But the men behind seemed quite calm. The wrecking crew were climbing carelessly from the caboose to the tender—even jesting with the engineer, for he heard a shuffling of feet among his coal and the snatch of a song, something like this:

Oh the "Empire State" must learn to wait,
And the "Cannon-ball" go hang!
When the West-bound's ditched, and the tool-car's hitched,
And it's 'way for the Breakdown Gang (Tara-ra!)
Way for the Breakdown Gang!

"Say! Eustis knew what he was doin' when he designed this rig. She's a hummer. New, too."

"Snff! Phew! She *is* new. That ain't paint. That's ——"

A burning pain shot through .007's right rear driver—a crippling, stinging pain.

"This," said .007, as he flew, "is a hot box. Now I know what it means. I shall go to pieces, I guess. My first road run, too!"

"Het a bit, ain't she?" the fireman ventured to suggest to the engineer.

"She'll hold for all we want of her. We're most there. Guess you chaps back had better climb into your car," said the engineer, with his hand lightly on the brake lever. "I've seen men snapped off——"

But the crew fled back with laughter. They had no wish to be jerked on to the track. The engineer half turned his wrist and .007 found his drivers pinned firm.

"Now it's come!" said .007, as he yelled aloud, and slid like a sleigh. For the moment he fancied he would jerk bodily from off his underpinning.

"That must be the emergency-stop, Poney talked about," he gasped, as soon as he could think. "Hot box—emergency stop. They both hurt; but now I can talk about 'em in the round-house."

He was halted a few feet in the rear of what doctors would call a compound-comminuted car. His engineer was kneeling down among his drivers, but he did not call .007 his "Arab steed," or cry over him as the engineers did in the newspapers. He just bad-worded .007 and pulled yards of charred cotton waste from .007's axles and hoped he might some day catch the idiot who had packed it. Nobody else attended to him, for Evans, the Mogul's engineer, a little cut about the head, but very angry, was exhibiting, by lantern light, the mangled corpse of a slim blue pig.

"'Tweren't even a decent sized hog," he said. "'Twere a shote."

"Dangerousest beasts, they are," said one of the crew. "Get under the pilot an' sort o' twiddle ye off the track, don't they?"

"Don't they?" roared Evans, who was

a red-headed Welshman. "You talk as if I was ditched by a hog every fool-day o' the week. *I* ain't friends with all the cussed half-fed shotes in the State o' New York. No, indeed! Yes, this is him—an' look what he's done!"

It was not a bad night's work for one stray piglet. The Flying Freight seemed to have flown in every direction, for the Mogul had mounted the rails and run diagonally for a few hundred feet from right to left, taking with him such cars as cared to follow. Some did not. They broke their couplers and lay down, while rear cars frolicked over them. In that game, they had ploughed up and removed, and twisted a good deal of the left-hand track. The Mogul himself had waddled into a corn field, and there he stood—fantastic wreaths of green twisted round his crank-pins; his pilot covered with solid clods of field, on which corn nodded drunkenly; his fire put out with dirt (Evans had done that as soon as he recovered his senses) and his broken headlight half full of half-burned moths. His tender had thrown coal all over him, and he looked like a disreputable buffalo, who had tried to wallow in a general store. For there were, scattered over the landscape, from the burst cars, typewriters, sewing-machines; bicycles in crates; a consignment of silver-plated imported harness; French dresses and gloves; a dozen finely moulded hardwood mantels; a fifteen foot naphtha-launch, with a solid brass bedstead crumpled around her bows; a case of telescopes and microscopes; two coffins; a case of very best candies; some gilt edged dairy-produce, butter and eggs in an omelette; a broken box of expensive toys; and a few hundred other luxuries. A camp of tramps hurried up from nowhere and generously volunteered to help the crew. So the brakemen, armed with coupler-pins, walked up and down on one side, and the freight-conductor and the fireman patrolled the other with their hands in their hip-pockets. A long-bearded man came out of a house beyond the cornfield and told Evans that if the accident had happened a little later in the year, all his corn would have been burned, and accused Evans of carelessness. Then he ran away, with Evans at his heels shrieking: "'Twas his hog done it—his hog done it! Let me kill him! Let me kill him!" Then the wrecking crew laughed; and the farmer put his head out of a window and said Evans was no gentleman.

But .007 was very sober. He had never seen a wreck before and it frightened him. The crew still laughed, but they worked at the same time; and .007 forgot his horror in amazement at the way they handled the Mogul freight. They dug round him with spades; they put ties in front of his wheels, and jack-screws under him. They embraced him with the derrick-chain and tickled him with crowbars, while .007 was hitched on to wrecked cars and backed away till either the knot broke, or the cars rolled clear of the track. By dawn, thirty or forty men were at work, replacing and ramming down the ties, gauging the rails and spiking them. By daylight, all the cars who could move had gone on in charge of another loco; the track was freed for traffic; and .007 had hauled the old Mogul over a small pavement of ties, inch by inch, till his flanges bit the rail once more, and he settled down with a clank. But his spirit was broken, and his nerve was gone.

"'Tweren't even a hog," he repeated, dolefully. "'Twere a shote, and you—*you* of all of 'em—had to help me on."

"But, how in the whole long road did it happen?" asked .007, sizzling with curiosity.

"Happen! It didn't happen! It just come! I sailed right on top of him around that last curve—thought he was a skunk. Yes, he was all as little as that. He hadn't more'n squealed once 'fore I felt my bogies lift (he'd rolled right under the pilot) and I couldn't catch the track again to save me. Swivelled clean off I was. Then I felt him sling himself along, all greasy, under my left leadin' driver and, Oh, Boilers! that mounted the rail. I heard my flanges zippin' along the ties an' the next I knew I was playin' 'Sally, Sally Waters' in the corn, my tender shuckin' coal through my cab, an' old man Evans lyin' still an' bleedin' in front o' me. Shook? There ain't a stay or a bolt, or a rivet in me that ain't sprung to glory somewhere."

"Umm!" said .007, "what d'you reckon you weigh?"

"Without these lumps o' dirt I'm all of a hundred thousand pound."

"And the shote?"

"Eighty. Call him a hundred at the outside. He's worth about four'n a half dollars. Ain't it awful. Ain't it enough to give you nervous prostration? Ain't it paralyzin'. Why, I come just around that curve—" and the Mogul told the tale again, for he was very badly shaken.

"Well, it's all in the day's run, I guess," said .007, soothingly. "An'—an' a cornfield's pretty soft fallin'."

"If it had bin a sixty-foot bridge, an' I could ha' slid off into deep water an' blown up an' killed both men, same as others have done, I wouldn't ha' cared, but to be ditched by a shote—an' you to help me out—in a cornfield—an' an old hayseed in his nightgown cussin' me like as if I was a sick truck-horse. . . . Oh, it's awful! Don't call me Mogul! I'm a sewin' machine. They'll guy my sand-box off in the yard.

And .007, his hot box cooled and his experience enlarged, hauled the Mogul freight slowly to the round-house.

"Hello, old man! Bin out all night, hain't ye?" said the irrepressible Poney, who had just come off duty. "Well, I must say you look it. Costly—perishable—fragile—immediate—that's you! Go to the shops, take them vine-leaves out o' your hair an' git 'em to play the hose on you."

"Leave him alone, Poney," said .007 severely, as he was swung on the turntable, "or I'll ——"

"'Didn't know the old granger was any special friend o' yours, kid. He wasn't over civil to you last time I saw him."

"I know it; but I've seen a wreck since then, and it has about scared the paint off me. I'm not going to guy anyone as long as I steam—not when they're new to the business an' anxious to learn. And I'm not goin' to guy the old Mogul either, though I did find him wreathed around with roastin' ears. 'Twas a little bit of a shote—not a hog—just a shote, Poney—no bigger'n a lump of anthracite—I saw it—that made all the mess. Anybody can be ditched, I guess."

"Found that out already, have you? Well, that's a good beginnin'." It was the Purple Emperor, with his high, tight, plate-glass cab and green velvet cushion, waiting to be cleaned for his next day's fly.

"Let me make you two gen'lemen acquainted," said Poney. "This, is our Purple Emperor, Kid, whom you were admirin' and, I may say, envyin', last night. This is a new brother, worshipful sir, with most of his mileage ahead of him but, so far as a serving-brother can, I'll answer for him."

"'Happy to meet you," said the Purple Emperor, with a glance round the crowded round-house. "I guess there are enough of us here to form a full meetin'. Ahem! By virtue of the authority vested in me as head of the Road, I hereby declare and pronounce Number .007, a full and accepted brother of the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Locomotives, and as such entitled to all shop, switch, track, tank and round-house privileges throughout my jurisdiction, in the degree of Superior Flier; it bein' well-known and credibly reported to me, that our Brother has covered forty-one miles in thirty-nine minutes and a half on an errand of mercy to the afflicted. At a convenient time, I myself, will communicate to you the song and signal of this Degree whereby you may be recognized in the darkest night. Take your stall, newly entered Brother, among Locomotives!

. . . . . .

Now in the darkest night, even as the Purple Emperor said, if you will stand on the bridge across the freight-yard, looking down upon the four-track way, at 2.30 A.M., neither before nor after, when the "White Moth," that takes the overflow from the "Purple Emperor," tears south, with her seven vestibuled cream-white cars, you will hear, as the yard-clock makes the half-hour, a far away sound like the bass of a violincello and then, a hundred feet to each word:

With a michnai — ghignai — schtingal! Yah! Yah! Yah!
Ein—zwei—drei—mutter! Yah! Yah! Yah!
She climb upon der shteeple
Und she frighten all the people
Singin' michnai — ghignai — shtingal! Yah! Yah!

That is .007 covering his one hundred and eighty-six miles in two hundred and one minutes.

THE UNQUIET SEX

FIRST PAPER—THE WOMAN COLLEGIAN

By Helen Watterson Moody

I

THE woman collegian, both as a graduate and an undergraduate, is a very serious young person. So is her brother, but he is serious about different things. As an undergraduate he takes his fraternities and his societies and his clubs and his Alma Mater's record in athletics with great gravity; he takes his particular college very hard indeed; he is a Yale or a Cornell or a Harvard man, and that is about all there is of him for the first year after graduation. Then he gets over it. But his sister thinks more of her education than she does of her college, and her choice of electives is of more importance to her than her choice of societies. When she gets out of school, even after several years—when her brother has digested all his importance as a collegian and thinks only of his college training as a good thing to have had in order that he might know how little it was worth, after all, except to set him on an easy level with other fellows, and give him an occasional interest in athletics and put him into a university club—the woman collegian does not succeed in sloughing off her scholastic habits of thought. She goes in for serious reforms and postgraduate knowledge. She has convictions beyond her unschooled sister, and is, even yet, caught writing papers on the careers of college women, and listening while others discourse upon what college women owe the world. All this makes her a trifle *posée*, overassertive, too conscious of herself and her type. Thus she has attracted to herself a certain interest, which is not all admiration, as one may get the attention of a drawing-room by an awkward and self-conscious entrance. Her learning is distinctly an acquirement and not a part of herself, and not infrequently fits her badly, like a suit of ready-made clothes. It is still customary, even in polite circles, to make distinct mention of "collegiate advantages" whenever a young woman is present who has been fortunate enough to enjoy them, in order that the unwary stranger may have his cue. While everything in Tom's life after Harvard is calculated to take the nonsense out of him, and to put the man collegian on a level with the rest of us, everything in Harriet's life in college, and out of it, marks her as one set apart. And all this after thirty years of college training for women, and with thousands of women graduates, whose lives and achievements bear witness to the fact that a woman may undertake the utmost severities of what is still politely known as the "higher" education, without giving the least indication then or thereafter of remarkable ability of any kind.

"And a very good thing it is, too," as Mr. Punch says in answer to the sentiment, "There's no place like home." It would be sad, indeed, if a young woman who asks no more than the indifferent equipment for life that a college training gives should be made to pay the penalty of extraordinariness therefor, when to be ordinary is so much more wholesome for the individual and so much more desirable for the world in general.

There are several reasons why this unfortunate solemnity attaches itself to Harriet's education, some of which will be easily dissipated, no doubt, as the results of education inhere in the physical and mental constitution of women. When one's grandmother is known to have been a bachelor of the liberal arts, a master's degree for the fourth descendant is a matter of simple assumption. But some of these reasons will not disappear until certain defects in the college training for women shall have been remedied. I suppose we all agree that the ideal education for women does not result from segregating them, since the segregation of either

sex is sure to result in intensifying its peculiarities. As a sex, women are disposed to take things too seriously, and to dissipate vital force in that nervous debauch known as worrying. Ten women shut in together will worry one hundred times as much as ten men shut in together, and especially is this true when the women have the unstable equilibrium of the emotions that goes with youth. So, also, a hundred women shut in together will exhaust themselves, presently, merely by being together, the sensitive temperaments eating into each other like corrosive acids. The housing of hundreds of girls in large dormitories, with a common sitting-room for three or four girls, is wholly inadequate to the needs of human nature, and some day some wise woman with money to spend for the better education of women (which is not necessarily the higher education) will build the ideal home for women students, in which there shall be no more than a dozen girls, each of whom shall have a suite of rooms altogether her own, into which she may shut herself as she wills, for the solitude which is so necessary alike to the health of the soul and the body, and which, more than anything else, relieves the nervous tension brought about by the action and reaction of one personality upon another. Meantime I wish it were possible for some college president to try the experiment of requiring each woman student to spend one or two hours of each day absolutely alone and relaxed, that the whirling mind and quivering nerves might hush themselves with the blessedness of silence and seclusion. Such quiet insistence upon the individual life would do much toward a correction of the common and not unnatural tendency among these segregated and unstable young women to lavish themselves in extravagant friendships with each other, and very often, also, in excessive and emotional admiration for some teacher, whose personal magnetism is thus made to bring tribute to her egotism and vanity. The wisest and most helpful teacher is not the one whom the girls themselves "rave over" and find most "magnetic." It is she who carefully avoids the appeal to the emotions, and who, without repelling the affections, knows how to check hysterical excess and keep the young nature cool and steady by a delicate reserve and a gentle decision at the first indication of need. It is a curious fact in psychology —or is it physiology?—that while hero worship is a good thing for a boy it is seldom a good thing for a girl.

It is declared, by those who have had the opportunity of judging, that one of the advantages of coeducation is a distinct lessening of the emotional and nervous strain among the women students. Just why the presence of men as teachers and fellow-pupils should have both a quieting and a tonic effect upon women, I leave it for others wiser than myself to explain, but there is certainly less nervous tension, morbidity, and self-consciousness among college women associated with men than among those in the women's colleges, even though there is also to be found an occasional instance of that exclusive love between a man and a woman, which will spring up sometimes even in the arid soil of the higher education. To many persons this last is a most undesirable state of affairs, and is considered by them one of the unanswerable arguments against coeducation. It is a fact that boys and girls in college do sometimes fall in love, and sometimes they marry, though oftener they both get well out of it before their first year of separation is past. Of course falling in love "takes their minds off their books," in the phrase of the anxious parent, but love is a distraction whenever it occurs, and it is hard to believe that there can be granted a more fortunate opportunity for indulging in so engrossing an experience than the seclusion and serenity of college life. I should call those two young persons exceptionally blest by fortune who get their falling in love satisfactorily accomplished before graduation, in the "little, bubbling back-water of the quadrangle." Nor is the value of a tender experience of this kind in early youth to be despised in casting up the sum of the educative forces in college life. Aside from the general humanizing effect it is sure to have on the young male animal, this experience usually results in opening up to him a whole new world of intellectual perceptions. The objective world, which was his so long, suddenly grows dim. He

learns, probably for the first time, the value of introspection, the uses of poetry, the joys of melancholy, the possibility—nay, the potency—of quite another point of view than his own. When a man, or a woman, has been years out of college he not infrequently looks back to find that the influences most potent and helpful and sweetest to remember were not the triumphs in the class-room, the struggles in the debating society, the slow acquirement of random and unprofitable fact, but the touch of arm in arm on the college campus, the "simmerings of thought and heart at the hearthstone of a friend," and perhaps also the sophomore love that was so awakening, so delicate, so deep, and so evanescent!

II

JUST what should be the ideal education for women is, and must be, an unsettled question for some time to come; for it is still undetermined how largely the area of woman's needs and activities should be bounded by sex limitations, and how largely it may be identified with the needs and activities of men. This conclusion, when it comes, will be deduced not from tradition nor ambition, nor from personal prejudice, but from science, through the things biology and physiology and sociology have yet to find out about this serious matter of sex. We have lately been told by a man and a microscope that a division of labor upon the lines of sex is distinctly marked as far down in the animal world as the sponges. If this be true, it would seem that no system of education for human beings can be comprehensive and satisfactory that leaves out of account this first dividing principle. For thirty years, now, we have been exploiting a higher education for women, based on what has been called the rational principle that there is no sex in mind, and yet, as a matter of fact, the idea of sex has not been lost sight of for an hour. The education of women has still proceeded along the lines of sex—the other sex. A strenuous insistence in the women's colleges that the curricula should be as nearly as possible identical with those of men, the constant and jealous watch kept on the comparative standings of young men and women in examinations, the inbreeding and intensifying of sex peculiarities in the women's colleges—through desire to remain womanly, though educated—surely all these are the certain indices of the sex idea in education.

But even more significant of the persistency and power of this underlying thought has been the result of the higher education as expressed in the immediate desire of the young woman, upon graduation, to stake out for herself a career in the world, to do something that shall be noticeable if not notable, with an idea of proving to the world that she can do a man's work as well as a man, displaying no prepossession in favor of doing a woman's work as well as a woman can do it. The higher education of women without reference to sex seems, thus far, to have resulted greatly in the glorification of men and men's work, and in dissatisfaction with women and women's work; which is the most logical thing in the world, and quite to be expected, so long as we insist upon ignoring certain simple, radical, dignified distinctions between the sexes. I hasten to say, with the introduction of this threadbare and somewhat bedraggled phrase, that such sex distinctions as I have in mind have nothing to do with any childish and uneasy comparison of the relative endowment of the sexes—that can surely be trusted to take care of itself and to expound itself fully with time and a little judicious negligence. But as things are at present, with half the capable women of the world doing the work of men, and the other half wishing they could do it, while the whole economic situation is upset by thousands of unfortunate incapables who are only trying to earn a temporary and unlucky living until they can marry into a better one, there seems to be a desperate need of some serviceable division of labor along the lines of sex. Since it is to be devoutly hoped and expected that the greater part of our college girls will not be educated or coeducated out of the good old fashion of marrying and taking up thereafter the noble profession of housewifery, it would appear to be as practicable and sensible to educate a girl with some reference to the special and particular knowledge she will need in her life's work

as it is to put a boy into the School of Mines to make him a civil engineer, or into the laboratory to make a chemist of him.

I know the argument to the contrary; I used to write about it myself, and believe it, too; but that was before the serious days settled down upon me, when I would gladly have exchanged my small birthright of Latin and Greek for the ability to make one single, respectable mess of anything half so good as pottage. The argument is, of course, that, given a certain amount of intellectual discipline and general training, the young woman will absorb easily enough such special facts as she needs when the time of their usefulness comes. But facts, you see, are apt to be solid things; you cannot absorb them; you must work them over into something else first—to change the figure, you must masticate them, and digest them, and make them a very part of your bone and tissue before they can be of much service to you. And this is not to be done when a sudden emergency arises. One needs something more than facts; one needs that last product known as a knowledge of facts, in the profession of the housewife and in the presence of the cook.

A college preparation for this profession is by no means to be interpreted as any distasteful and indelicate preparation for the privileges and duties of an estate toward which the young girl has not, as yet, the slightest inclination. It is rather a simple and dignified recognition of the sociological fact that women and the home, and all the social institutions that spring from the home, are interdependent, and that, whether we are willing as yet to admit it or not, the natural and simple division of human labor is the one that assigns to women the duties and activities that centre in the home. The first division of human labor was undoubtedly one of sex in those days when Primitive Man went out hunting, fishing, or fighting, while his primitive wife stayed by the fire to keep it bright against his return, and to develop such rude industries as grew out of his needs and her ingenuity; and I make so bold as to say, though with trembling pen, that I have never been able to see why women should quarrel with this division of human labor, or feel crestfallen over it. Either it was accidental—in which case nothing derogatory either to women or their ability is assumed, much less proved—or else it sprang from causes so deep as to reach down and enwrap the very roots of human nature and the first conditions of human society; and then there is no use in being disturbed about it, because there is no chance of altering it. Nothing is so unchangeable as those instincts and convictions which lie at the base of human nature to keep the foundations of things steady and secure. It would be sad indeed if the present struggle against sex limitations should prove to be a quarrel with the nature of things, for, as Mr. Lowell once said, "whoever wittingly or unwittingly quarrels with the nature of things is certain in the long run to get the worst of it."

III

The health of the college woman leaves something to be desired. But it is Americanitis rather than the college education that is to blame. Americanitis may be defined as the desire to "get on," regardless of everything else. It is Americanitis that prompts the farmer's daughter to get a college education and make opportunities for herself better than those her mother and father had before her. Therefore she goes to a small college, in a small town, with a preparatory department attached, where she often begins her education as a "junior prep." She furnishes a single room in which she, and often a roommate, study, sleep, eat, make their clothes, and sometimes do their laundering. She keeps up in her studies, joins a choral class, a literary society, and the Young Women's Christian Association; goes to chapel once a day and twice on Sunday—and very often falls in love and "gets engaged" besides. At the beginning of her senior year she breaks down. She ought to. It's the very least she can do out of respect to herself as a human being.

The situation is but little changed in the larger and richer colleges, where the great proportion of the undergraduates are poor girls, the daughters of clergymen, or missionaries, or business men in moderate circumstances; girls to whom their education is the means to an end, bread and butter and bonnets for themselves, cer-

family, and perhaps a college education for a younger brother or sister. Once in college an ambitious girl gets into a swim of things she wants to do. Besides the fifteen to twenty recitations a week, without which her craving for knowledge cannot be satisfied, she finds a world of smaller interests with which she seriously identifies herself or as seriously lets alone. There are the Philolethians or the Idlers, and the Colonial Dances, and the concerts, and the Shakespeare Clubs, and the lectures, and all the complexities of new thoughts and new personal relations, all of which this tense young woman wishes to take at a gulp, as Great Opportunities of life, and with a solemnity that defeats their very end. This is perhaps not unnatural while so many of our American girls have still to seek their culture otherwhere than in their own homes, the while they are still too young to realize that not what they acquire, but what they enjoy, is at once the test and the measure of their culture.

Co-ordinate with Americanitis as interfering with the health of the undergraduate is her inheritance of what I should like to call, if nobody objects, Johncalvinitis—meaning that contempt for the body which is, let us hope, the last outcropping of those old Puritan ancestors of ours, who prayed as if they had lost their souls, and ate as if they had lost their bodies. I am very sure of this because I have watched the undergraduate eat, and she eats badly. She chooses her food apparently from pure caprice or from a personal idiosyncrasy that ought to be reformed. Doubtless she knows very well, having learned it in the laboratory, that proper nutrition is secured only by the combination of certain food substances in certain proportion; nevertheless, she makes her luncheon of bread and butter and tea, and pie, if she feels like it, and her dinner of a soup and a salad. There is still much to be done, you see, in educating the gustatory instincts of the college woman, as undoubtedly there is still room for improvement in the composition and preparation of the daily bills of fare, even in our largest and richest colleges. When, to the elemental education in cookery which the ideal college for women is going to supply, there is established, also, a chair of gastronomy for the education of the American palate, and the elevation of the American mind to an appreciation of the dignity of cooking as a science and of eating as a fine art, such an affront to the educated palate will no longer be possible as was recently set before an honored Englishwoman in one of our most important women's colleges. It was a Sunday-night "tea" at six o'clock, after a heavy mid-day dinner, and it consisted of hot biscuits, cold sardines, hot chocolate, stewed cherries and chocolate cake.

Surely the ability to detect with appreciation the subtle blending of an exquisite sauce, or the flavor of a salad, or the power of making a harmonious composition of companionable savors in a single meal, is as distinctly a result and a test of culture as the appreciation of the eye in painting, or the ear in music, while the ability to set forth a suave and delicate dish as the product of one's own skill possibly contributes as much to the sum of good in the world as a moderately bad translation of a German pessimist, or even a new manifestation in philanthropic possibilities. Supposing, for a moment, that the coming century were to have in it the seeds of a new Carlyle, it might be considered a service to mankind if some college woman could contrive to give us the philosopher without the dyspepsia.

The attitude of the average woman undergraduate toward athletics is usually misunderstood. The Sunday illustrated papers to the contrary, very few college women live in golf clothes or sweaters, or wear snowshoes to recitations. On the contrary, most of them detest "gym," and evade its practice whenever they can, by any allegation of physical infirmity or other necessity. Too often their sole concession to the needs of their young muscles is a long walk, at infrequent intervals, with another girl, while the two talk about their worries, or their college work, or their present needs, or their future purposes. The question of physical exercise is, as any college president knows, one of the most perplexing in the college life; its necessity is so fundamental, and its accomplishment so unsatisfactory. And yet there is something too natural and spontaneous in the rebellion against the gymnasium to admit of the reproof that prudence suggests. It would seem as though the young women have discovered instinctively for

themselves that, at its best, a splendidly equipped gymnasium is only a substitute for the real thing, and that its use is pathological rather than physiological. The true physical exercise is unconscious of self-improvement as its purpose or end; it is pure overflow. The gymnasium is for those who train with purpose and with effort, but the ideal exercise is not work, it is the muscles playing. However, as things are now, with the forlorn inheritance of overworked nerves and underworked muscles which the average American girl brings into the world with her, the gymnasium is a necessary remedial agent. Some day, it is to be hoped, we shall enter upon a physical estate wherein we can take the open world for a gymnasium, but until that day comes, until the entail has accumulated for several generations, let us still agree to be tolerant of the gymnasium as a distinct means of grace and growth, both literally and figuratively.

IV

THERE is nothing to be regretted in the fact that nineteen out of twenty young women who graduate from college take up at once some means of earning a livelihood. The twentieth girl, who does not, is the one to be pitied. It is not easy to say which is the harder to bear with equanimity and philosophy, the postponements of youth or the disillusionments of middle age. I sometimes think we pay too great consideration to what has been called "the decline in animal heat," and too little to the demands of leaping young blood, in whose red corpuscles inheres the necessity for instant declaration and activity. Thus it is that the twentieth girl often finds her first year out of college the hardest one in her life. After four years of definite routine work, done in the "sweet serenity of books," with like-minded friends to give zest to labor and rest to recreation, she now finds herself in a world with which she has grown greatly out of touch. The home life has become adjusted to her absence, and, much to her surprise, goes on smoothly without her. Some of the girls who were her friends before her college days are already married, and some hopefully engaged; young men are not enthusiastically prepossessed in favor of the woman collegian, and, any way, the circles of intimacy are already established, and she stands quite outside them. Meantime, with noble ambitions, but with unformed purposes and undirected powers, she longs mightily for something definite and worthy on which to expend herself, and this she usually fancies lies outside the home; for she is not yet wise, and her philosophy of life is not final, therefore she does not see, as it is to be hoped she will later on, that the richness and rewards of a woman's life have nothing to do with that gospel of ambition of which she has possibly heard too much.

Therefore, if the young woman graduate have any desire at all for activity outside the home, she will be much happier and healthier and better satisfied with herself if she can win the consent of a doubting father or an over-tender mother to let her go about it at once. The mere fact that her father possesses a competence and is perfectly willing to continue her support need not weigh against her wishes. There are other necessities than dollar ones. If the girl has right royal good sense, there will, in time, develop in her character areas of wisdom, and she will come back all the more contented, after her little fling in the busy world, to marry some wisely chosen and fortunate young man, or to comfort her father and mother in their declining years, and hold her sway in the home, well sunned and ripened by her added experience. Besides, there is always the chance that she may develop real talent for the work she has undertaken, and, distancing her brothers in the race for fame, become herself the family pride and prodigy.

Usually a baker's dozen or more of the nineteen graduates who must work drift into teaching. Not that they specially like it, or feel their ability to shine as educators, but because it is the work that lies closest to the traditions and interests of the college life, and because it is still the one profession into which the door swings most easily for women. Hundreds of college-bred women have been, and are, capably and efficiently engaged in teaching, and a few have gained a certain distinction as presidents and professors in

colleges for women, but no great and original educator has come from among them. Occasionally a determined young graduate gets a foothold in a newspaper office, and usually keeps it with credit to herself and her higher education, yet the few women editors of eminence have not been college-bred, and there is nothing to be gained by concealing the fact that the college women who have undertaken journalism seem, as yet, to have had no influence in sweetening the flood of sensational and nasty print for which the newspaper women of the country must bear their share of discredit with the newspaper men.

The number of college women who have taken up medicine is considerable—some of them, no doubt, from a real love of science, and some for love of a career. While their work has been able and their success undoubted, it is just to say that they have not contributed originally to medical science. There are a few women collegians in law, in literature, in the pulpit, and in other professions, and their helpfulness and enthusiasm have been especially noticeable in educational and philanthropic work ; they have done much to promote University Extension, in the upbuilding—not to say the uplifting—of the public schools, while in the college settlements, the free kindergartens, and in the gracious charities that spring therefrom their tact and courage have been unflagging and undaunted. In all these fields of usefulness the work of college women, "taken by and large," has been good, honest, competent work, about like that of the average industrious man ; but it has been derivative, not creative ; complemental, not brilliant ; offering little opportunity for sex celebration on the part of those enthusiasts who believe that women have needed only a diploma and a ballot to be brilliantly equipped for conquering all the world that men have left unconquered.

The most notable work undertaken by college women in their thirty years of opportunity is one which is still in its infancy, but which, when developed, is likely to do more for that emancipation for which believers sigh than all the legislation of men and all the oratory of women. In the chemistry of foods, the science of nutrition, the sanitation of the house, the economics of the home, their work has been both original and thoroughly scientific. It has not only added something to science, but has opened up certain new departments in special sciences. That the one original contribution of college women to the thought of the world should have been made upon these lines is pleasing and significant, for it puts the most efficient work of the educated woman in the same category with the most efficient work of all other women—with those humanizing and conserving and elaborating forces which add content and extent to life, and which are—when shall we be satisfied to learn it ?—just as fundamentally important, just as dignified, and (if we must also be heroic) just as difficult, as the constructive and creative forces. Perhaps, also, the suspicion is to be deduced that women are contributing most helpfully to the world when they are willing to develop those abilities and possibilities with which custom, or prejudice, or nature — call it what you will — has made them most familiar ; when they are not working in the direction of greatest resistance ; when they are not pulling upstream. Be that as it may, it hardly seems that the achievements of the college woman are as yet remarkable enough to cause men to sit uneasily upon their thrones, or to fear that they will be asked, for some time to come, to step down and take off their crowns. The college woman has justified herself by being hopefully "average" after all. The education she wanted she has had ; it was right and just that she should have it, and it has done her good. Possibly it will do her still more good when she is able to forget it, or, if she must remember it, if she can realize that, in having it, she is to-day no farther ahead of the rest of the world than her mother was twenty-five years ago, when she carried home in triumph the diploma of the academy or the high-school where she had finished her education.

The Illustrations by Maxfield Parrish.

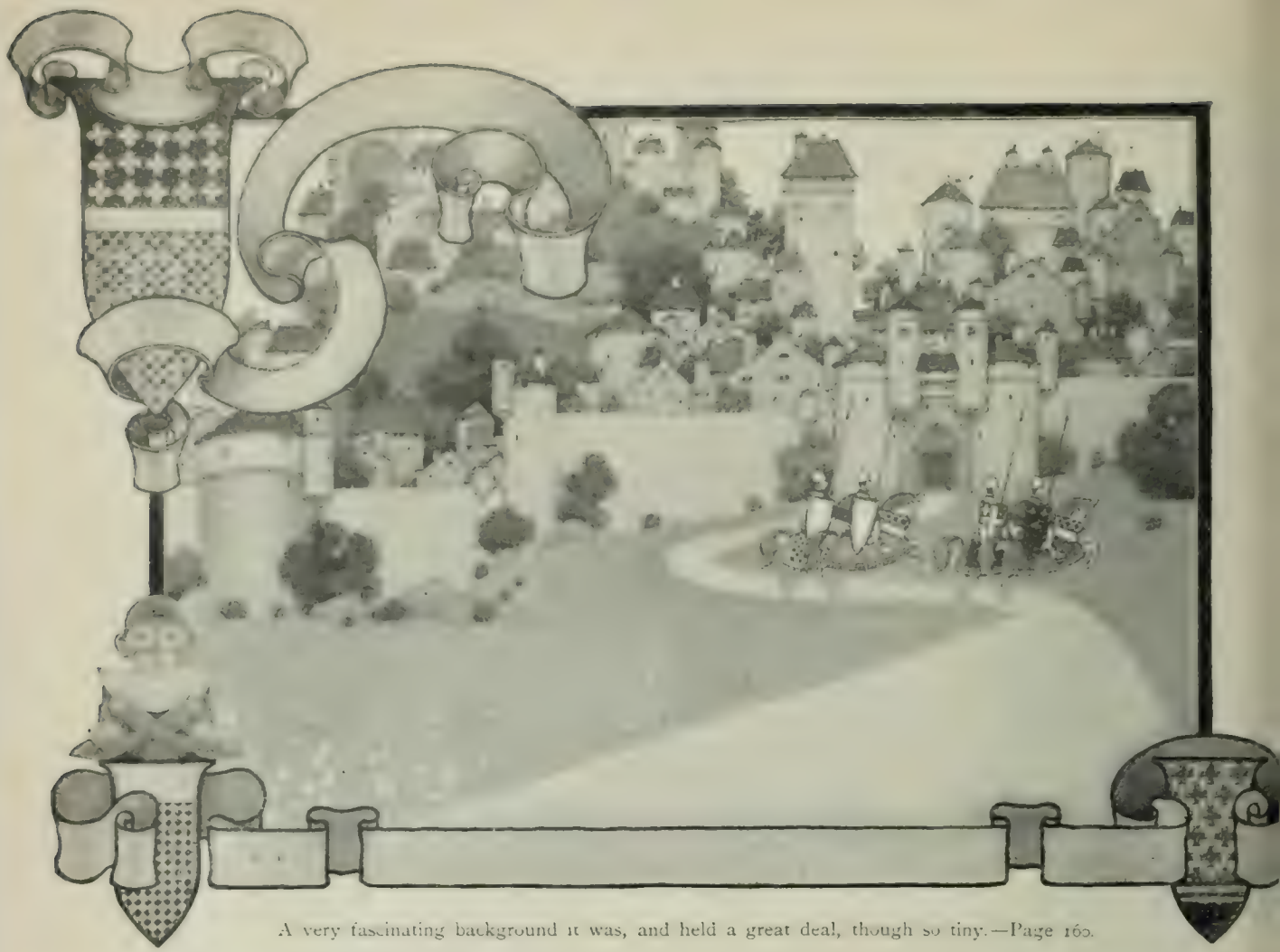


IN the long winter evenings, when we had the picture-books out on the floor, and sprawled together over them with elbows deep in the hearth-rug, the first business to be gone through was the process of allotment. All the characters in the pictures had to be assigned and dealt out among us, according to seniority, as far as they would go. When once that had been satisfactorily completed, the story was allowed to proceed; and thereafter, in addition to the excitement of the plot, one always possessed a personal interest in some particular member of the cast, whose successes or rebuffs one took as so much private gain or loss.

For Edward this was satisfactory enough. Claiming his right of the eldest, he would annex the hero in the very frontispiece; and for the rest of the story his career, if chequered at intervals, was sure of heroic episodes and a glorious close. But his juniors, who had to put up with characters of a clay more mixed—nay, sometimes with undiluted villany—were hard put to it on occasion to defend their other selves (as it was strict etiquette to do) from ignominy perhaps only too justly merited.

Edward was indeed a hopeless grabber. In the "Buffalo-book," for instance (so named from the subject of its principal picture, though indeed it dealt with varied slaughter in every zone), Edward was the stalwart, bearded figure, with yellow leggings and a powder-horn, who undauntedly discharged the fatal bullet into the shoulder of the great bull bison, charging home to within a yard of his muzzle. To me was allotted the subsidiary character of the friend who had succeeded in bringing down a cow; while Harold had to be content to hold Edward's spare rifle in the background, with evident signs of uneasiness. Farther on, again, where the magnificent chamois sprang rigid into mid-air, Edward, crouched dizzily against the precipice-face, was the sportsman from whose weapon a puff of white smoke was floating away. A bare-kneed guide was all that fell to my share, while poor Harold had to take the boy with the haversack, or abandon, for this occasion at least, all Alpine ambitions.

Of course the girls fared badly in this book, and it was not surprising that they preferred the "Pilgrim's Progress" (for in-

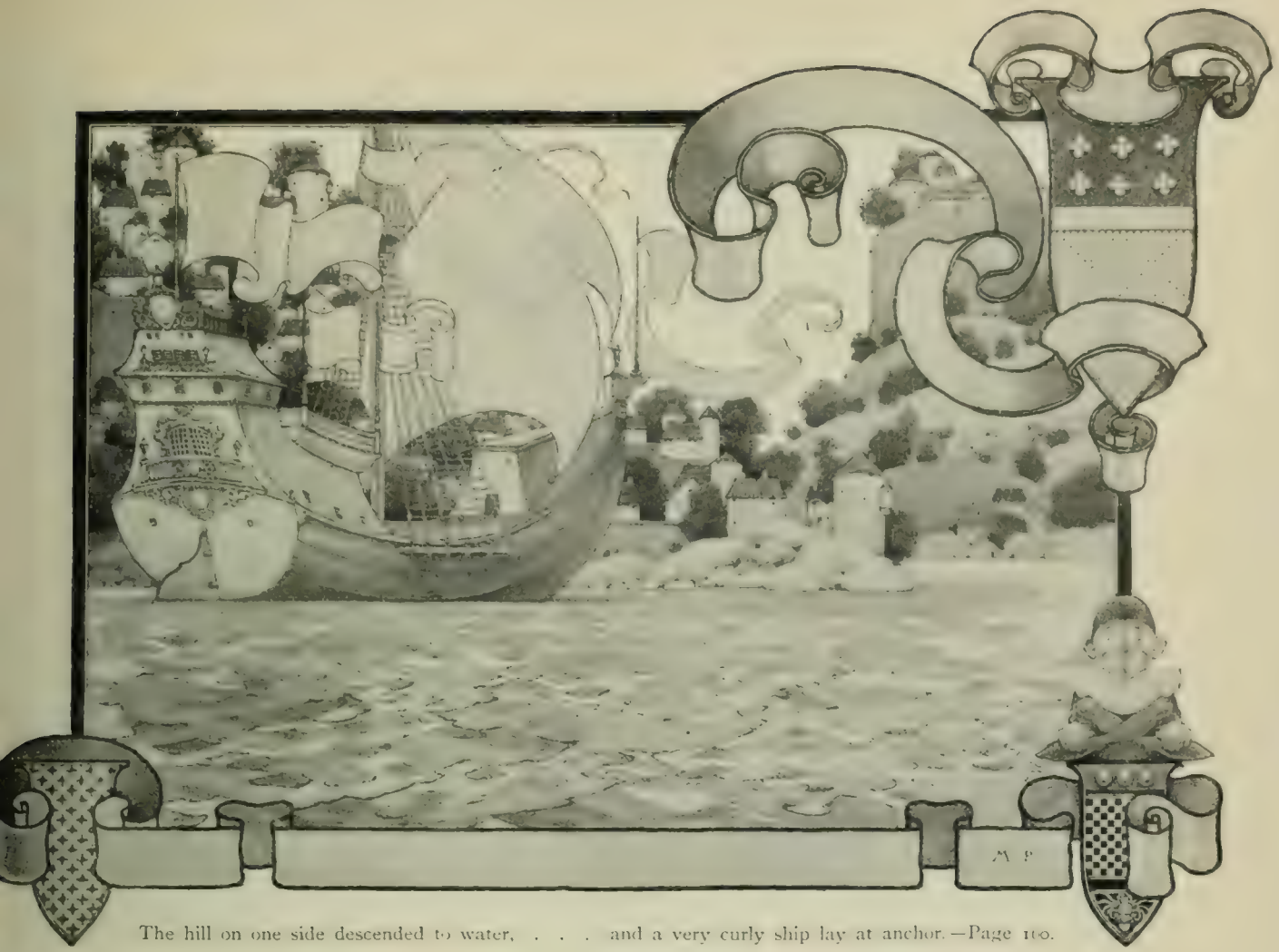


A very fascinating background it was, and held a great deal, though so tiny.—Page 165.

stance), where women had a fair show, and there was generally enough of 'em to go round; or a good fairy story, wherein princesses met with a healthy appreciation. But indeed we were all best pleased with a picture wherein the characters just fitted us, in number, sex, and qualifications; and this, to us, stood for artistic merit.

All the Christmas numbers, in their gilt frames on the nursery-wall, had been gone through and allotted long ago; and in these, sooner or later, each one of us got a chance to figure in some satisfactory and brightly colored situation. Few of the other pictures about the house afforded equal facilities. They were generally wanting in figures, and even when these were present they lacked dramatic interest. In this picture that I have to speak about, although the characters had a stupid way of not doing anything, and apparently not wanting to do anything, there was at least a sufficiency of them; so in due course they were allotted, too.

In itself the picture, which—in its ebony and tortoise-shell frame—hung in a corner of the dining-room, had hitherto possessed no special interest for us, and would probably never have been dealt with at all but for a revolt of the girls against a succession of books on sport, in which the illustrator seemed to have forgotten that there were such things as women in the world. Selina accordingly made for it one rainy morning, and announced that she was the lady seated in the centre, whose gown of rich, flowered brocade fell in such straight, severe lines to her feet, whose cloak of dark blue was held by a jewelled clasp, and whose long, fair hair was crowned with a diadem of gold and pearl. Well, we had no objection to that; it seemed fair enough, especially to Edward, who promptly proceeded to "grab" the armor-man who stood leaning on his shield at the lady's right hand. A dainty and delicate armor-man this! And I confess, though I knew it was all right and fair and orderly, I felt a slight pang when he passed out of my reach into Edward's possession. His armor was just the sort I wanted myself—scalloped and fluted and shimmering and spotless; and though he was but a boy by his beardless



The hill on one side descended to water, . . . and a very curly ship lay at anchor.—Page 110.

face and golden hair, the shattered spear-shaft in his grasp proclaimed him a genuine fighter and fresh from some such agreeable work. Yes, I grudged Edward the armor-man, and when he said I could have the fellow on the other side, I hung back and said I'd think about it. This fellow had no armor nor weapons, but wore a plain jerkin with a leather pouch—a mere civilian—and with one hand he pointed to a wound in his thigh. I didn't care about him, and when Harold eagerly put in his claim I gave way and let him have the man. The cause of Harold's anxiety only came out later. It was the wound he coveted, it seemed. He wanted to have a big, sore wound of his very own, and go about and show it to people, and excite their envy or win their respect. Charlotte was only too pleased to take the child-angel seated at the lady's feet, grappling with a musical instrument much too big for her. Charlotte wanted wings badly, and, next to those, a guitar or a banjo. The angel, besides, wore an amber necklace, which took her fancy immensely.

This left the picture allotted, with the exception of two or three more angels, who peeped or perched behind the main figures with a certain subdued drollery in their faces, as if the thing had gone on long enough, and it was now time to upset something or kick up a row of some sort. We knew these good folk to be saints and angels, because we had been told they were; otherwise we should never have guessed it. Angels, as we knew them in our Sunday books, were vapid, colorless, uninteresting characters, with straight up-and-down sort of figures, white night-gowns, white wings, and the same straight yellow hair parted in the middle. They were serious, even melancholy; and we had no desire to have any traffic with them. These bright bejewelled little persons, however, piquant of face and radiant of feather, were evidently hatched from quite a different egg, and we felt we might have interests in common with them. Short-nosed, shock-headed, with mouths that went up at the corners and with an evident disregard for all their fine clothes, they would be the best of good



Edward was the stalwart, bearded figure, . . . who undauntedly discharged the fatal bullet into the shoulder of the great bull bison.—Page 157.

company, we felt sure, if only we could manage to get at them. One doubt alone disturbed my mind. In games requiring agility, those wings of theirs would give them a tremendous pull. Could they be trusted to play fair? I asked Selina, who replied scornfully that angels *always* played fair. But I went back and had another look at the brown-faced one peeping over the back of the lady's chair, and still I had my doubts.

When Edward went off to school a great deal of adjustment and re-allotment took place, and all the heroes of illustrated literature were at my call, did I choose to possess them. In this particular case, however, I made no haste to seize upon the armor-man. Perhaps it was because I wanted a *fresh* saint of my own, not a stale saint that Edward had been for so long a time. Perhaps it was rather that, since I had elected to be saintless, I had got into the habit of strolling off into the background, and amusing myself with what I found there. A very fascinating background it was, and held a great deal, though so tiny. Meadow-land came first, set with flowers, blue and red, like gems. Then a white road ran, with wilful, uncalled-for loops, up a steep, conical hill, crowned with towers, bastioned walls, and belfries; and down the road the little knights came riding, two and two. The hill on one side descended to water, tranquil, far-reaching, and blue; and a very curly ship lay at anchor, with one mast having an odd sort of crow's-nest at the top of it.

There was plenty to do in this pleasant land. The annoying thing about it was, one could never penetrate beyond a certain point. I might wander up that road as often as I liked, I was bound to be brought up at the gateway, the funny galleried, top-heavy gateway, of the little walled town. Inside, doubtless, there were high jinks going on; but the password was denied to me. I could get on board a boat and row up as far as the curly ship, but around the headland I might not go. On the other side, of a surety, the shipping lay thick. The merchants walked on the quay, and the sailors sang as they swung out the corded bales. But as for



You could just see over the headland, and take in at your ease the life and bustle of the port.

me, I must stay down in the meadow, and imagine it all as best I could.

Once I broached the subject to Charlotte, and found, to my surprise, that she had had the same joys and encountered the same disappointments in this delectable country. She, too, had walked up that road and flattened her nose against that portcullis; and she pointed out something that I had overlooked—to wit, that if you rowed off in a boat to the curly ship, and got hold of a rope, and clambered aboard of her, and swarmed up the mast, and got into the crow's-nest, you could just see over the headland, and take in at your ease the life and bustle of the port. She proceeded to describe all the fun that was going on there, at such length and with so much particularity that I looked at her suspiciously. "Why, you talk as if you'd bëen in that crow's-nest yourself!" I said. Charlotte answered nothing, but pursed her mouth up and nodded violently for some minutes; and I could get nothing more out of her. I felt rather hurt. Evidently she had managed, somehow or other, to get up into that crow's-nest. Charlotte had got ahead of me on this occasion.

It was necessary, no doubt, that grown-up people should dress themselves up and go forth to pay calls. I don't mean that we saw any sense in the practice. It would have been so much more reasonable to stay at home in your old clothes and play. But we recognized that these folk had to do many unaccountable things, and after all it was *their* life, and not ours, and we were not in a position to criticise. Besides, they had many habits more objectionable than this one, which to us generally meant a free and untrammelled afternoon, wherein to play the devil in our own way. The case was different, however, when the press-gang was abroad, when prayers and excuses were alike disregarded, and we were forced into the service, like native levies impelled toward the foe less by the inherent righteousness of the cause than by the indisputable rifles of their white allies. This was unpardonable and altogether detestable. Still, the thing happened, now and again; and when it did, there was no arguing about it. The order



As we eventually trundled off, it seemed to me that the utter waste of that afternoon, . . . could never be made up.

was for the front, and we just had to shut up and march.

Selina, to be sure, had a sneaking fondness for dressing up and paying calls, though she pretended to dislike it, just to keep on the soft side of public opinion. So I thought it extremely mean in her to have the earache on that particular afternoon when Aunt Eliza ordered the pony-carriage and went on the war-path. I was ordered also, in the same breath as the pony-carriage; and, as we eventually trundled off, it seemed to me that the utter waste of that afternoon, for which I had planned so much, could never be made up or atoned for in all the tremendous stretch of years that still lay before me.

The house that we were bound for on this occasion was a "big house;" a generic title applied by us to the class of residence that had a long carriage-drive through rhododendrons; and a portico propped by fluted pillars; and a grave butler who bolted back swing-doors, and came down steps, and pretended to have entirely forgotten his familiar intercourse with you at less serious moments; and a big hall, where no boots or shoes or upper garments were allowed to lie about frankly and easily, as with us; and where, finally, people were apt to sit about dressed up as if they were going on to a party.

The lady who received us was effusive to Aunt Eliza and hollowly gracious to me. In ten seconds they had their heads together and were hard at it talking *clothes*. I was left high and dry on a straight-backed chair, longing to kick the legs of it, yet not daring. For a time I was content to stare; there was lots to stare at, high and low and around. Then the inevitable fidgets came on, and scratching one's legs mitigated slightly, but did not entirely disperse them. My two warders were still deep in clothes; I slipped off my chair and edged cautiously around the room, exploring, examining, recording.

Many strange, fine things lay along my route — pictures and gimcracks on the walls; trinkets and globular old watches and snuff-boxes on the tables; and I took good care to finger everything within reach thoroughly and conscientiously. Some articles, in addition, I smelt. At last in



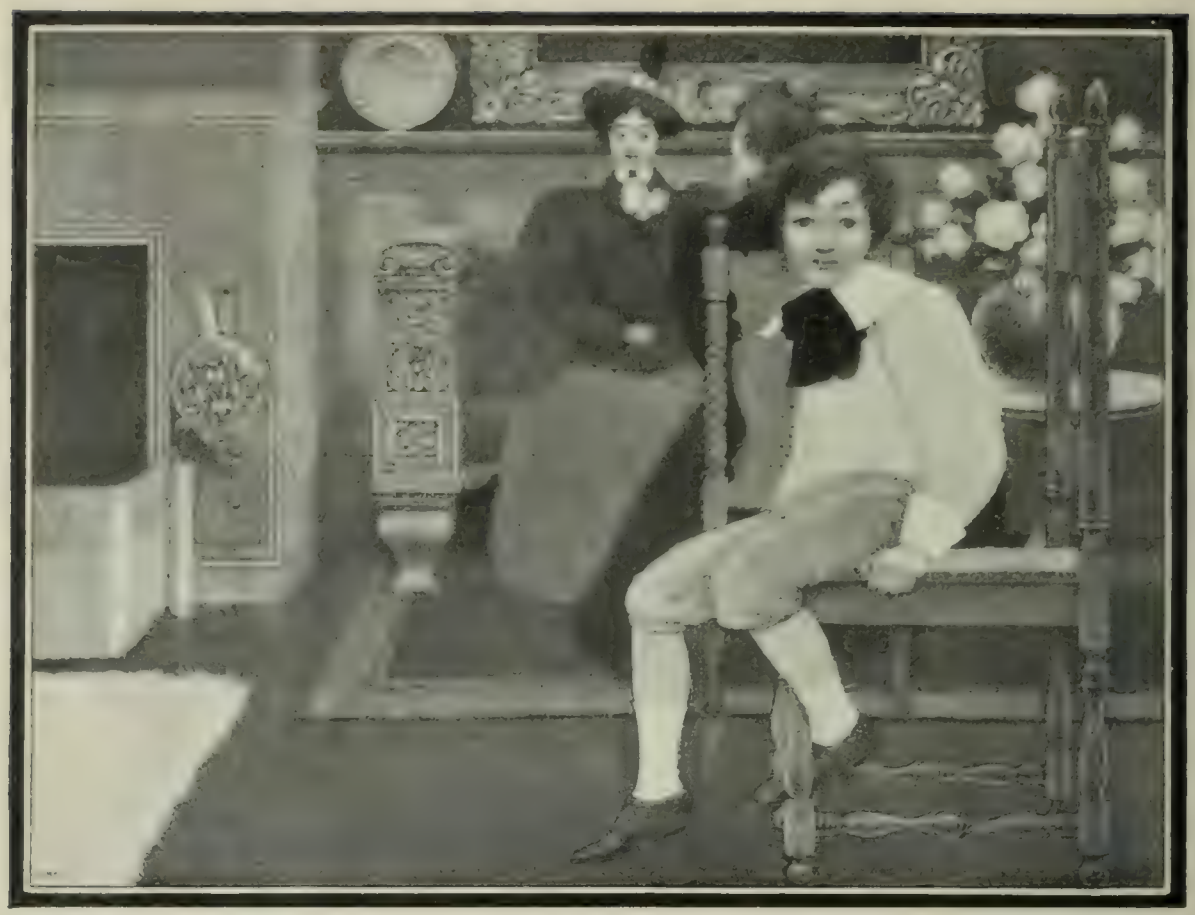
A grave butler who . . . pretended to have entirely forgotten his familiar intercourse with you.—Page 162.

my orbit I happened on an open door, half concealed by the folds of a curtain. I glanced carefully around. They were still deep in clothes, both talking together, and I slipped through.

This was altogether a more sensible sort of room that I had got into; for the walls were honestly upholstered with books, though these for the most part glimmered provokingly through the glass doors of their tall cases. I read their titles longingly, breathing on every accessible pane of glass, for I dared not attempt to open the doors, with the enemy encamped so near. In the window, though, on a high sort of desk, there lay, all by itself, a most promising-looking book, gorgeously bound. I raised the leaves by one corner, and like scent from a pot-pourri jar there floated out a brief vision of blues and reds, telling of pictures, and pictures all highly colored! Here was the right sort of thing at last, and my afternoon would not be entirely wasted. I inclined an ear to the door by which I had entered. Like the brimming tide of a full-fed river the grand, eternal, inexhaustible clothes-problem bubbled and eddied and surged along. It seemed safe enough. I slid the book off its desk with some difficulty, for it was very fine and large, and staggered with it to the hearth-rug — the only fit and proper place for books of quality, such as this.

They were excellent hearthrugs in that house; soft and wide, with the thickest of pile, and one's knees sank into them most comfortably. When I got the book open, there was a difficulty at first in making the great stiff pages lie down. Most fortunately the coal-scuttle was actually at my elbow, and it was easy to find a flat bit of coal to lay on the refractory page. Really, it was just as if every thing had been arranged for me. This was not such a bad sort of house after all.

The beginnings of the thing were gay borders—scrolls and strap-work and diapered backgrounds, a maze of color, with small misshapen figures clambering cheerily up and down everywhere. But first I eagerly scanned what text there was in the middle, in order to get a hint of what it was all about. Of course I was not going to waste any time in reading. A clew, a



In ten seconds they had their heads together and were hard at it talking *clothes*.—Page 162.

sign-board, a finger-post, was all I required. To my dismay and disgust it was all in a stupid foreign language! Really, the perversity of some people made one at times almost despair of the whole race. However, the pictures remained; pictures never lied, never shuffled nor evaded; and as for the story, I could invent it myself.

Over the page I went, shifting the bit of coal to a new position; and, as the scheme of the picture disengaged itself from out the medley of color that met my delighted eyes, first there was a warm sense of familiarity, then a dawning recognition, and then—O then! along with blissful certainty came the imperious need to clasp my stomach with both hands, in order to repress the shout of rapture that struggled to escape—it was my own little city!

I knew it well enough, I recognized it at once, though I had never been quite so near it before. Here was the familiar gateway, to the left that strange, slender tower with its grim, square head shot far above the walls; to the right, outside the town, the hill—as of old—broke steeply down to the sea. But to-day everything was bigger and fresher and clearer, the walls seemed newly hewn, gay carpets were hung out over them, fair ladies and long-haired children peeped and crowded on the battlements. Better still, the portcullis was up—I could even catch a glimpse of the sunlit square within—and a dainty company was trooping through the gate on horseback, two and two. Their horses, in trappings that swept the ground, were gay as themselves; and *they* were the gayest crew, for dress and bearing, I had ever yet beheld. It could mean nothing else but a wedding, I thought, this holiday attire, this festal and solemn entry; and, wedding or whatever it was, I meant to be there. This time I would not be balked by any grim portcullis; this time I would slip in with the rest of the crowd, find out just what my little town was like, within those exasperating walls that had so long confronted me, and, moreover, have my share of the fun that was evidently going on inside. Confident, yet breathless with expectation, I turned the page.

Joy! At last I was in it, at last I was on the right side of those provoking walls;



I glanced carefully around. They were still deep in clothes, both talking together.—Page 163.

and, needless to say, I looked about me with much curiosity. A public place, clearly, though not such as I was used to. The houses at the back stood on a sort of colonnade, beneath which the people jostled and crowded. The upper stories were all painted with wonderful pictures. Above the straight line of the roofs the deep blue of a cloudless sky stretched from side to side. Lords and ladies thronged the foreground, while on a dais in the centre a gallant gentleman, just alighted off his horse, stooped to the fingers of a girl as bravely dressed out as Selina's lady between the saints; and round about stood venerable personages, robed in the most variegated clothing. There were boys, too, in plenty, with tiny red caps on their thick hair; and their shirts had bunched up and worked out at the waist, just as my own did so often, after chasing anybody; and each boy of them wore an odd pair of stockings, one blue and the other red. This system of attire went straight to my heart. I had tried the same thing so often, and had met with so much discouragement; and here, at last, was my justification, painted deliberately in a grown-up book! I looked about for my saint-friends—the armor-man and the other fellow—but they were not to be seen. Evidently they were unable to get off duty, even for a wedding, and still stood on guard in that green meadow down below. I was disappointed, too, that not an angel was visible. One or two of them, surely, could easily have been spared for an hour, to run up and see the show; and they would have been thoroughly at home here, in the midst of all the color and the movement and the fun.

But it was time to get on, for clearly the interest was only just beginning. Over went the next page, and there we were, the whole crowd of us, assembled in a noble church. It was not easy to make out exactly what was going on; but in the throng I was delighted to recognize my angels at last, happy and very much at home. They had managed to get leave off, evidently, and must have run up the hill and scampered breathlessly through the gate; and perhaps they cried a little when they found the square empty, and



When I got the book open, there was a difficulty at first in making the great stiff pages lie down. —Page 163

thought the fun must be all over. Two of them had got hold of a great wax candle apiece, as much as they could stagger under, and were tittering sideways at each other as the grease ran bountifully over their clothes. A third had strolled in among the company, and was chatting to a young gentleman with whom she appeared to be on the best of terms. Decidedly, this was the right breed of angel for us. None of your sick-bed or night-nursery business for them!

Well, no doubt they were now being [illegible]rried, He and She, just as always hap[illegible] And then, of course, they were [illegible] live happily ever after; and *that* [illegible]t I wanted to get to. Story-[illegible] stupid, always stopping at [illegible]re they became really nice; but this picture-story was only in its first chapters, and at last I was to have a chance of knowing *how* people lived happily ever after. We would all go home together, He and She, and the angels, and I; and the armor-man would be invited to come and stay. And then the story would really begin at the point those other ones always left off. I turned the page, and found myself free of the dim and splendid church and once more in the open country.

This was all right; this was just as it should be. The sky was a fleckless blue, the flags danced in the breeze, and our merry bridal party, with jest and laughter, jogged down to the water-side. I was through the town by this time, and out on the other side of the hill, where I had always wanted to be; and, sure enough, there was the harbor, all thick with curly ships. Most of them were piled high with wedding presents—bales of silk, and gold and silver plate, and comfortable-looking bags suggesting bullion; and the gayest ship of all lay close up to the carpeted landing-stage. Already the bride was stepping daintily down the gangway, her ladies following primly, one by one; a few minutes more and we should all be aboard, the hawsers would splash in the water, the sails would fill and strain. From the deck I should see the little walled town recede and sink and grow dim, while every plunge of our bows brought us nearer to the happy island—it was an island we were bound



From the deck I should see the little walled town recede and sink and grow dim.—Page 166.

for, I knew well! Already I could see the island-people waving hands on the crowded quay, whence the little houses ran up the hill to the castle, crowning all with its towers and battlements. Once more we should ride together, a merry procession, clattering up the steep street and through the grim gateway; and then we should have arrived, then we should all dine together, then we should have reached home! And then—

Ow! Ow! Ow!

Bitter it is to stumble out of an opalescent dream into the cold daylight; cruel to lose in a second a sea-voyage, an island, and a castle that was to be practically your own; but cruellest and bitterest of all to know, in addition to your loss, that the fingers of an angry aunt have you tight by the scruff of your neck. My beautiful book was gone too—ravished from my grasp by the dressy lady, who joined in the outburst of denunciation as heartily as if she had been a relative—and naught was left me but to blubber dismally, awakened of a sudden to the harshness of real things and the unnumbered hostilities of the actual world. I cared little for their reproaches, their abuse; but I sorrowed heartily for my lost ship, my vanished island, my uneaten dinner, and for the knowledge that if I wanted any angels to play with, I must henceforth put up with the anæmic, night-gowned nonentities that hovered over the bed of the Sunday-school child in the pages of the *Sabbath Improver*.

I was led ignominiously out of the house, in a pulpy, watery state, while the butler handled his swing-doors with a stony, impassive countenance, intended for the deception of the very elect, though it did not deceive me. I knew well enough that next time he was off duty, and strolled around our way, we should meet in our kitchen as man to man, and I would punch him and ask him riddles, and he would teach me tricks with corks and bits of string. So his unsympathetic manner did not add to my depression.

I maintained a diplomatic blubber long after we had been packed into our pony-carriage and the lodge-gate had clicked behind us, because it served as a sort of armor-plating against heckling and argument

and abuse, and I was thinking hard and wanted to be let alone. And the thoughts that I was thinking were two. First I thought "I've got ahead of Charlotte *this* time!" And next I thought "When I've grown up big, and have money of my own, and a full-sized walking-stick, I will set out early one morning, and never stop till I get to that little walled town." There ought to be no real difficulty in the task. It only meant asking here and asking there, and people were very obliging, and I could describe every stick and stone of it.

As for the island, which I had never even seen, that was not so easy. Yet I felt confident that somehow, at some time, sooner or later, I was destined to arrive.



A PRAYER FOR RAIN

By Rupert Hughes

Lo, Father, how thine earth is devastate,
    Thy far-spread greenlands yellowing with the heat,
    While skies gleam on in mockery or deceit,
And helpless man can only hope and wait.
Now shall this piteous ruin be his fate?
    Shall all the ploughing and the seeds of spring,
    And all the summer's fruitward hastening,
Meet, at their fiery goal, a curse, and hate?
Look in the million anxious eyes that cling
    Upon the heaven, whence suns unpitying beat,
    Whence laugh the unveiled stars no longer sweet;
Then hide the garish moon in clouds, and fling
    Athwart the day wide banners black with rain!
    Yea, grant thine earth the bounty of thy rain!

Iowa.

IMPRESSIONS OF MOUNT RAINIER

By Israel C. Russell

ONE July evening my boat was drifting with drooping sail on the placid waters of Puget Sound. The glories of a long northern twilight were slowly fading into the more mysterious beauties of a perfect summer night.

Against the pale yellow of the western sky was drawn the serrate outline of the blue-white Olympic Mountains. In the north rose the solitary cone of Mount Baker, with the now extinct crater near its summit clearly visible. Beyond the dense forests of the eastern shore several of the snow-clad summits of the Cascade Mountains were bathed in ruddy light. Most glorious of all, in its massiveness and strength, was Mount Rainier, eighty miles away to the southward. At the base of that monarch of the mountains of the Far Northwest, the forests were shrouded in mist, but far above the vapor-wreaths, in calm repose, rose the vast snow-covered dome, so clearly illuminated by the rosy light that each crag and precipice, each glacier and snow-field, was distinctly traceable. As the twilight deepened the great mountain became a silhouette of delicate blue against the deeper tints of the darkening sky. Slowly the image faded, leaving me half in doubt whether an earthly scene of exquisite beauty had met my gaze or a vision of dream-land crossed my fancy.

A few weeks later I was treading a narrow pathway through the magnificent forests to the southward of Puget Sound. About me rose the massive moss-covered columns of ancient fir-trees and giant ce-



The Ice above Gibraltar. (Photograph by Braas, Seattle, Wash.)

dars, shooting straight upward from the fern-decked ground to heights of two and three hundred feet. All was shadowy and still in the depths of the forest, but far above, the roar of the wind could be heard in the tree-tops. A turn in the narrow trail brought into view a great white dome, which towered far above the giant trees and seemed the crowning glory of a mighty temple. Exclamations of surprise and admiration greeted the apparition. There was no mistaking the massive snow-white



Source of the Nesqually River. (Photograph by Braas, Seattle, Wash.)

mountain-peak. It was the summit of Mount Rainier, toward which we were travelling and which we hoped to climb.

Beyond the forest our course led us along the bowlder-strewn borders of Carbon River, between rugged mountains, to the foot of the glacier from beneath which, roaring and foaming among great rocks, the milky river rushes. With heavy packs on our backs we climbed the steep, débris-covered surface of the glacier, and pitched our tent near Lace Falls, in a dell between ancient moraines clothed with spruce and cedar trees. About us were snow-fields, and towering cliffs, down which coursed lace-like cascades of foam. The air was filled with never-ceasing music that rose and fell on the varying winds in the wild chant that only mountaineers may hear.

The grassy slopes and mossy banks about our camp were brightened and beautified by millions of gorgeous blossoms. Yellow and white lilies, among the hardiest of Alpine flowers, fringed the lingering snow-banks and gave a sheen to the boggy meadows. Gorgeous banks of purple bryanthus, resembling closely the heather of Scotland, rose through openings in the snow. With the royal purple, and not less charming, were strewn the white, waxy bells of the cassiope, which recalls another of the loved flowers of Scotland—white heather. Among these hardy plants, and growing in rank luxuriance, were blue lupins, white valerians, the golden-yellow mimulus, and a host of other forms of light. A botanist would perhaps rejoice in plucking the shining blossoms and noting the details of petals and stamen, or in recording the number of genera and species, of which there is seemingly no end. To the mountain-climber, however, who loves simply the boundless freedom of the hills, and rejoices in the vast sweep of precipices or the burnished silver of snow-fields, the numberless flowers are a throng of fairy forms that lade the air with perfume and enamel the mountain-side. Though individually nameless, collectively they are glorious.

Near the upper limit of tree-growth, the spruces and balsams, gnarled and twisted from their battles with winter storms, stand in clumps for mutual protection. The de-



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Mount Rainier at Twilight, from near Tacoma.



Redrawn from a copyright photograph by Braas, Seattle, Wash.

Mount Rainier from the South.

formed trees, some of them prone on the ground, seem to crouch before even the summer breeze. Where the struggle for existence is less severe, each grove is a cluster of tapering spires and minarets of evergreens. Between the irregularly scattered groves there are grassy meadows and flower-strewn glades, all combining to make park-like retreats of rare beauty. There are several of these natural parks about the slopes of Mount Rainier, at elevations between five and seven thousand feet. Spray Park, on the north side of the mountain, is one of the most inviting localities of the region, and now has a trail leading to it through the forests by way of Crater Lake. It commands wide-reaching views of the densely forested country to the north, and of the shores of Puget Sound, as well as of the great central dome of the mountain. The white pyramid, clearly outlined against the sky and known as the Liberty Cap, is in sight. Though not the actual crowning summit of the mountain, its sky-line forms the apex of the grandest profiles. Moraine Park, on the east side of the mountain, and Paradise Park and Henry's Hunting-Ground, on its sunny southern slopes, have similar attractions. Each of these great parks embraces thousands of acres, and can accommodate many camping parties at one time. There are, besides, numerous smaller retreats, hidden glens, and lake-shores, each of which has its own special charm.

From our camp near Lace Falls we tramped eastward with heavy burdens across Carbon Glacier and through Moraine Park. Throughout all this region the extremely rugged northern side of the central mass of Mount Rainier is in full view. The vast cliffs, some four thousand feet high, forming the walls of the amphitheatre in which Carbon Glacier has its source, are the grandest on the mountain. This northern side of the central dome has suffered more than any other portion from the agencies which are slowly destroying the great mountain. Sculptured into cliffs and buttresses and swept by avalanches, it defies the boldest mountaineer.

Our next camp was in a thicket of flattened and gnarled balsam-trees at an elevation of about seven thousand feet, on the border of the Winthrop Glacier. These trees are the highest that grow on the northern or eastern side of the mountain, and mark the actual "timber-line." Beneath their shelter were the beds of mountain-goats, but recently vacated. Many trails led to neighboring feeding-grounds and on down the mountain. On sunny days the shrill whistle of marmots was heard on all sides. We were in fresh pastures through which coursed swiftly a snow-fed brook. Not an axe-mark scarred the trees. No embers indicated the sites of former camp-fires.

Three of our party remained at this camp, while five of us visited the top of the mountain. Taking blankets, a small supply of rations, an alcohol-lamp, alpenstocks, and other appliances for mountain-work, our party of five roped themselves together in true Alpine style, and began the climb. We ascended the moderately steep but greatly crevassed surface of Winthrop Glacier, to a great wedge of rock which divides the snow and ice flowing eastward from the higher slopes of the mountain, at an elevation of about ten thousand feet, and causes it to separate into the Winthrop and Emmons glaciers. This sharp prow of rock, formed by the meeting of two lines of precipices, we termed The Wedge.

We reached our desolate and utterly barren resting-place late in the afternoon. While some of the party, to obtain a supply of water, spread snow on smooth, sloping rocks, or on rubber blankets, and allowed it to melt by the heat of the sun, others arranged a shelter with alpenstocks and a canvas bed-cover for our lamp, and prepared coffee. Shelf-like ledges were dug in a steep slope of loose stones, on which we arranged our blankets and passed the night.

The great wedge of rock that furnished us a resting-place rises some five hundred feet above the ice that breaks against it, and is the apex of a broad V-shaped portion of the lower mountain-slope which has been spared by the glaciers. It owes its prominence to the excavation of the deep glacial valleys that border it and diverge from its apex. There are several great wedges of a similar character at various localities on the sides of the mountain, at about the same general elevation, which oppose their sharp angles to the flowing sheet of névé-snow as it descends

the sides of the central dome, and part it into separate glaciers.

The largest of these prow-like mountain masses against which the ice currents divide is Little Tahoma, on the east side of the mountain separating the ice mass of Emmons Glacier from that of Cowlitz Glacier. The ice, as it is parted by this obstruction into two currents, is greatly shattered and forced high on the cliffs. The rugged pile of weather-beaten rocks rises in nearly vertical precipices a thousand feet above the glaciers at its base, and has an elevation above the sea of approximately 11,500 feet. It stands as an independent peak on the slope of Mount Rainier, but the lava-sheets which form its mass present their broken edges in its cliffs. Their relations show that they are remnants of more extensive sheets. The peak, like a ruined outwork of a mighty structure, suggests the magnitude which Rainier formerly possessed. The mountain was once a perfect cone, with smooth, even slopes, having the form common to volcanoes built up by eruptions from a central crater. But glaciers flowing from its heights have sculptured its slopes into canyons and amphitheatres of grand proportions. The present general ruggedness, and the great rocks that seem to project from its sides, of which Little Tahoma, just mentioned, Gibraltar, on the southern slope, and the Guardian Rocks on the north side, are examples, are not without order and significance. The mountain has not always been what the awe-inspired traveller now beholds, but has a long and instructive history inscribed on its surface or concealed in its inner structure. Much of the fascination that draws the student of geography and geology to the mountain is due to the interest that the interpretation of its history awakens.

The perennial snows which gather on the sides of the mountain form extensive névé-fields, and these, flowing downward, divide into many individual glaciers. The great streams of ice, which are still working at the task of tearing to pieces the mountain that gave them birth, are fine examples of the class of glaciers to which they belong. They are of the Alpine type, and present all the characteristic features of the glaciers of Switzerland. They are the largest glaciers yet discovered in the United States, not including Alaska, and would well repay careful study.

Early on the morning of July 24th we breakfasted as frugally as we had supped the previous evening. Leaving our blankets at The Wedge, and taking only our oil-coats for protection against the wind that we expected to encounter on the mountain-top, together with our alcohol-lamp and a meagre supply of provisions, we began the ascent of the snow-covered slope towering above us.

So far as I have been able to learn, no one had ascended the east side of Mount Rainier previous to our excursion. No trail, nor, in fact, any evidence of the former presence of man was visible. We had to rely on our own judgment and find a way between the yawning crevasses as best we could. There was but one general principle to guide us; our course led upward. Much of the way the slope was so steep that we could barely retain a foothold in the hard snow with our spiked shoes, aided by our alpenstocks. In only a few places, however, was it necessary to cut steps. The snow was greatly crevassed and numerous snow-bridges had to be crossed. Owing to the steepness of the general slope, the upper sides of the crevasses frequently stood as walls, which rose in front of us in ascending, and were the most troublesome of all the obstructions to overcome. Several times after wearily threading our way through a maze of intersecting fractures for an hour or more, an impassable gulf or a vertical wall barred farther progress. A retreat and another attempt was then the only resource.

Our advance was slow even on unbroken slopes, as we were roped together, and it was necessary for safety that some of the party should always have a firm hold in the snow with alpenstocks while others were advancing. Once we were in danger of a disaster. While crossing a steep snow-slope diagonally, and having a yawning crevasse immediately below us, the man next the rear end of the line slipped and slid down the slope on his back to the very brink of the yawning gulf. Unfortunately the man behind him at that critical moment removed his alpenstock from the snow, was jerked from his feet, and, shooting head first down the steep incline, dis-

appeared over the edge of the crevasse. A severe strain came on the rope, but the three men in advance held fast with their alpenstocks. Before assistance could be extended to the man dangling in mid-air in the crevasse, he climbed the taut rope and stood unharmed among us once more. The only unfortunate result of the accident was the loss of an alpenstock. Continuing our climb, and having learned caution by experience, we at length slowly approached the dark rocks that marked the position of the crater at the summit. Weary, and some of the party suffering severely from mountain-sickness, we gained the base of the crater-wall and among the stones found shelter from the freezing gale that was blowing from the westward.

Throwing off the life-line, which had become almost an intolerable burden, I scaled the pile of bare rocks and gained the rim of the crater. The great bowl within was deeply filled with snow, but the black circle forming its rim could be distinctly traced. Descending the inner slope for about a hundred feet, I found a place where steam was issuing from a crevice in the rocks, and warmed my benumbed fingers. Soon my companions joined me and we took refuge in one of the many caverns that the heat of the rocks and of the escaping steam had melted in the lower portion of the snow and ice partially filling the crater. In these weird caverns one may descend far beyond the light of day. The white vapors drifting silently through the dimly lighted passages assume grotesque shapes and suggest to the imaginative visitor that spirits of the time when Pluto's reign was supreme there make their homes.

By melting snow in our tin cups over the cracks from which steam was issuing we soon had water enough with which to prepare tea. In the absence of sugar and cream, a little alcohol from the supply brought for fuel was added to each cup and proved a welcome stimulant. Making ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, we passed the night in the cavern of ice. There were no ledges broad enough to lie down on, and we were forced to stand or crouch against the hot rocks all night. The floor of our cavern sloped steeply and led down to an ugly opening of unknown depth, between the descending roof of ice and the rocks. To guard against accidents, the life-line was stretched across the cavern and made fast to crags. This proved a wise precaution, as we were able during the night to walk up and down with the rope in our hands and avoid the stiffness and discomfort that comes from remaining long in one position.

The roar of the gale among the rocks above our roof of ice made us glad of the shelter our retreat afforded, and lessened the discomfort of leaning all night against the hot, moist rock, while the icy drafts from branching caverns blew over us. Our clothing was soaked with condensed steam. All rules of health were disregarded, but when the dome of ice above us became blue with the light of the rising sun, we found that we had suffered no ill-effects from our exposure.

Climbing to the topmost point on the crater's rim, we stood 14,500 feet above the sea. The magnificent view we had hoped to behold was obscured. The entire land was covered with a dense ocean of smoke, the undulating surface of which was some three or four thousand feet below the mountain-top and shut out every vestige of the land beneath.

Far to the north, like a solitary island in the sea, rose the summit of Mount Baker, above the smoke, and several of the snowy summits of the Cascades visible to the eastward outlined the course of that beautiful mountain-range. To the south, and seemingly near at hand, we could discern the more elevated portions of Mount Adams and Mount St. Helens. The two mountains last named and Mount Baker, like the mountain on which we stood, are of volcanic origin, but their energy is expended. These grand volcanic piles once cast a glare over hundreds of miles of the Pacific Ocean, but the formerly molten rocks now retain only a remnant of their heat. That renewed eruption from these ancient volcanoes or in their vicinity will occur, is more than probable.

In descending, we passed down the south side of the mountain, skirting the base of the massive rock known as Gibraltar, at an elevation of about twelve thousand feet, and gained Paradise Park. This side of the mountain is easy of ascent, and affords the usual route taken by

tourists and others. Scores of people, including a few ladies, have climbed the mountain by way of Gibraltar, and returned in safety and without excessive fatigue.

We found friends encamped in Paradise Park, who extended to us a warm welcome. In the evening we gathered around a blazing camp-fire and discussed the pleasures of mountain-climbing, but more especially the many varied charms of Mount Rainier. Several other parties were encamped in the broad, beautiful park, and all the people I met there were enthusiastic over the healthful life they were leading and the marvellous beauties of the scenes about them.

Bidding our kind friends good-by the following morning, we continued our tramp and passed around the east side of Mount Rainier, crossing the Cowlitz and Emmons Glaciers, and on the evening of the second day after leaving Paradise Park, regained our camping-place at The Wedge. Thence we retraced our steps, still visible in the snow, to the main camp. The tramp about the east side of the mountain, although fatiguing and beset with difficulties, was the most instructive and interesting portion of the entire excursion. Later, a visit was made to the west side of the mountain, which included Spray Park, Willis Glacier, Eagle Cliff, and Crater Lake. The most magnificent view that can be had of Mount Rainier is from Eagle Cliff. This in fact is one of the most sublime scenes presented anywhere in America. From among the firs on the cliff's overhanging ledge the descent of two thousand feet into the canyon is impressive as a view into Yosemite, and beyond this gulf rises the snowy mass of Rainier, a pyramid of flashing ice nine thousand feet high, relieved by the deep-blue lines of the crevasses and the black and red rock-ribs of the volcano. The view is toward the east. With the golden glory of sunrise as a background, the Liberty Cap tipped with roseate hues, the glaciers half hidden in purple shadow, and the canyon's abyss immeasurably deep in darkness, the scene is worthy of a poet's journey from the farthest Orient.

All who have scaled the icy slopes of the monarch among the mountains of the Far Northwest, breathed the clear air about it, and been lulled to sleep on a couch of fragrant boughs by the music of falling waters, return to the prosaic tasks of every-day life with two wishes firmly rooted in their breasts. These are, that they may be permitted to return to the mountain, and that it may be preserved in all its natural beauty and sublimity as a legacy for generations to come. Steps have already been taken for reserving Mount Rainier and the rugged country immediately about it as a national park, to be held in trust by the general Government, for the free use of all who may wish to visit it, providing only that they will spare the trees and do no injury to the birds and harmless animals that make their homes among them.

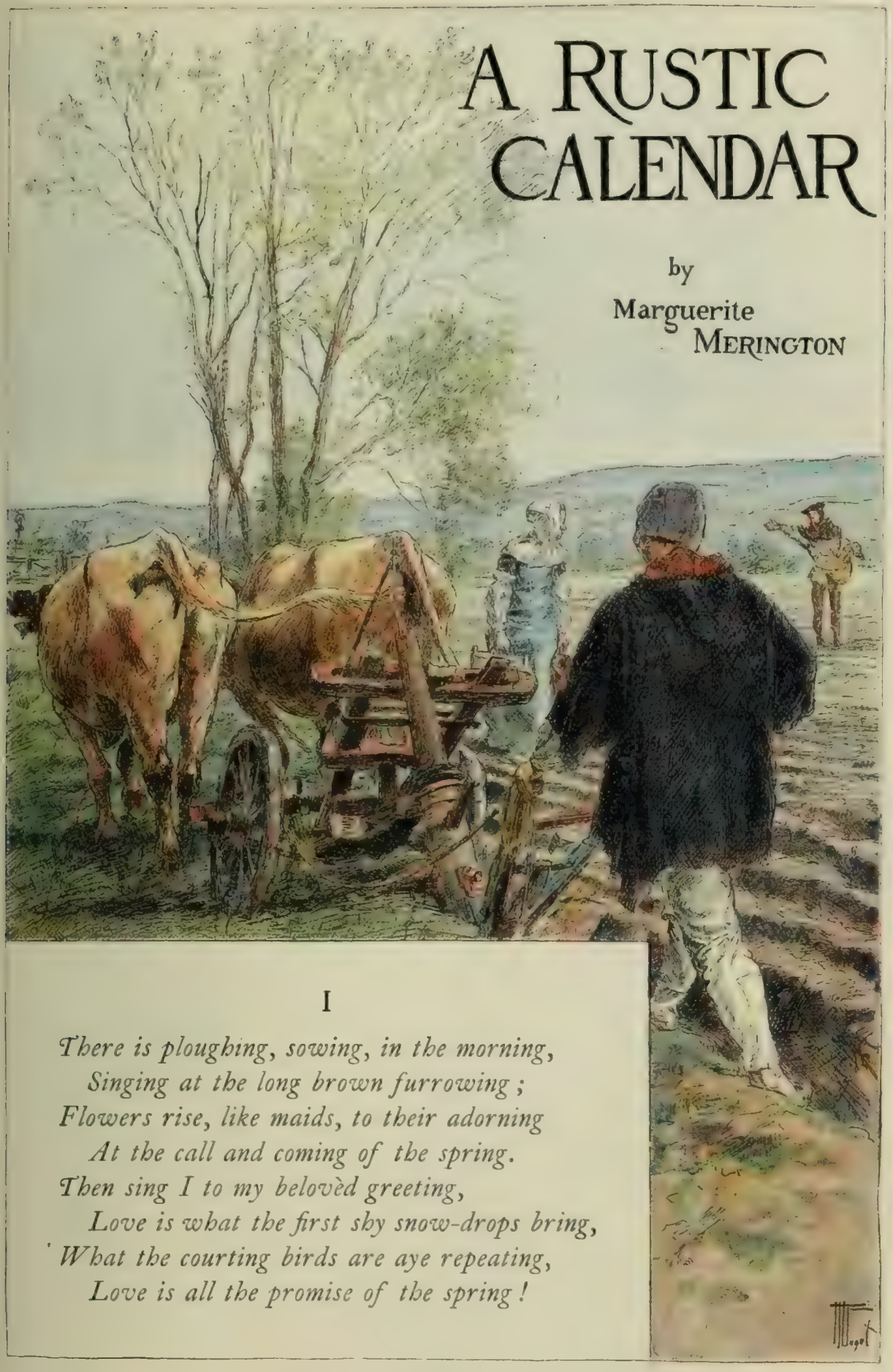
A bill has been presented to Congress in which the boundaries of the proposed Washington National Park are designated. They embrace an area about twenty-five miles square, within which, as I can testify from observation, there are comparatively few trees of value to lumbermen, and such as do occur are in a rugged region and so difficult of access that it will be long before they are of any commercial value. There are no mines, and geologists see no reason for believing that valuable deposits of ore or coal will ever be discovered. The proposed park includes a portion of the extremely rugged crest of the Cascade Mountains, but not Cowlitz Pass, through which it is expected a railroad will soon be built.

There is nothing within the limits of the proposed reservation to excite the greed of man, except the natural beauties of the region. If the gateways to Mount Rainier and the beautiful natural parks on its sides pass into the ownership of individuals or syndicates, toll may be charged for breathing the free air, maintaining health, and cultivating the æsthetic sense that is awakened in every heart by an intimate acquaintance with nature in her finer moods.

A Rustic Calendar

by

Marguerite Merington



I

There is ploughing, sowing, in the morning,
Singing at the long brown furrowing;
Flowers rise, like maids, to their adorning
At the call and coming of the spring.
Then sing I to my belovèd greeting,
Love is what the first shy snow-drops bring,
What the courting birds are aye repeating,
Love is all the promise of the spring!



II

There is piping, lilting, in the meadow,
Ripening grain with scarlet poppies gay,
Toil in sunshine, sweethearting in shadow,
And the moonlight scything of the hay.
Then sing I to my belovèd greeting,
Love outlives the passing of the may;
Summer's heart sets heart of Love a-beating
At the turn and cocking of the hay.



III

There is ruddy fruitage to be carted
To its garner, now the star-nights come;
Tawny sheaves, and gleaners thankful-hearted,
Merrily we bring the last load home.
Then sing I to my belovèd greeting,
Love is bud of spring and summer's bloom
In the fulness of the vintage meeting;
Love is Giving-thanks and Harvest-home!



IV

There is felling in the white wood's drifting;
Song and laughter round the yule-log's glow;
Nowel-praising to the heavens lifting
Where the Christ-star beams above the snow.
Then sing I to my belovèd greeting,
Love outlasts the seasons' come-and-go,
Love shall rise beyond this life's completing
Till it shine, a star, above the snow!

IN MEMORY'S GLASS

Do you remember, Love—can you forget!—
How the sky looked when we had climbed the hill?
Our horses' hoofs with glimmering dews were wet;
We stood a moment still.

There was a bar of crimson in the west
Wherein a great star palpitating hung,
So close, so close to earth, it seemed to rest
Our own dear haunts among.

And higher, as if shrinking from that glow
Where yet we knew she must be drawn full soon,
Reluctant in her maiden silver, lo,
The slim and virgin moon.

And underneath those heavenly ones we saw
The lights of home beyond the darkening plain;
Fair, shining beacons, set to softly draw
Us to themselves again.

Sweet sounds familiar filled the hour with peace;
Lowing of kine, faint chirp of nested birds,
Voices of children, tender minstrelsies
That had no need for words

When mothers hushed their babes upon the knee;
Somewhere a dog barked; then a silence fell,
And we could only hear the ancient sea,
Murmuring the ancient spell.

There at our feet it lay; and purple Night
Clothed it with her dim broideries, and its breast
Heaved with the thousand secrets none may write
Save who know Sorrow best.

But you and I lightly took hands and turned
From the unmated, sad, complaining strand,
To where the fires of love and home still burned
Across the shadowy land.

We had no thought to bid the moment stay,
Because it seemed that all would follow so;
—But I forget if it were yesterday,
Or ages long ago!

Do you remember—O could I forget!—
How the sky looked when we had climbed the hill?
The night has long since fall'n; the star has set;
But Time for me stands still.

THE TRUE STORY OF COMMANDANT LIÈVRE

By Molly Elliot Seawell

Illustrations by L. Marchetti

RANK and fortune are everything. That I know, not from having them, but from the want of them. To cast a man upon the world with nothing but merit is like throwing him headlong into a den of tigers with a wooden sword to defend himself. If I knew how to use a pen as well as I know how to use a carbine, I could make this much clearer, but the plain recital of what I have done and suffered will be a convincing argument that what I say is true.

I was born in the town of Marne, while my father was there on conscript service. He was a man of sense and of spirit, and lost his life—how do you think? In a quarrel with a brother officer over a dancing dog! My mother, poor soul, soon followed him into the other country. I had a great-uncle in Marne, a notary, and I was about to say that he fed and clothed me until my sixteenth year—but let that pass. He kept me from starving, and I was never arrested for being in rags.

I think I could have stood my hard fare and thin jacket better if I had not seen at intervals the little Marquis de Ravenel—the handsomest youngster imaginable, a younger and slighter boy than I, always galloping over the country on his pony, and a regular little prince thereabout, for he was the heir of the splendid château on the hill. He stood for me as the embodiment of youth and happiness. He was a fiery little fellow, and would fly into rages with his tutor and his grooms, and even his horses and dogs; and I remember seeing him one day on the highway, in a gust of temper, swearing like a pirate and wanting to fight a groom twice his size, who ran away laughing, but looked frightened too. Oh, how I longed to be like that little Marquis!

My uncle did not think I had the capacity for the profession of the long robe; and God knows if I had the capacity, I had not the taste, for I meant to be a soldier. My uncle determined to make me apprentice to an apothecary. We argued the point, and my uncle brought a clinching argument to bear on me in the end—he put me on bread and water. I stood it stoutly for exactly nine hours—but hunger is a creditor who will not be put off with promises to pay—so, next morning, I was busy at pounding drugs in a mortar. I pounded industriously for about an hour, thinking all the time what a shabby trade was drug-pounding compared with soldiering, and my reflections brought me to the point of resolving that if ever I engaged systematically in the business of killing my fellow-men, I would at least give them an equal chance with myself—in short, I concluded to run away and enlist. Having thus determined, I sneaked out of the apothecary's shop, and without going through the formality of asking my uncle's consent, I made for the high-road at the top of my speed.

Never shall I forget that day. It was at the beginning of May, and not ten thousand poets could describe its beauty, or the rapture it inspired in my breast; so, being a plain soldier, please excuse me from trying to tell of it. By hook and by crook, with the assistance of a few francs I had, I managed, next day, to reach the little town where the conscript depot was, and just as the officer in charge was about shutting up his bureau for the night, I presented myself. Now, being under eighteen, I had been wondering how I would get in the army, and had gloomily determined that it would be my fate to enlist as a drummer; but one look on the officer's part at my height and

figure showed me he meant to have me. I may say, now that I am as yellow as a kite's foot, with my face embroidered by several sabre cuts from Kabyle swords, with the rheumatism all over me, and one knee as stiff as iron, that I was a stalwart fellow at sixteen.

"Eighteen, did you say?" said the officer, taking down his book. I had said nothing, but I was put down as eighteen. The Sergeant who took me into another room and examined me, as a butcher examines a bullock, would not have let me go for a hundred francs; and so, before I slept that night, I was enlisted in the forty-third regiment of the line. So came to an end the first epoch of my life and so opened the second.

I would like to tell all that happened in the next twelve years, but I perceive that when one is writing about one's self the smallest particulars appear important, and if one put down all that appear interesting, a hundred books could be written in each life. I shall, therefore, only say that I early perceived my fate was in my own hands. The system of conscription has this advantage, that it brings one into contact with all classes of people; and the fact that there must be a separation of classes among the enlisted men, opens a door to those, like myself, who wish to make an honorable place in the world; and when my term of enlistment was up, I saw myself, at twenty-one, a sub-lieutenant.

Perhaps, if I had known the agonies of trying to live upon my pay, my heart might have failed at the last moment. My regiment was commonly known in the army as the Misers—there were so many poor men in it that our brother officers affected to believe that we were saving up millions. Occasionally, one of us made a good marriage; but immediately on making it the lucky man would either resign from the army altogether, or get a transfer to some other regiment. And thus we remained the Misers, that is, enduring all the penury of the miser, without his substantial gains.

Let it not be supposed that I spent all my youth in the pursuit of virtue and knowledge. Unluckily, no. But as I know that I can never bring myself to relate exactly all the faults, the follies, the rebuffs, the disappointments I suffered, so will I pass over them in silence—but I had my share—I had my share. One, however, I will admit. I was fool enough, and found a man willing to co-operate with me in folly, to get in debt two thousand francs. When I tell you that I learned to like horse-flesh before I paid that money, perhaps it will be understood what I suffered. I was very lonely. I was too poor to have friends; even too poor to have enemies. At last my debt was paid; and on the very day that I had got my release, and was feeling as happy as a king, I fell into another snare, more terrible, more hopeless—I fell in love.

We were then stationed at St. Quentin. The town is well known. I came across an account of it written in 1783, and I own that it might be written in this year of 1845—so little has it changed—even to the promenades on the grass-grown ramparts. It was on a June evening, walking on those green ramparts, that I met Renée Dufour. She was the daughter of the new Commandant, General Dufour. From the first moment that Renée's eyes met mine, it was all up with Pierre Lièvre.

I saw her often. Her father was very kind to me, and so was her old aunt, who was supposed to act a mother's part toward Renée. And Renée was very, very kind to me.

I will not attempt to describe her, but I cannot forbear mentioning the soft splendor of her eyes and the exquisite slenderness of her figure. She was not strictly beautiful—I believe the women of overpowering fascinations never are—but I will say no more.

Once there was to be a great military ball. I had not thought of going, but Renée asked me to go, and that was enough.

It was a very magnificent ball. The night was glorious, and the moon and stars looked down on a vast illuminated place, where fountains played, and music swelled and died, and the breath of roses ascended. The *coup d'œil* of the ball-room was splendid. At the top of the room stood General Dufour, a soldierly man with his breast covered with decorations—none of your time-of-peace decorations, but all earned by hard knocks—and at his side stood Renée, smiling and palpitating with

pleasure. I danced with her once, and afterward I fancied her eyes followed me pretty steadily; but I dismissed the thought as one only fit for a vain fool. I stood about, scarcely knowing anyone, except my brother officers, who were busily engaged. I felt that divine elation with which every human soul greets Love, the conqueror. I saw Renée dancing with the younger officers, promenading with the older men, whom she seemed to bewitch. I had no eyes for anything but her. Finding myself close to General Dufour after awhile, he turned as if to speak to me. The next moment he seemed stricken dumb, uttered a slight groan, put his hand to his head, and fell forward. I caught him in my arms. His daughter must have seen it, for she ran forward. At the first look she turned to me and gasped:

"Get a priest."

There were plenty of military surgeons at hand in a moment. I slipped out, ran to the house of a curé opposite, hauled him out of bed, and had him at the door of the ball-room in ten minutes. I looked in, and saw at the head of the room General Dufour lying on a sofa, his daughter kneeling by him on one side, a surgeon on the other. The group was directly under the gallery of the musicians, who, mute and awe-stricken as the gayly dressed crowd below, sat motionless, holding their instruments. There was a slight commotion, and the surgeon said, in a clear voice:

"He wishes a priest."

I caught the surgeon's eye at that moment, and opening the door wider, he saw the curé about to enter. He whispered something to the dying man and then to the girl. Renée raised her eyes as I advanced slowly, ahead of the curé.

He carried, wrapped in a veil, the sacred pyx. At the sight all present fell on their knees; and from the musicians' gallery, as if by inspiration, came the celestial thrilling of the violins in the *Stabat Mater*. The strains, ineffably sweet and solemn, filled the vast hall, as the curé walked, with bent head, toward the dying man. The offices were soon over, and as the curé was reading the prayer for the dying, Renée said, softly:

"He is gone."

She was a soldier's daughter, and she walked bravely and quietly out of the room on the surgeon's arm. I followed her without my own volition. There were others with me. The General's carriage was drawn up at the bottom of the marble stairs. She turned as she reached the head of the stairs, and, looking at me, managed to say:

"I thank you all. I thank the curé and Lieutenant Lièvre."

Never shall I forget the expression of her face, as she stood for a moment, the lamplight and the starlight falling upon her bare head, in her white gown, with a white mantle dropping off her beautiful white neck.

Next morning a great piece of good fortune befell me. I was ordered, with a part of my regiment, to Algiers. I call it good fortune, for I could have no peace near Renée Dufour, and it was a thousand times better for me to be far away from her, where I could neither see her nor hear her name. Before I left St. Quentin for good, I wrote her a very respectful note; and after some weeks, when I was at Toulon, I got a reply from her. It was brief—but just the kind of sweet, sincere thing that she might be expected to write. Like a fool, I imagined something in it—a word or two which indicated a continuing interest in me; but I soon saw the folly of such vain imaginings. That very night, at mess, General Dufour's death being mentioned, Captain Duval-Choisy, a steady, reliable fellow, said he supposed that Mademoiselle Dufour's marriage with the Marquis de Ravenel would follow soon. He had heard on good authority that the Marquis, a handsome, dashing young man, with nothing against him but a rather hasty temper, was always with her now, with the consent of her relations. This gave me a great deal of pleasure. What a fitting match for her! Youth, love—for she had no fortune—rank, and wealth. And de Ravenel must be a fine fellow; a hasty temper was nothing. I was in such spirits with this news that I ordered champagne, and laughed and talked more gayly than ever before in my life. I even tried to sing, and I have no more voice than a crow. I took my gayety with me to my quarters, and sat up looking at a black and starless sky, and listening to a restless night-wind until near daylight, all



Next morning I was busy at pounding drugs in a mortar.—Page 182.

the time rejoicing at Renée's good fortune. What a thing it was for a man to be well born and rich! I was neither.

It was in May, 1830, that with a part of my regiment—the Misers—I was ordered to embark on board the Diadème, ship of the line, at Toulon. There were in round numbers thirty-five thousand men engaged in that first great African expedition. I remember that everything was done to inspire us with enthusiasm, but it was not in the Bourbons to inspire soldiers. And when the poor old Duc d'Angoulême came down to review us—such a melancholy, cadaverous, croaking, tongue-tied, lantern-jawed, megrim-haunted creature never was seen — the men laughed at him, and the officers swore at him, under the rose. It was frightfully depressing when he undertook to make us a speech. There was Marshal Marmont —I happened to see him in the Duc's suite when that speech was made—and I thought the old soldier would have died of disgust. The Duc told us that none of us would come back, advised us to settle our worldly affairs, and make our peace with Heaven. The men looked quite blue when they were marched back to their quarters, and the officers felt bluer still. It is a very terrible thing to begin a campaign in bad spirits. Soldiers are apt to die when they are in bad spirits. Some of us remembered what the Emperor had said concerning the Duc's wife—she was "the only man in the family"—but we dared not speak of this, for any mention of the Emperor always affected the army deeply, and the authorities, very properly, ordered us to keep silent on the subject of Napoleon. The Bourbons were in a bad way with the army after the Revolution. They might forbid us to talk of Napoleon, but we only thought of him the more—and we forced them to bring his ashes back to us before many years.

We were to embark on May 11th, and ten days beforehand two of our sub-lieutenants were obliged to be sent to the hospital—one to have his leg cut off, the other raving with fever. Two more had to be drafted into our battalion immediately, and one was the Marquis de Ravenel, from a crack lancers regiment. Although myself only a few grades ahead of him in rank, I happened to be the senior officer present

when he reported. The others all had wives and families to say farewell to—I, alas! had no one.

He was as handsome, as dashing, as ever. How admirably would he suit with Renée Dufour! We had a very pleasant conversation, and the next morning, when the battalion was about to be paraded before me, I admired him more than ever. The men were drawn up under some trees on the edge of the town—we were encamped instead of being in barracks—and they certainly appeared very well. I was about to compliment de Ravenel upon the smart appearance of his men, when, as he approached, I saw that he was pale with rage—he looked as he did that day, so many years before, when I had seen him raving with the groom in the high-road. And this is what he said to me—his superior officer:

"So you are the man for whom Renée Dufour refuses to marry me. You, a beggar, a vulgarian, fit only to associate with her footman."

He spoke in a low voice, and I, staggered for a moment, replied in the same low tone:

"M. le Marquis, return to your quarters and consider yourself under arrest."

As quick as a flash he raised his sword, and gave me a swinging blow over my head with the hilt, and I knew no more. I did not know anything for several days. When I recovered consciousness I was in a hospital ward, and Duval-Choisy was sitting by me. I said to him, with an effort:

"Do you think de Ravenel will be shot?"

"He is shot already," answered Duval-Choisy, bluntly, "and by his own pistol, too—that is to say, it is so given out—but let me tell you, my dear Lièvre, although de Ravenel's body and the smoking pistol were smuggled out, I have grave doubts whether he is not just as much alive as you or I. His family are powerful at court, and royalists are not shot nowadays—there are not enough of them to be rashly disposed of. So don't trouble yourself about de Ravenel."



I . . . saw . . . General Dufour lying on a sofa, his daughter kneeling by him on one side, a surgeon on the other.—Page 184.



"I thank you all. I thank the curé and Lieutenant Lièvre."—Page 184.

I found that the general opinion was the same as Duval-Choisy's. The offence was so flagrant that it could not be passed over ; striking an officer is punishable with death, and the sentence is generally carried out in our army. De Ravenel's family had got to him at once; and before the court-martial could be notified, here had come the story of his suicide. There were many suspicious circumstances about the prompt removal of the body ; the military authorities were strangely reticent ; and I had a hint given me from a high quarter that I need not suffer my mind to be agitated about de Ravenel's tragic fate.

I recovered rapidly, and was ready to leave with my battalion, on May 11th. I had heard no word of Renée Dufour in that time. I had some hours of madness before leaving, when I felt like writing her a letter, bidding her farewell, but some instinct of manliness stopped me. Even if she were insane enough to wish to marry me, her family would be justified in preventing it. I had nothing ; I could give her nothing. No. The story of her preference for me, which had maddened de Ravenel, was mere idle gossip, because I had got the priest for her father when she asked me. She had probably never thought of me again.

At last, on a June evening, we sighted Algiers, and next morning the debarkation began. Everybody knows what followed. We beat the Algerians and the Kabyles and all the other tribesmen in all the pitched battles when they dared to face us, but they kept up a harassing guerilla warfare which was infuriating. We had to build a chain of block-houses



As quick as a flash he raised his sword, and gave me a swinging blow over my head with the hilt.—Page 186.

along all the territory outside the city of Algiers to protect our outposts and the few people who dwelt there.

The first year or two was exciting enough. Many of us got promotion—I got my captaincy—but after that, there was a time of stagnation. There were troubles in France and the troops were withdrawn, leaving only a handful in Africa. I had done my share in the campaign, and after that the homesickness which seizes every Frenchman away from France seized me. We were quite idle, the authorities being content that we should simply hold what we had got—and to be idle in Africa, as it was then, was very dreadful. The officers who had friends at home got ordered back, but I, with a few other Misers, remained on the plain around Algiers.

The men suffered more, of course, than the officers. From some of the best disciplined regiments in France they grew to be among the worst. At every departure for France there would be an outbreak from those who remained behind. Expeditions were organized against the Kabyles and Bedouins to counteract this and give the men something to talk about—but soldiers, unluckily, can think—and when they saw that we could not keep what we took, that we were not numerous enough to make a strong demonstration against the tribesmen, that beyond our line of block-houses we were powerless, and, above all, the occasional finding of a soldier with his head cut off, it was hard upon them. They would talk about the Emperor then; there was no stopping them. For my own part, I stood the ordeal fairly well. I tried to put Renée out of my head—and how well I succeeded may be imagined when I say that I never looked at those great, brilliant, golden stars of the African nights, which seem so large and so near, without thinking of her, and wondering if she were still alive, and if she were married—

and this dreamer was a battered, middle-aged Captain of the line! And this lasted for thirteen years. Yes, I was thirteen years in Africa. Of course I might have gone back to France many times, but, unluckily, I learned Arabic, with many of its dialects, very well. It has always been my perverse fortune to get in trouble, not through my faults—which are numerous enough, and all well grown for their age—but by my few good qualities. The authorities put me into the *Bureau arabe*. I, a soldier, was made a clerk. In vain I swore I would resign, I would leave the army, I would turn Mahometan, but it was no use. After my time the officers were astute enough never to acknowledge how much Arabic they really knew; but I, in an insane moment, had boasted of mine, and I had thirteen years in which to repent of it. Algiers in the 30's was a dreary place, half desert, half Paris, French African, the Arab slipper-maker next door to the French milliner—a boulevard on the edge of the desert. I think I grew morose in the thirteen years when I was a French grand-vizier. As chief of the bureau, I had the privilege of ordering Arabian heads to be cut off. I did not avail myself of the privilege, but sometimes longed rather to cut some other heads off. I grew to be "old Lièvre" among the young sub-lieutenants. I kept away from the quarters where the French ladies with their smart gowns were to be found. The ugly ones I did not like, and the attractive ones always reminded me of Renée; so I avoided women altogether.

At last this slavery to a bureau became intolerable. One day I determined to be free. I went to head-quarters and announced that I would like to be relieved from the *Bureau arabe*. The Commandant smiled, and made out my orders at once. I was to proceed to Fort Mastagnan, nearly two hundred miles from Algiers, and take command of the little fort, with a garrison of—what do you think? One hundred and fifty *disciplinaires*.

To command a mud fort, two hundred miles in the interior, with a garrison of a hundred and fifty rapscallions under punishment! Of course the Commandant expected me to beg off at once, and to go back to doing a clerk's work in the *Bureau arabe*. But I swore to myself that I would not go back to the *Bureau arabe*. The Commandant did not urge me. He evidently thought that a slight experience of Fort Mastagnan would bring me to terms; so he let me go. Within a week I was ready to start. It was a weary journey. My first sight of Mastagnan was not as melancholy as one might suppose; for *disciplinaires* are soldiers after all, and have the same childish light-heartedness of other soldiers. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and although it was in the rainy season, the sun shone every day at that hour. The fort was perched upon a plateau, with great mountain-peaks towering over it, and the sun glinted upon the silvery mountain-torrents that foamed down the face of the rocks.

My ragamuffins were drawn up to receive their new Commandant, and although not very smart looking—except one man who was orderly to the former Commandant—they were not very bad looking. The officer whom I was to relieve recommended his orderly to me.

"A very sharp fellow — calls himself Laurent—has a life-sentence for striking an officer, but I think he expects it to be commuted very soon. I can't make him out; I am afraid he is a gentleman; he writes a better hand than I do, and except for his damned superiority in everything, has not a fault."

"I will take him," said I.

The first time my orderly and I came face to face I saw he was the Marquis de Ravenel, and he saw that I was Captain Lièvre, and each knew the other recognized him. But never saw I such coolness and self-possession as Laurent's. He had, at last, learned self-control. Not a wink betrayed him, and I, scorning to be outdone by my orderly, was as cool as he. This, then, explained the mystery. By some sort of juggling his family had saved his life, and had got him off to Africa, ostensibly for life. They had probably been working all the time for the commutation of his sentence, the restoration of his civil rights, and he would return to France something of a hero, to be rehabilitated with title, money, and everything. But suppose the impulse to kill me should come upon him? Well, he had plenty of chances. We got on from the start—

Laurent's face quite inscrutable, while I, in a very little while, had trouble to keep from smiling every time I saw, or even thought of, the Marquis touching his cap to Pierre Lièvre, holding my horse, running my errands, standing at attention whenever I spoke to him.

As with my predecessor, he did everything better than I did. His accent was Parisian — mine, I am afraid, was not. He wrote and spoke half a dozen other languages besides, of which I knew not a word. He had made himself a kind of mandolin, on which he played charmingly, while he sung airs from the operas that had been new thirteen years ago, and he was leader of the *disciplinaires*' band. Oh, it was a comedy to see us together ! I wondered often if he remembered Renée Dufour. Alas for me ! I had not forgotten her.

Meanwhile I had been looking closely about me, for the Commandant of a fort in the enemy's country, with a garrison of *disciplinaires*, needs to keep his eyes open. The fort had good walls, stout and high. On the northern side it was protected by an inaccessible precipice. We had one field-piece, and plenty of ammunition and provisions. I considered the fort practically impregnable, *if* I had a good garrison. I had no doubt they would fight ; *disciplinaires* are generally good fighters ; but suppose the tribesmen should come, five or six thousand strong, as they might, for they had lately begun to attack us in vast numbers when they attacked at all. Then, if only the *morale* of the *disciplinaires* could be kept up— but there is something overpowering to the rude mind of a private soldier in the thought that he is outnumbered fifty to one, even though he be well armed and protected. After considering this part of it, I sat down to do what I had always intended, but had not, until then, set about, and that was, to make my will. But when I actually began it, I was troubled with two difficulties—I had nothing to leave, and nobody to leave it to. So I did not make a will.

I am happy to say that I found Fort Mastagnan a great improvement on the *Bureau arabe*. I was as well satisfied as ever in my life. True, I had the same old pain at my heart, but that I should have had anywhere. And the sight of those solemn peaks piercing the clouds, and the vast loneliness of the hills and valleys around the fort in the mountains, was soothing to my soul.

Some months passed. We often saw bands of Kabyles and other tribesmen stealing along the valleys at nightfall, the light trampling of their horses' hoofs faintly audible in the clear air. Sometimes the morning sun shone on a group of dazzling white burnouses disappearing quickly in the gorges of the mountains. We had not so far had a single Kabyle carbine fired at us, but it was coming.

One night in December, when the air was sharp, as I sat at my supper of barley-broth and mutton — it was mutton, mutton, mutton, summer and winter— Laurent entered my room, and saluting, said, calmly :

" Sir, the tribesmen are pouring down the mountain-side."

I seized my field-glass and ran out. There was no moon, but the sky was bright with stars, and by their faint, unearthly shimmer I could see a cloud of horsemen pouring, as Laurent said, out of the great mountain-gorge above us. On they came, in myriads. The Arab horses rush noiselessly down the steepest declivities in an indescribable manner ; it is more like the flight of eagles than the bound of horses. The riders, enveloped in their white burnouses, out of which their black eyes gleam like points of flame, looked ghostly, and if I were a poet, instead of a plain Captain of the line, I could tell, as it should be told, the weirdness, the wildness, the barbaric majesty of the sight. It was as if some great serpent of the night were unwinding himself, to spring upon that little fort on the mountain-side—for as the Arabs came into the plain, the vast circle coiled around the fort, and then gave one prolonged savage shriek of hate, and menace, and triumph. There were not less than eight thousand of them in sight—and we were a hundred and fifty.

Meanwhile my rapscallions were under arms by the tap of the drum, and I proceeded to harangue them.

" It is a movement in force," said I. " Thousands of tribesmen cannot move without the knowledge of our superiors.

We shall be rescued—be sure of that—and meanwhile we must take care of ourselves. You know what Arabs do for their prisoners. Not always this—" I passed my hand across my throat—"that is mercy; but to be slowly tormented to death, to be dragged at the heels of horses, to die of blows and thirst and hunger—*that* is the punishment reserved for French prisoners—and afterward their heads are cut off. Now, my children, let us not die in that manner."

A shout arose from my fellows at this.

"However," said I, "there is small danger of that, for I have arranged, if ever the Arabs get over the stockade, to blow us all up at the first wink!"

This they cheered tremendously.

"And more," said I, "there is a chance for every one of you to wipe out everything against you. Gallantry in the face of an enemy will condone any crime a soldier may commit. *Vive l'armée!*"

At this, a great cheer went up. Fear and hope—the two great mainsprings of human action—had been touched, instead of a hundred and fifty *disciplinaires*, I had a hundred and fifty heroes.

And now my awkward pen falters and I can scarcely go on. Oh, for the burning words of a Froissart to tell what happened when eight thousand Kabyles and Bedouins came surging upon us! In the darkness the trampling of their horses' feet sounded like thunder. They had each a long, single-barrelled rifle, but they soon found that rifle-balls do not penetrate thick walls. We knew they would attempt to storm the place, and when we saw a hundred dark heads over the parapet on the south side, it took not a minute for us to direct all our fire at them, while our one gun was dragged across the courtyard, and pointed through a hole in the wall. And when it barked out, I heard, for the first time, the Arabs shriek with pain; for these followers of the Prophet are great and admirable in agony and death. They suffer and die with majestic calmness. But the very suddenness of the assault drew from them a yell that smote the black heavens above them.

All night the *disciplinaires* fought as I never saw men fight before or since—such coolness, such discipline!

All through that first dreadful night Laurent was my aide-de-camp as well as my orderly; and when the mountain-tops grew rosy in the coming dawn, he was at my side, cool, smiling, and spick and span as ever. That is the way with the thoroughbreds. I am afraid I was frowzy and rather ill-tempered. About sunrise the Arabs gave us a little peace, and, still under arms, we had something to eat. Laurent—that is, the Marquis de Ravenel—brought my coffee and barley-bread to me upon a tray with a white napkin. I was a long time eating and drinking—all for effect—it nearly choked me. Then I ordered the band out—we had a pretty good one—and Laurent, the leader, looked at me meaningly, and I understood and nodded back, and it burst into—not *Vive Henri Quatre*, or any of those Bourbon airs, for which soldiers do not care a fig—but into *La Marseillaise!* You should have seen my poor fellows! They shouted, they wept, they embraced—they cheered me—they cried, "*Now*, will we hold out!" Oh, it was an inspiration! They were every inch Frenchmen then! All day the attack continued intermittently. I was more sure of the *morale* of the men then than before; still I thought the day with its monotony more dangerous than the night with its excitement. As the sun sank in beauty—the day had been mild and clear—Laurent went and fetched his mandolin, and sitting in the middle of the courtyard, sang some of his gay songs, all about love and wine, and the men began to laugh and actually to dance. I daresay the Arab devils outside thought we were crazy, but we were watching them all the same.

As soon as night fell we again heard the marshalling of thousands of horsemen, the trampling of thousands of hoofs, that wild, far-reaching scream of thousands of voices. The sky became inky black with the clouds that were to pour down rain on us; the air grew sharp, and a cold wind from the mountains swept down and roared through the gorges, and soughed among the branches of the trees. And over all hung a pall of dusk and gloom; it was as if the few souls in that fort in the African wilderness were the sole human beings in the universe. And the sudden rush of thousands of Arabs, which came at midnight, the earth trembling as the multitude

of iron hoofs smote it, seemed rather the assault of demons than of men. That night we repelled them, too; every head that appeared over the parapet was shot off. The Arabs rode round and round the fort, wheeling as they reached the one inaccessible side. This second night the sight of this vast wheel of horsemen circling around us, the hoof-beats sounding always at the same distance, began to show its effect upon the *disciplinaires*. One of them, a hale, hearty young fellow of twenty-four, grew deadly pale and faint as he listened. I was passing at the time, and afraid to notice him for fear the panic would communicate itself to the others. I saw him walk unsteadily toward the centre of the courtyard, as if to get a better view of the enemy, and suddenly he put his foot upon the trigger of his carbine, and the next moment the bullet went through his head. He shrieked out twice, "I was afraid! I was afraid!" and then breathed no more.

This first indication of panic was very alarming. Presently, Laurent, touching his cap, whispered to me, "Captain, may I get my mandolin?"

I nodded, and in a little while he was sitting under an umbrella to keep off the rain, thrumming his mandolin, and singing in a rich voice some of the songs from the operas. And he kept this up until the dreary dawn of the rainy day came. Then it was his turn to do duty, but his singing was having so good an effect on the men that I allowed him to continue an hour longer. The band then played *La Marseillaise*, and I knew we were safe as long as the inspiration from it lasted. I thought as I made my rounds that morning that surely no commander was ever placed in a more singular position. Here I was, locked up alone with one hundred and fifty criminals. We were perfectly safe as long as we thought ourselves to be safe; but the instant we doubted our safety, all was up with us.

In all that time we listened, and hoped, and waited every hour for the relief column. The authorities kept a close watch on our enemies, and they must soon become acquainted with the assembling of so many thousands of them. Yet for seven days and nights we endured the agony of waiting. Seven days and nights! Rather did it seem seven months. There was not the smallest break in the routine. At last I began to fear that the men would give way under this strain of monotony. I was convinced that were a few men killed by the enemy, it would have been better on the whole. But nothing I can write could give the smallest idea of those seven days and nights of agony, before one morning, just at sunrise, we heard the French bugles. Oh, the rapture of that silver sound! I think every man wept, even Laurent, and in an hour the misery was over. Our enemy was flying to the mountains, our comrades were marching in, grasping our hands, embracing us, and calling us heroes. Some of the heroes, though, were so unnerved that they lay in heaps upon the ground crying like nervous women. Laurent, I noticed, was overflowing with joy and happiness. He had the nerve to stand joy as well as agony.

Well, when my hundred and fifty bad fellows marched into Algiers, one bright morning, they were received as if they were the glory of the French army. Troops lined the way on both sides, all the Europeans cheered us, the ladies threw us bouquets and waved their handkerchiefs, and wept and laughed—even the Arabs and the Jews looked at us with some interest. Every man had all his misdeeds wiped out, and every man got a medal for gallantry, and every man was drafted into a line regiment, except one—Laurent.

Within an hour of the time we reached Algiers I had forwarded Laurent's application for leave; and in another hour it was returned, "Granted."

That night, after he had attended to my wants in his usual submissive manner—for he was still my orderly—he came up to me, and suddenly changing his whole aspect, he said:

"Adieu, comrade. I have got leave, and I am off to-morrow to—never mind where. You have been an excellent master, and I will give you a certificate of character to that effect whenever you want it."

"Thank you, comrade," replied I, offering him my hand, which he shook warmly. Next morning Laurent was gone—to France on a merchant vessel. The Commandant, who knew a good deal more than he would admit, made a wretched business of an explanation to me, but I



We had to build a chain of block-houses along all the territory outside the city of Algiers.—Page 187.

knew that Laurent had influences at work which would get him to France the instant his time was up. No doubt, it was all arranged months beforehand. I was made a Commandant, and given the cross of St. Louis; and then the resolve came into my mind to return to France, and to begin a search for Renée Dufour.

I reached Paris one afternoon in April, and going to a lodging near the Champs-Élysées, recommended to me by a brother officer, engaged a modest apartment, and the very first person I met on the stairs when I came home at midnight was my old acquaintance Duval-Choisy. He seemed pleased to see me, asked me about Mastagnan, and invited me to sit on his balcony and smoke before going to bed.

I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful and brilliant as Paris that spring night. The lights, the cheerful crowds on the streets, the merry cafés, and, over all, the solemn stars and great, vivid moon that had shone over Mastagnan. Next us was a splendid hotel lighted from *entresol* to attic; a ball was going on and we could hear the rhythm of the music borne out on the soft night-air of April, and could see the dancers whirling past the windows. We watched it in silence for some time — I was thinking of that other ball, now more than fourteen years ago, and, as always, thinking, thinking of Renée Dufour. But I could not bring myself to ask Duval-Choisy about her, although I felt sure he knew. Presently he spoke, without looking at me—he was always a kind-hearted fellow.

"That hotel belongs to the Marquis de Ravenel; you have not forgotten him? Of course, he did not commit suicide. His family got him sent to Africa for life, it was said, but as soon as the citizen-king came in, they began to work to have him pardoned, and they succeeded. He was at Mastagnan; did you recognize him?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Of course, that wiped out everything.



The Arabs rode round and round the fort, wheeling as they reached the one inaccessible side.—Page 192.

NOTE.—The incident of a hundred and fifty *disciplinaires* defending Mastagnan against eight thousand tribesmen actually occurred.



"Adieu, comrade. I have got leave, and I am off to-morrow to—never mind where."—Page 19

His family made a hero of him; his mother bought this hotel for him, and he married Mademoiselle Dufour at last."

The music rose and fell as before, but the air of the melodious waltz seemed to me to blend strangely into the strain of the *Stabat Mater* that I had heard played at that other ball so long ago.

I said not a word. Duval-Choisy continued, after a little while:

"I have heard that Renée Dufour remained unmarried all those years, not for the sake of de Ravenel, but for some other man—someone who had been kind to her at the time of her father's death—there was a mysterious reason for her conduct. She rewarded de Ravenel's constancy in the end, but I do not think she has the air of a happy woman."

The ball was still going on, but at that moment a woman dressed in white, with diamonds flashing all over her, came out on a little balcony directly opposite ours. She raised her face, and the moonlight fell upon it. How sad it was! And it was the face of Renée de Ravenel.



I easily passed unnoticed in the crowd.—Page 203.

THE WORKERS

AN EXPERIMENT IN REALITY

BY WALTER A. WYCKOFF

I—THE ADJUSTMENT

HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.,
Monday, July 27, 1891.

THE boss at the work on the old Academic building in West Point gave me a job this morning, and ordered me to come to work to-morrow at seven o'clock. A gang of laborers is fast removing the old building, which is to give place to a new one. From one of the workmen I learned that the men live in Highland Falls, a mile down the river, and so I came here in search of a boarding-house. There was some difficulty in finding quarters, for the place is crowded with workingmen attracted here by the new buildings at the Post and work on the railway.

Mrs. Flaherty has taken me in as a boarder. That is not her name, but it sufficiently indicates her. She came to the door with the odor of soap-suds and boiling cabbage strong upon her, and told me at first that she guessed that she couldn't take me. She relented when I explained that I had work at the Post; and, having admitted me as a member of her household, she gave play to her natural hospitality. When I was shown to a little carpetless room under the roof, with two double beds in it, I spoke of needing water, and she showed me where I could get a plentiful supply. I said that I should like to write, and she at once invited me from the torrid heat of the attic to a place at her dining-room table.

Here then, in the temporary security of a boarding-house, and as an assigned member of the industrial army, I can review the first week of enlisted service.

I am vastly ignorant of the labor problem, and am trying to learn by experience; but I am so far familiar with Socialistic writings as to know that, from their point of view, I have not gone from one economic class into another. I belong to the proletariat, and from being one of the intellectual proletarians, I am simply become a manual proletaire. In other words, I no longer stand in the market ready to sell what mental ability I have, I now bring to the market instead my physical capacity for work, and I sell that at its market price. Expressed in every-day language, the change is simply this: from earning a living as a teacher, I have begun to earn it as an unskilled laborer.

But, nevertheless, the change has in it elements of real contrast. One week ago I shared the frictionless life of a country-seat. Frictionless, I mean, in the movement of an elaborate system which ministers luxuriously to the physical needs of life. Frictionless, perhaps, only to those to whom it ministers. Now I am out of all that, and am sharing instead the life of the humblest form of labor upon which that superstructure rests.

This is not a frictionless life in its adjustment to daily needs—very much the reverse. And whatever may be its compensations, they are not of the nature of easy physical existence.

The actual step from the one manner of life to the other was sure of its own interest. It was painful to say good-by on the last evening, and there was enough of uncertainty in the prospect to account for a shrinking from the first encounter with a strange life; but there was promise of adventure, and almost a certainty of solid gain in experience.

At sunrise on the next morning I was ready to set out. I descended quietly to the hall. The butler stood there, politely urging some pretended necessity as excuse for so early an appearance, and he invited me to breakfast.

Often had he seen me off for a day's fishing or shooting in the old suit which I

wore, but I could feel his eye fixed upon me now with perplexed interest. He had heard my expedition discussed at the table, and in some vague way he took in that I meant to earn my living as a workman. With his wonted dignity, he helped me adjust my pack and strap it; and then he stood under the *porte cochère*, and watched me hurry across the lawn in the direction of the highway.

Two hours' walk carried me beyond the point of my acquaintance with the country roads; but this presented no real difficulty, for I had but to keep a steadily westward course. Other details of my expedition were not so simple, and I began to have an uncomfortable sense of unsuspected difficulty. I look back from the vantage-point of a week's experience, with a feeling of amused tolerance, upon my naïve preconceptions. It is like a retrospect of years. My notion of earning a living by manual labor was the securing of an odd job whenever I should need a meal or a night's lodging. Much advice had come my way before I set out. As a means of access to people, I was told to take with me a book or magazine, and to invite subscriptions. I adopted this plan; and a copy of a magazine was under my arm as I walked on through the dust and heat of a country road, wondering how long it would take me to reach the Hudson, and how I should earn my first meal.

There was nothing at all adventurous or exciting in a dusty walk. My pack was taking on increments of weight with each mile of the journey. I was beginning to feel conscious of change in unexpected ways. There was no money in my pocket, and a most subtle and unmanning insecurity laid hold of me as a result of that. The world had curiously changed in its attitude, or rather I saw it at a new angle, and I felt the change most keenly in the bearing of people. My good-morning was not infrequently met by a vacant stare, and if I stopped to ask the way, the conviction was forced upon me that, as a pack-pedler, I was a suspicious character, with no claim upon common consideration.

In the shade of his porch sat the keeper of a country store, at a fork of the road. His chair was tilted against the outer wall, and his feet rested upon the balustrade. My question as to the course of the two roads before me was responded to by the merchant, first with a look, and then a spurt of tobacco-juice, which stirred the dust between my feet, and finally, a caustic sentence to the effect that he "did not much know, and did not care a damn," while his blue eyes swept the horizon, and rested finally on the Sound, gleaming golden in the morning sun, and the purple line of the Long Island shore.

The new-born self-consciousness which I found asserting itself was like a wound on the hand, exposed to constant injury. I had walked several miles before I summoned courage to speak to any one else. Finally, very hot and thirsty, I knocked at the door of an unpainted cottage which stood on the road. The door opened to the touch of an old woman, who bent toward me in the emaciated angularity of a decrepit figure which must once have been strikingly tall and vigorous.

I asked leave to show her the magazine, and she invited me into the cool of her home. The middle floor was covered with a yellow oil-cloth, on which there stood a table. A large cooking-stove occupied one side of the room. A few wooden-bottom chairs were ranged around the walls. An old kitchen clock rested on the mantel-shelf; and on either side of it hung a faded photograph, each in an oval wooden frame.

The old woman asked me to draw up a chair to the table, and she sat beside me, looking with the excited interest of a child at the pictures which I showed her, but paying little heed, I thought, to what I was saying. Presently, without warning, she veered mentally with the facility of childhood, and now she was looking at me intently between the eyes, while one long skeleton hand lay on the open page before her.

"Be you a pedler?" she asked, and her eyes dilated to the measure of the protruding sockets over which the yellow skin was tightly drawn. "I am trying to get subscribers for this magazine," I told her.

"Was you raised in these parts?" My negative gave her the opening for which she was unconsciously feeling. She was born and "raised" on that spot, and had lived there for nearly eighty years, and she hastened to tell me so. There was noth-

ing voluble in the recital of her history. only a directness and simplicity of speech and a certain quiet reserve which rendered the narrative absorbing to us both. Some bond of sympathy began to make itself felt, for she was dwelling on the losses of her life, and, quite unconsciously, she wept as she told me of the death of one and another, until not one of all her family or kindred was left to her, except her grandson, with whom she now lived. She said no word of complaint ; and, in the presence of her human sorrows, she had no memory of poverty, and of the bitter struggle against want which life had plainly been for her. She was sobbing softly, with her head bent upon the table, when she ceased speaking, and no comfort that I could offer her was comparable to the relief that she felt in telling her story. When I arose to go, she was breathing deeply, like a comforted child.

For a stretch of several miles of country road I spurred myself to knock at every door to which I came. My reception was curiously uniform. I never got beyond the request for leave to show the magazine. The reply was invariably a negative ; sometimes polite, but always emphatic. Once I did not get so far as that. A portly negress saw me approaching her cottage from the road, and, standing strident on guard before her door, she shouted to me across the meadow that nothing was wanted there, and that I might save myself the walk.

It was nearing noon, and I was very hungry. The question of earning a meal was no longer an interesting speculation, but a pressing necessity. I turned all my attention to that. A large iron gateway leading into a cemetery attracted me. Several ragged, tow-headed children were playing about the lodge. One of them told me that his father was inside, and he indicated the general direction of the tombstones. I found the digger sweating freely in a half-finished grave, and instantly offered my help as a means of earning a dinner. The grave-digger was an Irishman. He leaned at ease upon his spade, and soberly looked me over, and then declined my offer. He was polite, but not at all communicative, and he met my advances with the one remark that his "old woman" was not at home.

A little farther on, I saw three women in pursuit of a hen. I eagerly volunteered my help, and asked for a dinner in payment. They quit the chase, and stood confronting me with serious faces, while I eloquently pleaded my readiness to help them. Nothing in the situation seemed to strike them as strange or irregular, but they touched upon it with short, grave speech, until I had the feeling of something momentous, and I accepted their refusal with a sense of relief.

At last, in the outskirts of the village of Westport, I found a man mowing his lawn, and he was willing to give me a dinner for completing the work. My final success in getting an odd job was a splendid stimulus. I urged the mower over the lawn with a vigor that surprised me, and the dinner which I ate in the dim corner of an immaculate kitchen was a liberal return for the labor.

All that long summer afternoon I went from house to house, asking subscriptions for the magazine. The rack would have been easier upon my feelings, but I was eager to discover some ready way of approaching people. Not even the loafers at the station were in the least inclined to share their company with me. At nightfall I earned, by sawing wood for an hour, a supper and the right to sleep in an unused barn.

When I awoke, in the early morning, I looked with bewilderment at the dull gray light that shone between the parted boards and through the rifts among the shingles. I came to myself with homesickness in full possession of me, and my back aching from the pressure of that intolerable pack. At the pump in the barn-yard I washed myself, and sat down to eat a slice of cold meat and some pieces of bread which I had saved from supper. An unfriendly collie watched me, and growled threateningly until I won him over with a share of the breakfast.

The village was muffled in a heavy, clinging fog. The buoyancy of the previous morning was gone. It was with some difficulty that I found the road which had been pointed out to me as the shortest cut across country to the Hudson. I could not shake off the feeling of homelessness and isolation ; and, under its influence, the lot of the farmers' boys, whom I met driv-

ing their carts to early market, appeared infinitely to be desired. A life of any honest work which accounts for one, and includes some human fellowship, and a reasonable certainty of food and shelter, began to take on undreamed-of attractiveness, in contrast with vagrancy. I felt outside of the true order of things, and as having no contact with any vital current of the world. Perhaps it was in some measure the Philistine in me asserting himself, in the absence of his customary bath and hot coffee; for, as the fog lifted and the sun appeared, I came upon a brook which I had only to follow a hundred yards or more to a well-shaded pool, where the bath was soon achieved, and I emerged feeling that a vagrant life, with some purpose in it, was, after all, rather desirable.

The morning was only fairly begun when I reached the village of Wilton, eight miles from Westport. Already I was tired, and certain muscles of the shoulders and back were in violent revolt. I left my pack at the post-office. Passing up a street, which runs at right angles to the one by which I entered the village, I presently knocked at the last of a row of comfortable cottages.

When the door opened I knew instantly that the gentleman who stood framed in it was the village pastor. I said that I was looking for work. He asked me inside. I thought this a curious change of subject, but willingly followed him into a dim sitting-room, fragrant of perfect cleanliness. I explained that I was on my way to West Point in search of work, but was without money, and so obliged to earn my living by the way, and that I would gladly do anything that offered in payment for bread and board. He questioned me closely, with an evident purpose of drawing me out further, and then he abruptly offered me work on his wood-pile, and appeared surprised at my instant agreement.

The wood was green, and the saw, with which it had first to be cut into proper lengths, was not sharp, and it was certainly not skilfully handled. The work was hard, but at noon there was ready for me in the shed, a dinner of beef, and potatoes, and slices of bread, which for lightness and color were like flakes of snow, held by a band of crisp brown crust.

In the afternoon the minister interrupted my work with the request that I would join him in the house, and he indicated where I could first wash in the wood-shed. I steeled myself for a lecture on the evils of vagrancy, with incidental references to drunkenness as its probable cause in my case. Instead, I found the family seated for an early "tea," and myself invited to a place at the table. I am bound to say that I was rattled. I had expected a meal in the kitchen, and a bed in common with the preacher's horse.

Not the least curious position in which I have so far been placed, was that which I occupied at the minister's board. His family, I shrewdly suspect, did not share his hospitable feelings toward me, and I could venture a guess that it was under protest from them that I took a seat next to the minister's daughter.

She was a pale, delicate girl, of seventeen, perhaps. Her short, brown hair curled close to her head, and her dark eyes looked dimly at you through huge spectacles. The light, crisp stuff in which she was dressed seemed to create about her an atmosphere some degrees cooler than that of the rest of the room.

By way of beginning, I offered some fatuous commonplace about the surrounding country. Instantly I realized that I was not to venture upon a conversation that implied terms of social equality. The child bristled with outraged dignity, and let fall in reply a sharp monosyllable. Further conversation with her would have been highly diverting, but not very considerate, and so I turned to my host, who maintained through the meal the air of one who is on the defensive, but who is sustained by the conviction of doing his duty.

My sympathies were all with the girl. Her feeling was very natural, so natural as to suggest the rather disturbing ideas with which Count Tolstoi is again confronting us. It was a very practical application of the teaching of brotherhood, that of asking a chance workman to a seat at one's family table. But if ministering to Him is really, in part, in such recognitions of the least of His brethren, the instinctive shrinking of the girl brought up in a Christian home in the country was a commentary on our drift from the simplicities of the Gospel.

In the evening I went with the minister to a prayer-meeting in his church. A handful of people sat at solemn intervals in the

audience-room. I was plainly the only common laborer among them. The men appeared to be comfortable farmers, and there was a village shop-keeper or two, while the women were clearly their wives and daughters.

In one of the agitating silences which fell upon the company after the minister had declared the meeting open, I rose and took part; and at the door, when the benediction had dismissed us, several of the men spoke to me cordially. There was entire kindliness in their manner, and they, perhaps, were not conscious of showing surprise in welcoming a laborer to their meeting.

That night the minister insisted upon my taking a bed in his house. I pleaded an early start. He, too, was to be up early, and in the morning I found him in the kitchen before me. On the table were bread and milk; and as I ate, I parried the somewhat searching questions of my host.

My course from Wilton lay through Ridgefield and Salem and Golden's Bridge, and then, crossing the line between Connecticut and New York, it made directly for the Hudson River.

This was no great distance; but in the early stages of the march I was much delayed by rains. Driven to shelter, I found it usually in a barn, or a shed under which were housed the farming implements. Here is an example: From a sudden downpour of rain I ran to an open barn. A farmer, whom I found there unhitching his horses, eyed me suspiciously, and gave a halting assent to my request for shelter. He soon left me alone. I tried to read, and could not. The dull day was deeply depressing. Like the burden of a haunting sorrow the trial of separation weighed upon me. It was not homesickness alone, but added to that a feeling of isolation. Poverty, I had thought, would at once bring me into vital contact with the very poor. Instead, it had made me an object of unfailing distrust. The very poor I found in an occasional cottage of a farm laborer, or some grotesquely dilapidated hovel, swarming with negro life. But they were no more hospitable to my approach than were the well-to-do farmers, and I met not a single vagrant like myself in the course of my walk to the Hudson. I was lonely with the loneliness of a cast-away, and I climbed into the hay-loft and fell asleep. Here, at least, was comfort; the deep, dreamless sleep, to which I had long been a stranger, was making gracious advances. When I woke, the rain was past for the time, and I resumed my journey, with a leaden sky overhead, and soft, clinging mud under foot; but I was strangely refreshed, and walked on quite enheartened.

The intermittent rains interfered with my progress, and increased the difficulty of finding chance work. Repeatedly I was offered a meal, but denied the privilege of working for it. For twenty-four hours I went hungry, and spent much of that time asleep in a hole which I burrowed into a hay-stack.

But under a brightening sky on Friday, I was given some wood to chop, and the promise of a dinner in payment.

The work was soon done, and to the dinner there was given an added pleasure in the company of one of the two old women for whom I chopped the wood. She sat at the table and talked to me. Perhaps she was solicitous for her spoons. Certainly she was very entertaining. Her dark calico dress fitted closely her thin figure; and she sat very straight in her chair, with her hands folded in her lap, and her eyes bright with gentle benignity.

In all the farming region through which I have passed on my way to the Hudson, I have been much impressed by an unlooked-for quality in the intelligence of the people. The books, of which I now and then caught glimpses in their homes, were often of a surprising range. On the sitting-room table of one farm-house, I noticed a Milton, and several volumes of Emerson, and a copy of Stevenson's Essays, besides much current literature. Not infrequently, the conversation of these people had in it a curious suggestion of cultivation, curious only because a dainty choice of words, and the graceful turn of a phrase were accompanied by habitual inaccuracies of speech. They have, for example, their own forms of the verb "to be." "I be" and "You be" are invariable in their common usage. I wondered whether the conventional forms, which they find in their reading, did not strike them as oddly foreign.

The prim little lady who sat near me

through my dinner proved charming. She showed no curiosity about my history, nor the least anxiety to tell me hers. With an air of quiet self-possession she followed the conversation into its natural channels, and sometimes followed it far ; for at one time she was describing for me, with admirable vividness, the methods of irrigation in use in Colorado. But she consistently made *done* do duty for *did*, and she used, in some of her sentences, negatives enough to satisfy the needs of negation in the purest of Attic speech.

One more incident of the tramp to the Hudson : Late on Friday afternoon, I was nearing Golden's Bridge, a village on the Harlem division of the New York Central Railroad. My road lay over the hills of a rolling farm-region. The fields of corn were radiant with sunlight reflected from great drops of rain which rested on the nodding blades. In the meadows was the rich sheen of the after-growth. Golden-rod and sumach grew thick on the roadside, and half concealed the rails of the zigzag fences. From the forests there came a breath of fragrant coolness.

After sundown, the twilight soon faded into dark. My efforts to secure further work had been unsuccessful. Once I was nearing the ruin of a little wooden cottage, on the porch of which sat a woman enjoying the cool of the evening. Upon seeing me enter the gate, she fled within, and slammed the door ; and I heard the key turn in the lock. I was growing tired. The actual journey had not carried me far, but the long fast of the previous day and the toilsome walking over soft roads had resulted in exhaustion. Scarcely physical strength remained with which to move farther, and I was ready to throw myself down, with infinite relief, under any chance shelter, when I caught sight of the village lights not a quarter of a mile beyond.

I knocked at the first door on the street. A farmer's wife appeared, and kindly offered to consult her husband on the subject of work. She soon returned with a favorable reply, and invited me to follow her into the kitchen. Carpetless as it was, and stained as to walls and ceiling, and low, and dimly lighted, the shelter of that room was like softest luxury. A pitcher of milk and some slices of bread were placed on the table, and I ate ravenously.

At one end of the table sat the farmer in his shirt sleeves, with a newspaper spread before him. He was in the midst of his haying, he said, and had plenty of work, and was willing enough that I should join the other men in the hay-field. The shed for the hands was full, so I offered to go to the barn, and was soon fast asleep on the loose hay in a stall.

As the farmer and I walked to the barn, I had taken occasion to fortify myself in the agreement regarding work. He was an old man, very hale and hearty and genial, and he walked with a curiously stiff movement of the legs, and with his feet nearly at right angles to the line of progress. He set my mind at rest with the assurance that there would be plenty of work for me, if the morning proved good.

The morning was all that could be desired. I got up early, and went to the kitchen, where an Irish maid-of-all-work gave me a bit of soap and some water in a tin basin, with which to finish my preparation for breakfast. She was a beautiful girl, large and awkward and ill-groomed ; but her features were strikingly handsome, and her clear, rich complexion would of itself have constituted a claim to beauty, while sprays of golden hair fell in effective curls about her forehead, and heightened the charm of her deep-set Celtic blue eyes. I was drying my face and hands on a coarse towel which hung on a roller near the kitchen-door, and which was used in common by all of the hired men. She watched me curiously. Presently she ventured an inquiry as to whether "the boss" had given me "a job." I said that he had. "Her eyes were homes" of deep concern, and in her voice was that note of pity so effective in the Celtic accent. She was saying that my hands did not look as though I was used to work. I was blushingly conscious that my hands were against me, but she tactfully tried to relieve the situation by supposing that I was a "tradesman." Then had to come the damaging confession that I was not. But the other hired men now began to enter, and we sat down to breakfast.

A breakfast on a farm is not always the appetizing reality that the inexperienced imagination paints. The cloth, in this case, was ragged, and showed signs of long use since its last washing, and there were

no napkins. The service was repulsive in its hideous tastelessness. Flies swarmed in the room, and crowded one another into our food. The men were in their working clothes, coatless, sleeves rolled up, and their begrimed shirts open at the neck. When our coffee was poured out and handed to us, each used his own spoon in dipping sugar from a bowl which was passed from hand to hand. The butter, in a half melting condition, and dark with imprisoned flies, was within reach of us all, and each helped himself with his knife, and then used it in conveying food to his mouth. This last feat I did not try. There was in it a suggestion of necromancy, and I had doubts of my success. We ate in silence, as though the gravity of the occasion was beyond speech. The farmer did not appear until we had finished breakfast, and I waited at the kitchen-door for orders from him.

He came at last, kind and cordial as ever, but quite changed in purpose regarding my going to work. He urged my confessed inexperience, and the danger of exposure to the sun. I protested my willingness to assume the risks, and begged to be allowed at least to work for what had been given me. But he would not listen, and appeared to think that he set matters right by assuring me repeatedly that to what I had received I was "perfectly welcome." His wife gave me, at parting, some tracts, and a religious newspaper, and in these I found presented, in somewhat lurid light, the evil consequences of insobriety.

Knowing that I was within walking distance of Garrison's-on-Hudson, I resolved to reach that point before night. My letters had been forwarded there, and my eagerness to get them was of a kind unexperienced before. It was Saturday, and, late in the afternoon, I reached Garrison's after a hard day's march. The heat was intense, and although I walked but a little more than twenty miles, the effort of carrying my pack was thoroughly exhausting. The woman in charge at the post-office was in evident doubt about the safety of giving me so large a packet of letters, but yielded at sight of others which I showed her, and readily agreed to look after my pack until I should call for it.

Between the station and the river was a tavern, and there I meant to apply for work. As I neared the station platform, a train from New York drew in. Something familiar in one of the passengers who alighted put me on my guard. In a moment I recognized a fellow-guest at a dinner-party of a few evenings before, and I remembered, with an odd sense of another existence, that, over our coffee, on a broad verandah, overlooking a harbor, bright with the night-lights of a squadron of yachts, he had given me the benefit of an amazing familiarity with the details of the recent baccarat scandal. My anxiety was needless, for I easily passed unnoticed in the crowd.

I walked on to the tavern. Its keeper was busy behind the bar when I asked him for a job. He surprised me immensely with a ready promise of work, and he asked me to wait until he could arrange matters. I went into an adjoining room, and took out my letters.

It was the pool-room, and the walls were hung with colored prints of prize-fighters, with arms folded on their bare chests in a way that put their biceps much in evidence. And there were pictures of race-horses which had won distinction. An old, much-battered pool-table occupied the middle of the room. Around the walls ran a rough wooden bench. Dirt was everywhere conspicuous. The ceiling and walls were filthy. The floor was bare and unswept, and there were accumulations of dust about the table-legs and in the corners under the benches, which could be accounted for only by a liberal allowance of time. The two small windows, through which one could see the dismal tavern yard, apparently had never been washed.

I sat on a bench, and opened the letters. The dim past of my "respectable" life began to brighten with increasing vividness. Quite lost to present surroundings, I was suddenly recalled to them by the appearance of the boss, who came with a cloth in hand, with which he aimlessly dusted the table while he questioned me. I was so absorbed in letters that, for a moment, I could not place myself, nor in the least account for the situation. The keeper was asking me what I could do. This was a natural question under the circumstances; but it took me by surprise, and it staggered me. I covered my con-

fusion with a profession of willingness to be useful, and of a desire to work. The boss, a coarse, blear-eyed, sensuous-looking man, eyed me doubtfully, and suddenly concluded that he had no work for me.

But I was wide awake now. I knew that the nearest farms were some miles back in the country, and that, except at the tavern, I had slender chance of food or shelter. I said that if there was work to be done, I was eager to do it, and that if, after a trial, he found me incapable, he could dismiss me at any moment.

I fancied that I had gained my point, for he told me to follow him, as he led the way into the kitchen. There we found the cook bending over a range, in which the fire refused to burn. "Mrs. Murphy," said the boss, "here's a man I've hired to help Sam," and then he turned sharply upon me with a "Damn you now, work! if you know how to work!" My opportunity lay in the smouldering fire, so I hastened to the wood-pile, and presently returned with an armful of fine wood which insured a fire for dinner.

Mrs. Murphy was a little, old, emaciated Irish woman, with her thin white hair parted in the middle, smoothed back, and twisted into a careless knot on her crown. Her face was wrinkled almost to grotesqueness, and she had the passive air of one to whom can come no surprises of joy or sorrow, as though the capacity for sensation was gone, and life had reduced itself to mere existence. I watched for opportunities of helping her, and she accepted the services as though she had been accustomed to them always.

She began to interest me deeply. I learned from her that Sam, whom I was hired to help, was a scullion and stable boy. When she had nothing further for me to do in the kitchen, I returned to the wood-pile, and chopped industriously, hoping to give evidence of my fitness for the place. In an hour or more, the proprietor called me, intending, I supposed, to give me a change of work; but, instead, he gave me a quarter, and told me, not unkindly, but firmly, that he did not want me.

The situation was discouraging. I had tramped some twenty miles through dust and heat over a hilly country, and, since the early morning I had had nothing but a few apples to eat. Besides, it was fast growing dark, and so too late to look for work on the farms back in the country.

The immediate neighborhood is largely taken up with country-seats, and I made repeated efforts to get work at the hands of a gardener. I soon discovered that I was in a community where special provision is made against my class. At the carriage gates I not infrequently found a notice which warned me of the presence of dogs, and although the dogs gave me no trouble, a lodge-keeper, or footman, or gardener, upon learning my errand, was invariably seized with fervent anxiety for getting me unnoticed out of the grounds.

At night-fall, I walked back to the tavern, and asked the proprietor if I might sleep in his stables. To my surprise, he was exceedingly friendly. He readily agreed to that, and, of his own accord, he invited me to remain at the tavern over Sunday, and to take my meals in the kitchen; and he added that, on Monday morning, he would give me some work to do as compensation.

Already I had made a friend of the cook, and she now received me warmly. Perhaps it was her habitual good-nature, for she had the same kindly manner toward the other men, Sam and the three Irish section hands from the railway, who took their meals with her. More than ever I was attracted to her. She cordially greeted the workmen as they entered her hot, reeking, ill-lit kitchen, addressing them by affectionate diminutives of their first names, as Johnnie and Jimmie and the like. They clearly had a warm regard for her, and they respectfully lowered their voices and said "ma'am" in addressing her. To be sure they swore viciously in her presence; but then she swore too, not ill-naturedly, but simply as an habitual means of emphasizing her usual language.

I watched her for some sign of ill-temper. In stifling quarters and under exasperating inconveniences she toiled on at work far beyond her strength, not patiently merely, but with the cheerfulness which is always thoughtful of the comfort of others.

In spite of fatigue, that night in the stable was not a restful one. The air lay heavy and hot in the unventilated loft, and through the night the horses, tortured by flies, stamped ceaselessly in their stalls.

About midnight, two men came into the barn. I soon knew them for bedless wanderers like myself, and I awaited them in the hay with an interest that was lively. They did not climb to the loft, but lay down in a wagon; and for an hour or more I heard their gruff voices in antiphonal sentences replete with strange oaths. They were speaking in low tones and not excitedly, but their speech seemed little else than profanity.

The heat and darkness intensified the quiet of the night. The breathless stillness was broken only by the hoarse blasphemies below, and the nervous stamping of the pestered brutes. I tried to shut out the sounds, and at last fell asleep.

In the early morning I woke to a beautiful mid-summer Sunday, the first of my vagrant life. Sam was whistling at his work in the stables and the tramps were gone. I found a path behind the barn leading to a point on the river-bank where I could bathe.

The military cadets were out on Sunday parade, and the music of their band was the summer morning itself, vocal in notes other than the songs of birds, and the soft murmur of the river. The tents of the camp shone spotlessly white on the bluffs above the water. Some of the buildings were visible among the trees. The sheer approach to the post and its dark background of well-wooded highlands threw into strong relief its commanding position. Among the hills to the north the river appears. The immediate section of it might be a lake, girt with steep hills, that are dense with infinite shades of green. About the post the river sweeps in a magnificent curve, and disappears among the hills to the south.

The few books that my pack contained made generous amends, on this day of rest, for the weight which they had added to my load. After breakfast, I took one of them to a shaded corner of the churchyard, and read there until the service hour, and then I slipped into a seat half hidden by the baptismal font.

In his sermon, the rector contrasted the emasculated ideas of the present with reference to God's judgment of sin, with the virile thinking of the Middle Ages, expressed in such works of art as Dante's Inferno, and Angelo's Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel. Earnestly and eloquently he pleaded the reality of spiritual things to the minds of men in those ages of belief, and then he solemnly urged a return to the plain truths of inspiration, and to the teaching of the Church, that "God cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance," and that the punishment of unrepented evil is "eternal death."

The church was well filled, and I looked it over with a quickened interest. The sexton and I, so far as I could see, were the only representatives of the poor. Outside were a number of coachmen and grooms and nurse-maids; but these, it is likely, were of another persuasion. Certainly they would have looked curiously out of place to our Protestant eyes among that well-dressed, prosperous company. I knew this body of worshippers at a glance; some of them I knew personally. It was easy to follow them all in imagination to country houses where the afternoon would be spent in what escape there offered from the heat. On the next day would be begun again the round of wholesome recreation and of social intercourse, relieved from the formality of town life, which makes up the summer rest, and which implies the leisure which is rendered possible only by the continuous work of a multitude of the poor, who constitute the parts of intricate social and domestic machinery. I seem to be dwelling upon a costly immunity from physical labor. It was not this that appealed to me. These worshippers had leisure, but they were far from being idle. My personal acquaintance went far enough to recognize among them persons whose lives are full of strenuous activity in channels of splendid usefulness. It was the social cleavage which yawned to my vision from the new point of view. The rich were there in the house of God, but not the poor; and the very atmosphere of the place seemed to preclude the presence of the poor.

I had asked Sam to go to church with me. Sam had been watering the horses, and now had an empty bucket in each hand and some tobacco in his mouth. He stood still for a moment, regarding me intently, and shifting the tobacco from one cheek to the other. Then he asked me with much directness if I took him for a

"dude." I said that I should then go alone. "That way?" asked Sam, with an eye to my gear. "It is the best that I can do," I explained. "Then go, and be fired for a bum," he replied, as he moved on toward the pump.

(To be continued)

THALATTA

By Blanche Willis Howard

Illustrations by H. Vogel



"IT was glorious!" thought Henriette Vischer, with exultation, as she mechanically smoothed her iron-gray hair, put on her plain dress and prim collar, set her room—austere as an anchorite's cell—to rights, opened her casements, and turned back her bed to air.

"It was so strong, so vivid. I never had a stronger. It was wonderful. It will last till I get there. *Ach, grosser Gott im Himmel*, to think I am going! What will Ottilie and Miezle say? How will they bear the surprise? It seems a crime to undertake it all alone. Twenty-two hours by rail. *Du, meine Güte!* Two days there to spend exactly as I like. Twenty-two hours back—remembering. How I ever got so far as to plan it and set the day I don't know, and I feel like the Prodigal Son. Yet if you've hungered and thirsted for just one thing all your life, and are sixty-eight years old, and never saw the day you could do it, and now you can with a clear conscience, at least so far as the money is concerned—well, selfish or not, I'm going to behold it once with waking eyes before I die!"

With an expression of singular determination even for Henriette Vischer, she went briskly downstairs to see that Fritz, the little apprentice and errand-boy, had opened the shop and properly begun his day's work.

Her mouth looked grim, but the deep wrinkles about her shrewd eyes were benevolent and humorous. The grimness had, of necessity, waxed strong, confronting the inordinate silliness of the two sisters she was trailing through life, and, Heaven knows, daily intercourse with those dames required a liberal seasoning of benevolence and humor to make it in anywise palatable. She had an excellent head, both in its outward form and interior furnishings, a resolute profile, and a still erect and vigorous figure. In her little shop she sold lamp-shades, be-ribboned boxes, photograph-frames, leather handkerchief and glove cases, and other very clean and respectable objects of home manufacture, besides cards for birthdays, confirmations, Christmas and the like. Hers were the patient old hands that might always be depended upon to complete embroidered tokens of affection for blushing girls to present to their lovers. In the background was a somnolent bookbindery, relic of her husband—dead these thirty years—and still conducted by his old foreman. Altogether, she enjoyed steady patronage, much respect, and had no fault to find with her modest humdrum business in a back street of a small inland town, except—in the most secret chamber of her heart—that the town was inland.

"Eberhard not yet down?" she asked, glancing into the work-rooms.

"No," grumbled old Gottlieb, "and I never set eyes on him yesterday and hardly on Monday, either."

"He's younger than you and I," she responded, with so strong a note of good cheer that the old man looked up from his work and smiled.

In the breakfast-room, her sister Ottilie, a heavy woman with blurred features and a sententious manner, was talking thus, between large sips of coffee and liberal mouthfuls of bread:

"It was a green silk frock, apple-green, with white polka dots—good-morning, Henriette—made with five tucks and a frill. And I wore a pink-sprigged jaconet bertha-cape and a broad Leghorn hat trimmed with straw-colored ribbons. They had been washed and ironed, but they looked perfectly new. I remember Martha Pfitzer, she that was afterward Frau Gemeinderath Stolz, said to me that morning what pretty ribbons they were. That was the twenty-seventh of April, 1840. Ribbons were better then. She had three boys. On the third day of June, I wore the dress again to the Kränzchen, and Lucie Kaltenbock spilled whipped cream all down the front breadth. She was fifteen, just confirmed, and already engaged to her cousin Carl, and they moved to Ulm and set up a hardware business. She that was afterward Frau Revisor Berner whispered to me at the Musik Fest on the nineteenth of June at half-past six in the evening, as we were going up the stairway to the left gallery, third row back, in an awful jam—I remember it was the nineteenth because it was the day after Cousin Helene Ritter's birthday, and the next Musik Fest three years later they began on the twenty-first in unusually hot weather for the season—that she could not for her life imagine what any man could see in that silly little Lucie Kaltenbock. The stains never came out."

Meanwhile Miezle, a spoiled child of fifty-six, was toying capriciously with her roll, feeding her canary with sugar, and chirping to him with shrill coquettish cries and trills a sort of airy clarionet-solo, insolently independent of the heavy bassoon accompaniment of Ottilie's voice.

"It was a pretty frock," Henriette remarked, benevolently, her thoughts returning from a wide and breezy flight as Ottilie paused for breath and refreshments. In a moment her vast flood of reminiscence was rolling on anew, while Miezle, impertinently unheeding, fitfully babbled to her bird.

With a distinct sense of guilt, Henriette regarded their unsuspecting faces. What she was contemplating savored of wild adventure. Then her motive—how explain it? How put her longing into words, she, a staid old woman? Years before she used to speak of the dream, but nobody cared about it. Not even her good husband had understood. After all, what was so utterly devoid of interest and significance as another's dream? Yet her dream, if the truth were known, was no small part of her existence.

From her earliest childhood it had haunted her. Sometimes it came night after night in an unbroken series; again after varying intervals. If it was ever absent longer than eight or ten days, she missed it sorely, and grew ill at ease. Always inherently the same, it presented itself under changing conditions. There might be great ships at anchor, innumerable masts, crowds of hurrying men with vivid, dark faces, and steep, narrow streets between houses such as she had never seen—but *It* lay beyond. Or ultra-foreign scenes—quaint, neat, like pictures on tea-cups—and *It* waiting in its might. *It*—shoreless, trackless, boundless, and no vestige of humanity except her itinerant dream-self. Oftenest, a vast expanse of rocky coasts, *It* surging gloriously, and a group of strong men hailing *It* with cries of joy.

She had waked, indeed, with that triumphant cry almost upon her lips, but never in all the years could she carry it quite over the mystic boundary of dream-land, though a subtle sense of gladness and exhilaration would linger, and pervade her homely and monotonous duties. If she dreamed other dreams, she never remembered them. Why always this unique vision—strenuous—dominant? Did other souls seek by night scenes diametrically opposed to the whole tenor of their lives, traditions, and occupations by day? Not Ottilie, not Miezle, at all events. She had heard them tell their dreams. They were precisely like their other experiences.

"Helma and Julia Kernick write they are coming to have coffee with me this afternoon," said Miezle, wiry and autocratic. "You must get me some cakes, Ottilie, and some whipped cream. But don't spill it on your front breadth," she added, with a school-girl cackle and a gratified sense of aptness.

"On the day of old Otto Kernick's funeral," Ottilie began, portentously, "the sixth of November, 1837, at three in the afternoon, from the Hospital Church, Emilie Braun's first husband, Herr Assessor

Greiner was just coming round the corner of——"

"Don't spoil your front breadth," giggled Miezle, still enjoying her wit. "I hope it will not rain. I think it looks like rain. I said to Cousin Dorothea Siegle I thought we were probably going to have rain. And Cousin Dorothea said she didn't know, but it did look like rain. I said I thought when it looked as it has looked lately it generally rained. I said to myself the first thing this morning it looked cloudy and as if it might rain."

"The bearded man near me wore sandals," reflected Henriette. "I saw them distinctly on the shore. Is there nothing else you would like, Miezle?"

Miezle considered, interpolating flippant, satisfied ejaculations in Ottilie's droning verbosity.

"They will resent it," mused Henriette, with a pang of self-reproach. "They will think me crazy and wickedly extravagant, and I suppose I am. I shall never hear the last of it, it is so altogether like riotous living. There they sit, suspecting nothing. I shall not dare to tell them till half-eleven to-morrow, just as I'm flying off to catch the noon train."

"Some jelly, Miezle? How would some Rheinwein jelly do? Oh, Ottilie, if you would like the real lace barb on your summer hat, I don't mind letting you wear it this season."

Whereupon Ottilie, amid effusive thanks, began to weave a convoluted tale of lace, her numbers as unassailable as an astronomer's.

"And if they should ever discover I had dared to speculate a wee bit in stocks and had good luck, and was going to use my gains for this journey, I believe they would simply faint." Conscience-stricken, with the soul of a conspirator, she surveyed their familiar features, her calm, shrewd face betraying no trace of emotion. "But it was the first and last time, and how else could I ever have gone? Nothing could induce me to touch my little capital; the business goes about so-so, well enough it is true; but living is dearer every year, and it would be a sin to let them suffer in the slightest degree through my wild notions. No, there was really no other way. If it *was* gambling—and I fear it was—may the Lord forgive me, crazy old woman that I am!"

Ottilie's recital continued imperturbably. Miezle interrupted ruthlessly, meanwhile inspecting her hands—tiny, claw-like objects of which she was very proud. She was one of the ugliest and daintiest little women on earth. All three sisters were scrupulously neat, but Miezle seemed almost preternaturally exquisite. They had always been proud of her—no one inquired why or demanded her credentials. It was the family tradition, even before her illness, that she should be admired and humored in all things.

For many years she had been a chronic invalid, having early in life lost the use of her legs. Her complaint, fortunately, was painless, and, by another beneficent dispensation, her mental horizon, not spacious at the start, had assumed, in her narrow environment, dimensions more or less similar to her canary's, so that she seemed not to beat against her cage. It is true she now and then called attention to her imprisonment; but rather as a histrionic attempt to increase her importance than as actual lamentation.

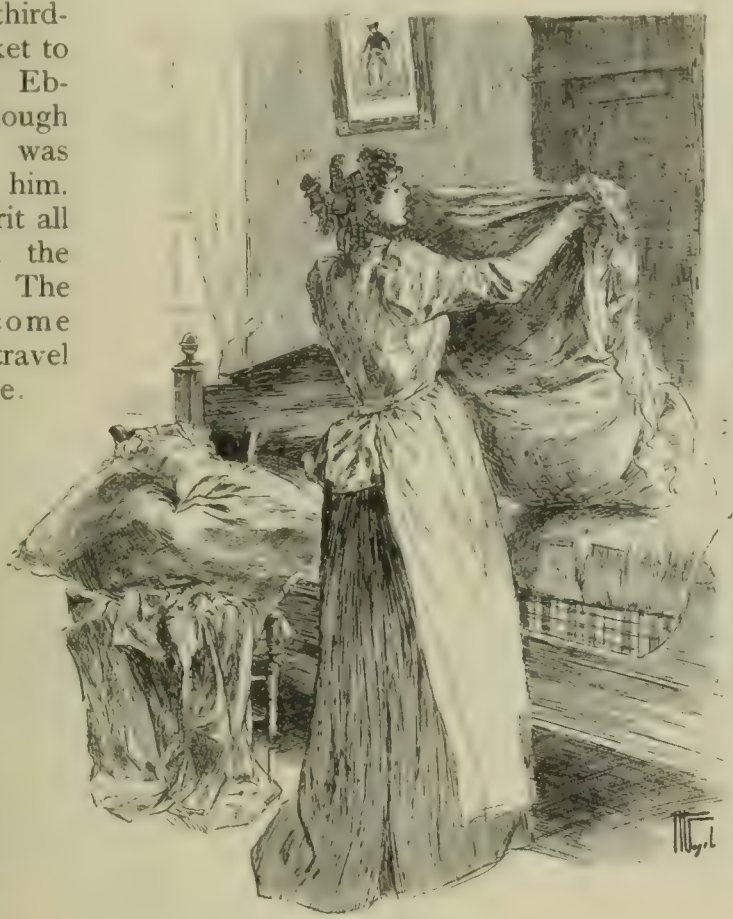
For she passed her days pleasantly enough, with minute attention to her toilette, pasting birds and flowers in her scrapbook, doing fancy-work, reading her evening paper gloatingly—that is to say, its local news, continued tale and advertisements, never its leaders or telegrams—tyrannizing over Ottilie, whose garrulousness never hindered her conscientious and patient servitude—and receiving visitors for gossip and coffee. At such feasts, the invalid in her wheel-chair presided with sovereign ease and dignity.

Doubtless noble resignation goes far toward rendering such a life endurable, but still more potent, it would seem, is inordinate self-satisfaction. It is fair, perhaps, to add that the gentle fidelity of spirit which forbids people ever to let a little, elderly, witch-like, unamiable woman—with a beaky face, an obvious mustache and no ideas—suffer from loneliness and neglect, and keeps them, merely because they happened to know her forty or fifty years ago, trooping in still with their children and children's children, offering flowers and modest gifts, is essentially "made in Germany."

Poor little Miezle, Henriette reflected, had never taken the smallest journey.

Even Ottilie had been only to and from the near village where her husband was Bürgermeister, until he died, the profane insisted, of over-exertion of the larynx—Ottilie's larynx. Henriette also had never left her native town, yet contemplated them pityingly. It was almost as if she had gone, seen, and returned a conqueror.

She would bring them some remembrance from the wild, mad, roving (third-class return ticket to Hamburg), and Eberhard, too, although her conscience was at rest about him. He would inherit all she had, and the snug business. The time would come when he could travel at his pleasure. Her strange journey was no wrong to him, at least. She could hardly accuse herself of niggardliness to the boy, nor did he, she was well aware. Well, she was so fond of him, so glad to give him a pleasure, and he, too, loved her dearly. Not steady at his work of late, no—and somewhat moody and irritable—not his bright self. No doubt a little too wild. That would pass. He would sober down. He was a dear fellow at heart, always after the smallest fault penitent, gentle as a child, and full of the best intentions. She must have a good talk with him immediately upon her return.



She . . . . set her room . . . . to rights, opened her casements, and turned back her bed to air.—Page 206.

She knew her sisters had a way of calling her, behind her back, severe and even stingy, because she sometimes denied them a wish. They had good heads for reckoning their own money—a chancellor-of-the-exchequer, to say the least, was lost in Ottilie—but what Henriette expended upon them they deigned not to compute. Their little annuities they were wont to discuss rather grandly; that she for long years had provided them with their home and the necessaries of life, they ignored for the most part. It seemed more genteel to be silent on this point. If they ever distantly alluded to it, they took care to remind each other that, after all, she could "afford it"—she had "the business." The qualities that went to make her modest commercial success they never appreciated; Miezle from sheer incapacity, Ottilie because too preoccupied by her chronological tables. Besides, Henriette never explained her methods. The sisters helped her to fill extra orders at Christmas-tide and Easter, and this was almost their only connection with the shop. She was, therefore, the more content that Eberhard was quick, intelligent, in all practical things her confidant, more and more familiar with every detail of the business, particularly since he had become so clever a penman, and kept the books so handsomely; that was a great relief, now that she was getting older.

Henriette had long since finished her breakfast, but lingered still, torn by curious compunctions. After all, these sisters were the powers with which she had to reckon. Perhaps she was too curt with Ottilie and Miezle at times—in the hard years, especially. Thank heaven she'd paid off the mortgage. When she came back they should each have some great pleasure—whatever they liked best. Ottilie should

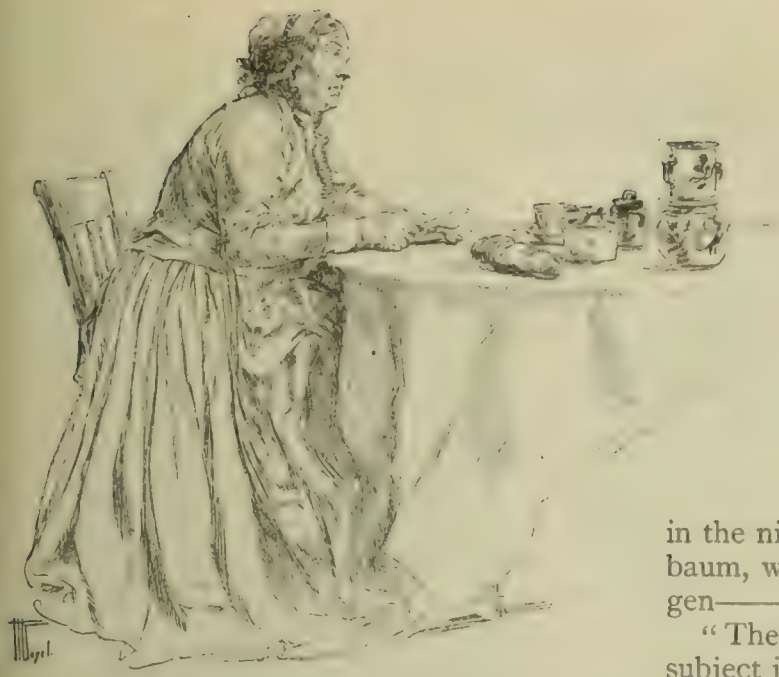


"Eberhard not yet down?" she asked, glancing into the work-rooms.—Page 206.

buy a new mantilla, taking her own time and going to all the shops to talk and compare. Then she should wear it somewhere and show it, say at a garden-concert. She had always been fond of music because it collects a crowd.

Once Miezle had stayed ten days at some small baths in the suburbs, drunk water at the springs in the mornings, and wheeled herself with *grandezza* along shady walks. The self-glorification which she had brought back from this campaign made her incredibly happy, and doubtless no conqueror ever alluded to triumphs of a world-convulsing epoch with a tithe of the purely personal complacency which Miezle derived from her innocuous summer exploits. Ottilie had journeyed to her per tram every day and had the celestial pleasure of sitting on a bench and watching strangers, and being thereby voluminously reminded of the old exhaustless and never-to-be forgotten. The two should do it again. If anything else could be devised to make them happy, they should have it upon her return. Poor Ottilie was looking rather waxen and far from strong.

"Henriette, I forgot to mention that I



Her sister Ottilie, a heavy woman with blurred features and a sententious manner.—Page 206.

heard the same mysterious noises night before last that I noticed last Thursday at two o'clock in the morning, and I really should think you'd look into the matter. For you remember the great bank robbery that took place on March 2, 1863—and my sainted Sigmund was discussing it with the Herr Inspektor Botzen, on March 9, between ten and eleven in the evening, while I was embroidering a blue poppy pattern in the corners of my plum-colored lady's-cloth table-cover with the pinked edge. That was the year I had my sciatica in the following November after wetting my feet coming home from church on Sunday evening, the 17th. They were having four bottles of beer with black bread and kräuterkäs—and my Sigmund said, and the Herr Inspektor said also—and his father had been Bürgermeister—a solid man and father of a large family—that if proper precautions had been taken beforehand, that burglary never would have occurred."

"How can I look into the matter, Ottilie, two days after it happens? Besides, you never tell me what you heard — footsteps, doors, or what. You talk in riddles. It is quite mystifying."

"How can I tell you when I do not know myself? You know as much as I know, if it comes to that. I cannot pretend to explain what I did not see and do not understand. I'm worried, so I worry you. I'm mystified, so I mystify you. I tell you what I heard, and I surmise burglars. It is all very well to be scornful about noises in the night, but Frau Stadtpfarrer Nussbaum, who was a Mayer from Waiblingen——"

"There, there, Ottilie, let us keep to the subject in hand."

"That is just what we cannot do. There is no subject in hand. The subject is in the dark. The subject goes wandering round your house at night and bodes no good, and you refuse to be warned while there is yet time, before we are all murdered in our beds like the entire Polt-Schmidt family, on the seventeenth of August, 1856."

Miezle uttered a shrill little scream.



Miezle, a spoiled child of fifty-six, was . . . feeding her canary with sugar.—Page 207.



Once Miezle had stayed ten days at some small baths in the suburbs.—Page 210.

"It is very inconsiderate of you not to mind, Henriette. It is your own house, and you ought to look after it. If there's anything I do detest, it's burglars prowling about by night."

"Child, what can I do?" returned Henriette, indulgently. "Had I heard anything I should have gone out to see what it was. Ottilie prefers to stay on the safe side of a locked door. I miss nothing. The till was quite right. I locked up below as usual. It must have been Ottilie's nerves—or ghosts, perhaps."

"If you do not hear that stealthy creeping——"

"Oh, if they should get *me!*" cried Miezle, as if she were a species of Koh-i-noor.

"——you must sleep like a log," continued Ottilie.

In Henriette's face was an indescribably happy light.

"I sleep—remarkably," she said. "But don't insist upon frightening poor Miezle, for probably your burglar is nobody but Eberhard."

"Eberhard! As if he would sneak about in the night and frighten his own mother! If my sainted Sigmund had lived to hear you say that, he would won-



Ottilie had journeyed to her per tram every day. —Page 210.

der, yes, wonder at you, Henriette! Eberhard, dear boy, having gone to his room night before last at twenty-three minutes past eleven, for I had just finished putting a new braid on my second-best cashmere skirt, and the lamp beginning to flicker, I——"

"Did you see Eberhard yesterday?" asked Henriette, abruptly. "Do you know where he was?"

"On Monday," replied the aggrieved mother, vaguely belligerent, slightly lachrymose, "he said he should go out of town on Tuesday to take Professor Hartwig's special orders for binding a lot of books."

"It is curious," thought Henriette, "that I've heard nothing from Professor Hartwig. Somebody wants me, Fritz? I'll come at once."

Miezle's bird was pecking her finger. She giggled girlishly, and prattled baby-talk, unmindful of Ottilie, who, wiping her eyes, discoursed upon the feelings of a mother, which she declared Henriette never understood.



Ottilie discoursed upon the feelings of a mother, which she declared Henriette never understood.

"No, I don't," Henriette admitted, with blunt good-humor, as she rose to go downstairs. "Some feelings of mothers I never pretend to understand—others, perhaps I may. But I meant no harm, Ottilie. You know very well I think the world of Eberhard. If he's a bit late now and then, I cannot say he goes to roost with the chickens, can I? But Eberhard's got no better friend on earth than Henriette Vischer."

In the middle of her shop stood her banker.

"Can I see you alone?" he said, and, as she closed the door of a private room: "I am so exceedingly distressed, I have come myself," he murmured. "Having always known you and your family—having so much esteem for you all—and—and——"

"Has anything happened to Eberhard?" she demanded. "An accident? Is he dead?"

"Control yourself, my dear Frau Vischer," he urged, as people will, though she was regarding him with the strength of a rock in her rugged face. "It may be quite in order, of course—yet I fear—and if there's anything wrong we've not a moment to lose—allow me——"

Taking two checks from his pocket-book he placed them in her hand.

As she stared at them it seemed to him her strong and comely face visibly shrank into that of an old, old woman with gray and haggard features.

"The first was presented on Friday last, you observe. It was submitted to me, as usual. I thought it rather large, but suspected nothing irregular. It was from your check-book and bore your signature. Your nephew, Eberhard, has frequently of late years presented your checks, payable to yourself or bearer. Yesterday, unfortunately, I was out of town, and have indeed only just returned this morning. I certainly should have hesitated to cash it without consulting you, the sum is so astoundingly at variance with your business habits. In



In the middle of her shop stood her banker.—Page 213.

fact, the two checks practically close your account with us.

"It was shortly before we closed yesterday that the second was presented. There was rather a run and the cashier who received it was exceedingly busy. He cashed it, but afterwards became uneasy, thought he perceived something queer in the signature. The quirl of the 'V' is not yours, he maintains. He was waiting at my house this morning when I arrived—and here I am, deeply distressed, I need not assure you, to be the bearer of such tidings—but entirely at your service. It is most deplorable, but, of course, we must lose no time. With your permission, I will without delay inform the police. I am of the opinion your unfortunate nephew is on his way to Hamburg. Sometimes"—he spoke with a certain routine—"they try Zürich, but usually Hamburg and the first ship sailing."

Suddenly into that narrow room, between her and the solicitous face upon which her physical eyes were gazing, broke space — strength — freedom — the slow plunge of breakers—the poise of wide-winged birds.

"He will behold it," cried her heart with a mighty pang.

She set her lips grimly.

"There is nothing the matter with the quirl of the 'V,'" she said, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"You condone," gasped the banker—"you assume——"

Her grave gesture silenced him.

"The signature is mine."



As she stared at them it seemed to him her strong and comely face visibly shrank into that of an old, old woman with gray and haggard features.—Page 213.

AMOR TRIUMPHATOR

By W. J. Henderson

I SOMETIMES dream a sweet and sleepless dream
  Of world forgetfulness and clearer life.
  If I could set myself aside from strife,
From drum-beats and the thousand things that seem

To fill the world with struggle and with death,
  Throne in man's skull the graveyard worm, old Care,
  To gnaw her sightless channels of despair
And blast young Hope with her unholy breath,—

Then would I take myself away and lie
  Upon some cloud-encircled peak of snow,
  Beyond the cliffs where viewless eagles go,
And sweep the embattled earth with placid eye.

Thence could I pierce the soul of empty state,
  The curdled hopes, the crannied fears, the flood
  Of dark desires that make the recreant blood
Run darkling in the veins of jealous hate.

There would I hold my thought in silent poise
  Above the roar of those who dare not think
  While they are grappled on the eternal brink,
And read the riddle of a tired world's noise.

But lo! my peak stands yonder near the sun;
  And I crowd on with those who make the crowd,
  And loiter but a time to speak aloud
My feeble little dream; and it is done.

Yea, I am one with death and lordly love;
  For here is she who keeps my silly soul
  Under a sovereignty of sweet control—
Within the very finger of her glove.

Why, then let all the world go stark and mad;
  I, too, will plunge me in the whirling strife;
  Come, buffet me, ye billows of wild life!
For that I love her I am wholly glad.

THE BULLER-PODINGTON COMPACT.



by FRANK R. STOCKTON.

Illustrated by Peter Newell.

"I TELL you, William," said Thomas Buller to his friend Mr. Podington, "I am truly sorry about it, but I cannot arrange for it this year. Now, as to *my* invitation—that is very different."

"Of course it is different," was the reply, "but I am obliged to say, as I said before, that I really cannot accept it."

Remarks similar to these had been made by Thomas Buller and William Podington at least once a year for some five years. They were old friends; they had been school-boys together and had been associated in business since they were young men. They had now reached a vigorous middle age; they were each married, and each had a house in the country in which he resided for a part of the year. They were warmly attached to each other, and each was the best friend which the other had in this world. But during all these years neither of them had visited the other in his country home.

The reason for this avoidance of each other at their respective rural residences may be briefly stated. Mr. Buller's country house was situated by the sea, and he was very fond of the water. He had a good cat-boat, which he sailed himself with much judgment and skill, and it was his greatest pleasure to take his friends and visitors upon little excursions on the bay. But Mr. Podington was desperately afraid of the water, and he was particularly afraid of any craft sailed by an amateur. If his friend Buller would have employed a professional mariner, of years and experience, to steer and manage his boat, Podington might have been willing to take an occasional sail; but as Buller always insisted upon sailing his own boat, and took it ill if any of his visitors doubted his ability to do so properly, Podington did not wish to wound the self-love of his friend, and he did not wish to be drowned. Consequently he could not bring himself to consent to go to Buller's house by the sea.

To receive his good friend Buller at his own house in the beautiful upland region in which he lived would have been a great joy to Mr. Podington; but Buller could not be induced to visit him. Podington was very fond of horses and al-

ways drove himself, while Buller was more afraid of horses than he was of elephants or lions. To one or more horses driven by a coachman of years and experience he did not always object, but to a horse driven by Podington, who had much experience and knowledge regarding mercantile affairs, but was merely an amateur horseman, he most decidedly and strongly objected. He did not wish to hurt his friend's feelings by refusing to go out to drive with him, but he would not rack his own nervous system by accompanying him. Therefore it was that he had not yet visited the beautiful upland country residence of Mr. Podington.



Mrs. Buller and Mrs. Podington, often with their families, visited each other at their country houses.

At last this state of things grew awkward. Mrs. Buller and Mrs. Podington, often with their families, visited each other at their country houses, but the fact that on these occasions they were never accompanied by their husbands caused more and more gossip among their neighbors both in the upland country and by the sea.

One day in spring as the two sat in their city office, where Mr. Podington had just repeated his annual invitation, his friend replied to him thus:

"William, if I come to see you this summer, will you visit me? The thing is beginning to look a little ridiculous, and people are talking about it."

Mr. Podington put his hand to his brow and for a few moments closed his eyes. In his mind he saw a cat-boat upon its side, the sails spread out over the water, and two men, almost entirely immersed in the waves, making efforts to reach the side of the boat. One of these was getting on very well—that was Buller. The other seemed about to sink, his arms were uselessly waving in the air — that was himself. But he opened his eyes and looked bravely out of the window: it was time to conquer all this; it was indeed growing ridiculous. Buller had been sailing many years and had never been upset.

"Yes," said he, "I will do it; I am ready any time you name."

Mr. Buller rose and stretched out his hand.

"Good!" said he; "it is a compact!"

Buller was the first to make the promised country visit. He had not mentioned the subject of horses to his friend, but he knew through Mrs. Buller that Podington still continued to be his own driver. She had informed him, however, that at present he was accustomed to drive a big black horse which, in her opinion, was as gentle and reliable as



"Good!" said he; "it is a compact!"—Page 218.

these animals ever became, and she could not imagine how anybody could be afraid of him. So when, the next morning after his arrival, Mr. Buller was asked by his host if he would like to take a drive, he suppressed a certain rising emotion and said that it would please him very much.

When the good black horse had jogged along a pleasant road for half an hour Mr. Buller began to feel that, perhaps, for all these years he had been laboring under a misconception. It seemed to be possible that there were some horses to which surrounding circumstances in the shape of sights and sounds were so irrelevant that they were to a certain degree entirely safe, even when guided and controlled by an amateur hand. As they passed some meadow-land, somebody behind a hedge fired a gun; Mr. Buller was frightened, but the horse was not.

"William," said Buller, looking cheerfully around him, "I had no idea that you lived in such a pretty country. In fact, I might almost call it beautiful. You have not any wide stretch of water, such as I like so much, but here is a pretty river, those rolling hills are very charming, and, beyond, you have the blue of the mountains."

"It is lovely," said his friend; "I never get tired of driving through this country. Of course the sea-side is very fine, but here we have such a variety of scenery."

Mr. Buller could not help thinking that sometimes the sea-side was a little monotonous, and that he had lost a great deal of pleasure by not varying his summers by going up to spend a week or two with Podington.

"William," said he, "how long have you had this horse?"

"About two years," said Mr. Podington; "before I got him, I used to drive a pair."

"Heavens!" thought Buller, "how lucky I was not to come two years ago!" And his regrets for not sooner visiting his friend greatly decreased.

Now they came to a place where the stream, by which the road ran, had been dammed for a mill and had widened into a beautiful pond.



He suppressed a certain rising emotion and said that it would please him very much.—Page 219.

"There now!" cried Mr. Buller. "That's what I like. William, you seem to have everything! This is really a very pretty sheet of water, and the reflections of the trees over there make a charming picture; you can't get that at the sea-side, you know."

Mr. Podington was delighted; his face glowed; he was rejoiced at the pleasure of his friend. "I tell you, Thomas," said he, "that——"

"William!" exclaimed Buller, with a sudden squirm in his seat, "what is that I hear? Is that a train?"

"Yes," said Mr. Podington, "that is the ten forty, up."

"Does it come near here?" asked Mr. Buller, nervously. "Does it go over that bridge?"

"Yes," said Podington, "but it can't hurt us, for our road goes under the bridge; we are perfectly safe; there is no risk of accident."

"But your horse! Your horse!" exclaimed Buller, as the train came nearer and nearer. "What will he do?"

"Do?" said Podington; "he'll do what he is doing now; he doesn't mind trains."

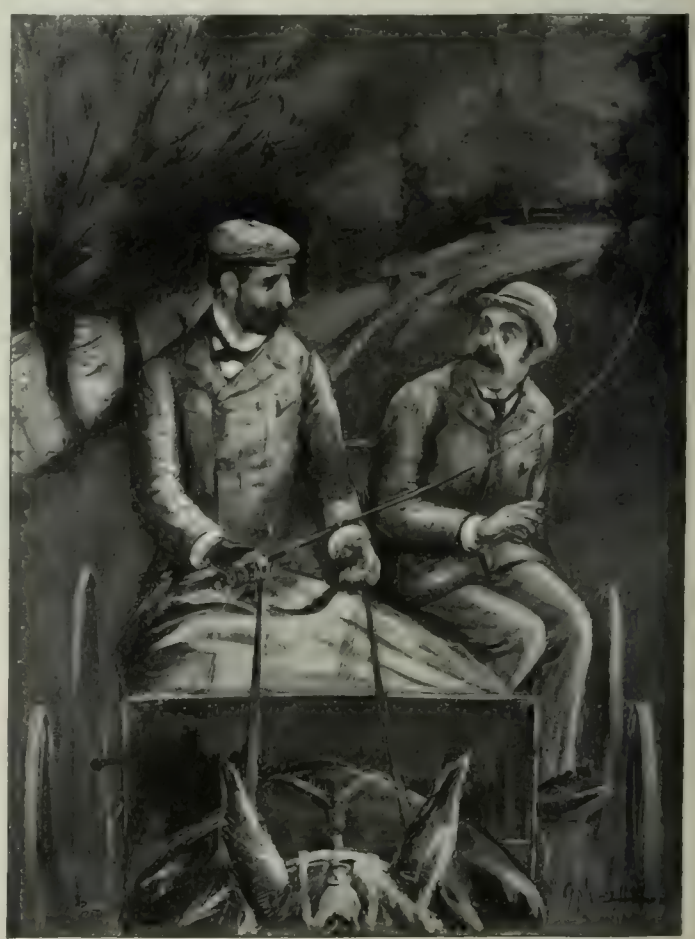
"But look here, William," exclaimed Buller, "it will get there just as we do; no horse could stand a roaring up in the air like that!"

Podington laughed. "He would not mind it in the least," said he.

"Come, come now," cried Buller. "Really, I can't stand this! Just stop a minute, William, and let me get out. It sets all my nerves quivering."

Mr. Podington smiled with a superior smile. "Oh, you needn't get out," said he; "there's not the least danger in the world. But I don't want to make you nervous, and I will turn around and drive the other way."

"But you can't!" screamed Buller; "this road is not wide enough, and that train is nearly here. Please stop!"



"Just stop a minute, William, and let me get out."



The wagon continued to go backward, despite the efforts of the agitated horse to find a footing on the crumbling edge of the bank.

The imputation that the road was not wide enough for him to turn was too much for Mr. Podington to bear. He was very proud of his ability to turn a vehicle in a narrow place.

"Turn!" said he; "that's the easiest thing in the world. See; a little to the right, then a back, then a sweep to the left and we will be going the other way." And instantly he began the manœuvre in which he was such an adept.

"Oh, Thomas!" cried Buller, half rising in his seat, "that train is almost here!"

"And we are almost—" Mr. Podington was about to say "turned around," but he stopped. Mr. Buller's exclamations had made him a little nervous, and, in his anxiety to turn quickly, he had pulled upon his horse's bit with more energy than was actually necessary, and his nervousness being communicated to the horse, that animal backed with such extraordinary vigor, that the hind wheels of the wagon went over a bit of grass by the road and into the water. The sudden jolt gave a new impetus to Mr. Buller's fears.

"You'll upset!" he cried, and not thinking of what he was about, he laid hold of his friend's arm. The horse, startled by this sudden jerk upon his bit, which, combined with the thundering of the train, which was now on the bridge, made him think that something extraordinary was about to happen, gave a sudden and forcible start backward, so that not only the hind wheels of the light wagon, but the fore wheels and his own hind legs went into the water. As the bank at this spot sloped steeply, the wagon continued to go backward, despite the efforts of the agitated horse to find a footing on the crumbling edge of the bank.

"Whoa!" cried Mr. Buller.

"Get up!" exclaimed Mr. Podington, applying his whip upon the plunging beast.

But exclamations and castigations had no effect upon the horse. The original bed

of the stream ran close to the road, and the bank was so steep and the earth so soft that it was impossible for the horse to advance or even maintain his footing. Back, back, he went, until the whole equipage was in the water and the wagon was afloat.

This vehicle was a road wagon, without a top, and the joints of its box-body were tight enough to prevent the water from immediately entering it; so, somewhat deeply sunken, it rested upon the water. There was a current in this part of the pond and it turned the wagon down stream. The horse was now entirely immersed in the water, with the exception of his head and the upper part of his neck, and, unable to reach the bottom with his feet, he made vigorous efforts to swim.

Mr. Podington, the reins and the whip in his hands, sat horrified and pale; the accident was so sudden, he was so startled and so frightened that, for a moment, he could not speak a word. Mr. Buller, on the other hand, was now lively and alert. The wagon had no sooner floated away from the shore than he felt himself at home. He was upon his favorite element; water had no fears for him. He saw that his friend was nearly frightened out of his wits, and that, figuratively speaking, he must step to the helm and take charge of the vessel. He stood up and gazed about him.

"Put her across stream!" he shouted; "she can't make headway against this current. Head her to that clump of trees on the other side; the bank is lower there, and we can beach her. Move a little the other way, we must trim boat. Now then, pull on your starboard rein."

Podington obeyed, and the horse slightly changed his direction.

"You see," said Buller, "it won't do to sail straight across, because the current would carry us down and land us below that spot."

Mr. Podington said not a word; he expected every moment to see the horse sink into a watery grave.

"It isn't so bad after all, is it, Podington? If we had a rudder and a bit of a sail it would be a great help to the horse · this wagon is not a bad boat."



Perceiving that the objects he beheld were not aquatic birds, he dropped his gun and ran yelling down the road toward the mill.—Page 226.

The despairing Podington looked at his feet. "It's coming in," he said in a husky voice. "Thomas, the water is over my shoes!"

"That is so," said Buller. "I am so used to water I didn't notice it. She leaks. Do you carry anything to bail her out with?"

"Bail!" cried Podington, now finding his voice. "Oh, Thomas, we are sinking!"

"That's so," said Buller; "she leaks like a sieve."

The weight of the running gear and of the two men was entirely too much for the buoyancy of the wagon body. The water rapidly rose toward the top of its sides.

"We are going to drown!" cried Podington, suddenly rising.

"Lick him! Lick him!" exclaimed Buller. "Make him swim faster!"

"There's nothing to lick," cried Podington, vainly lashing at the water, for he could not reach the horse's head. The poor man was dreadfully frightened; he had never even imagined it possible that he should be drowned in his own wagon.

"Whoop!" cried Buller, as the water rose over the sides. "Steady yourself, old boy, or you'll go overboard!" And the next moment the wagon body sunk out of sight.

But it did not go down very far. The deepest part of the channel of the stream had been passed, and with a bump the wheels struck the bottom.



Nothing was visible above the water but the head and neck of a horse and the heads and shoulders of two men.—Page 226.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Buller, "we are aground."

"Aground!" exclaimed Podington. "Heaven be praised!"

As the two men stood up in the submerged wagon the water was above their knees, and when Podington looked out over the surface of the pond, now so near his face, it seemed like a sheet of water he had never seen before. It was something horrible, threatening to rise and envelop him. He trembled so that he could scarcely keep his footing.

"William," said his companion, "you must sit down; if you don't, you'll tumble overboard and be drowned. There is nothing for you to hold to."

"Sit down," said Podington, gazing blankly at the water around him, "I can't do that!"

At this moment the horse made a slight movement. Having touched bottom after his efforts in swimming across the main bed of the stream, with a floating wagon in tow, he had stood for a few moments, his head and neck well above water, and his back barely visible beneath the surface. Having recovered his breath, he now thought it was time to move on.

At the first step of the horse Mr. Podington began to totter. Instinctively he clutched Buller.

"Sit down!" cried the latter, "or you'll have us both overboard." There was no help for it; down sat Mr. Podington; and, as with a great splash he came heavily upon the seat, the water rose to his waist.

"Ough!" said he. "Thomas, shout for help."

"No use doing that," replied Buller, still standing on his nautical legs; "I don't see anybody, and I don't see any boat. We'll get out all right. Just you stick tight to the thwart."

"The what?" feebly asked the other.

"Oh, the seat, I mean. We can get to the shore all right if you steer the horse straight. Head him more across the pond."

"I can't head him," cried Podington, "I have dropped the reins!"

"Good gracious!" cried Mr. Buller, "that's bad. Can't you steer him by shouting 'Gee' and 'Haw?'"

"No," said Podington, "he isn't an ox; but perhaps I can stop him." And with as much voice as he could summon, he called out: "Whoa!" and the horse stopped.

"If you can't steer him any other way," said Buller, "we must get the reins. Lend me your whip."

"I have dropped that too," said Podington; "there it floats."

"Oh, dear," said Buller, "I guess I'll have to dive for them; if he were to run away, we should be in an awful fix."

"Don't get out! Don't get out!" exclaimed Podington. "You can reach over the dash-board."

"As that's under water," said Buller, "it will be the same thing as diving; but it's got to be done, and I'll try it. Don't you move now; I am more used to water than you are."

Mr. Buller took off his hat and asked his friend to hold it. He thought of his watch and other contents of his pockets, but there was no place to put them, so he gave them no more consideration. Then bravely getting on his knees in the water, he leaned over the dash-board, almost disappearing from sight. With his disengaged hand Mr. Podington grasped the submerged coat-tails of his friend.

In a few seconds the upper part of Mr. Buller rose from the water. He was dripping and puffing, and Mr. Podington could not but think what a difference it made in the appearance of his friend to have his hair plastered close to his head.

"I got hold of one of them," said the sputtering Buller, "but it was fast to something and I couldn't get it loose."

"Was it thick and wide?" asked Podington.

"Yes," was the answer; "it did seem so."

"Oh, that was a trace," said Podington; "I don't want that; the reins are thinner and lighter."

"Now I remember they are," said Buller. "I'll go down again."

Again Mr. Buller leaned over the dash-board, and this time he remained down longer, and when he came up he puffed and sputtered more than before.

"Is this it?" said he, holding up a strip of wet leather.

"Yes," said Podington, "you've got the reins."

"Well, take them, and steer. I would have found them sooner if his tail had not got into my eyes. That long tail's floating down there and spreading itself out like a fan; it tangled itself all around my head. It would have been much easier if he had been a bob-tailed horse."

"Now then," said Podington, "take your hat, Thomas, and I'll try to drive."

Mr. Buller put on his hat, which was the only dry thing about him, and the nervous Podington started the horse so suddenly that even the sea-legs of Buller were surprised, and he came very near going backward into the water; but recovering himself, he sat down.



"Do you consider that a safe boat?" he asked the fisherman.—Page 227.



"Don't try to stand up; hold on to the boom and creep forward. Steady now, or you'll be overboard!"—Page 229.

"I don't wonder you did not like to do this, William," said he. "Wet as I am, it's ghastly!"

Encouraged by his master's voice, and by the feeling of the familiar hand upon his bit, the horse moved bravely on.

But the bottom was very rough and uneven. Sometimes the wheels struck a large stone, terrifying Mr. Buller, who thought they were going to upset; and sometimes they sank into soft mud, horrifying Mr. Podington, who thought they were going to drown.

Thus proceeding, they presented a strange sight. At first Mr. Podington held his hands above the water as he drove,



"By George! I forgot all about this," said Podington, as he unfastened the cork jacket.—Page 230.

but he soon found this awkward, and dropped them to their usual position, so that nothing was visible above the water but the head and neck of a horse and the heads and shoulders of two men.

Now the submarine equipage came to a low place in the bottom, and even Mr. Buller shuddered as the water rose to his chin. Podington gave a howl of horror, and the horse, with high, uplifted head, was obliged to swim. At this moment a boy with a gun came strolling along the road, and hearing Mr. Podington's cry, he cast his eyes over the water. Instinctively he raised his weapon to his shoulder, and then, in an instant, perceiving that the objects he beheld were not aquatic birds, he dropped his gun and ran yelling down the road toward the mill.

But the hollow in the bottom was a narrow one, and when it was passed the depth of the water gradually decreased. The back of the horse came into view, the dash-board became visible, and the bodies and the spirits of the two men rapidly rose. Now there was vigorous splashing and tugging, and then a jet black horse, shining as if he had been newly varnished, pulled a dripping wagon containing two well-soaked men upon a shelving shore.

"Oh, I am chilled to the bones!" said Podington.

"I should think so," replied his friend; "if you have got to be wet, it is a great deal pleasanter under the water."

There was a field-road on this side of the pond which Podington well knew, and proceeding along this they came to the bridge and got into the main road.

"Now, we must get home as fast as we can," cried Podington, "or we shall both take cold. I wish I hadn't lost my whip. Hi now! Get along!"

Podington was now full of life and energy, his wheels were on the hard road, and he was himself again.

When he found his head was turned toward his home, the horse set off at a great rate.

"Hi there!" cried Podington. "I am so sorry I lost my whip."

"Whip!" said Buller, holding fast to the side of the seat; "surely you don't want him to go any faster than this. And look here, William," he added, "it seems to me we are much more likely to take cold in our wet clothes if we rush through the air in this way. Really, it seems to me that horse is running away."

"Not a bit of it," cried Podington. "He wants to get home, and he wants his dinner. Isn't he a fine horse? Look how he steps out!"

"Steps out!" said Buller, "I think I'd like to step out myself. Don't you think it would be wiser for me to walk home, William? That will warm me up."

"It will take you an hour," said his friend. "Stay where you are, and I'll have you in a dry suit of clothes in less than fifteen minutes."



They fished from the end of a pier, they smoked, they talked, and were happy and content.—Page 230.

"I tell you, William," said Mr. Buller, as the two sat smoking after dinner, "what you ought to do; you should never go out driving without a life-preserver and a pair of oars; I always take them. It would make you feel safer."

Mr. Buller went home the next day, because Mr. Podington's clothes did not fit him, and his own out-door suit was so shrunken as to be uncomfortable. Besides, there was another reason, connected with the desire of horses to reach their homes, which prompted his return. But he had not forgotten his compact with his friend, and in the course of a week he wrote to Podington, inviting him to spend some days with him. Mr. Podington was a man of honor, and in spite of his recent unfortunate water experience he would not break his word. He went to Mr. Buller's sea-side home at the time appointed.

Early on the morning after his arrival, before the family were up, Mr. Podington went out and strolled down to the edge of the bay. He went to look at Buller's boat. He was well aware that he would be asked to take a sail, and as Buller had driven with him, it would be impossible for him to decline sailing with Buller; but he must see the boat. There was a train for his home at a quarter past seven; if he were not on the premises he could not be asked to sail. If Buller's boat were a little, flimsy thing, he would take that train—but he would wait and see.

There was only one small boat anchored near the beach, and a man—apparently a fisherman—informed Mr. Podington that it belonged to Mr. Buller. Podington looked at it eagerly; it was not very small and not flimsy.

"Do you consider that a safe boat?" he asked the fisherman.

"Safe?" replied the man. "You could not upset her if you tried. Look at her breadth of beam! You could go anywhere in that boat! Are you thinking of buying her?"

The idea that he would think of buying a boat made Mr. Podington laugh. The information that it would be impossible to upset the little vessel had greatly cheered him, and he could laugh.

Shortly after breakfast Mr. Buller, like a nurse with a dose of medicine, came to Mr. Podington with the expected invitation to take a sail.

"Now, William," said his host, "I understand perfectly your feeling about boats,

and what I wish to prove to you is that it is a feeling without any foundation. I don't want to shock you or make you nervous, so I am not going to take you out to-day on the bay in my boat. You are as safe on the bay as you would be on land—a little safer, perhaps, under certain circumstances, to which we will not allude—but still it is sometimes a little rough, and this, at first, might cause you some uneasiness, and so I am going to let you begin your education in the sailing line on perfectly smooth water. About three miles back of us there is a very pretty lake several miles long. It is part of the canal system which connects the town with the railroad. I have sent my boat to the town, and we can walk up there and go by the canal to the lake; it is only about three miles."

If he had to sail at all, this kind of sailing suited Mr. Podington. A canal, a quiet lake, and a boat which could not be upset. When they reached the town the boat was in the canal, ready for them.

"Now," said Mr. Buller, "you get in and make yourself comfortable. My idea is to hitch on to a canal-boat and be towed to the lake. The boats generally start about this time in the morning, and I will go and see about it."

Mr. Podington, under the direction of his friend, took a seat in the stern of the sail-boat, and then he remarked:

"Thomas, have you a life-preserver on board? You know I am not used to any kind of vessel, and I am clumsy. Nothing might happen to the boat, but I might trip and fall overboard, and I can't swim."

"All right," said Buller; "here's a life-preserver, and you can put it on. I want you to feel perfectly safe. Now I will go and see about the tow."

But Mr. Buller found that the canal-boats would not start at their usual time; the loading of one of them was not finished, and he was informed that he might have to wait for an hour or more. This did not suit Mr. Buller at all, and he did not hesitate to show his annoyance.

"I tell you, sir, what you can do," said one of the men in charge of the boats; "if you don't want to wait till we are ready to start, we'll let you have a boy and a horse to tow you up to the lake. That won't cost you much, and they'll be back before we want 'em."

The bargain was made, and Mr. Buller joyfully returned to his boat with the intelligence that they were not to wait for the canal-boats. A long rope, with a horse attached to the other end of it, was speedily made fast to the boat, and with a boy at the head of the horse, they started up the canal.

"Now this is the kind of sailing I like," said Mr. Podington. "If I lived near a canal I believe I would buy a boat and train my horse to tow. I could have a long pair of rope-lines and drive him myself; then when the roads were rough and bad the canal would always be smooth."

"This is all very nice," replied Mr. Buller, who sat by the tiller to keep the boat away from the bank, "and I am glad to see you in a boat under any circumstances. Do you know, William, that although I did not plan it, there could not have been a better way to begin your sailing education. Here we glide along, slowly and gently, with no possible thought of danger, for if the boat should suddenly spring a leak, as if it were the body of a wagon, all we would have to do would be to step on shore, and by the time you get to the end of the canal you will like this gentle motion so much that you will be perfectly ready to begin the second stage of your nautical education."

"Yes," said Mr. Podington. "How long did you say this canal is?"

"About three miles," answered his friend. "Then we will go into the lock and in a few minutes we shall be on the lake."

"So far as I am concerned," said Mr. Podington, "I wish the canal were twelve miles long. I cannot imagine anything pleasanter than this. If I lived anywhere near a canal—a long canal I mean, this one is too short—I'd——"

"Come, come now," interrupted Buller, "Don't be content to stay in the primary school just because it is easy. When we get on the lake I will show you that in a boat, with a gentle breeze, such as we are likely to have to-day, you will find the motion quite as pleasing, and ever so much more inspiriting. I should not be a bit surprised, William, if after you have been two or three times on the lake, you will ask me—yes, positively ask me—to take you out on the bay!"

Mr. Podington smiled, and leaning

backward, he looked up at the beautiful blue sky.

"You can't give me anything better than this, Thomas," said he; "but you needn't think I am weakening; you drove with me, and I will sail with you."

The thought came into Buller's mind that he had done both of these things with Podington, but he did not wish to call up unpleasant memories, and said nothing.

About half a mile from the town there stood a small cottage where house-cleaning was going on, and on a fence, not far from the canal, there hung a carpet gayly adorned with stripes and spots of red and yellow.

When the drowsy tow-horse came abreast of the house, and the carpet caught his eye, he suddenly stopped and gave a start toward the canal. Then, impressed with a horror of the glaring apparition, he gathered himself up, and with a bound dashed along the tow-path. The astounded boy gave a shout, but was speedily left behind. The boat of Mr. Buller shot forward as if she had been struck by a squall.

The terrified horse sped on as if a red and yellow demon were after him. The boat bounded, and plunged, and frequently struck the grassy bank of the canal, as if it would break itself to pieces. Mr. Podington clutched the boom to keep himself from being thrown out, while Mr. Buller, both hands upon the tiller, frantically endeavored to keep the boat from the bank.

"William!" he screamed, "he is running away with us; we shall be dashed to pieces! Can't you get forward and cast off that line?"

"What do you mean?" cried Podington, as the boom gave a great jerk as if it would break its fastenings and drag him overboard.

"I mean untie the tow-line. We'll be smashed if you don't! I can't leave this tiller. Don't try to stand up; hold on to the boom and creep forward. Steady now, or you'll be overboard!"

Mr. Podington stumbled to the bow of the boat, his efforts greatly impeded by the big cork life-preserver tied under his arms, and the motion of the boat was so violent and erratic that he was obliged to hold on to the mast with one arm and to try to loosen the knot with the other; but there was a great strain on the rope, and he could do nothing with one hand.

"Cut it! Cut it!" cried Mr. Buller.

"I haven't a knife," replied Podington.

Mr. Buller was terribly frightened; his boat was cutting through the water as never vessel of her class had sped since sail-boats were invented, and bumping against the bank as if she were a billiard-ball rebounding from the edge of a table. He forgot he was in a boat; he only knew that for the first time in his life he was in a runaway. He let go the tiller. It was of no use to him.

"William," he cried, "let us jump out the next time we are near enough to shore!"

"Don't do that! Don't do that!" replied Podington. "Don't jump out in a runaway; that is the way to get hurt. Stick to your seat, my boy; he can't keep this up much longer. He'll lose his wind!"

Mr. Podington was greatly excited, but he was not frightened, as Buller was. He had been in a runaway before, and he could not help thinking how much better a wagon was than a boat in such a case.

"If he were hitched up shorter and I had a snaffle-bit and a stout pair of reins," thought he, "I could soon bring him up."

But Mr. Buller was rapidly losing his wits. The horse seemed to be going faster than ever. The boat bumped harder against the bank, and at one time Buller thought they would turn over.

Suddenly a thought struck him.

"William," he shouted, "tip that anchor over the side! Throw it in, any way!"

Mr. Podington looked about him, and, almost under his feet, saw the anchor. He did not instantly comprehend why Buller wanted it thrown overboard, but this was not a time to ask questions. The difficulties imposed by the life-preserver, and the necessity of holding on with one hand, interfered very much with his getting at the anchor and throwing it over the side, but at last he succeeded, and just as the boat threw up her bow as if she were about to jump on shore, the anchor went out and its line shot after it. There was an irregular trembling of the boat as the anchor struggled along the bottom of the canal; then there was a great shock; the boat ran into the bank and stopped;

the tow line was tightened like a guitar-string, and the horse, jerked back with great violence, came tumbling in a heap upon the ground.

Instantly Mr. Podington was on the shore and running at the top of his speed toward the horse. The astounded animal had scarcely begun to struggle to his feet when Podington rushed upon him, pressed his head back to the ground, and sat upon it.

"Hurrah!" he cried, waving his hat above his head. "Get out, Buller; he is all right now!"

Presently Mr. Buller approached, very much shaken up.

"All right?" he said. "I don't call a horse flat in a road with a man on his head all right; but hold him down till we get him loose from my boat. That is the thing to do. William, cast him loose from the boat before you let him up! What will he do when he gets up?"

"Oh, he'll be quiet enough when he gets up," said Podington. "But if you've got a knife you can cut his traces—I mean that rope—but no, you needn't. Here comes the boy. We'll settle this business in very short order now."

When the horse was on his feet, and all connection between the animal and the boat had been severed, Mr. Podington looked at his friend.

"Thomas," said he, "you seem to have had a hard time of it. You have lost your hat and you look as if you had been in a wrestling match."

"I have," replied the other; "I wrestled with that tiller and I wonder it didn't throw me out."

Now approached the boy. "Shall I hitch him on again, sir?" said he. "He's quiet enough now."

"No," cried Mr. Buller; "I want no more sailing after a horse, and, besides, we can't go on the lake with that boat; she has been battered about so much that she must have opened a dozen seams. The best thing we can do is to walk home."

Mr. Podington agreed with his friend that walking home was the best thing they could do. The boat was examined and found to be leaking, but not very badly, and when her mast had been unshipped and everything had been made tight and right on board, she was pulled out of the way of tow-lines and boats, and made fast until she could be sent for from the town.

Mr. Buller and Mr. Podington walked back toward the town. They had not gone very far when they met a party of boys, who, upon seeing them, burst into unseemly laughter.

"Mister," cried one of them, "you needn't be afraid of tumbling into the canal. Why don't you take off your life-preserver and let that other man put it on his head?"

The two friends looked at each other and could not help joining in the laughter of the boys.

"By George! I forgot all about this," said Podington, as he unfastened the cork jacket. "It does look a little super-timid to wear a life-preserver just because one happens to be walking by the side of a canal."

Mr. Buller tied a handkerchief on his head, and Mr. Podington rolled up his life-preserver and carried it under his arm. Thus they reached the town, where Buller bought a hat, Podington dispensed with his bundle, and arrangements were made to bring back the boat.

"Runaway in a sail-boat!" exclaimed one of the canal boatmen when he had heard about the accident. "Upon my word! That beats anything that could happen to a man!"

"No, it doesn't," replied Mr. Buller, quietly. "I have gone to the bottom in a foundered road-wagon."

The man looked at him fixedly.

"Was you ever stuck in the mud in a balloon?" he asked.

"Not yet," replied Mr. Buller.

It required ten days to put Mr. Buller's sail-boat into proper condition, and for ten days Mr. Podington stayed with his friend, and enjoyed his visit very much. They strolled on the beach, they took long walks in the back country, they fished from the end of a pier, they smoked, they talked, and were happy and content.

"Thomas," said Mr. Podington, on the last evening of his stay, "I have enjoyed myself very much since I have been down here, and now, Thomas, if I were to come down again next summer, would you mind—would you mind, not——"

"I would not mind it a bit," replied Buller, promptly. "I'll never so much as mention it; so you can come along without

a thought of it. And since you have alluded to the subject, William," he continued, "I'd like very much to come and see you again; you know my visit was a very short one this year. That is a beautiful country you live in. Such a variety of scenery, such an opportunity for walks and rambles! But, William, if you could only make up your mind not to——"

"Oh, that is all right!" exclaimed Podington. "I do not need to make up my mind. You come to my house and you will never so much as hear of it. Here's my hand upon it!"

"And here's mine!" said Mr. Buller.

And they shook hands over a new compact.

NOCTURNE

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

The air is dark and sweet
  This wet spring night—
Spring, of the wandering feet,
  The secret flight,
Calls through the slow, soft rain—
  O voice of gold!
Calls to me once again,
  As oft of old.

The darkness sighs and stirs,
  Blind, blind and slow;
Night-wandering loiterers,
  The veiled airs go;
Mutes of the viewless spell,
  The hidden power,
These—but my heart knows well
  Its magic hour . . .

My heart's one festival,
  Oh, far or near,
The spring could never call
  And I not hear:
Deep under graveyard grass,
  It could not be,
The spring could never pass
  And I not see . . .

My heart, my heart would break
  Could it be so—
To think that spring should wake
  And I not know.

THE STOLEN STORY

By Jesse Lynch Williams

I

THEY had warned Billy Woods so often before and had not yet discharged him that the rest of the staff believed they never would. This was reasonable, because there was only one Billy Woods, and the newspapers that wanted geniuses were many.

Woods wore glasses that slid down his nose, and he was a born reporter. He had an absent-minded manner that went well with the glasses, but his nose for news was the best on Park Row.

The first impression he gave was of unpractical guilelessness, but he could ask a greater number of intelligent questions about a greater variety of interests than three average reporters, and they are all pretty good at it. He had the power of making anybody talk. The busiest bank presidents and the crustiest lawyers opened their mouths for him quite as readily as East Side saloon-keepers. If there was news to be had Woods could dig it out; and after he got it he knew how to handle it. These two qualities don't always go together.

Woods had been taken on the staff of *The Day* as a cub reporter, fresh from college, and altogether ignorant of what the word "news" meant. Since then he had never seen fit to leave off reporting for a place at the copy-reading desk, or even to become assistant city editor, because reporting was not only more pleasurable but decidedly more profitable. He led as unmonotonous a life as anyone in town, and his space bills averaged nearly three times as much as an ordinary copy-reader's salary and fully twice that of the assistant city editor—not to speak of his fame as being the star reporter of *The Day*.

Many other newspapers wanted him to be their star man. There was a very large standing offer from one of these, but he always refused because it would be such a bother to overhaul and clear out the drawers of his desk and also because *The Day* was the best newspaper in the country to stick to. There was a saying along the Row, borne out by fact, that a *Day* man was fixed for life if he minded his business and kept sober till the paper went to press. But this latter was very difficult for Billy Woods, and that was the reason dust was on his desk and the men were talking about him this morning. This morning meant 12.30 P.M., and the reporters were arriving for the day's work. Some of them were just out of bed and were waiting to be sent off on their first assignments before getting breakfast.

"There'll be the devil to pay when he comes back this time," said the man with the high collar.

"Oh, I don't know," said the one on the desk, swinging his legs. "This is only the fourth day. That time last year he was gone a week, and they told him they would have to fire him, and Billy bobbed his head and agreed with all they said about him; and, as usual, they told him they'd give him one more trial."

"Yes," said the man with his feet on the chair, "but that was a whole year nearer his first offence."

"Besides," the high collar went on, knowingly, "no matter how absent-minded he was he never fell down on his story before. At first they thought he had merely forgotten that we go to press early on Saturday nights—he has to be reminded every time, you know—but when it got later and later, everybody began to guess what was the matter, though nobody wanted to say so. You ought to have heard them swear—I was doing the long wait that night—when they finally locked up and went to press with only the 'flimsy' story that had it five killed instead of nine." In newspaper offices flimsy means News Bureau reports. "Of course," the reporter added, "they corrected that in the later editions with a lift from *The Press*, but you know what a botch of a story it was. They sent me out for the steamboat company's end of it, but

everybody had gone to bed and didn't know any boiler had exploded till I woke 'em up and told them."

The leg-swinger remarked: "He was all right all afternoon and all evening. In fact, he'd been trying hard to be good for several months, hadn't he? but then you know his way. Probably began by deciding it was cold going down the bay on the tug."

"You're mistaken," said somebody in a confident tone from a near-by desk. This was Sampson, one of the older men, who was clipping his space from the morning paper, and had not been in the conversation before. "Billy Woods did not start in on the way down. He never drinks when out on a story, except after he's got his facts. You know that. What's more, I've good reason for believing that a certain cur from a certain paper got him drunk on the way home after Billy had written his story in the cabin—deliberately. Let me tell you what one of the other fellows on that tug told me last night." But he did not tell, for just then the city editor called out "Sampson," and this reporter tossed down his scissors and went up to the desk to take an assignment.

"Good-morning. Who's that you're talking about?" Another reporter had joined the group, taking off his coat.

"Billy Woods."

"Why, I saw him a minute ago in the drug store drinking bromo-seltzer. Here he is now."

Woods was bending over the latch of the little gate that kept those who had no right to go inside from those who had.

The gate went shut with a click behind him and, looking scholarly and dignified, he marched straight up the room for the city editor's desk, rapping the floor with his cane at every two steps. His glasses were tipped forward at an angle so that he had to elevate his chin to focus through them, and he did not even see his friends as he strode up between the rows of desks, hurrying with his whole body.

"R-E-morse," said Jones, with the high collar.

Sampson was still standing beside the city editor, listening to instructions as to the style of story wanted about the sanitary condition of Ludlow Street Jail; so Woods had to wait. The men down at the other end of the room observed him frowning as though just in with an important piece of news instead of the remnants of a four days' spree. Jones and one of the others, pretending to look for mucilage, sauntered up the room to hear what would take place.

As soon as Sampson started off, without waiting for Mr. White, the city editor, to turn to him, Billy Woods said, "Well, sir, there were nine persons killed down the bay there."

News that is four days old is rather ancient history for a city editor to recall immediately and, at first, Mr. White looked puzzled. Then he said, "Mr. Woods, Mr. Manning wants to see you, I believe," and the city editor bent over his clippings again. He did not usually call Billy "Mr. Woods."

Woods knew what that meant, but he only said, "Yes, sir," and, holding his body very erect, walked over to the managing editor's desk. It was in the same room.

Mr. Manning spoke a few brief sentences which the other reporters could not distinguish, though they could hear Billy saying, "Yes, sir," every now and then; "That's so," "Yes, I agree with you," and finally, "Good-by, sir;" and in a little over a minute Billy Woods marched down the room and out of the gate no longer a member of *The Day's* staff. Newspaper editors have no superfluous time to spend, even upon geniuses.

II

Woods was now completely sober for the first time in four days.

He could turn either up or down the Row, he knew, and get a new position in the first newspaper office he came to. But to be discharged for intoxication meant more to Woods than even his intimate friends imagined. It had made him a great deal soberer than he cared to be, and before he reached the foot of the stairs he had made up his mind what to do about it. It was not to a newspaper office that he turned. He still had some money left. But, as it chanced, he did not carry out his intention.

Things move so quickly in Newspaper Row. The news of Woods's dismissal had permeated the entire room before he was quite out of it. Before he was down the stairs a certain mature-faced office-boy had stolen unobserved to the telephone closet,

carefully closed the door and called up the city editor of *The Earth*.

"Is that you, Mr. McCarthy?" said the boy in *The Day* office, glancing behind him to see that no one was watching him through the sound-proof glass door. "Hello, Mr. McCarthy, you know who this is—yes. Well, B. W. turned up, and dey give him de grand t'row down—what?—Yes, just now, just dis minute—what? I don't know where he went.—Naw, I couldn't sneak downstairs after him. I'm scared to death now—I say I'm scared to death now dat dey's getting onto me here. No, he was sober—Yes, if you hurry. All right, yes, sir. Good-by."

Then, the office-boy rang off, and walked out and began throwing spit-balls, made of copy paper, at the other office-boys, while in the city room of *The Earth* Mr. McCarthy was speaking rapidly to two men hastily summoned to his desk:

"You'll find him some place along the Row. Maybe he hasn't any money; in that case he won't get drunk, but I think he'll wander 'round awhile before he looks for a job. Let's see—if he's plenty of money he'll probably go to the café, you know; but more likely you'll find him at Andy's. Munson, you go to Andy's. Murphy, you go to the other place. Jolly him up if he doesn't want to join us—promise him any amount of money (I hope he's hard up); he can't hold you to it, you know—anything to get him here before he's gobbled up by somebody else. Now, then, hurry on. Wait a minute. See here, don't make him drunk unless necessary. I've got a big story waiting for him."

It was just four minutes later that Munson was saying, effusively, "Why, hello, Billy, glad to see you, old man; didn't expect to see you in here this time a day. Great old time coming up on the tug last Saturday night—hey? Say, what're you doing, eating breakfast here all alone?"

It was very lonely. Every one else in town was busy and Woods had had but one drink.

In less than half an hour from the time Woods was dismissed from *The Day's* staff he was a member of *The Earth's*, and it took but one more round of drinks, for which Woods himself paid, though Munson put down in his next week's expense account: "To getting Woods in condition to join staff, $1.75," which was O. K.'d without question.

This newspaper hated *The Day* with loud, outspoken hatred, as bad boys hate. But it loved *The Day's* men. That may have been one of the reasons.

When it could *The Earth* lured away *The Day's* crack men with golden promises, gave them unlimited space and Earthly assignments, thereby demoralizing their English and their self-respect until they became ordinary reporters, and then they were used like ordinary reporters.

It was not a nice newspaper, but it was an exceedingly enterprising one. Perhaps it did not always overhaul every item of news as carefully as *The Day*, but it had more occasions for congratulating itself on "exclusive news," as they call beats in the editorial column.

It so happened that a valuable tip had come into the office a few minutes before, which, if worked in the right way, would result in an "article" on the first page calculated to make the public set down its coffee-cup and pick up the paper with both hands. And, what would be a source of greater delight to McCarthy and his crew, it would make all the rest of Newspaper Row writhe in impotent fury at being so badly beaten.

It was such a precious gem of a tip that the city editor fairly trembled as he whispered about it. There was reason for his being excited. The newly appointed municipal official that gave out the tip—in the form of a twenty-word statement—to an *Earth* reporter, did so, only because he believed the latter when he promised to tell all the other newspapers about it. This shows what a new official he was. It also suggests that a great deal of carefulness would be required to work up the story.

"There isn't a man here that can handle that story right," the managing editor said. That was five minutes before Woods left *The Day* office. About three minutes after he came to *The Earth's* office (all this shows how things hurry, you remember) McCarthy was saying: "Well, Mr. Woods, what do you think of *that* for a story to start on!"

The instant McCarthy left off promising him great things and began to tell about this piece of news Woods had left off sullenly comparing this city editor with Mr.

White, and began listening in his tense, absorbed manner, and now could have repeated McCarthy's every word and intonation. "Is that tip absolutely straight?" he asked, scowling.

"You see who it's from. There's the Commissioner's name."

Billy Woods reached for his hat and stick with his right hand, and some copy paper with his left. "Then it'll make the biggest local story this year," he said.

"Cover it thoroughly, Mr. Woods. Make one of your artistic stories of it. Don't try to round it up by to-night. Take two days to it. The Commissioner's out of town, so none of the other papers will——"

But Woods was half way down the room, and his head was tipped back. It was less than an hour since he had stalked out of *The Day* office with the same gait, but he had forgotten all about that now. He had forgotten how he had intended to make himself forget. He was keenly and joyously alive, and every faculty was hot for work and glowing with the delicious excitement of one hurrying to perform a big feat that he is confident of doing well. This thing is a form of intoxication, too, though it is not usually called that.

First he ran across to City Hall and sauntered into the Mayor's office and had a talk with the Mayor's private secretary, who called him Billy, and asked what he could do for him to-day. Here Woods talked arrogantly and found out what had been the Mayor's attitude at a certain hearing a month before. Then he jumped on a Broadway cable-car and went down to Wall Street to catch the president of a certain large corporation before he went out to luncheon. It was nearly two o'clock, but Woods knew something of the habits of all prominent New Yorkers, and this one lunched late.

"Just gone a few minutes ago," said the boy, and then Woods slammed the door and remembered this was Wednesday and that the old gentleman had to finish his luncheon in time for the meeting of the Rapid Transit Commission at three o'clock. "I could have caught him on the way into the club," he whispered to himself and cursed his stupidity all the way back to the Equitable and up the elevator to the Lawyers' Club.

There were several other men in the neighborhood of The Street to be seen, but he did not stop now because the whole story hung on this President's statement. And it was necessary to bag him before the Rapid Transit Commission meeting, because immediately after it the old gentleman would take a train for his place in the country and play golf.

But of course he did not interrupt the president at luncheon. That would have killed the story. But he sent his card to the steward, whom he knew well and who, at Woods's request, sent out the head waiter of the white and gold room. From him Woods found out that the president had a friend lunching with him, that he had sent down a larger order than usual to-day, with claret instead of ale, and was now only finishing the oysters. So Woods knew he had no other engagement before the Rapid Transit meeting at three and it would be safe to leave him for three-quarters of an hour.

He hurried down to Wall Street again and called upon five lawyers. Woods hated lawyers. But he was lucky enough to find on the first trial two of them unengaged as well as in, and on the second trial he caught a third and he found out just what he wanted. Most reporters would have secured nothing. It required talent.

It was a quarter before three at the Lawyers' Club when the president lighted a big black cigar and signed a check for it. Billy Woods, waiting for him by the elevator, had the satisfaction of seeing the man that had lunched with him step across the reception-room to the library and the further satisfaction of noting by the clock that the president would not have to hurry to the meeting. Little things of this sort often mean a column or two.

The dignified president was feeling good after his luncheon and his success at making his guest see the wisdom of a certain plan of reorganization. He shook Billy's hand almost jovially and said, "Well, my boy," to him. They walked up Broadway together. The old gentleman was deaf and Billy shouted at him.

After spending the time between the Equitable and Maiden Lane in trying apparently to make the pleasant-mooded old gentleman admit a certain state of affairs in regard to a certain franchise, which he

wouldn't, Woods employed the remainder of their walk in extracting a number of strong, emphatic statements from him to the contrary, which was exactly what Woods wanted. And he naively said so as they bade each other good-by, "only they claim, you know, sir, that they have a perfect legal right to do it."

"They claim! the damned lying thieves! they'd claim the whole of Manhattan Island if they could." Only, this remark Billy was considerate enough to leave out of his interview, for it would not have looked well in type with this benevolent old gentleman's quotation marks about it. Besides the president had been stirred to indigestion as it was, and deserved to be spared further discomfort out of gratitude. For from him Woods had obtained a succinct statement of facts—which he was now rapidly writing down, word for word, by a Broadway corner lamp-post—a perfect crowbar of a statement it was, with which Billy could prod and pry out the whole of the story and without which he could have done nothing. The story was practically secured now. The rest was only a matter of time for Woods.

There were nearly a dozen persons of various walks of life and degrees of importance that he had to see, and it was now three o'clock. He had not heard what McCarthy said about taking two days to the story and, being a *Day* man, would not have done so if he had. He had forgotten to lunch. He stepped into a cigar-store, turned the pages of the directory over rapidly several times and then started out.

At ten o'clock that evening he sighed and said, "Well, that's the last. That covers it." He had just hurried down some stone steps in Seventieth Street and was making for the Seventy-second Street "L" station. He had forgotten to dine.

He outlined his story on the half-hour trip downtown. He was so intent that he did not hear the guard call out any of the stations. When the train turned the sharp little curve into Murray Street, he arose automatically, walked to the door, then stepped out when the train stopped at Park Place, loped down the stairs just as he had done hundreds of times before, and hurried up toward City Hall Park. He was planning his introduction now. He prided himself on the reserve of his introductions. He did not hear a few belated newsboys crying sporting editions in the park or see the indigent and sleepy ones on the benches about the fountain. He hurried across the street and mechanically dodged a clanging Third Avenue cable-car, smiling to himself as a fetching opening sentence flashed into his mind. Then, like a homing pigeon, he darted in at the familiar doorway of *The Day;* ran up the stairs two steps at a time, unlatched the gate, hurried down to his old desk, swore at somebody's coat lying there, threw it upon another desk, sat down and began to write like nothing in the world but a reporter with a tremendous beat, who knows only that the paper goes to press within three hours.

III

When Mr. Stone, the night city editor of *The Day*, had come on at 5.30 o'clock to take the desk, the first thing Mr. White said to him was "Billy's gone at last."

Stone took out his pipe and said "Too bad," which was a good deal for the night city editor to say; then he put it back again and went over the assignment list with White.

The copy-readers began gathering in now and they also said "Too bad." But they had considerably more to say than this; for the story about the trip up the bay in the tug and the *Earth* reporter who had made Billy drunk had spread through the office since Woods's departure, and every one had something to say in terse newspaper style about that sort of journalism. Then each sat down before a little pile of copy and began his night's work. This was about the time most of the town was sitting down to its dinner.

At twenty minutes before eleven the Police Headquarters man sent in by telephone a bunch of precinct returns, arrests, accidents, and so on. One of them, from the Madison Street station, was about a nine-year-old boy drowned at the foot of Rutgers Street, at 10.15 P.M. It was reported that there was a possibility of its proving a suicide, and that would be good news.

Mr. Stone turned his glistening eyeglasses down the room over the even rows of reporters' desks to see whom to send

out on the story. Most of the men were still scattered about over the town and adjacent country on assignments ; those in the office were all, except one of the cub reporters, busily writing, with their coats off and the incandescent lights gleaming on their shirt-sleeves and copy paper.

Just then a man entered the room in a hurry. Stone turned to the assistant night city editor. "Haskill," he said, "who's that sitting down in Woods's old place?" One cannot have the best eyesight and the best copy-reading ability in town at the same time.

"Why, it's Billy himself," said Haskill.

"I thought so," said Stone ; "what's he doing here?"

"Lord knows," said Haskill, running his pencil through a half page of some poor space-grabber's copy. "Guess he's going to write a note to leave for some one."

Stone called up Carson, the cub, handed him the Headquarters report, said "Hurry," and bent over the Senator Platt interview he was "reading" for the first page.

It was not good Park Row form for a man to walk into the office from which he had so recently been dismissed, but it was getting on toward midnight and there were more important things to think about. At least Stone and Haskill thought so. Meanwhile Woods, looking intense, began to fill many sheets of paper with good writing.

A few minutes later the man came in who had been sent out to Hasbrouck Heights to get up a humorous family quarrel story which did not turn out to be so funny as he had hoped. He walked up to the desk and began to tell Mr. Stone, who kept on reading copy, what he had found out. When he finished Stone looked up with his usual cynical, bored expression long enough to say, "About three sticks—keep it inside quarter of a column any way." But when he looked up, he once more spied Woods down there. He bent over his work again, but said, "He's still there, Haskill."

"Who?"

"Woods. Here, boy," ringing the bell, "copy. Haskill, will you find out what Jevins wants at the 'phone, please?"

"Still writing, too," said Haskill, arising. "Must be writing letters to the whole staff."

Haskill went down the room and took a story off the telephone from the man who had been sent up to Poughkeepsie to find out about a murder and could not get down before the paper went to press. This took ten minutes and Woods kept on writing furiously. Thus far no one else had noticed him except the office-boys, who wondered.

On the way from the telephone closet Haskill walked around by Woods's desk. Quite from force of editorial habit he glanced over the writer's shoulder, and then he stopped short. He leaned over, ran his eye rapidly down the rest of the page, then turned and fairly ran up the room with a scared look on his face. He grabbed Stone by the shoulder and whispered a few quick, excited words in his ear.

The editor instantly straightened up in his chair.

"What's that? Are you sure?" Then, at the rate of four hundred words to the minute, "Why, that means a million dollar steal—who are the aldermen—when were they going to put the plot through—Haskill, where did Woods get this story?"

"I tell you I only saw that one page," returned Haskill, excitedly starting down the room again. "I'll ask——"

"Wait a minute."

Haskill turned around. Stone was looking puzzled. "Why is he writing this story for us? Why hasn't he come up here and said something about it?"

"Stone, how do I know! but, this story is tremendous, man—tremendous ! I'll go——"

Stone took him by the arm. "Sit down. Certainly it's a big story, but listen: If you were in his place and had picked up a beat, would you come here with it? Under the circumstances, you'd think he'd go to any other office in town first. Haskill, I don't understand this thing——"

"That's Billy Woods you're talking about, isn't it ?" Harwood, the assistant theatrical man, had just come in and was taking off his coat to write unkind words about a first night. "You needn't look so excited about it. It's easy enough to understand. They offered him $125 a week guarantee—that's the reason he didn't go to any other office first." He had overheard only the last words.

Stone turned quickly and looked at Harwood. "What are you talking about?"

"About Billy Woods. Why, haven't

you heard the latest about his going to the *Earth!*"

Haskill gasped out a "What!" and looked at Stone. Stone said nothing and gazed at Harwood.

"It's so, though." Harwood's voice was lazy and gossipy. "Two of their men told me all about it uptown at dinner."

"Harwood," whispered Haskill, taking him impressively by the shoulder. "Look down there! He's been here—we don't know how long."

"Great Scott! What's he doing in this office?"

"Shss—writing the biggest beat of the year—Good heavens, Stone, what's the matter?" The night city editor had suddenly jumped out of his chair.

"Great Scott! what is it?" from Harwood.

But Stone, with an unusual look in his face, only started down the room with Haskill running behind him, saying, in a low, beseeching tone, "What's the matter, Stone, what's the matter?"

"No," muttered Stone, suddenly stopping. "That would only wake him up and make him realize—— Haskill, how shall we work it? Quick!" he snarled, angrily; "something is liable to happen that will——"

"Work what! what're you talking about, man?"

Stone started toward Woods again, then, stopping so abruptly that Haskill bumped into him, he fairly screamed, "Jones! Jones! *Jones!* Come up to the desk," and started up the room himself sidewise, as if to draw Jones away from Woods (Haskill trotting along behind). For Jones had just finished writing, and, being idle, had spied Billy Woods, had started around toward his desk and had gone as far as "Why, hello, Billy," when Stone cut him off.

The rest of the reporters had heard the impatient calling and wondered for a second or two what big piece of news had come in, but did not look up from their work. But one of the copy-readers exclaimed, "Hello! there's Billy Woods."

"Come here, Mr. Harwood," Stone was saying in a quick voice. Haskill was already there, looking with dumb amazement in his superior's face. Jones was there too.

"Now, listen," said Stone. He had formed his plan and now sat on the edge of the desk. "Woods left our staff to-day, as you know. Since then he has run across the beat of the year and has walked into our office and is writing it now——"

"Oh, you mean——" exclaimed Haskill, with intelligence and then alarm running into his eyes.

"Exactly. Now listen."

"Great Scott!" said Harwood, the theatrical man, in a low solemn voice, "from force of habit, you mean."

"Yes," whispered Haskill, "in his old, absent-minded way." They both looked down toward Woods, but Jones began asking, mystified, "What's this, what's this?"

Haskill and Harwood dashed the idea at him like cold water in his face, while at the same time Stone went on incisively: "Now, though Woods is not a member of our staff, he has just as much right to sit here and write as any other of the free lances that bring in stories to us."

"But say, Stone," whispered Harwood.

"Please keep still. I tell you this is the exposure that was rumored was coming; and you know as well as I do that the Commissioner would want us to have the story as much as the *Earth;* McCarthy must have got the tip exclusively by one of his dirty lies. Here's our chance to teach him his lesson. *That story is not to get out of this office except in print.* Jones, your duty for the rest of this night is to see to it that no one speaks a word to Woods so long as he is here. Don't let anybody get within ten feet of his desk, except me. Don't let them say anything or do anything that is likely to remind him where he is. He's liable to wake up any moment. Understand?"

Haskill put in, "Catch every one as he comes into the office and put him on to the thing."

It was unnecessary to say anything more to Jones. He was a newspaper man. He hurried toward the gate where a couple of reporters were entering the room.

"Now, Haskill," said Stone, "you go around and tell all the desk men in the office. And Mr. Harwood, will you please——"

But Stone broke off abruptly.

"Heavens!" whispered Haskill.

Woods had arisen from his chair and was

looking straight up at them. Then he turned and walked rapidly down the room toward the gate.

Stone and Haskill and Harwood bolted down on tiptoe after him. But he wheeled off to the right, passed the newspaper files, stepped up to the water-cooler and filled a glass. He always looked around the room before getting a drink and they ought to have remembered it. They did now. Haskill was turning over an afternoon paper, as if in a great hurry for something. Harwood was standing by the telephone-box trying to look as if he had never thought of Billy Woods. But Stone calmly turned back and walked across to Woods's desk.

There lay some pages of finely written copy. His experienced eye skimmed over a paragraph. It made him lust for the rest. It was risky, but he reached over, whisked up the closely written sheets, all but one, the last one, and hurried up to the desk with them just as Woods put down the glass, emitting a wet-lipped "Ah!" and started back, wiping his hand on his trousers. As he passed Haskill he was humming a little, tuneless tune. He sat down, ran his hand through his hair a moment, then, leaning over, began to write rapidly again and put the next finished page on top of the one sheet left as unquestioningly as a hen goes to laying over one nest egg.

Meanwhile, Stone, reading the copy as rapidly as he alone could, hastily scrawled (*Nonp. Double lead—Rush*) across the first page and sent it up to the composing-room, where the foreman, dividing it into several "takes," gave them to several compositors, who put them in type as fast as they knew how, and in a few minutes the galley proofs were down on Stone's desk, with Haskill bending over Stone's shoulder saying "Isn't it beautiful! Isn't it beautiful!"

Stone made a printer's sign on the margin to turn a "u" right side up and said: "This much is ours, anyway."

Haskill said, "Think we'll get it all?"

Stone glanced down at Woods. "Hello," he said, "what's that boy up to?"

A few minutes before, one of the numerous office-boys had brought in some copy from the man covering a spiritualist convention up town. Now he was walking slowly up and down behind Billy Woods. Presently he turned and walked up to the desk. He was an odd-looking boy with a peculiar, matured face. He looked very solemn. "Please, Mr. Stone," he said, "kin I go home now? My old mother is sick and I promised her——"

"Well, I'm afraid you lied to her if you're not lying to me, for you're to stay here till we go to press to-night."

"Nah, I won't," said the boy, sullenly, "I'll t'row up me job, foist. I got to go home."

"You can throw up your job if you want to, but you can't go home till the paper goes to press. Run on down to the end of the room where you belong."

But Stone followed after him.

"John," he said to the head boy by the gate, "no boy can get out of this office to-night on any excuse till after we go to press—not even on errands, without my permission. Understand?"

John said "Yes, sir," and was excited. So were all the other boys. The very buzzing of the electric fans was abnormal to-night. There was suppressed excitement in the scurrying cockroaches when the reporters opened their desk-drawers. Stone returned to the other end of the room.

"That youngster," he said to Haskill, "is the one we are after. I've thought so all along."

"Then why didn't you drop him long ago?"

"There would be another here inside of a week. We'll catch this one red-handed. That may stop their dirty work."

The reporters were rounding up with the late stories. Everyone that came into the room, no matter how important his news, was first halted at the gate by Jones. Woods kept on writing uninterruptedly. The men only looked over at him in awe; then went up to the desk to tell their news.

"Haskill," said Stone ("go on talking," to one of the reporters), "the room is getting too full of people thinking about the same thing. If they keep on looking at Woods they'll hypnotize him into realization of everything—no matter how intense he is. Clear out the room. (Go on talking, Lee. I can hear you." Lee went on.) "Tell Smith to start up a poker game in the back room."

"Stone," whispered Haskill, as he started, "What's the matter with him now?"

"Needs copy-paper," said Stone. ("That's no good, Lee, don't write any-

thing.") And grabbing a bunch of paper himself, the editor walked down and tossed it in front of Woods, who growled, "Thanks, boy," without lifting his eyes.

Stone hurried on down the room. "Boys, come here," he said——"all you boys." He sat down on a desk. They gathered about him. Their faces were almost ghastly, it was so horrifyingly unusual to be recognized by Mr. Stone, except as he recognized the bell he punched or the floor he threw copy upon.

"You boys," he said, "there's a big beat in this office to-night." They knew that, and he knew they did. "If it gets out of here you all get out, too—every one of you. Understand? You are all to be discharged unless we beat the town on this story." Then he left them. They even kept silent for several seconds. But that may have been because Stone had turned over to where Woods was writing. Jones saw this and Jones's jaw dropped.

There was Billy, tapping with his fingers on the desk as if waiting for a word, and as Stone came near he looked up and smiled amiably. It was a sweet, childlike smile, and those watching never forgot it. Stone looked straight back at him. It was the only thing to do. The mere lowering of his eyes might kill the grandest beat of the year.

By telepathy, perhaps, nearly everyone in the room let go his work for the moment and was now watching these two smile at each other. The whole room held its breath as it saw Stone stop, close beside Woods. Its heart ceased beating as it heard him ask, "How much more of this is there, Woods?" It was his normal tone, too.

"Oh, well, I'm over half through, I think." It was the first time in four days, for most of them, that Woods's voice had been heard. It was quite natural.

"Hurry it along," said Stone, and then he had the audacity to hold out his hand.

"Yes, sir," said Billy, and from force of habit handed Stone the written sheets of copy, then leaned over and started in writing intensely again, and *The Day* staff thanked Heaven.

When Stone reached the desk Haskill looked at him a moment and then said, admiringly, "My! you've got nerve."

"He's as safe as a man without a memory," said Stone, as he marked on the copy (*Add Aldermen Swindle*). But the fingers he did it with trembled.

The hands of the clock went on around and Woods went on scowling and throwing off page after page of copy. The night editor came down from the composing-room, where he was making up, and whispered to Stone, "He'll soon be through, Stone, won't he?"

Stone did not answer, for he saw one of the boys stealing hastily up toward the desk. "Mr. Stone," said the boy, looking ashamed, "Tommy Donovan's up to some game at the 'phone. He's been runnin' in an' out of the box for half an hour. We think he's givin' up Mr. Woods's beat. He's in there again an'——"

"All right," said Stone, "let him get them." Then turning to Haskill, "I *thought* they would be able to tell us something if they tried. Now you watch Woods, Haskill."

Stone stepped into the adjoining room, walked past the night editorial writer and into the chief's room, picked up the private telephone and turned on the switch in time to hear, "Well, you tell the man at the desk it's T. D.—in a hurry."

Mr. Stone pulled down the switch and shut off the circuit of the *Day's* outer office, ran out into the main room, tiptoed down to the telephone-box where he found Tommy sending boyish oaths at Central for cutting him off.

Stone reached in and put a hand over his mouth. "You needn't swear, boy," he said. "It's against the rules of the company. Besides, they can't hear you. Come, I'll show you why."

Through an avenue of big-eyed other boys Stone led Tommy into the private room. "You see I cut you off." He pushed the switch back again. "Now you could talk with *The Earth* office again if you were there. Come, we'll go into this nice little room over here. Now, then, this is to be your private office until we go to press. Then your resignation will be voted upon. It may prove better for you, though, if you tell me what you were going to tell the man at the desk."

Just then Haskill's excited voice was heard. "Stone, Stone! for Heaven's sake, where are you?"

"Right here. What's the matter?"

Haskill appeared at the threshold, panting: "Stone, Billy's through writing! He's standing up by his desk looking over the last pages. But he's running his hand through his hair; so I think he must be going to add a little more, don't you?"

Impulsively Stone grasped his assistant by the arm. "Haskill, listen. We lose our beat if Woods leaves this office before we go to press."

"Why?"

"Because, soon as he's finished writing——"

"He'll get drunk, Stone."

"No, he'll come to himself first—realize everything, soon as the tension is off his nerves—then, don't you see what'll happen——"

"Why, first he'll have a spasm or something at realizing what he's done, then I tell you, Stone, he'll go and get——"

"No, he'll go like the devil over to his new bosses and confess the whole thing."

"They'll give him——"

"But not till they've made him sit down and dictate the whole story to a relay of stenographers—there's still time for it—Then where's our beat, Haskill!"

"We've got to keep him here then."

"But if he suddenly comes to now, here in this office, Haskill?"

"Then hold him anyway, Stone!"

"But we can't, man; he's no office-boy." They both looked at the boy in Stone's grasp. He had been quietly taking in all they said; also several features about the room that pleased him.

"Here," cried Stone, "you lock up this boy—lock him up tight. I'll fix Woods somehow." And he ran back to the outer room in time to see Woods, who had decided not to write any more after all, tap the collected sheets of copy even against the desk-top and start, rather gayly it seemed, up the room. Stone almost ran to beat him to the desk.

Woods put his copy down upon the desk. "Here's the rest of it," he said, briskly. Stone apparently paid no attention. Woods picked the sheets up again and planked them down directly under Stone's eyes. "That winds her up," he said. The editor made no sign. "Good-night," said Woods. Stone picked up the copy in silence. "Good-night, I said, Mr. Stone. I'm going home." He started off.

"Er—oh, say Woods—hold up. We don't want you to go yet."

Woods stopped ten feet away. He turned around slowly. "But I'm all done up," he said, smiling. "I'd like to get something to eat and go to bed."

"Wait till I read your copy."

Woods sighed.

Stone thought he saw the tense lines fading out of his countenance. That would never do. "Besides, Woods," he said, "you haven't enough here. You don't seem to realize what a big story this is."

But Woods was realizing that he was tired. It was like asking a man to run just one more lap at the end of a mile race. He said, in a hurt tone, "I've covered the story, I think."

Stone knew that in a moment more he might realize everything. An inspiration came to him. "Why, see here, Woods, why don't you round up your story with some detailed personal history of the people concerned and—" He was stopped by a gleam that suddenly came into Woods's face.

"Say, Mr. Stone," said the reporter, reaching up and running his hand through his hair, "I'll tell you: A few sticks telling about similar attempts in the past would be a great deal better stuff. Here, give me some copy-paper. Dan, run and get me the back files of the *Tribune* for the years—here, I'll write 'em down—there, for those years. Be quick about it."

Then Woods hurried down to his desk again, looking intense, and in a few minutes he was throwing off sheets of copy with one hand and holding open an old bound volume of the *Tribune* with the other, while two office boys were hastily stacking up other dusty volumes before him. Stone, at the other end of the room, was mopping his brow.

A few minutes later the gate clicked and the managing editor himself came hurrying into the office. He had been dining out. Stone dived at him.

The managing editor showed no astonishment, because nothing ever astonished him, but at the conclusion he whispered, gravely, "Say, Stone, perhaps I better hide in the closet. Woods may look up and wonder at my dress-suit."

Stone, who was watching Woods like a delicate machine, growled abstractedly to

his managing editor: "Talk to Haskill," and ran to Billy, saying: "Better say something now about future possibilities—you know what I mean."

Woods bobbed his head. "Here's another batch," he said.

Stone brought the copy back to where Mr. Manning and Haskill were standing. "Just look at that good English," he whispered, throwing it on the floor. The story itself was all in type and locked up now, and Stone had put a head on it, one of his characteristic heads—a big, black-lettered head that would in a few hours make the now sleeping town buzz with astonishment and the newsboys rich selling *Days* alone if——

It was less than half an hour from the time of going to press. Most of the office was getting up and sitting down again, or stepping about the room, or looking at the clock.

Mr. Manning wet his lips and said, "Stone, Woods will know we can't take copy much longer. Then he will commence wondering, then he will wake up, then he'll run over to the *Earth* office and then——"

"Haskill," said Stone, "you're fat; go down and stand in front of Woods, with your back toward him."

Haskill walked down the room. Stone jumped up on the "Jersey" desk, jerked back the glass door of the clock, shoved the hands back twenty minutes, slammed the door shut and jumped down again. Five minutes later Billy called up, "How much more can you take?"

Stone called back in the ghastly stillness, "Keep on writing till we tell you to stop. Write fast." Then, in a low tone, "That'll keep you from thinking."

It was so silent that the whole room heard Billy muttering "Oh, I didn't know I had so much time." He had looked at the clock.

Another minute had dragged by in which the clock ticked and Woods's pen scratched, and the rest of the room waited. Haskill sighed and for the seventh time was whispering to anybody, "Oh, we've surely got them beaten, don't you think so?" when two office-boys came scurrying in through the gate and up the room with looks on their young faces that made Stone start up and say, "What's coming, now?"

He had just sent these boys out to see why the shipping news bureau did not send in anything about the overdue Lucania, two boys instead of one, so they would watch each other. They ran up to Stone, holding out a letter.

"I found this," panted one of them.

"No, I found it," panted the other; "it fluttered down from some place upstairs here. It hit Dan on the head."

Stone had snatched it up, the others eagerly bending over it with him. It was addressed to "The night editor of the *Earth*—Rush," and the envelope was one of the regular office envelopes with "*The Day*" printed in the corner.

"What does *this* mean?" asked Mr. Manning.

"Keep Woods writing," said Stone, over his shoulder, for he had started on a run for the private office now occupied by Tommy Donovan.

It was a front room and Tommy was leaning out of the window. Stone grasped him firmly by the trousers. "What are you doing, boy?"

"Nuthin'." He was unperturbed.

"Let's see your fingers—the other hand. How did you get that ink-mark?"

"Writin'."

"What. This," showing the envelope.

The boy waited a minute, then grinned. "Yep," he said.

"What does it say inside?"

The boy looked up at Stone and then said, calmly, "It says 'Billy Woods is here with a big beat. Yer gotter hustle if yer want it.'" Then, grinning again, "Might's well tell yer, long as yer on."

"I believe you this time," said the editor, "though I haven't opened it. See? It was not addressed to me."

The boy sniffed contemptuously, either at himself or at Stone, or both. Then he impudently looked in Stone's eyes and asked, "Why don't yer send it to the *Eart'*, then?"

Stone had a sense of humor and laughed. "I shall, in the morning," he said, "with a note."

"Huh," said the boy. "They was six other envelopes on the table when I come in here. Some of 'em ought to got there by now."

Stone only said: "Some day you'll make a first-class crook and we'll have

column stories about you, with your picture."

The boy almost blushed at this prediction of greatness, but Stone did not notice that, for a strange voice came in from the other room, saying: "I tell you I've got to see him." Stone locked the door and ran out.

The head office-boy was shouting, excitedly, "See him—nuthin'! You'll have to wait till he's trew writin'."

A number of the men, hearing the loud voices, were coming down toward the gate.

"Give him this note then, I tell you."

"Give nuthin'—not till he's trew writin'."

Now another stranger came in. He had been waiting in the hallway. To him the first young man turned and said, "He's in here, Munson, but they won't bring him out, and they won't give him the note."

"Here, let me take it," said Munson, the new arrival.

Jones, the reporter, who had been standing by the gate with his back toward it, as if not listening, now turned around.

But Munson, looking past Jones, exclaimed, dramatically, "Mr. Stone, give this to Woods if you dare!"

Stone, who had been passing by, apparently oblivious, stopped and looked at Munson a moment. "Young man," he said, "what is the occasion for so much emotion? Here, boy, take that note to Mr. Woods."

The boy looked at Mr. Stone.

"Hurry," said the editor. "This person seems to be impatient."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, dazedly, and carried the envelope over to Woods, who nodded his head, stuck the thing hastily in his pocket with his left hand, and with his right kept on writing.

"He seems to be occupied," Jones remarked, affably. "But he will be at leisure shortly. You see it's nearly time to go to press."

But Munson cried, "Well, then, I'll go in and speak to him."

Jones stood by the gate. "Sorry, but it's against the rules of the office." Stone, behind him, was filling a pipe and remarked, aloud: "This is one place where an *Earth* reporter cannot go," which made some of the others laugh. Nearly the whole staff had moved down by the gate now.

Munson looked at them. He did not know what tack to take, and time was flying. He tried being civil. "But, see here, gentlemen," he said, earnestly, "I've simply got to see Woods before we go to press." He looked up at the office clock. "We go to press in about twenty-five minutes."

"Well, there he is, look at him," put in Jones.

Then, for the first time, it suddenly occurred to Munson to call to Billy Woods. "Oh, Woods!" he shouted in a loud voice, "Billy Woods, come here a minute."

Woods shook his head, but no one heard him call back, "Just a second," for Mr. Manning now came down the room, saying, with some heat:

"See here, Jones, tell that young man to stop making a disturbance in this office;" which Jones began to do, assisted by several others, in loud tones.

Meanwhile, Billy, reaching the end of the page, made a double X mark to show that it was the end of the story, and said: "Here, boy," to the one that had brought him the note, "take this up to the desk," and walked down to the gate, saying: "Well, well, what's all this rumpus about. Who wants me—" just in time to hear Munson's high voice, almost screaming above the others: *"Billy Woods, I was sent to ask you why you joined our staff this morning, and then sneaked over here with our beat to-night! What have you got to say for yourself?"*

And now, like fools, every one shut up and turned to look at Billy Woods. They all stood there in silence and watched him as the thing came over him.

He stopped short before reaching the gate, and opened his mouth. First, a look of childish dread came over his face. He looked at Munson. Then he looked around at the staff. Then he turned his face away and sat down at the nearest desk. He was a born reporter, and he had grasped the whole situation from beginning to end.

And just then the floor began to shake and there came up the deep, heavy rumbling of the mighty presses from far below. The story was a beat now.

Munson knew that sound, and looked up at the clock in alarm.

Stone was puffing his pipe contentedly. "Twenty minutes slow you'll find."

Then Munson knew that his paper was

beaten, and that the best it could do was to lift a stick or two of the story from *The Day* for the later editions. This would be done immediately and without him. So he decided to stay here a minute and say something. He was wrought up.

He slapped the gate-post with his hand. "This is the lowest trick ever perpetrated in this city," he began.

"Yes?" said Stone, who had his hands in his pockets.

"And I'd like to state that the man that would do such a thing——"

"Say," put in Haskill, "you needn't heap any abuse on Billy Woods. We aren't in the humor to hear it. He came up here from force of habit, and you're in hard luck; that's all. He forgot that he had been inveigled into joining your dirty sheet, until you reminded him of it just now. Didn't you, Billy?"

Woods made no reply. It would have been a good thing altogether if he could have fallen over in a dramatic faint at this point, or, say, when the presses began. But he did not know how. So he only sat there behind the others, with his glasses sliding down, and his chin in his hands listening to everything.

Munson had laughed scornfully at Haskill's explanation. "Who do you think will believe that fairy story?" he asked. "Oh," he went on, "you have beaten us all right on this story—we acknowledge that."

Stone blew smoke. "Good of you," he said.

"But we'll have a story to-morrow that you won't have, that you won't *care* to print."

"It won't be the first time," replied Stone, who then remembered something and left the gate for the private office.

Munson was going on, "It'll be a three-column exposé of *The Day's* upright journalistic methods, describing this whole traitorous performance. We can get affidavits that we gave that man Woods——"

Billy Woods's foot tapped on the floor and at the same time Haskill interrupted: "In the first place, no one would believe Woods was on your staff for ten minutes to-day; no one believes you, you know; and besides, how did you people get that tip anyway, I'd like to know——"

"As for affidavits," put in Sampson, one of the reporters, "a few interesting ones might be secured about other things you gave Woods; for instance, on that trip up the bay Sunday night—*you* ought to remember that, Munson."

"Then, too, we might make pretty good reading out of this interesting young man," this from Stone, who was leading in young Tommy Donovan by the arm. "Did you ever see this lad before? Yes, they seem to recognize each other. And by the way, did you ever see handwriting like this?" He held up the envelope. "Ah, I wouldn't make a very big scare head about this interesting evening if I were you. Oh, no, don't swear at this little boy. What's that—break his neck? Well, if you must, why, we'll have to cover the story at the police station and make a front page spread of it, and tell all we know about the motives. What, are you going so soon? Well, good-night. The cool air will do you good."

Meanwhile, the others were getting ready to leave.

"Come, Woods," said Stone, "put on your coat."

Billy arose slowly. Haskill, who was fussing around him like a man that wants to be useful in a nursery and doesn't know how, said, "What he needs is a lot of good, nourishing food. Then I'll take him home to bed with me and to-morrow I'll put him in a Turkish-bath. He better stay there all day, too, and not come down to work at all to-morrow. I suppose the office can let him have a day off. Don't you think so, Mr. Manning?"

They were helping Billy put on his coat. He looked up, timidly. "What do you mean?" he said.

"Better ask Mr. Manning," said Haskill, smiling.

"Come on, that's all right," said Mr. Manning, starting for the stairs, "we're all going to have some supper together."

THE STORY OF A PLAY

BY W. D. HOWELLS

XXI

LOUISE asked Maxwell, as soon as they had established their joint faith, whom Godolphin was going to get to play Salome, and he said that Grayson would like to re-engage Miss Pettrell, though he had a theory that the piece would be strengthened, and the effect of Haxard enhanced, if they could have a more powerful Salome.

"Mr. Ray told me at lunch," said Louise, impartially but with an air of relief, "that in all the love-making she was delightful; but when it came to the tragedy, she wasn't there."

"Grayson seemed to think that if she could be properly rehearsed, she could be brought up to it," Maxwell interposed.

"Mr. Ray said she was certainly very refined, and her Salome was always a lady. And that is the essential thing," Louise added, decisively. "I don't at all agree with Mr. Grayson about having Salome played so powerfully. I think Mr. Godolphin is right."

"For heaven's sake don't tell him so!" said Maxwell. "We have had trouble enough to get him under."

"Indeed, I shall tell him so! I think he ought to know how we feel."

"*We?*" repeated Maxwell.

"Yes. What we want for Salome is sweetness and delicacy and refinement; for she has to do rather a bold thing, and yet keep herself a lady."

"Well, it may be too late to talk Miss Pettrell now," said Maxwell. "Your favorite, Godolphin, parted enemies with her."

"Oh, stage enemies! Mr. Grayson can get her, and he must."

"I'll tell him what your orders are," said Maxwell.

The next day he saw the manager, but nothing had been done, and the affair seemed to be hanging fire again. In the evening, while he was talking it over with his wife in a discouragement which they could not shake off, a messenger came to him with a letter from the Argosy Theatre, which he tore nervously open.

"What is it, dear?" asked his wife, tenderly. "Another disappointment?"

"Not exactly," he returned, with a husky voice, and after a moment of faltering he gave her the letter. It was from Grayson, and it was to the effect that he had seen Sterne, and that Sterne had agreed to a proposition he had made him, to take Maxwell's play on the road, if it succeeded, and in view of this had agreed to let Yolande Havisham take the part of Salome.

Godolphin was going to get all his old company together as far as possible, with the exception of Miss Pettrell, and there was to be little or no delay, because the actors had mostly got back to New York, and were ready to renew their engagements. That no time might be lost, Grayson asked Maxwell to come the next morning and read the piece to such of them as he could get together in the Argosy greenroom, and give them his sense of it.

Louise handed him back the letter, and said, with dangerous calm: "You might save still more time by going down to Mrs. Harley's apartment and reading it to her at once." Maxwell was miserably silent, and she pursued: "May I ask whether you knew they were going to try to get her?"

"No," said Maxwell.

"Was there anything said about her?"

"Yes, there was, last night. But both Grayson and Godolphin regarded it as impossible to get her."

"Why didn't you tell me that they would like to get her?"

"You knew it, already. And I thought, as they both had given up the hope of getting her, I wouldn't mention the subject. It's always been a very disagreeable one."

"Yes." Louise sat quiet, and then she said: "What a long misery your play has been to me!"

"You haven't helped make it any great joy to me," said Maxwell, bitterly.

She began to weep, silently, and he stood

looking down at her in utter wretchedness. "Well," he said at last, "what shall I do about it?"

Louise wiped her tears, and cleared up cold, as we say of the weather. She rose, as if to leave the room, and said, haughtily: "You shall do as you think best for yourself. You must let them have the play, and let them choose whom they think best for the part. But you can't expect me to come to see it."

"Then that unsays all the rest. If you don't come to see it, I sha'n't, and I shall not let them have the piece. That is all. Louise," he entreated, after these first desperate words, "*can't* we grapple with this infernal nightmare, so as to get it into the light, somehow, and see what it really is? How can it matter to you who plays the part? Why do you care whether Miss Pettrell or Mrs. Harley does it?"

"Why do you ask such a thing as that?" she returned, in the same hard frost. "You know where the idea of the character came from, and why it was sacred to me. Or perhaps you forget!"

"No, I don't forget. But try—can't you try?—to specify just why you object to Mrs. Harley."

"You have your theory. You said I was jealous of her."

"I didn't mean it. I never believed that."

"Then I can't explain. If you don't understand, after all that's been said, what is the use of talking? I'm tired of it!"

She went into her room, and he sank into the chair before his desk and sat there, thinking. When she came back, after awhile, he did not look round at her, and she spoke to the back of his head. "Should you have any objection to my going home for a few days?"

"No," he returned.

"I know papa would like to have me, and I think you would be less hampered in what you will have to do now if I'm not here."

"You're very considerate. But if that's what you are going for, you might as well stay. I'm not going to do anything whatever."

"Now, you mustn't talk foolishly, Brice," she said, with an air of superior virtue mixed with a hint of martyrdom. "I won't have you doing anything rash or boyish. You will go on and let them have your play just the same as if I didn't exist." She somewhat marred the effect of her self-devotion by adding: "And I shall go on just as if *it* didn't exist." He said nothing, and she continued: "You couldn't expect me to take any interest in it after this, could you? Because, though I am ready to make any sort of sacrifice for you, I think anyone, I don't care who it was, would say that was a little *too* much. Don't you think so yourself?"

"You are always right. I think that."

"Don't be silly. I am trying to do the best I can, and you have no right to make it hard for me."

Maxwell wheeled round in his chair: "Then I wish you wouldn't make your best so confoundedly disagreeable."

"Oh!" she twitted. "I see that you have made up your mind to let them have the play, after all."

"Yes, I have," he answered, savagely.

"Perhaps you meant to do it all along?"

"Perhaps I did."

"Very well, then," said Louise. "Would you mind coming to the train with me on your way down town to-morrow?"

"Not at all."

XXII

In the morning neither of them recurred to what Louise had said of her going home for a few days. She had apparently made no preparation for the journey; but if she was better than her words in this, he was quite as bad as his in going down town after breakfast to let Grayson have the play, no matter whom he should get to do Salome. He did not reiterate his purpose, but she knew from the sullen leave, or no-leave, which he took of her, that it was fixed.

When he was gone she had what seemed to her the very worst quarter of an hour she had ever known; but when he came back in the afternoon, looking haggard but savage, her ordeal had long been over. She asked him quietly if they had come to any definite conclusion about the play, and he answered, with harsh aggression, yes, that Mrs. Harley had agreed to take the part of Salome; Godolphin's old company had been mostly got together, and

they were to have the first rehearsal the next morning.

"Should you like me to come some time?" asked Louise.

"I should like you very much to come," said Maxwell, soberly, but with a latent doubt of her meaning, which she perceived.

"I have been thinking," she said, "whether you would like me to call on Mrs. Harley this evening with you?"

"What for?" he demanded, suspiciously.

"Well, I don't know. I thought it might be appropriate."

Maxwell thought a moment. "I don't think it would be expected. After all, it isn't a personal thing," he said, with a relenting in his defiance.

"No," said Louise.

They got through the evening without further question.

They had always had some sort of explicit making-up before, even when they had only had a tacit falling out, but this time Louise thought there had better be none of that. They were to rehearse the play every day that week, and Maxwell said he must be at the theatre the next morning at eleven. He could not make out to his wife's satisfaction that he was of much use, but he did not try to convince her. He only said that they referred things to him now and then, and that generally he did not seem to know much about them. She saw that his æsthetic honesty kept him from pretending to more than this, and she believed he ought to have greater credit than he claimed.

Four or five days later she went with him to a rehearsal. By this time they had got so well forward with their work at the theatre that Maxwell said it would now be in appreciable shape; but still he warned her not to expect too much. He never could tell her just what she wanted to know about Mrs. Harley; all he could say was that her Salome was not ideal, though it had strong qualities; and he did not try to keep her from thinking it offensive; that would only have made bad worse.

It had been snowing over-night, and there was a bright glare of sunshine on the drifts, which rendered the theatre doubly dark when they stepped into it from the street. It was a dramatic event for Louise to enter by the stage-door, and to find Maxwell recognized by the old man in charge as having authority to do so; and she made as much of the strange interior as the obscurity and her preoccupation would allow. There was that immediate bareness and roughness which seems the first characteristic of the theatre behind the scenes, where the theatre is one of the simplest and frankest of workshops, in which certain effects are prepared to be felt before the foot-lights. Nothing of the glamour of the front is possible; there is a hard air of business in everything; and the work that goes to the making of a play shows itself the severest toil. Figures now came and went in the twilight beyond the reach of the gas in the door-keeper's booth, but rapidly as if bent upon definite errands, and with nothing of that loitering gaiety which is the imagined temperament of the stage.

Louise and Maxwell were to see Grayson first in his private office, and while their names were taken in, the old door-keeper gave them seats on the Mourner's Bench, a hard wooden settee in the corridor, which he said was the place where actors wanting an engagement waited till the manager sent word that he could see them. The manager did not make the author and his wife wait, but came for them himself, and led the way back to his room. When he gave them seats there, Maxwell had the pleasure of seeing that Louise made an excellent impression with the magnate, of whom he had never quite lost the awe we feel for the master of our fortunes, whoever he is. He perceived that her inalienable worldly splendor added to his own consequence, and that his wife's air of *grande dame* was not lost upon a man who could at least enjoy it artistically. Grayson was very polite to her, and said hopefuller things to her about the play than he had yet said to Maxwell, though he had always been civil enough about its merits. He had a number of papers before him, and he asked Louise if she had noticed their friendliness. She said, yes, she had seen some of those things, but she had supposed they were authorized, and she did not know how much to value them.

Grayson laughed and confessed that he did not practise any concealments with the press when it was a question of getting something to the public notice. "Of

course," he said, "we don't want the piece to come in on rubbers."

"What do you mean?" she demanded, with an ignorant joy in the phrase.

"That's what we call it when a thing hasn't been sufficiently heralded, or heralded at all. We have got to look after that part of it, you know."

"Of course, I am not complaining; though I think all that's dreadful."

The manager assented partly. Then he said: "There's something curious about it. You may put up the whole affair yourself, and yet in what's said you can tell whether there's a real good-will that comes from the writers themselves or not."

"And you mean that there is this mystical kindness for Mr. Maxwell's play in the prophecies that all read so much alike to me?"

"Yes, I do," said the manager, laughing. "They like him because he's new and young, and is making his way single-handed."

"Well," said Louise, "those seem good grounds for preference with me, too"; and she thought how nearly they had been her own grounds for liking Maxwell.

Grayson went with them to the stage and found her the best place to sit and see the rehearsal. He made someone get chairs, and he sat with her chatting while men in high hats and overcoats and women in bonnets and fur-edged butterfly-capes, came in one after another. Godolphin arrived among the first, with an ulster which came down to where his pantaloons were turned up above his overshoes. He caught sight of Louise and approached her with outstretched hand, and Grayson gave up his chair to the actor. Godolphin was very cordial, deferentially cordial, with a delicate vein of reminiscent comradry running through his manner. She spoke to him of having at last got his ideal for Salome, and he said, with a slight sigh and a sort of melancholy absence: "Yes, Miss Havisham will do it magnificently." Then he asked, with a look of latent significance:

"Have you ever seen her?"

Louise laughed for as darkling a reason. "Only in real life. You know we live just over and under each other."

"Ah, true. But I meant, on the stage. She's a great artist. You know she's the one I wanted for Salome from the start."

"Then you ought to be very happy in getting her at last."

"She will do everything for the play," sighed Godolphin. "She'll make up for all my shortcomings."

"You won't persuade us that you have any shortcomings, Mr. Godolphin," said Louise. "You are Haxard, and Haxard is the play. You can't think, Mr. Godolphin, how deeply grateful we both are to you for your confidence in my husband's work, your sacrifices——"

"You overpay me a thousand times for everything, Mrs. Maxwell," said the actor. "Anyone might have been proud and happy to do all I've done, and more, for such a play. I've never changed my opinion for a moment that it was *the* American drama. And now if Miss Havisham only turns out to be the Salome we want!"

"If?" returned Louise, and she felt a wild joy in the word. "Why, I thought there could be no earthly doubt about it."

"Oh, there isn't! We are all united on that point, I believe, Maxwell?"

Maxwell shrugged. "I confide in you and Mr. Grayson."

Godolphin looked at his watch. "It's eleven now, and she isn't here yet. I would rather not have begun without her, but I think we had better not delay any longer." He excused himself to Louise, and went and sat down with his hat on, at a small table, lit with a single electric bulb, dropping like a luminous spider by a thread from the dark above. Other electric bulbs were grouped before reflectors on either side of the stage, and these shone on the actors before Godolphin. Back in the depths of the stage, some scene-painters and carpenters were at work on large strips of canvas lying unrolled upon the floor or stretched upon light wooden frames. Across Godolphin's head the dim hollow of the auditorium showed, pierced by long bars of sunlight full of dancing motes, which slanted across its gloom from the gallery windows. Women in long aprons were sweeping the floors and pounding the seats, and a smell of dust from their labors mixed with the smell of paint and glue and escaping gas which pervaded the atmosphere of the stage.

Godolphin made Maxwell come and sit

with him at the table, where he opened his prompt-book and directed the rehearsal to begin. The people were mostly well up in their parts, and the work went smoothly, except for now and then an impatience in Godolphin which did not seem to come from what was going forward.

He showed himself a thorough master of his trade in its more mechanical details, and there were signal instances of his intelligence in the higher things of it which might well have put Mrs. Maxwell to shame for her many hasty judgments of the actor. He was altogether more of a man, more of a mind, than she had supposed, even when she supposed the best of him. She perceived that Godolphin grasped the whole meaning of her husband's work, and interpreted its intentions with perfect accuracy, not only in his own part of Haxard, but in all the other persons, and he corrected the playing of each of the rôles as the rehearsal went on. She saw how he had really formed the other actors upon himself. They repeated his tones, his attitudes, his mannerisms, in their several ways. His touch could be felt all through the performance, and his limitations characterized it. He was very gentle and forbearing with their mistakes, but he was absolute master all the same. If someone erred, Godolphin left his place and went and showed how the thing should be said and done. He carefully addressed the men by their surnames, with the Mr. always; the women were all Dear to him, according to a convention of the theatre. He said "No, dear," and "Yes, dear," and he was as caressingly deferential to each of them as he was formally deferential to the men; he required the same final obedience of them, and it was not always so easy to make them obey. In nonessentials he yielded at times, as when one of the ladies had overdone a point, and he demurred. "But I always got a laugh on that, Mr. Godolphin," she protested. "Oh, well, my dear, hang on to your laugh, then." However he meant to do Haxard himself, his voice was for simplicity and reality in others. "Is that the way you would do it, is that the way you would say it, if it were *you?*" he stopped one of the men in a bit of rant.

Even of Maxwell he exacted as clear a vision of his own work as he exacted of its interpreters. He asked the author his notion of points in dress and person among the different characters, which he had hitherto only generalized in his mind, and which he was gladly willing, when they were brought home to him, to leave altogether to Godolphin's judgment.

The rehearsal had gone well on toward the end of the first act, and Godolphin was beginning to fidget. From where she sat Louise saw him take out his watch and lean toward her husband to say something. An actor who was going through a piece of business perceived that he had not Godolphin's attention, and stopped. Just then Mrs. Harley came in.

Godolphin rose and advanced toward her with the prompt-book shut on his thumb. "You are late, Miss Havisham."

"Yes," she answered, haughtily, as if in resentment of his tone. She added, in concession, "Unavoidably. But Salome doesn't come on till the end of the act."

"I think it best for the whole company to be present from the beginning," said Godolphin.

"I quite agree with you," said Mrs. Harley. "Where are we?" she asked, and then she caught sight of Louise and came up to her. "How do you do, Mrs. Maxwell? I don't know whether I'm glad to see you or not. I believe I'm rather afraid to have you see my Salome; I've an idea you are going to be very severe with her."

"I am sure no severity will be needed. You'll see me nodding approval all the way through," Louise returned.

"I have always thought, somehow, that you had the part especially under your protection. I feel that I'm a very bold woman to attempt it."

In spite of her will to say "Yes, a very bold woman indeed!" Louise answered: "Then I shall admire your courage, as well as your art."

She was aware of Godolphin fretting at the colloquy he could not interrupt, and of Mrs. Harley's prolonging it wilfully. "I know you are sincere, I know you are; and I am going to make you tell me everything you object to in me, when it's over. Will you?"

"Of course," Louise answered, gayly; and now Mrs. Harley turned to Godolphin again: "*Where* were you?"

XXIII

Twice during the rehearsal Maxwell came to Louise and asked her if she were not tired and would not like to go home; he offered to go out and put her on a car. But both times she made him the same answer: she was not tired and would not go away on any account; the second time she said, with a certain meaning in her look and voice, that she thought she could stand it if he could. At the end she went up and made her compliments to Mrs. Harley. "You must enjoy realizing your ideal of a character so perfectly," she began.

"Yes? Did you feel that about it?" the actress returned. "It *is* a satisfaction. But if one has a strong conception of a part, I don't see how one can help rendering it strongly. And this Salome, she takes hold of me so powerfully. Her passion and her will, that won't stop at anything, seem to pierce through and through me. You can feel that she wouldn't mind killing a man or two to carry her point."

"That is certainly what *you* make one feel about her. And you make her very living, very actual."

"You are very good," said Mrs. Harley. "I am so glad you liked it. I was dreadfully afraid you wouldn't like it."

"Oh, I couldn't imagine your being afraid of anything," said Louise, lightly. Her smile was one which the other woman might have known how to interpret rightly, but her husband alone among men could feel its peculiar quality. Godolphin beamed with apparent satisfaction in it.

"Wasn't Salome magnificent?" he said; and he magnanimously turned to the actress. "You will make everybody forget Haxard. You made *me* forget him."

"*I* didn't forget him, though," said Mrs. Harley. "I was trying all the time to play up to him—and to Mrs. Maxwell."

The actor laughed his deep, mellow, hollow laugh, which was a fine work of art in itself, and said: "Mrs. Maxwell, you must let me present the other *dramatis personæ* to you," and he introduced the whole cast of the play, one after another. Each said something of the Salome, how grand it was, how impassioned, how powerful. Maxwell stood by, listening, with his eyes on his wife's face, trying to read her thought.

They were silent most of the way home, and she only talked of indifferent things. When the door of their apartment shut them in with themselves alone, she broke out: "Horrible, horrible, horrible! Well, the play is ruined, ruined! We might as well die; or *I* might! I suppose *you* really liked it!"

Maxwell turned white with anger. "I didn't try to make her *think* I did, any way. But I knew how you really felt, and I don't believe you deceived her very much, either. All the same, I was ashamed to see you try."

"Don't talk to me—don't speak! She knew from every syllable I uttered that I perfectly loathed it, and I know that she tried to make it as hateful to me all the way through as she could. She played it *at* me, and she knew it *was* me. It was as if she kept saying all the time, 'How do you like my translation of your Boston girl into Alabama, or Mississippi, or Arkansas, or wherever I came from? This is the way you would have acted, if you were *me!*' Yes, that is the hideous part of it. Her nature has *come off* on the character, and I shall never see, or hear, or think, or dream Salome, after this, without having Yolande Havisham before me. She's spoiled the sweetest thing in my life. She's made me hate myself; she's made me hate *you!* Will you go out somewhere and get your lunch? I don't want anything myself, and just now I can't bear to look at you. Oh, you're not to blame, that I know of, if that's what you mean. Only go!"

"I can go out for lunch, certainly," said Maxwell. "Perhaps you would rather I stayed out for dinner, too?"

"Don't be cruel, dearest! I am trying to control myself——"

"I shouldn't have thought it. You're not succeeding."

"No, not so well as you, if you hated this woman's Salome as much as I did. If it's always been as bad as it was to-day you've controlled yourself wonderfully well never to give me any hint of it, or prepare me for it in the least."

"How could I prepare you? You would have come to it with your own prepossessions, no matter what I said."

"Was that why you said nothing?"

"You would have hated it if she had

played it with angelic perfection, because you hated her."

"Perhaps you think she really did play it with angelic perfection! Well, you needn't come back to dinner."

Louise passed into their room, to lay off her hat and sack.

"I will not come back at all, if you prefer," Maxwell called after her.

"I have no preferences in the matter," she mocked back.

XXIV

Maxwell and Louise had torn at each other's hearts till they were bleeding, and he wished to come back at once and she wished him to come, that they might hurt themselves still more savagely; but when this desire passed, they longed to meet and bind up one another's wounds. This better feeling brought them together before nightfall, when Maxwell returned, and Louise, at the sound of his latch-key in the door, ran to let him in.

"Mr. Godolphin is here," she said, in a loud, cheery voice, and he divined that he owed something of his eager welcome to her wish to keep him from resuming the quarrel unwittingly. "He has just come to talk over the rehearsal with you, and I wouldn't let him go. I was sure you would be back soon."

She put her finger to her lip, with whatever warning intention, and followed her husband into the presence of the actor, and almost into his arms, so rapturous was the meeting between them.

"Well," cried Godolphin, "I couldn't help looking in a moment to talk with you and Mrs. Maxwell about our Salome. I feel that she will make the fortune of the piece—of any piece. Doesn't Miss Havisham's rendition grow upon you? It's magnificent. It's on the grand scale. It's immense. The more I think about it, the more I'm impressed with it. She'll carry the house by storm. I've never seen anything like it; and I'm glad to find that Mrs. Maxwell feels just as I do about it." Maxwell looked at his wife, who returned his glance with a guiltless eye. "I was afraid she might feel the loss of things that certainly *are* lost in it. I don't say that Miss Havisham's Salome, superb as it is, is *your* Salome—or Mrs. Maxwell's. I've always fancied that Mrs. Maxwell had a great deal to do with that character, and—I don't know why—I've always thought of her when I've thought of *it*; but at the same time it's a splendid Salome. She makes it Southern, almost tropical. It isn't the Boston Salome. You may say that it is wanting in delicacy and the nice shades; but it's full of passion; there's nothing caviare to the general in it. The average audience will understand just what the girl that Miss Havisham gives is after, and she gives her so abundantly that there's no more doubt of the why than there is of the how. Sometimes I used to think the house couldn't follow Miss Pettrell in her subtle touches, but there's no doubt that the house, to the topmost tier of the gallery, will get Miss Havisham's intention."

Godolphin was standing while he said all this, and Maxwell now asked: "Won't you sit down?"

The actor had his overcoat on his arm, and his hat in one hand. He tapped at his boot with the umbrella he held in the other. "No, I don't believe I will, thank you. The fact is, I just dropped in a moment to reassure you if you had misgivings about the Salome, and to give you my point of view."

Maxwell did not say anything; he looked at Louise again, and it seemed to her that he meant her to speak. "Oh, we understood that we couldn't have all kinds of a Salome in one creation of the part; and I'm sure no one can see Mrs. Harley in it without feeling her intensity."

"She's a force," said Godolphin. "And if, as we all decided," he continued, to Maxwell, "when we talked it over with Grayson, that a powerful Salome would heighten the effect of Haxard, she is going to make the success of the piece."

"*You* are going to make the success of the piece!" cried Louise.

"Ah, I sha'n't care if they forget me altogether," said the actor; "I shall forget myself. He laughed his mellow, hollow laugh, and gave his hand to Louise and then to Maxwell. "I'm so glad you feel as you do about it, and I don't wish you to lose your faith in our Salome for a moment. You've quite confirmed mine." He wrung the hands of each with a fervor of

gratitude that left them with a disquiet which their eyes expressed to each other when he was gone.

"What does it mean?" asked Louise.

Maxwell shook his head. "It's beyond me."

"Brice," she appealed, after a moment, "do you think I had been saying anything to set him against her?"

"No," he returned, instantly. "Why should I suspect you of anything so base?"

Her throat was full, but she made out to say, "No, you are too generous, too good for such a thing"; and now she went on to eat humble pie with a self-devotion which few women could practise. "I know that if I don't like having her I have no one but myself to thank for it. If I had never written to that miserable Mr. Sterne, or answered his advertisement, he would never have heard of your play, and nothing that has happened would have happened."

"No, you don't know that at all," said Maxwell; and it seemed to her that she must sink to her knees under his magnanimity. "The thing might have happened in a dozen different ways."

"No matter. I am to blame for the way it did happen; and now you will never hear another word from me. Would you like me to swear it?"

"That would be rather unpleasant," said Maxwell.

They both felt a great physical fatigue, and they neither had the wish to prolong the evening after dinner. Maxwell was going to lock the door of the apartment at nine o'clock, and then go to bed, when there came a ring at it. He opened it, and stood confronted with Grayson, looking very hot and excited.

"Can I come in a moment?" the manager asked. "Are you alone? Can I speak with you?"

"There is no one here but Mrs. Maxwell," said her husband, and he led the way into the parlor.

"And if you don't like," said Louise, confessing to have overheard him by her words, as they shook hands, "you needn't speak before her even."

"No, no," said the manager, "don't go! We may want your wisdom. We certainly want all the wisdom we can get on the question. It's about Godolphin."

"Godolphin?" they both echoed.

"Yes. He's given up the piece."

The manager drew out a letter, which he handed to Maxwell, and which Louise read with her husband, over his shoulder. It was addressed to Grayson, and began very formally.

DEAR SIR:

I wish to resign to you all claim I may have to a joint interest in Mr. Maxwell's piece, and to withdraw from the company formed for its representation. I feel that my rôle in it has been made secondary to another, and I have finally decided to relinquish it altogether. I trust that you will be able to supply my place, and I offer you my best wishes for the success of your enterprise.

Yours very truly,

L. GODOLPHIN.

The Maxwells did not look at each other; they both looked at the manager, and neither spoke.

"You see," said the manager, putting the letter back in its envelope, "it's Miss Havisham. I saw some signs of what was coming at the rehearsals, but I didn't think it would take such a peremptory shape."

"Why, but he was here only a few hours ago, praising her to the skies," said Louise; and she hoped that she was keeping secret the guilty joy she felt; but probably it was not unknown to her husband.

"Oh, of course," said Grayson, with a laugh, "that was Godolphin's way. He may have felt all that he said; or he may have been trying to find out what Mr. Maxwell thought, and whether he could count upon him in a move against her."

"We said nothing," cried Louise, and she blessed heaven that she could truly say so, "which could possibly be distorted into that."

"I didn't suppose you had," said the manager. "But now we have got to act. We have got to do one of two things, and Godolphin knows it; we have got to let Miss Havisham go, or we have got to let him go. For my part I would much rather let him go. She is a finer artist every way, and she is more important to the success of the piece. But it would be more difficult to replace him than it would be to replace her, and he knows it. We could get Miss Pettrell at once for Salome, and we should have to look about for a Hax-

ard. Still, I am disposed to drop Godolphin, if Mr. Maxwell feels as I do."

He looked at Maxwell; but Louise lowered her eyes, and would not influence her husband by so much as a glance. It seemed to her that he was a long time in answering.

"I am satisfied with Godolphin's Haxard much better than I am with Miss Havisham's Salome, strong as it is. On the artistic side alone, I should prefer to keep Godolphin and let her go, if it could be done justly. Then, I know that Godolphin has made sacrifices and borne losses on account of the play, and I think that he has a right to a share in its success, if it has a chance of succeeding. He's jealous of Miss Havisham, of course; I could see that from the first minute; but he's earned the first place, and I'm not surprised that he wants to keep it. I shouldn't like to lose it if I were he. I should say that we ought to make any concession he asks in that way."

"Very well," said Grayson. "He will ask to have our agreement with Mrs. Harley broken; and we can say that we were compelled to break it. I feel as you do, that he has some right on his side. She's a devilish provoking woman—excuse me, Mrs. Maxwell!—and I've seen her trying to take the centre from Godolphin ever since the rehearsals began; but I don't like to be driven by him; still, there are worse things than being driven. In any case we have to accept the inevitable, and it's only a question which inevitable we accept. Good-night. I will see Godolphin, at once. Good-night, Mrs. Maxwell. We shall expect you to do what you can in consoling your fair neighbor and reconciling her to the inevitable." Louise did not know whether this was ironical or not, and she did not at all like the laugh from Maxwell which greeted the suggestion.

"*I* shall have to reconcile Sterne, and I don't believe that will be half so easy."

The manager's words were gloomy, but there was an imaginable relief in his tone and a final cheerfulness in his manner. He left the Maxwells to a certain embarrassment in each other's presence. Louise was the first to break the silence that weighed upon them both.

"Brice, did you decide that way to please me?"

"I am not such a fool," said Maxwell.

"Because," she said, "if you did, you did very wrong, and I don't believe any good could come of it."

Yet she did not seem altogether averse to the risks involved; and in fact she could not justly accuse herself of what had happened, however devoutly she had wished for such a consummation.

XXV

It was Miss Havisham and not Godolphin who appeared to the public as having ended the combination their managers had formed. The interviewing on both sides continued until the interest of the quarrel was lost in that of the first presentation of the play, when the impression that Miss Havisham had been ill-used was effaced by the impression made by Miss Pettrell in the part of Salome. Her performance was not only successful in the delicacy and refinement which her friends expected of her, but she brought to the work a vivid yet purely feminine force which took them by surprise and made the public her own. No one in the house could have felt, as the Maxwells felt, a certain quality in it which it would be extremely difficult to characterize without overstating it. Perhaps Louise felt this more even than her husband, for when she appealed to him, he would scarcely confess to a sense of it; but from time to time in the stronger passages she was aware of an echo, to the ear and to the eye, of a more passionate personality than Miss Pettrell's. Had Godolphin profited by his knowledge of Miss Havisham's creation, and had he imparted to Miss Pettrell, who never saw it, hints of it which she used in her own creation of the part? If he had, just what was the nature and the measure of his sin? Louise tormented herself with this question, while a sense of the fact went as often as it came, and left her in a final doubt of it. What was certain was that if Godolphin had really committed this crime, of which he might have been quite unconsciously guilty, Miss Pettrell was wholly innocent of it; and, indeed, the effect she made might very well have been imagined by herself, and only have borne this teasing resemblance by

pure accident. Godolphin was justly punished if he were culpable, and he suffered an eclipse in any case which could not have been greater from Miss Havisham. There were recalls for the chief actors at every fall of the curtain, and at the end of the third act, in which Godolphin had really been magnificent, there began to be cries of "Author! Author!" and a messenger appeared in the box where the Maxwells sat and begged the author, in Godolphin's name, to come behind at once. The next thing that Louise knew the actor was leading her husband on the stage and they were both bowing to the house, which shouted at them and had them back once and twice, and still shouted, but now with a certain confusion of voices in its demand, which continued till the author came on a fourth time, led by the actor as before, and himself leading the heroine of his piece. Then the storm of applause left no doubt that the will of the house had been rightly interpreted.

Louise sat still, with the tears blurring the sight before her. They were not only proud and happy tears, but they were tears of humble gratitude that it was Miss Pettrell, and not Mrs. Harley, whom her husband was leading on to share his triumph. She did not think her own desert was great; but she could not tax herself with any wrong that she had not at least tried to repair; she felt that what she had escaped she could not have borne, and that heaven was merciful to her weakness, if not just to her merit. Perhaps this was why she was so humble and so grateful.

There arose in her a vague fear as to what Godolphin might do in the case of a Salome who was certainly no more subordinated to his Haxard than Miss Havisham's, or what new demands he might not make upon the author; but Maxwell came back to her with a message from the actor, which he wished conveyed with his congratulations upon the success of the piece. This was to tell her of his engagement to Miss Pettrell, which had suddenly taken place that day, and which he thought there could be no moment so fit to impart to her as that of their common triumph.

Louise herself went behind at the end of the piece, and made herself acceptable to both the artists in her cordial good wishes. Neither of them resented the arch intention with which she said to Godolphin, "I suppose you won't mind such a beautiful Salome as Miss Pettrell has given us, now that it's to be all in the family."

Miss Pettrell answered for him with as complete an intelligence: "Oh, I shall know how to subdue her to his Haxard, if ever she threatens the peace of the domestic hearth."

That Salome has never done so in any serious measure Maxwell argues from the fact that, though the Godolphins have now been playing his piece together for a whole year since their marriage, they have not yet been divorced.

THE END.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE isolation of the scholar is notorious. One of the most characteristic attributes of those that are devoted to their classics is too often a contempt for and neglect of the things of immediate contemporary interest; and seeing scholars assume this posture, many of little learning affect it.

Nowhere is this more an attribute of the most highly educated classes than in matters concerning the drama. I do not refer to the ridiculous extreme of those who think the only legitimate play is one that is bookish, and the only great play one that is in blank verse. But I should like to protest against the almost universal theory that things of local and ephemeral interest and importance are undignified upon the stage. For this feeling is almost universal; many, the majority even, of those to whom a local allusion appeals vividly, laugh shamefacedly, and feel that they are doing a sort of dramatic slumming.

The Decadence of the Local Allusion.

Now a review of the great classics of the world literature will show one thing more prominent than almost anything else, and that is the vital interest the makers of these classics took in their own times. To the greatest Greeks and Romans the town-life of Athens and Rome was the life of the world. They would have rated it utter folly had anyone conceived the idea that the mention of a man or a place or an event within the personal ken of the audience was anything but the proper thing; made right by all the claims a work of art has upon an artist's clientage. What was Aristophanes but a burlesquer extraordinary and plenipotentiary?

The golden era of our own English letters shows the same spirit, in equal force. The vast activity and zeal in good and bad of the Elizabethan times so interested the people in everything about them, and gave them such respect for themselves and theirs, that they could not weary of seeing the least characteristic of their day turned neatly into stage use. The greatest dramatists wrote plays whose only reason for being was their mass of local allusions, from satire in the large to minutest comments on the fashions and fopperies of the time.

The most learned of the Elizabethan playwrights, Ben Jonson, was the most local in his hits; his two plays about Every Man in and out of his Humour are simply local allusions hung, almost to breaking, on a slender thread of plot. His "Alchemist" was a local satire on a folly that was not new, indeed, but was raging with particular violence. His "Cynthia's Revels," with its Roman deities and Latin persons of the drama, is only a vehicle for satire on London. "The Poetaster," with Horace and Virgil and Ovid among the characters, is the medium for thrusts at all the rivals of Jonson; and "Bartholomew Fair" was one great series of jabs at the Puritans. Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle" was also a work of amazing devotion to the things of the day. To name the others would be only to catalogue a large part of Elizabethan comedy.

But they were not satisfied with writing plays especially for satire on the town; the Italian people of their romantic dramas were rarely more than Londoners under an alias. A local quip or a serious local allusion was considered always in good taste. "Romeo and Juliet" was not too romantic, nor "Tamburlaine" too serious.

Anachronism was no obstacle to local allu-

sion; in fact, it is to be doubted that they ever thought of it seriously. It is not hard, indeed, to give certain more or less sophistical, yet more or less satisfactory, justifications of a good anachronism. Hudson, in a note on that passage in Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," where the serpent of the Nile challenges her maid to a game of billiards, makes this interesting plea: "'An anachronism,' say the critics. 'Billiards were not known to the ancients.' But how do they know this? Late researches have shown that many things were in use in Old Egypt, which, afterward lost, have been reinvented in modern times. 'But Shakespeare did not know this?' Doubtless, not; but then he knew that by using a term familiar to his audience, he should lead their thoughts to what has always followed in the train of luxury and refinement. Suppose he had been so learned, and withal such a slave to his learning as to use some term to signify a game which the English people had never heard before. Which were the greater anachronism?"

Ben Jonson was scholar enough to be careful of his chronology when he wanted to be. But in the local allusions in two of his most careful plays he makes anachronistic slips, referring in "Catiline" to the shifting of a scene, because Inigo Jones, later his dear enemy, had recently made use of movable scenery; and in "Sejanus," glancing at the then notorious inaccuracy of pocket-watches. In "The Poetaster," for all the delicacy with which he has veiled contemporary satire under the personality of Rome, he puts in references to the bass-viol, almost as popular then as the pipe, and to Goose Fair and the Bear Garden. So Marlowe puts into his Scythian Play, "Tamburlaine," these lines:

> Armados from the coasts of Spain
> Fraughted with gold of rich America,

because the allusion went home to an audience that must be thrilled by any references to that fabulous New World.

BUT it is not only the large interests of the time that find constant allusion throughout the whole Elizabethan drama. There was no fad in costume too trivial for the dramatist's attention; whole scenes were given over to the minutiæ of dress and manners. These scenes occur in tragedy and romantic drama as well as in comedy. Every *Hamlet* has his *Osric*. It is as if one should, in a serious drama of to-day, devote much dialogue to puffed sleeves, tight corsets, theatre hats, bloomers, dickies, colored linen, and what not. The gallant of that day, those "spacious times of great Elizabeth," seems to have devoted half his life to thought upon his love-locks, his combs, his case of pick-tooths (the public use of which is still preserved; like many other early English things, in America), his jingling spurs, his ribands, the starching and cut of his beard (you remember *Touchstone's* use of the cut of a man's beard for his delicious discourse on the technic of quarrelling).

The Drama and the Environment

The importation of tobacco was one of the wonders of their nine days, and its picturesque strangeness could not fail to excite the attention of the impressionable Elizabethan dramatists. One reads in Ben Jonson of "the tobacco face," as who should say a bicycle face. They "drank" tobacco in those days, and they "droned" it, and when they inhaled it they called it "the whiffle;" and there were three kinds of tobacco, cane, and leaf, and pudding. One could read in these plays the whole Elizabethan art of tobacco-smoking. And small wonder that the drama should reek of the weed when the gallants of the day sat on the stage and puffed their insolent smoke in the faces of the actors.

The slang of the day was of vital interest to the dramatists then; there is "your city-mannerly word, forsooth;" and everyone knows the plays upon the word "protest." The quacks and criminals whom one might call the slang of history, occur constantly: among many quotables, the famous Amazon, Marie Ambree, and Nomentack, the Indian chief brought from America.

The commonest and most local amusements are given the same interest in the play that they must have had to the towns-people; the famous bear-garden, the "Paris garden," appears everywhere. One even learns the names of two favorite bears, "Ned Whiting" and "George Stone." Then there were other curiosities, Lipsius's automatic fly, that could wend its way around the table (*convivas circumvolitavit*). There was the bull with five legs and the great hog, and the dogs that danced the morrice, and the elephant, and the ape; Holden's camel, and Captain Pod's pup-

pet-show, the "motions," and Bank's bay horse, *Marocco*, who had a book written about him and has been immortalized by the greatest writers of his time.

One can easily think what our contemporary dramatists would have to allude to in reviving the spirit that mentioned these things in serious playwriting. The police reports, the journals, in fact, all the sources of life as it is lived, would have to be called upon. The playwright would, indeed, be compelled to watch the *Zeitgeist* for himself. Such a study must surely result in a fresh, spontaneous literature that would be as fascinating to the reader of the future as all these infinitesimal details of life in Elizabeth's time are now.

The sharp distinction made now between journalism and literature has worked much harm to both. Journalism can do itself great harm by forsaking interest in style and correctness; but literature will do itself more harm by affecting a contempt for what Walter Pater calls "the beauty of the transitory." We are living in a great age. The enormous democratizing of the opportunities for success has enlarged it as well as the increase of territory. The development of science has given us a new world. Surely the writer that is not interested in expressing some of its feelings and is blind to the charm of things that interest the people, is not going to be rated very high among the people of a later generation. If the writer of to-day does not approve of what his contemporaries are interested in, he should be at least enough interested in these things to satirize them.

The local allusion is by no means an unknown thing nowadays. An appreciation of this charm for the people has made the fortune of a number of our *farceurs* in our comic operas, with their topical songs and local hits, in burlesques innumerable, in annual reviews, and in the music-halls. But the complaint of this screed is that all important work, instead of being credited for the virtue of local and ephemeral interest, is chiefly blamed for that thing. And yet only pedants quite miss the greatest preachment of all the classics; which is to be mightily interested in one's own environment.

THE FIELD OF ART

THE ACADEMY IN ROME AND THE TRAVELLING SCHOLARSHIPS OPEN TO AMERICAN ARTISTS

A CONSTITUTION for the American Academy in Rome was formally adopted at a meeting held in May, 1897, of the representatives of the American School of Architecture in Rome, of the committee in charge of the Lazarus Scholarship for the study of Mural Painting, and of that in charge of the Rinehart Scholarship for Sculptors. The preliminary steps for the establishment of the Academy were taken in December, 1894. At a joint meeting of the Archæological Institute and other learned societies held in Philadelphia in response to an invitation to the students of mural decoration, of sculpture, of archæology and of epigraphy, to co-operate with the School of Architecture in Rome, a committee consisting of Professor W. G. Hale, of Chicago University, Professor Frothingham, of Princeton, and Professor Minton Warren, of the Johns Hopkins University, was appointed to confer with the Architectural School in Rome and to report to the council of the Archæological Institute before the meeting in May whatever they might find it practicable and desirable to accomplish. On October 11th of the following year a conference was held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York, of gentlemen representing the School of Architecture in Rome, the National Sculpture Society, the Society of Mural Painters, and also the School of Classical Studies in Rome and in Athens, "in order to see whether it were not advisable to organize an American Academy in Rome which should embrace them all." A committee was accordingly appointed, consisting of Mr. John LaFarge, President of the Society of Mural Painters, Augustus St. Gaudens, Charles F. McKim, and Professor Warren, Chairman of the School of Classical Studies in Rome, with Professor William R. Ware as Chairman, to draw up a plan for such an Academy, "and if it were found to meet with general acceptance, to submit it to the committees in charge of the School of Classical Studies and the School of Architecture for their approval." This Academy, it was hoped, would be for this country what the Villa Medici has been for France since the days of Louis Quatorze. The American School of Architecture in Rome had been established in the upper story of the Palazzo Torlonia in the previous November, and in this same month of October, 1895, had opened in the Villa dell' Aurora upon the Pincian Hill. The Archæological Institute of America had established in Rome, under the care of an independent managing committee, the School of Classical Studies, like that which it had for fifteen years maintained in Athens, and endowed it with two fellowships. It was at first arranged that this school should share the Casino dell' Aurora with the School of Architecture, paying a proportional share of the rent, but this arrangement was not maintained. To the Departments of Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture which have been established in the American Academy, it is hoped that there will be soon added a scholarship for the study of music.

The Villa dell' Aurora, "once part of the famous Villa Ludovisi, is situated upon the Pincian Hill, not far from the Villa Medici. It rises from a terrace of about the area of Gramercy Park (or about 80,000 square feet), elevated some twenty feet above the surrounding streets, and planted with trees, in the midst of a garden, after designs by Le Notre. No abode better adapted to harbor an artistic fraternity could well be imagined than this Villa, which enjoys the seclusion so essential to profitable study, and yet is in

the midst of a city containing masterpieces of all the arts, and filled with classic traditions and associations. The interior of the Casino contains decorations by well-known artists of the later Renaissance, among which is the 'Aurora' of Guercino." The American School of Architecture holds a three years' lease of the Villa, with option of purchase at expiration, which lease runs a year after the date when the school expires by its own limitations, in October, 1897, but it is confidently expected that the Academy will be firmly enough established before that time to take the lease, and to renew it at its expiration. The full academy term is fixed to be three years, so that the practice which has obtained, both among the architects and the artists, of entering themselves for terms of shorter duration will be necessarily discontinued. It is pleasant to record that the new American Prix-de-Romes have been cordially welcomed in the Eternal City by their French confrères at the Villa Medici, as, indeed, has happened to some of the more distinguished American artists who have gone to Italy fresh from their studies in Paris, even though they bore no official honors. In spite of the furious assaults that have been made upon the whole academical training of the official École that leads up to the Villa Medici, this official return to the fountain head of antique and Renaissance Art maintains its dignity as an indispensable course in the curriculum of modern Art, and "it is believed," says the circular of the American Academy, "that this generation in America can leave no greater legacy to the next than the founding of an institution of such character and of such aims as will assure the foundations of a sound national taste."

Of the travelling scholarships for painters, the Chanler and the Lazarus scholarships, the former was established in Boston and New York, in 1890–91, by Mr. John Armstrong Chanler from private subscriptions; the first competition for the Lazarus prize was held in New York City in November, 1896. The sculptors' scholarship was endowed under the will of the late William H. Rinehart, the sculptor; and two beneficiaries are now enrolled on the list of the Academy.

It was Mr. Chanler's hope to found travelling art scholarships in various cities of the country, but the public opinion was not sufficiently awakened to the importance of this foreign training and travel as a post-graduate course. The Chanler "Paris Prizes," in Boston and New York, are subject to the same general conditions. The winner is furnished with $900 a year, for his support while studying drawing, painting, and decoration in Paris for five years. If, however, after two years' work in Paris the student should wish to work elsewhere, he may do so if his jury at home consider him sufficiently advanced. The prize is only open to those "who really need its financial aid, to carry on their art studies abroad. The holder of the Paris Prize will be expected to pursue some studies in the History of Art in connection with his main work." The competition is open to any man or woman over twenty-one years of age, resident, respectively, in the States of Massachusetts or New York, even if temporarily abroad, or who has studied Art in either of these States for the school year preceding the examination. No competitor shall have received a medal or honorable mention in any foreign art exhibition or salon. "Before receiving any money, the candidate is required to agree to send home, at the end of each year, specimens of his or her work, signed by the master under whom he or she has worked. If the work falls below the standard required by the jury, the jury shall, after assuring themselves that it is not merely a temporary fluctuation in the student's work, warn him or her that, unless the work reaches the required standard during the following year, the money will then be withdrawn and a new election held." The winner of the Boston prize was required, at the end of his five years, to return to that city and teach gratuitously, twice a week for two years, a class to be selected by the jury; but if his "inability to sustain himself by the sale of his pictures" becomes too evident, the jury may permit him to take pay students. The New York beneficiary is required to agree to send home a copy made during his fifth year of some foreign masterpiece, to be selected by himself with the approval of the jury, which copy is to be the property of the Paris Prize. In both cities, if no candidate up to the standard of the jury appears, none will be accepted, and the fund will be allowed to accumulate until someone worthy be discovered. MM. J. L. Gérôme, Puvis de Chavannes, and other distinguished artists, have agreed to supervise the work of these students, and the first-named will report annually to the jury in New York.

The make-up of the juries is similar in the two cities, being composed of the presidents

of various museums and artistic societies and institutions, and of a certain number of selected artists. In Boston it consists of the Presidents of the Museum of Fine Arts, of the St. Botolph Club, the Boston Art Club, the Boston Art Students' Association, the Professor of the History of Art in Harvard University, and two artists chosen by the St. Botolph Club, two chosen by the Boston Art Club, two by the Art Students' Association, and two by the President of the Museum. In New York these gentlemen are represented by the Presidents of the National Academy of Design, the Society of American Artists, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Art Students' League, and three artists chosen respectively by the National Academy and the Society of American Artists, and one chosen by the Paris Prize. Candidates must submit specimens of their work to the jury in New York—two drawings from life of a full-length nude figure—and from these selections will be made for the final competition, which is to be a drawing from the nude, painting a head from life, and a composition in color. This work is done under the supervision of the jury. The successful candidate is to leave for Paris as soon thereafter as possible.

The winner of the Boston Prize in 1891 was Mr. John Briggs Potter, who returned last summer, and who devoted himself while abroad rather to the drawing of character heads in a manner suggestive of Holbein. The winner of the first New York Chanler Prize was Bryson Burroughs, who has recently returned to this country; and of the second, in November, 1896, Lawton Parker.

As will be seen from the terms of the competition, an intelligent effort has been made in each of these cases to keep the holder of the prize, while abroad, under some form of constant supervision by the committee at home, and, notwithstanding the general good showing made by these prize-winners, the general conviction of the necessity of still more systematically directing their foreign studies has had much to do with the founding of the Academy. In Philadelphia this is felt so strongly that it is believed that it would be exceedingly difficult to establish there another foreign Art scholarship on any other terms. The Art Club in that city founded a Paris Prize in 1892, on conditions very similar to those of the Chanler Prizes in New York and Boston, the holder to receive $900 a year for a term of two years, which might be extended to a maximum of five at the discretion of the jury of appointment and the commission of control in Paris of several distinguished French artists. The competition was open to any native of Pennsylvania or to any resident of a year's standing, between twenty-one and thirty-two; an envoi of some rather important work was required each year, such works to become the property of the Art Club, and the regulation as to the beneficiary's teaching in Philadelphia, at the expiration of his term, was similar to that in Boston. The jury of appointment was constituted much as in the other cities, consisted of thirteen members, the honorable Presidents of the Pennsylvania Academy, of the Drexel Institute, of the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, of the Art Club, and nine artists, six of whom were members of the Art Club. The winner was George Bladen Fox; but at the expiration of three years the scholarship was discontinued.

Since the establishment of the Chanler Prizes, some six years ago, there has been growing on this side of the water, in the bosoms of some of those most interested in the decorative arts, domestic, ecclesiastic, and industrial, a mistrust of the latest tendencies of Parisian Art that would have been thought heretical ten years ago. With the exception of two or three or four unassailable towers of strength, like the great Monsieur de Chavannes, these doubters see a steady decadence in modern French art, from the decorations of the Hôtel de Ville to the illustrated magazines. Among the architects, this mistrust also prevails to some extent, though there are still to be found faithful élèves of the great Parisian École who have not been able to reconcile themselves to an academy in Rome. The decorative painters, or many of them at least, therefore heard with satisfaction last year, that the committee in charge of the scholarship fund, founded in the name of the late Jacob H. Lazarus, portrait painter, for the study of mural painting, the first of the kind it is believed, had expressed the desire that the beneficiary of this Fund become a member of the Roman Academy. "It is very important," said the circular of this scholarship, "that the mural painter should not only acquaint himself with pictorial compositions and their decorative details, but that he should study decorative 'ensembles.' In other words, both the expressional picture

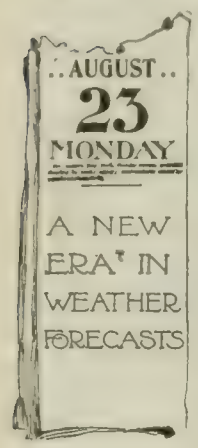
and its architectural setting—the wall painting and the entire room—or, at least, so much of it as may be of the epoch." And it proceeds to cite a few of the more important frescoes, decorations, mosaics, and "Cosmati" work that "are but a portion of the many things that make Rome the best school for the mural painter."

The Lazarus Scholarship provides the beneficiary with $1,000 a year for three years, payable in quarterly instalments of $250 each in advance, by the treasurer of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. This sum includes travelling expenses to and from Europe. The scholarship is open to any unmarried male citizen of the United States. The holder of the scholarship was expected to be in Rome January 1, 1897, the competition for this prize having taken place in New York in the previous November. He will be obliged to spend at least twenty-four months in Italy—sixteen in Rome, and eight in other places, but always with the permission and under the guidance of the committee in charge. On the first of April, July, October, and January of each year he must send a written report of his progress to the chairman of this committee, and, if so desired, "any studies or sketches that he may have made, in order that the committee may have a just idea of his progress and diligence. The holder of the scholarship will not be permitted to undertake any work or accept any commission foreign to the object of the benefaction, or sell any product of his hand executed during the term of his scholarship. Should the requirements enacted by the committee be not fulfilled, should the student wittingly violate the laws of the State in which he is domiciled, or should his conduct provoke scandal, the committee in charge may withdraw the benefaction." He will be placed under the authority of the Director of the Academy according to terms to be agreed upon between the trustees of the Academy and the committee in charge.

Circulars inviting competitors to present themselves for the examination for this prize in November, 1896, were sent out to the various art institutions, but only some seven men seriously entered, and these were reduced in the final competition to four. The preliminary examinations were in perspective, artistic anatomy, and a painted nude figure from life, and those passing this were obliged to enter a further examination in the following subjects: History of Architecture, a written examination, based upon Rosengarten's architectural styles; free-hand drawing from memory of classical and Renaissance ornament; free-hand drawing from memory of the architectural orders; elementary French and Italian, written and oral; and the execution of a painted sketch for a mural figure composition with ornamental border. The scale of this sketch was to be one inch to the foot, to be executed in any material, and to be completed within nine hours and in closed "loges," on the general plan of the concours for the Prix de Rome in the École des Beaux-Arts. The subject given the four competitors was the decoration of a central panel for a director's room in a modern life insurance building, of not less than four figures, the ornamenting of the side panels to be in the style of the Renaissance about 1500, the wainscoting and pilasters to be marble, to be selected by the designer. The subject for the central panel was "The Triumph of Commerce." The sketch of this decoration, if accepted, the competitor was afterward allowed to elaborate at his own convenience, with models and costumes, but without departing from any of its essential features, either as to form or color, and without assistance or criticism. The composition and sketch of the successful competitor remain the property of the trustees of the fund; and the winner was George W. Breck, of this city, President of the Art Students' League. The committee in charge consisted of the following artists: Frederic Crowninshield, J. Carroll Beckwith, W. H. Low, Geo. W. Maynard, H. Siddons Mowbray, Walter Shirlaw, Edgar M. Ward, and the architect, Mr. McKim. In a subsequent paper a brief sketch will be given of the Rinehart Scholarship for Sculptors, and of the various architectural scholarships that now lead up to the Academy in Rome.

ABOUT THE WORLD

SOME months ago this department gave a brief account of the long-period weather forecasts of Upper India—the only region where such distant prophesies can be made with any approach to accuracy. There it is possible because of the regular action of the monsoons and the effect on the weather of the coming half year of the Himalayan snowfall. How very much we are cut off in the western hemisphere from such a necessary luxury is shown by the delight of our meteorologists in the extension of their prophesies even twelve hours—a scientific gain that has just become almost certain from the experiments with kite observations. In the trials of our National Weather Bureau chief, Mr. Moore, it was found that the observations taken of air currents and atmospheric conditions at a height of one or two miles above the earth gave evidences of changes in the weather thirty-six hours before these changes occurred; whereas the best that had been attempted in the regular work of the mundane observers was to plan our climatic fate some twenty-four hours ahead of time. This very decided gain is, of course, a result of the enthusiastic interest in kite-flying which has been so much exploited in the papers of late. Long before this fact had been ascertained—that the weather changes made themselves known first in the upper strata of the air—the enthusiasts of Boston, Bayonne, and New York had been hoisting their thermometers and barometers and still more abstruse instruments behind the stout kites or series of kites in the general thought that such an innovation ought to prove valuable. How valuable it is can be imagined by anyone who realizes at all that weather forecasts have a use other than as material for mildly derisive witticism at the breakfast-table. The captain of the three-master in New York harbor is glad enough to have his weather wisdom supplemented by the sight of hurricane signals and the telegraphic news that a howling northeaster is thrashing up the Jersey coast. The farmer who wants to cut his hay or plant his corn is rather keen as an observer of nature too; but in deciding the destinies of an Iowa cornfield, the human senses cannot compete with the telegraphic announcement of general rain conditions in Kansas, moving rapidly eastward, and every hour gained in the knowledge of these probabilities—of course they can only be probabilities, which the cynic of the egg-cup does not take into account—means so much more safety for the crew and so much less loss for Cincinnatus.



What a great business this is, of foretelling the weather, is scarcely appreciated by the average man, to whom the italicized corner of the paper becomes so fascinating before a parade, a football game, or a fishing trip. The one hundred and fifty regular stations are manned by three or four hundred well-trained officials who send out about 45,000 telegrams each day to each other, and perhaps every morning 10,000 maps, showing the condition of the atmosphere all over the United States. The predictions are made by States, and also for special localities. It is not only by maps and newspaper news, either, that the work of the bureau reaches the public; every day 25,000 postal cards are mailed to country post-offices that can be reached within three or four hours, to acquaint the villages and agricultural districts with the weather news; and at the important

ports, hurricane flags warn the mariner. Special telegrams are sent to the great shipping companies, and certain concerns have a regular paid service by which they are notified of destructive frosts and snow. The ice companies, of course, have a high respect for the man who can predict a long freeze—or very hot weather!—and the splendid work done by the special department of river and flood service in the recent aberrations of the Mississippi River gives an idea of another great value of the prophets. There is every reason in this information to dignify and to make appreciated this branch of national effort.

MOUNT ST. ELIAS, a lonely glacier-covered volcano some two hundred and fifty miles northeast of Sitka, is having greatness thrust upon it. First, it has been selected as the starting-point of the proposed boundary line between British North America and the United States—that boundary line which has come so near giving us a war with our cousins and which yet promises some very pretty complications of the "fifty-two-forty or fight" variety. Second, Mount St. Elias has aroused the ambition of an indisputable Duke to surmount its icy and hitherto unattainable summit; to be more explicit, Prince Luigi Amadeo of Savoy, Duke of Abruzzi and nephew of the King of Italy, is leading an invasion of this international eminence. Four important attacks have already been made on the Elias peak: Lieutenant Schwatka's; in 1886, which attained a height of 7,200 feet via the southwest flank. This was futile enough to stir the blood of all good members of the Alpine Club, for Elias is 18,000 feet high — not therefore among the very first giants, but grisly enough because of its Arctic condition. An Englishman named Topham went the Lieutenant 4,000 feet better in 1891, and in 1893 Mr. Russell tried the northwest slope. The first effort failed, but next year he came back to the same starting-point, and had climbed about 14,500 feet, when the weather suddenly thickened and the avalanches thrust him back. It is this northwest route that the Prince and his comrades will probably take. On his staff, which includes four experienced Alpine guides, and some Americans, is Vittoria Sella, the fearless Italian mountain-climber; he takes with him a camera, with which he does wonderful work in reproducing impressive scenes at great altitudes, and in giving wonderfully faithful representations of the glaciers and their action on the earth-crust.



THE very suspicion and weariness which have become chronic in our endurance of imaginative accounts of war-machines and methods that never will be seen on sea or land, add to the interest aroused by the war-boat which Mr. John P. Holland has really invented, and has really within a few weeks successfully launched. Of all Jules Verne's fictions, the conceit of Captain Nemo and his deep-sea venture remains the most vivid; and while Mr. Holland's craft at Elizabeth, N. J., does not by any means contemplate any trip of twenty thousand leagues under the sea, there is sufficient novelty and dramatic possibility in her when considered as a mere fighting machine, capable of submerged propulsion. This Holland boat is an entirely private enterprise, just as private as Mr. Benedict's yacht Oneida. A government boat on Mr. Holland's plans has been building at Baltimore during this year, but the inventor became impatient of the delay necessitated by official red tape, and has built on his own account this smaller, but, according to his own theory, even more effective boat. She is about fifty feet long, or about as long as a cable-car, and a trifle over ten feet in diameter; she looks, out of water, something like a fattish cigar and rather more like a thinnish sweet-potato. She is evidently meant for business and not for play. There is no sign of even an elementary deck, though ropes and an anchor can be stowed away in some exterior lockers. Out of her dorsal fin there rises a small iron turret, eight inches high, and capable of telescopic extension to thirty inches. Inside, the boat is divided into two compartments, so crammed with machinery and implements of war that a man would have difficulty in finding room to stretch his arms. A single screw propels the boat; it is driven when the vessel is travelling at the surface by a gas-engine which can give a speed of some



eight knots an hour, and keep at work, on a pinch, 2,000 miles without laying in a fresh store of fuel. When submerged, a very perfectly constructed electric motor, capable of giving fifty horse-power for six hours, is used; it can, in case of need, spurt to one hundred and fifty horse-power for a couple of hours. This submersion, the most destructive and picturesque virtue of the Holland, cannot be deeper than one hundred and fifty feet, and an automatic system of pistons keeps the boat above this dangerous depth and below the surface by the action of a maximum and minimum pressure on them. To submerge herself suddenly, the Holland can either use the horizontal rudder which she carries in addition to the regular perpendicular one, or she can increase her water ballast.

With all these accomplishments in such a small boat, one will wonder what space can be left for armament. Forward there is an eighteen-inch torpedo expulsion tube that will start on their murderous errand the three great Whitehead "automobile" torpedoes. Second, there is a torpedo-gun, eight inches in diameter, that will throw a shell carrying eighty pounds of dynamite through the air to the distance of a mile and a half. Third, a submarine-gun, pneumatic, like the rest, is trained aft, to hurl another eighty pounds of dynamite through the water to a distance of about half a mile. In all, the boat will carry twenty dynamite shells, any one of which is capable of destroying instantly the stoutest battle-ship afloat, if it strikes where it will do the most good.

Provided the Holland obeys her owner's command to dive and reappear, as it seems likely she will, there is no doubt that her advent will produce a change in naval warfare comparable to the exploits of the Monitor. With such a craft approaching a battle-ship, diving as soon as she comes within range and continuing either deeply submerged or with only a hand or so of a twenty-inch turret out of the water, there will be nothing for that battle-ship to do except either to run or to remain and suffer the successive effects of a score of dynamite explosions.

If the Holland is successful in getting directly beneath the ship, she can suddenly shove her deadly snout out of the water, discharge her bow-gun, and then quickly sink out of sight. As to training rifles on her, there is no perfection of gunnery known that could give even a forlorn chance of hitting her, small mark as she is, in the little time that she will remain exposed.

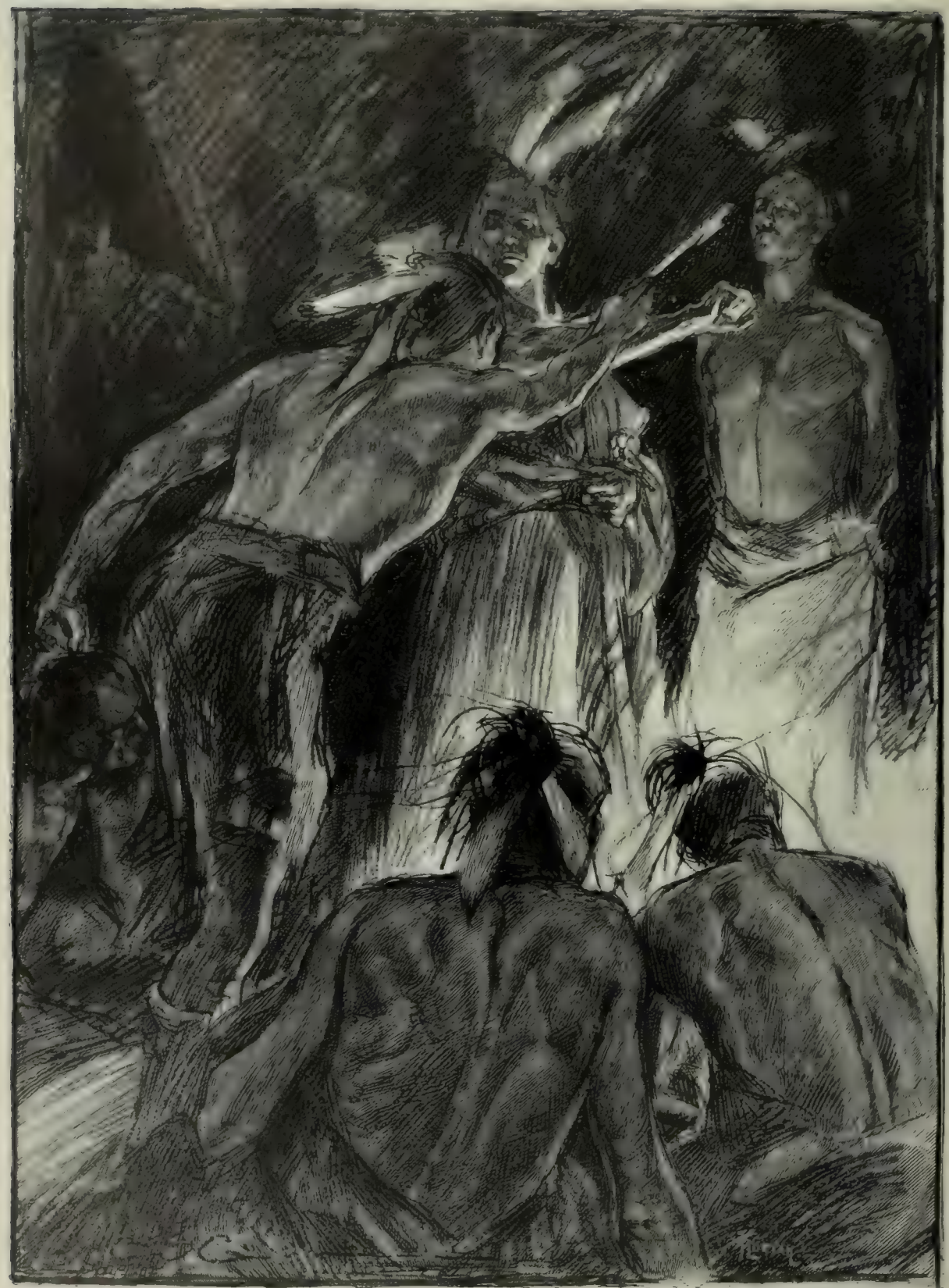
The question is, will she respond to her two helms, and her engine power. The five men who form her crew will garner sensations enough for one life when this is first tested in an actual engagement.





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SCENES FROM THE GREAT NOVELS—IX.

MAGUA'S HARANGUE.—*The Last of the Mohicans, Chapter XXIV.*

The keen weapon cut the war-plume from the scalping-tuft of Uncas and passed through the frail wall of the lodge as though it were hurled from some formidable engine.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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SAN SEBASTIAN, THE SPANISH NEWPORT

By William Henry Bishop

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. MARCHETTI



EIGHT o'clock! Not a very early hour, of a midsummer morning, but at San Sebastian it seems a little earlier than elsewhere. San Sebastian is a late sitting-up place. Its nights are not "made for study and a brow of care," as the poet Willis says. It does not burn the midnight oil; but it burns, in ample supply, the festal rocket and red fire, and the arc and incandescent lights that shed around a radiance as bright as day. Consequently when one has watched so late he must sleep in the morning to make up for it.

Last night, for instance, as well as I can recollect, I dined at nine o'clock, and then I went out to spend the evening. The dinner-hour is made very late, in order to devote to the promenade the cool of the afternoon, the sunset hours, when the sun goes down, with magnificent glow and twilight effects, between the island and the mountains, just across the front of the beautiful bay. I sat in one of the multitude of yellow chairs, or walked with the people, listening to the concert, on the Boulevard — the *Bulevar*, as the Spanish form is—and then went to the concert in front of the Casino. The bands play alternately, and it is the custom to pass from one to the other. I stepped in to hear an act at the Teatro Principal. Or rather, I heard an entire piece, for the plays are short and completed within the hour; it is not necessary to spend the whole evening there, which is fortunate, as it is a stuffy kind of place and the companies are of but average merit. Next I went to the Casino, glanced at the periodicals in the reading-room, then at the gaming-rooms—far less interesting than at Monte Carlo—tried to learn if there were any celebrities in the crowd taking refreshments on the terrace, and then went up to look at the dancing in the beautiful ball-room. When I left, at a passably late hour, the little tables in front of the Café de la Marina, on the Bulevar, were still occupied by people taking ices, and another ball was going on at the Cantabrian Club. Some of the feminine participants had come forth for a breathing spell, and were looking down in pleasing attitudes from its terrace on the second story. Those people will see the pale daylight dawn over the bay, for the Cantabrian Club is a most select association; it does not often give entertainments, and when it does they want to make the most of them.

Eight o'clock is especially associated in mind with the return of the regiments from their drill-grounds, beyond the Queen Regent's summer palace, their bands play-

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The Approaches to the Plaza del Toros on the Day of a Bull Fight.

ing at their head. They wheel at our corner in a precisely mathematical right angle, and away to their barracks in the old fortress on Mount Urgull. Their uniform, blue and red, might easily be mistaken for that of the French, except for the peculiar white cap, characteristically Spanish. They are small men, as a rule, young and even boyish-looking. One regards them now with the heightened interest we give to that over which a melancholy fate may be impending. For the destination of most Spanish troops now is Cuba, and, in the country itself, the war in Cuba is regarded as an almost hopeless affair. They hardly expect to reduce and retain their rebellious colony, but they say they must put forth all their efforts for the *pundonor*, the point of honor: they must not consent to the dismemberment of their territory. Surely there is less than usual in this kind of a motive to lighten the gloomy prospect of death in battle or by jungle fever.

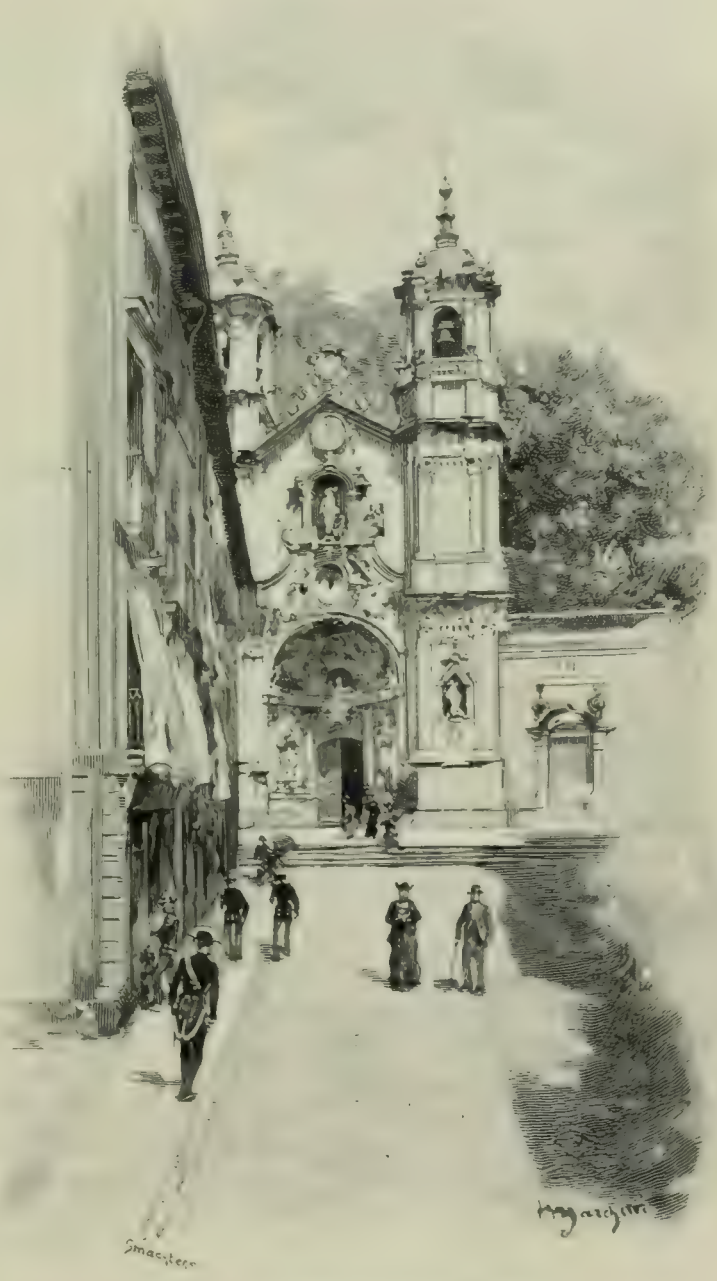
Long before eight the newsboys had been crying the morning paper; and, indeed, while taking my coffee, I had often read many a column of it. "The *Voice!*" they would cry. "The *Voice!*" "The *Voice of Guipúzcoa!*" I wish I could accurately represent the lamenting and musical tone. Guipúzcoa is the province, and prosperous San Sebastian, population 28,000, its capital. There is hardly any such good plan for making an intimate acquaintance with a town as to read its local paper on the spot. It is better than guides, better even than intelligent friends, who insist on showing you only what is extraordinary in the place, whereas it is the ordinary and usual that are often the most novel to the stranger, and always the most abounding in real interest. This *Voice* is a good newspaper, even after American ideas, with plenty of local news. It tells who goes and who comes. Plenty of grandees of Spain among the arrivals. But there are plenty left to go elsewhere, too,

for at Biarritz are registered, all at one time, not less than six dukes, with such famous names as those of Alba, Bejar, Fernan Nuñez, and Prim. San Sebastian and Biarritz supplemented each other, the residents of each country easily getting a complete change of air by going to the other. This would be the case even more but for the tedious custom-house delay at the frontier. On bull-fighting days excursionists pour over from France by thousands. The arena is but a step from the station, and, the spectacle finished, they storm the trains in a scene of wild animation. An effort to keep all these people and their money at home, by opening bull rings there, was the cause of the late tumults in the south of France, for the more humane French Government would not have it.

Our newspaper announces the speedy coming of the foremost bull-fighters of Spain, Guerrita and Mazzantini, for the great functions about August 15th. It announces also the *Señoritas Toreras*, quite a new sensation in the field, a company of young girl bull-fighters, none of them more than seventeen years old. It says that the Queen Regent will visit, to-morrow, the cruiser lying in the harbor. We shall probably be able to see her. It says that the famous statesman, Castelar, is staying at the Villa Triana. Good! we must look out for him, on the promenade or the terrace of the Casino. It announces the Choristers of Clavé. This is a convention of popular singing societies, who come in a few days later, and fill the town with their banners and red Phrygian caps. They sing in the arena, devoting that place of blood for once to something worthier than the torture of poor animals. But it is mismanaged, and the choristers are exposed, under the open sky, to a heavy downpour of rain, and are soaked to the skin.

One could wish that the *Voice* were not quite so bitter in its tone toward Cuba; but this very bitterness is a useful indication of the prevailing discouragement about the struggle.

"If the worst comes to the worst," we find it saying, "let us leave only, to the



Santa Maria—the Old Church.



On the Terrace of the Casino.

negroes, who will inherit the island, a smoking heap of ruins."

However, it pitches into the Ayuntamiento, the municipal government, almost as fiercely. Its standing grievance is the lack of enterprise of the city fathers: they do not give *fêtes* enough ; they do nothing whatever to draw in the strangers and increase the prosperity of the town. "Nothing is heard of, on all sides," it exclaims indignantly, "but the sloth, the parsimony and criminal negligence of our local rulers." Again it essays biting sarcasm, and imagines a mock programme of public festivities as follows :

1. At daylight, grand procession of ash-carts and milkmen, going their rounds. 2. Firing of the mid-day gun—in case the gunner does not chance to forget it. 3. Grand procession of shop-girls, going to and from their work.—Unsurpassed display of fetching style and grace. 4. Grand reading of the afternoon penny papers at the cafés. Economical diversion this, in no way deleterious to health." And so on and so forth.

However valid these complaints may be, it is certain that San Sebastian is progressing at a rapid rate in spite of them. Its selection as a summer residence by the court, and the building of the villa for the Queen Regent, a few years ago, cannot fail of producing yet more extensive effects. There are but few villas as yet, but whole streets and whole quarters of six-story apartment houses, on the usual foreign

plan, are going up. There is even a new cathedral building, for it is too far now for dwellers in the modern quarter to go over to old Santa Maria, in the old town. Santa Maria is a characteristic specimen of the Plateresque style, the silversmiths' style, so called from the fantastic floriations in which it liked to indulge; but the new cathedral is about such modern Gothic as can be found in any American town. When they come to build, they seem to like to throw away completely all the grand traditions of their past.

At first sight San Sebastian seems much too new and too French, in the modern way, to correspond to any romantic ideas. But it is a place that grows upon you, for one reason or another, and you find it daily more Spanish. Its greatest charm is in its wide, clean streets, which, with their frequent arcades, resemble those of Turin, and in the lovely scenery that surrounds them. At the end of each of them is seen a mountain vista, one of those blue and sunny landscapes that seem as if they must be the very abode of ideal happiness. As there are shops on the ground floors, you see none of those sighing lovers at the gratings of lower windows, as in older Spanish towns, *comiendo hierro*, "eating iron," as the saying is. But in compensation nearly every window above has its balcony, and for these balconies are prepared an elaborate set of hangings, white with deep yellow or scarlet borders, and the like, which are put out on all possible occasions.



A Toreador at the Café de la Marina

The place is Spanish in the good-natured tendency of its denizens to be amused, and easily amused, and also in a certain lack of cosmopolitanism among them, even among those that seem fashionable, and though so many of them come from far away. Then again, and quite on the other hand, it is Spanish in the seriousness, and even austerity, seen in many externals. There are no café-concerts, no dancing-gardens, as in France; the merry sound of the guitar and of the castanets is not heard in the land. In the shop windows not only are there not seen the defiant improprieties of the French, just over the border, but not even the portrait of a pretty actress. The pictures consist entirely of the "holy familys" and "martyrdoms" by the early masters.

Even the seaside "souvenirs," made of small shells and mother-of-pearl, take on the form of crucifixes and rosaries. The war, the pensiveness of the widowed Queen, and the peculiar character of the Basque blood account in part for the seriousness here, but in the main it is a true Spanish trait. Despite the bull-fights, the Spanish are as Puritan in their way as the Scotch are in theirs. Various of their modern books, like Perez Galdós's "Doña Perfecta" and Palacio Valdés's "Marta y Maria," correctly picture this severe ideal of decorum. Spain, indeed, is a country that, as the expression goes, "a girl can take her mother to."

You are not allowed to forget here that you are not merely in Spain, but in the Basque Provinces. Guipúzcoa is one of these provinces; Álava is a second, with its capital, Vitoria, the railroad junction whither the Queen Regent goes to see the troops off for Cuba; and Biscaya is the third, with Bilbao for its capital, a city marked by such great activity in iron industries just now that it is like a second Pittsburg. The Basques lay claim to be a peculiar people, all noble, and their origin

is lost in the night of time. Their language —on which the late Prince Lucien Bonaparte made himself a foremost authority— has no affiliations with any other. This language is still in current use, and even in literary use. I brought home a grammar and some specimens of a good literary periodical in this tongue, but philological details are hardly in order here. As to the sound of it, the novelist, Perez Galdós, says they think it very smooth, but what it really resembles is the rasping of a saw. Observe that it is not I who have the hardihood to offer this bold opinion. The people formerly had many important rights and exemptions, their famous *fueros*, which have been taken away from them in consequence of their frequent Carlist rebellions. Carlism means, of course, devotion to the wandering claimant, Don Carlos, who thinks he ought to have the throne because there was an alleged informality in the will of Ferdinand VII., in 1827. The Basques are so persistent in this cause that it has been said of them that they would be Carlists even if there were no Don Carlos. The Queen Regent, however, has done a shrewd thing in coming to make her summer home among them, and all her personal popularity, as well as their own self-interest, will now tend to abate this ancient prejudice.



Gateway at Fuenterrabia.

They wear as a national headpiece, rich and poor alike, the *boina*, a sort of Tam-o'-shanter, which you see also figuring as the military cap in the old illustrations of the Carlist wars. In particular they have a noble national sport, the game of *pelota*. This is played in a very high, massively built, stone court, with one side and two end walls, and the spectators placed on the other long side. There is not a Basque village without its *fronton*, one of these massive courts. The sport is spreading throughout the Spanish-American world, and I wish it might spread to our part of America as well. I have heard an enthusiastic athlete call it an ideal substitute for foot-ball. The ball is struck with a long, curving, wickerwork handpiece, and is hurled to great distances, echoing hollowly amid the high walls. It is the only public diversion, we are told, that the Queen Regent attends. She sometimes takes King Alfonso to it, the baby king, whose head we see on the Spanish postage stamps; and she does well, for it is a spectacle of manly strength and grace. She does not appear at the opera nor at balls, and she gives no countenance to the barbarous bull-fight. It is gratifying to know that she is sustained in the latter protest by at least a few other persons of high station and merit.

I was surprised to find one of the sights of the Spanish Newport to be an American college. This is the *Instituto Internacional*, of the Rev. Mr. Gulick, an outgrowth of mission work in Spain of some thirty years. I fancy this appeal to the intellectual shrewdness of the proud Spanish character, in a practical way, may be called to a more immediate success than direct attack upon their theological convictions. The school is intended for young Spanish girls. Some of these had just been taking the bachelor degree, at the public examinations, at the University of Madrid, with such extraordinary honors as to have made something of a sensation wherever it was known. The pupils, in their simple blue uniform, were trim, well-mannered, and most intelligent about their studies, and offered a sight very pleasant to see. The school is a little centre of fresh and independent thought, in a region much too strongly wedded to fixed ideas. It is bad



The Harbor.

in any country that all should be of but one way of thinking, especially on those unprovable matters relating to another world; thus various persons of standing at San Sebastian much approve of the school, if only on secular grounds alone.

The hotels at San Sebastian are rather plain. Not one of them has so fine an appearance as the Grand Hotel at Biarritz, or as the Hôtel du Palais, once the palace of the Empress of the French. You pay ten *pesetas* a day and upward. The *peseta* has the face value of a French franc, but is really less, for Spanish money is at nearly twenty per cent. discount. During the month of my stay I scarce heard of an American arrival. Russians, yes, and Germans, yes, and Italians and some English, but the Americans, ignorant of the cool, agreeable climate of this northern district, and rooted to the belief that all of Spain is a hot country and



Beach at San Sebastian.

quite impossible in summer, carefully keep away.

On the other hand, the Casino is much finer than that at Biarritz, rather finer, too, than that at Nice. For a novelty the papers were not assailing their Casino here, as is their chronic practice in all these pleasure resorts. I seem to hear still the din of the conflict at Nice; the same thing was going on as I passed through Biarritz; it all had a very familiar ring. No doubt the Casinos deserve it, for they derive the greater part of their income from the permitted gambling—claiming they cannot pay their expenses in any other way—and this leads to many abuses and forms of neglect.

On great gala-nights are loosed before the Casino, and also in the Plaza de la Constitucion in the old town, the *toros de fuego*, bulls of fire. These are large frames in the shape of bulls, stuffed with fireworks, and carried about by men. They rush, blazing and detonating, through the

delighted throngs, who shriek and flee in terror before them, and then close up again as soon as they have passed. It is as if Moloch and his demons had broken loose, to run up and down in the earth. The terrace of the Casino is packed at the same time with people, dining, earlier in the evening, or sipping infinitesimal ices later. Their elegance forms a strong contrast to the humbler populace clustered around the music-stand, just without the light barriers. A certain young artillery officer, in the heyday of his life and spirits, and in a very handsome uniform, light blue and silver, used to do more for me than anybody else—I met him at a *tertulia*, a reception—in pointing out who people were. There, sure enough, is Castelar, small and frail, but a weak frame now to contain his great powers and wide reputation. But there, too, is another little man, much more surrounded. It is the bull-fighter Guerrita, in the short, Mexican-looking jacket those of his craft affect in their private life, which is never private, chatting at his ease in a circle of high-born dames.

In the gaming-room, playing at roulette or the "little horses," are a few real Mexicans or real Brazilians or real Nicaraguans, very swarthy men, in wide-brimmed sombreros, perhaps self-made cattlemen or coffee-planters, on their first trip to Europe. Upstairs the beaux dancing the cotillion all wear, like a uniform, another sort of jacket, the compromise garment we call a "Tuxedo," but which in France and elsewhere, by neat adaptation from the English, is simply a "smoking." Like the soldiers they are small men, so often shorter than their fair partners as to be worthy of remark. The floor of the beautiful ball-room reflects like clear water all the lights, colors, flowers, and pretty women, the hedges of cosmopolitan spectators shutting them in, and the other hedges of spectators in the fine boxes above. All the *elegantissimas muchachas* and *magníficos jóvenes*, as the newspapers say, "the most elegant belles and magnificent beaux," are assembled. For the rest they conduct their cotillion much as it might be done at a Patriarchs' ball in New York, or even at a Yale Junior "Prom" in New Haven. Why, indeed, should they not? It is they who invented all the details of a luxurious state of civilization, and we do but follow them.

In Spain when they are tired of delays, and want the thing of interest to appear at once, they cry, "*Que salga el toro!*" Let the bull come out. We want the bull. The bull is so involved with every interest in the country that it would be difficult to wholly keep him from appearing, even with the best intentions. I had meant, for once, to get along with as little mention of him as possible, and so will only add to what I have already said that these elegant beaux and belles go to the bull-fight with the same gayety as to their dances. The belles make it a point of pride to



The Bath.

wear to that stupid and monotonous spectacle of butchery the old national costume —a very bright gown, with mantilla and fan — which is otherwise disappearing. The villainous diversion is as strongly entrenched as ever; there are no signs of its abatement. I had to go again to see Guerrita and Mazzantini, and, of course, to see the *Señoritas Toreras* also, in order to make these sage reflections. On the whole, one thinks he will have to give the Spanish race up, the enigma is too great. How *can* they be so amiable and taking in most other ways?

Another custom of theirs we should do well to adopt. They go and take their daily walk openly, and make full and free profession of it, whereas Anglo-Saxons treat it as if it were something to be half ashamed of, and affect an errand as a pretext for being seen abroad. They all walk, too, in the same place, some pleasant stretch of boulevard or garden; they pass and re-pass; friends know they shall find one another there, and they stop and chat or pace on together. Young girls, even those of the pretty school-girl age, with their hair down their backs in a braid or in tresses, walk together in twos and threes. No one speaks to them; no one molests them; every objectionable element is kept apart; there is nothing to make them afraid. Some elder member of the family, of course, is about with a general eye on them. It is all very charming, there is a pleasant intimacy, a certain friendly and homelike feeling about it, as if all the town were not much more than one large family. What American city will first give us a *paseo?* and who will inaugurate it and make it popular?

As there is in the book-shops no good plan of San Sebastian, you are really obliged, in order to see what it is, to climb one of the mountains, of a thousand feet or so, that, like horns of dominion, guard it on either hand. How great are the rewards, on every account, when you get there. You see now that the town lies on a narrow neck of land, terminated, seaward, by Mount Urgull and its ancient fortress, and having on one side a large river, and on the other a delightful bay. That fortress is the one that the English took from the French, in 1813, after a struggle so desperate that it cost the destruction of the town as well. At sunset its shadow falls precisely over that part of the town which was once all there was of it—up to 1863, when the walls were razed—as if it still asserted thus, symbolically, its old mediæval jurisdiction. The line of the land wall was exactly that of the new Bulevar, which passes straight across the narrow neck, and idlers at the Café de la Marina may perhaps, in their pensive moments, have a vision of the combatants fighting along the battlemented walls, and pouring down arrows, melted lead, and boiling oil, just where the promenaders are now going up and down, under the gay electric lights. On the fortress-slopes are the lonely graves of some English officers who fell in the assault. The view out, over illimitable blue reaches of the Bay of Biscay, and the panorama of the town within, are both simply exquisite.

In the way of excursions the visitor must go to the outlying villages of Hernani, Passajes, Rentería, and Lezo, and to Fuenterrabía, just at the French frontier. In all of these places he will see grave peasants drinking cider in dusky, Rembrandtish interiors; and many poor old houses, with rich escutcheons, all that is left of what was once grandeur but was never comfort. At the small port of Passajes, Breton de los Herreros thought good to lay the scene of one of his comedies, in the early part of this century, and, later, Palacio Valdés that of a part of his novel of "Riverita." An American memory connected with it is that Lafayette sailed away from there when he was obliged to escape from France by stealth, to come and help us about our independence.

I have called San Sebastian the Spanish Newport, but in respect to bathing it is more like Narragansett Pier. Everybody bathes; it is the custom. The beach is gay, but not in consequence of the bathing costumes. These are homely, clumsy garments, adapted to a purely hygienic dip. You see nothing of that extraordinary feminine garb, houri-like and nymph-like, that clever draughtsmen delight to draw for the comic papers. Those fantastic conceits are what the imaginations of unregenerate men might like to have exist, but they do not exist; they are nowhere to be found along these coasts, nor even in madcap France.

The fine, smooth beach, because of pos-

sessing a very beautiful curve, is called *La Concha*, "The Shell." Then, to be in keeping with this, they call the principal bathing establishment, lying in the centre of it, *La Perla*, "The Pearl." The "Pearl," however, of this rare shell, is no more than one of those long, plain, wooden structures with a veranda, such as we have at home. You descend within, from your room, and are run down to the water by a small tram-car and a mule. In the shade below, rest, while off duty, the cream-colored oxen that draw the multitude of smaller bathing cabins up and down the beach according to the state of the tide. Their keepers and the families of these slumber around them, and I have seen such groups, with a babe in the midst, that strongly recalled The Nativity of the early masters.



A Fish Merchant.

There is bathing at all times of the day, but people are wont to come down chiefly about the hour of eleven. Then they line up along the veranda of *La Perla*, or sit under gay tents and umbrellas, near the children, who construct their forts and mountains and Suez canals in the tractable sand on all sides. Or, if patrons of the small cabins, they will sit waiting their turn for the bath, or resting after it, in the shaded pavilions on wheels belonging to the owners of these. The sellers of the unsubstantial cakes called *barquillos*, "little boats," tote around their roulette machines, which resemble fire-extinguishers; and the newsboys arrive about this time, selling the Madrid paper *El Liberal*—or *El Liveral*. One likes to hear the interchanging of the *b* and the *v*: you can never quite tell which is used. I have heard it said that the Spanish women do not know how to dress simply for the beach or the country, but I cannot say that I noticed any marked lack of taste in that respect.

A line of gay streamers floats on the street parapet, and another in the edge of the surf. The smaller bathing cabins constituted a veritable city, now drawn up compactly under the retaining wall of the handsome street above, now spread widely over the sands, as the tide was high or low. Each proprietor was apt to be the owner of several *casetas*, and each had adopted for his own a distinct pattern of stripes; as green and white, blue and white, red and brown, or red and yellow. The names over the doors were usually Basque names, with all the *x*s and *z*s and numberless syllables that a Basque name implies. Dolores Basterrechea was one, and Luis Zarrandicoacha was another. You recollect that one of the great heroes of the Carlist wars was a General Zumalacárregui. The style of "widow" or "daughters" would often make part of the signs, appealing to a long-established patronage. I noticed the Spanish name of Carasco, and I used to wonder if here could be some far-away descendant of the ingenious bachelor, Sampson Carasco, who had so much to do with the eccentric career of Don Quixote. The price of a bath was but twelve cents, and that in the depreciated money, costume, towel, and foot-tub included. The sun-baked, homely proprietors would call you "*señorito*," in their friendly invitations, as you went by. I used to get as near as possible to the place reserved for their august majesties, the royal family, so as to have the advantage of seeing what was going on there. It was a portion of the beach separated from the rest by simply a rope. I found there a proprietor who took a personal interest in me. She used to ask me daily



Royal Bath-house and Palace.

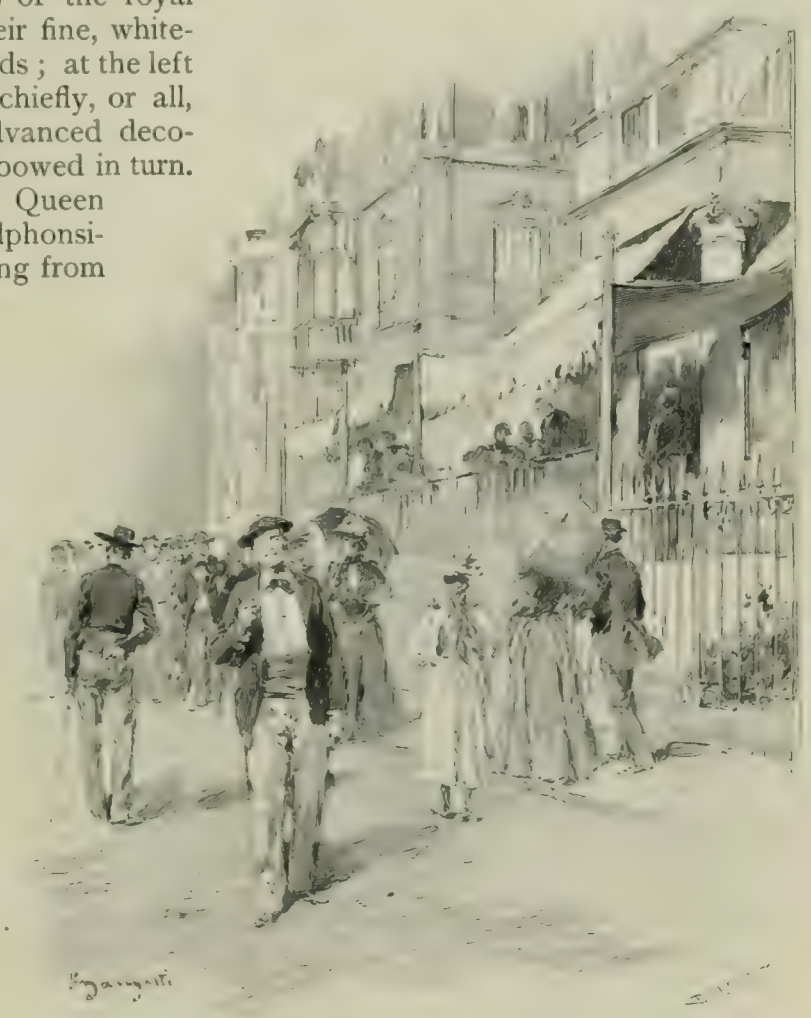
after my family in America, and invite them to come over, too, that they might bathe from her really most neat and commodious cabins.

The street above the beach contains—apart from a few villas scattered back upon the hills—the best residences in the town. Most people live in apartments, but these are good, comfortable, semi-detached houses, with small terraces before them, on which the owners hold their *tertulias*, their informal receptions. At sunset this promenade of the Concha is filled with the most select part of the summer colonists. While a multitude of them sit in the chairs, another multitude stroll up and down, just half-way from the Hotel de Inglaterra to the house of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, the chamberlain of the Queen Regent's household, which ends the row. Why half-way, since the whole distance is but small? Ah, I cannot tell you; such is the established custom. In some of these houses are families who live here all the year round, and who think highly of San Sebastian as a winter resort, peaceful and not dear, as well as a summer resort. In the different houses will be found some foreign ministers, one very well-known cabinet minister, Señor Romero Robledo, a retired Spanish-American diplomat, and the family of a captain general of Cuba. Continuing along the road no great distance, you would come to the royal summer palace. It is by no means a great triumph of art. It is a commonplace, gabled house, in red brick, by an English, or, as some say, by a German architect. At a distance it has the look, rather, of a small railway station, and not a very good one at that. An amiable hostess, with American connections, in one of the houses on the Concha, told me an anecdote of the Queen Regent based upon her own resemblance to that royal lady. This resemblance is considerable, and one day at the palace a diplomat, newly arrived, was so misled by it that he addressed her most reverentially as Your Majesty this and Your Majesty that, for some time. She afterward told the Queen Regent about it, and Maria Cristina of Hapsburg took it laughingly, as any other good-natured per-

son might. "Oh, but I am only too much flattered," she said; "the compliment is all on my side."

The Queen Regent and her children, and particularly the little King, are the *clou*, as the French say, the chief source of attraction in the place. What possible piece of bric-à-brac, to the antiquarian American taste, can compare with this royalty, this living kind of bric-à-brac, which sums up in itself all the romance of history and all the romance of the fairy tales! I cannot say that my personal relations with the royalties were intimate, yet I saw them often and to good advantage. I had the honor to assist at a reception they gave to the local authorities and the officers in garrison. The royal personages sat in chairs, upon a slightly raised platform, at the end of a long, handsome room in the municipal palace. Behind were the two chief governors of the household, in gorgeous regalia. At the right were the officers of the royal mounted escort, holding their fine, white-plumed helmets in their hands; at the left were the ladies-in waiting, chiefly, or all, elderly and plain. We advanced decorously in single file, and all bowed in turn. There was one bow to the Queen Regent, another to King Alphonsito, whose little legs, dangling from the seat of the crimson satin-covered chair, by no means reached the floor, and a third to the two princesses. The Princess de Asturias was but little more than fourteen, and the Princess Maria Teresa than twelve. They were sweet and childlike, the elder more sedate, the younger more arch and natural. The latter recognized, in the defile, some acquaintance, an elderly officer, and gave him, in a half-shy, half-frank way, a smile that showed charming white teeth. It was the prettiest incident of the reception. The King seemed thoughtful or tired; he is *espiègle*, has sometimes the look of a little elf. They say he likes to pull the buttons off the coats of his attendants. He has always been weakly, his tutor leads him a good deal by the hand; there are those who have predicted that he would never live to grow up; but he is stronger now than ever before. He had been learning to ride, and to ride the bicycle; and, quite like other children, he fell off his bicycle and hurt one of his little toes.

As to the Queen Regent, she is taller than ordinary women; she is slender, and carries herself with a graceful bearing in which is shown pride of birth, tempered by great amiability. Her position is a difficult one, what with a well-nigh bankrupt treasury and the discontent arising from the Cuban situation. Should matters really go very badly there, should the island be lost, she and her infant son might be swept from the throne by a move-



The Promenade of the Concha.



The Royal Equipage.

ment too strong to resist and based upon no fault of hers. Matters were dark in her husband's day, too, but her government, since Alfonso died, in 1885, has been wonderfully popular. The veteran republican, Castelar, gave in his adhesion to it, and he was writing in *La Voz*, only the other day, that it was the happy mean, a happy compromise between all the warring parties, and the only salvation possible for Spain. It is curious to hear that she was a Carlist herself before her marriage to Alfonso XII. That is what I have just been reading in some letters of Doña Margarita de Bourbon, lately published for the first time.

"Cristina is in our place, and well she knows it," writes this lady, the wife of Don Carlos, "for she was a warm Carlist herself before she married." She goes on, however, to pay a high tribute, which has all the more weight coming from such a source; and also speaks of her in a very touching way again at a time when all the world believed the poor baby King was at death's door. "I am not at all surprised," she writes to a correspondent in Spain, "at the good you say of Cristina, for she is the best-hearted girl in the world, engaging in all her ways; in Austria everybody loved her." It will be remembered that she was an Austrian princess. She was married at seventeen, when her political opinions could not have been very firmly established.

My earliest glimpse of these majesties was perhaps the most interesting of many. It was on the afternoon of my arrival. They were out for one of their drives, and they came trotting along, wholly unex-

pected by me, in a plain open landau, drawn by two pairs of sure-footed mules, with a few outriders in advance. I saw the Queen Regent on the back seat, with Alfonso, in a simple sailor suit and straw hat, beside her. In front were the two infantas. A sweet, quaint little pair they seemed, dressed alike, after the manner of sisters abroad. Presently there broke, almost without notice, one of those sharp little tempests for which the locality is somewhat noted, and they came dashing back again, balked in their project, the landau closed this time, the outriders dripping, and all of the animals in a lather.

On their drives they will sometimes visit a village school, sometimes stop and ask a farmer about his crops. Some Americans told me they were once going up Monte Frio and they met the Queen Regent coming down on foot, to rejoin her carriage. She heard them speaking English; she is a linguist, and, addressing them in their own tongue, she said: "You can go by that path up until the top, but it is not very good."

The most favorable time to see the royal party is when they go to the beach, as they do nearly every morning at about half-past ten. A respectful little group is generally gathered to await them. They drive up and alight in all simplicity, and descend an inclined plane to their pavilion. It is not at all unlike a nice mother taking her little flock to the bath in many an American summer-resort. The family would be picked out anywhere for a very refined and very pleasing one; so much of distinction remains to them apart from all the splendors of royalty.

While they are away the loiterers may gaze their fill at the landau, the children's wraps lying in it, the steady-going mules, the stout black harness, not even polished, and the sober old coachman and footman in plain livery, who are sallow-visaged and tropical, and resemble a couple of Mexicans. The royal party do not actually bathe, they only come to take the sun and air. Their pavilion descends bodily, on two small tracks, and is controlled by a cable. The elders remain well under cover, including the Princess of Asturias, who is grown too sedate for romping play now; but the Señorito, His Majesty the King, and the younger sister, his particular playmate, run out and have a beautiful time in the water's edge. A boat manned by trim blue jackets lies on its oars, to see that they come to no harm. It is not every day you can see a King of Spain wading about barefoot and digging in the sand, and the sight is worth while. He goes out upon a small platform mounted on two wheels, and, letting down a tin bucket, dips up small pailfuls of water. His grave tutor, General Sanchez, sometimes leads him by the hand, but often, too, he goes alone. He brings back the water and pours it into a foot-tub they have brought him and which he is trying to fill. Once Maria Teresa is very near it, and he throws it about her feet, as if to duck her. She jumps and dances away, chattering and laughing, and her white teeth are distinguishable by a gleam of brightness, even at a distance.

The most surprising reflection about them all, perhaps, is their entire naturalness. You had been half expecting, it seems, that they must be different from the race in general. As if any royalty, even that of the oldest Bourbons, could shake off this poor, dull, old, familiar human nature of ours! As if we were not so much more alike in our resemblances than unlike in our differences! Yes, that is all very well, but listen yet further, as the orators say in Xenophon. In reality there is a great gulf here. There is something solemn, something like the estrangement of death, in the separation out from the billions of usual men, of these few who have always ruled, who have never served, who have never known the ordinary habits of the workaday world. One sometimes has to think of that satrap, Orontes, the traitor, in the same Xenophon. He was being led along to execution for his crimes, but even then—so great was the force of tradition, so strong was the prestige of his former power—that his troops bowed low before him, till their foreheads touched the very dust.

THE WORKERS

AN EXPERIMENT IN REALITY

BY WALTER A. WYCKOFF

II—A DAY-LABORER AT WEST POINT

HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.,
Monday, August 3, 1891.

AT three o'clock on Saturday afternoon I decided to quit work on the old Academic building. I went up to the boss and told him of my intention, as I had seen other men do, and was ordered into the office; there, without a moment's delay, the timekeeper's books were consulted, and No. 6 was paid the five dollars and eighty-five cents which were due him. Five dollars are gone to Mrs. Flaherty for board; seventy-five cents more will be owing to her to-morrow morning for another day, and then I shall set out on the road with ten cents in my pocket.

I had calculated upon a balance far in excess of that; for when I went to work on Tuesday, five full working-days were before me, and, at a wage of one dollar and sixty cents, they were to yield an income of eight dollars. My reckoning left out the chance of rain. For three days passing showers drove us to cover, and the "called time" was as closely noted by the boss as it is by the referee in a foot-ball game; only we were given no chance to make it up.

Mrs. Flaherty's home has a real hold upon my affections. It is one in my mind with the blessed interludes of rest which were brief transitions from one æon of work to another. My acquaintance with the household covers a period of incalculable time. Mrs. Flaherty wears toward me now a motherly air of possession; and she wrinkles her brows in perplexed protest, when I tell her that I am going away in the morning, with no knowledge of where I shall find another place; and she wipes her mouth with the corner of her apron, and tells me with increasing emphasis that I'd better stay by my job, and let her care for me decently, and not go wandering about the country, and, as likely as not, come to harm.

Her husband is a painter, a little round man with red hair and high spirits, who is a well-preserved veteran of the civil war, and very fond of telling you of his life as a "recruitie."

Minnie is their daughter. She inherits her father's hair, and gives promise of his rotundity. But just now Minnie is fifteen, and the world is a very interesting and exciting place. She took her first communion last Easter, and still wears her confirmation dress on Sundays, and is really pretty in a blushing effort to look unconscious when Charlie McCarthy calls.

Charles appears regularly on Sunday afternoons, I gather. He is a driver for an ice-dealer, is not much older than Minnie, and is very proud of a light-gray suit and a pair of highly polished brown boots.

Tom is Minnie's only brother. He is a stoker on a river-boat, and can spend only his Sundays at home. Tom is a little past his majority, and takes himself very seriously as a man. He tells you frankly that he is earning "big money," and is anxious that you shall not escape the knowledge that he is a libertine.

The child that he is came comically to the surface last night, with no least regard for the newly found dignity of manhood. Tom shares one of the beds in my room, and in the middle of the night he came bounding to the floor in a nightmare, and running to the door began pounding it with both hands, and screaming, "Papa! Papa!" like a child in a paroxysm of fear. He soon woke himself, and then he slunk into bed and was surly with us as we crowded about him, eager to know the cause of this violent awaking.

Jerry and Pete and Jim and Tom Wilson and I are the boarders. Wilson's is

the only surname that I know. Surnames are little in use on this level of society; they smack of a certain formality like that which attaches to Sunday clothes. We were all sitting on the porch after supper on my first evening, and I knew that the men were taking my measure. Jerry broke the silence with an abrupt inquiry after my name. I responded with my surname. Jerry took his pipe from his mouth, and turned to me with some warmth: "That's not what I want to know. What's your first name? What's a man to call you?" "Oh, call me John," I said, with sudden inspiration, and I have passed as "John" accordingly.

Wilson and I worked together at unskilled labor, and we have a bed in common; and it was during a night of fearful heat, when neither of us could sleep, that Wilson, in a burst of confidence, told me his full name.

I had noticed him as a new-comer on the works on Wednesday morning. He accepted the job with alacrity, and, in spite of evident physical weakness, he went to work with feverish energy. At noon hour we shared a dinner, and he told me that he had slept in the open for three nights running, and had had nothing to eat since the previous noon. I referred him to Mrs. Flaherty, and at supper I found him at a place at her table.

It was that night that he gave me his confidence. Two years ago he came to America from the north of Ireland. From the first he had found it hard to get work, and he had never kept a job long. This was chiefly due, he said, to his having been brought up to the work in the linen-mills, and to the difficulty that he found in adapting himself to any other. And now his narrative suddenly glowed with active personal interest, for, with each succeeding sentence about his apprenticeship in Lurgan, there rose into clearer memory visions of a charming fortnight once spent at the home of the owners of the mill.

I have set for myself to-day the task of describing the past week of actual service in the ranks of the industrial army. My pen runs wide of the subject, and I have to force it to the retrospect. There were five working-days of nine hours and a quarter each, less the "called time" eaten out by the rain. Never was there clearer proof of the pure relativity of time measured by an artificial standard. Hours had no meaning; there were simply ages of physical torture, and short intervals when the physical reaction was an ecstasy.

We were called at six on Tuesday morning; and at twenty minutes to seven we had breakfasted, and were ready to start for the works, each with his dinner folded in a piece of newspaper. Passing from our side street to the road which leads to the post, we were at once merged in a throng of working-men moving in our direction.

I was suddenly aware of a novel impression of individuality. Gangs of working-men, as I recalled them, were uniform effects in earth-stained jeans and rugged countenances rough with a varying growth of stubborn beard. To have distinguished among them would have seemed like distinguishing among a crowd of Chinese. Now individuality began to appear in its vital separateness, and to awaken the sense of infinite individual sensation, from which we instinctively shrink as we do from the thought of unbroken continuity of consciousness.

But my eyes were growing sensitive to other differences, certainly to the broad distinction between skilled and unskilled workmen. Many orders of labor were represented—masons and carpenters and bricklayers and plasterers, besides unskilled laborers. An evident superiority in intelligence, accompanied by a certain indefinable superiority in dress, was the general mark of skilled labor. And then the class of unskilled workers was noticeably heterogeneous in composition, while many of the other class were plainly of American birth.

It is a mile from Highland Falls to West Point, and we moved briskly. There was little conversation among the men. Most of them had taken off their coats, and with these over their arms and their dinner-pails in hand, they walked in silence, with their eyes on the road. The morning was sultry and overhung with heavy clouds, full of the promise of rain. A forest lines much of the road, and from the overhanging boughs fell great drops of dew, dotting the surface of soft dust. The wayside weeds and bushes were gray with a coating of dust, and seemed to cry out

in the still, hot air for the suspended rain.

The old Academic building stood near to the Mess Hall at the southern end of the post. In process of removal one wing had been blown up by dynamite, I was told, and now its site lay deep in heaps of debris. It was here that one gang of laborers was employed, and it was with them that the boss had instantly given me a job upon my application on the previous morning.

There were about sixty men in the company. Most of them stood grouped among the ruins, ready to begin work on the hour. I had but to follow their example. I hung my coat, with my dinner in one pocket, on a neighboring fence, and brought a shovel from the tool-house, and joined the other men. We stood silent, like a company at attention. The teamsters drove up with their carts, and the bosses counted them. In another moment the head boss, who had been keeping his eye on his watch, shut the case with a sharp metallic click, and shouted "Turn out!" in stentorian tones.

The effect was magical. The scene changed on the instant from one of quiet to one of noisy activity. Men were loosening the ruined mass with their picks, and urging their crow-bars between the blocks of stone, and shovelling the finer refuse into the carts, and loading the coarser fragments with their hands. The gang-boss, mounted upon a section of wall, began to direct the work before him. A cart had been driven among the ruins, and he called three of us to load it with the jagged masonry that lay heaped about it. It was too coarse to be handled with shovels, and we went at it with our hands. They were soon bleeding from contact with the sharp edges of rock; but the dust acted as a styptic and helped vastly in the hardening process. When the cart was loaded, another took its place, and then a third and a fourth. In a harsh, resonant voice the boss was shouting his orders over our heads, to the furthermost portion of the works. His short, thickset, muscular figure seemed rooted to the masonry on which he stood. The mingled shrewdness and brute strength of his hard face marked him as a product of natural selection for the place that he filled. His restless gray eyes were everywhere at once, and his whole personality was tense with a compelling physical energy. If the work slackened in any portion of the ruins, his voice took on a vibrant quality as he raised it to the shout of "Now, boys, at it there!" and then a lash of stinging oaths. You could feel a quickening of muscular force among the men, like the show of eager industry in a section of a school-room that has fallen suddenly under the master's questioning eye.

In the dust which rose from the débris I picked up a mass of heavy plaster, and, before detecting my mistake, I tossed it into the cart. But the boss had seen the action, and instantly noticed the error, and now all his attention was directed upon me. In short, incisive sentences, ringing with malediction, he cursed me for an ignoramus and threatened me with discharge. I could feel the amused side-glances of the men, and could hear their muffled laughter.

At last all the carts were loaded and driven away, and until their return, some of us were set at assorting the débris—throwing the splintered laths and bricks and fragments of stone and plaster into separate heaps. The work compelled a stooping posture, and the pain of lacerated fingers was as nothing compared with the agony of muscles cramped and forced to unaccustomed use.

A business-like young fellow, with the air of a clerk, now began to move among the men, and they showed the keenest interest in his approach. I heard them speak of him as the "timekeeper," but I had no knowledge of such a functionary, and I wondered whether he had any business with me. He hailed me with a brisk "What is your number?" I looked at him in surprise. "He's a new hand," shouted the boss from his elevation. "What's your name?" asked the timekeeper, as he turned a page in his book. I told him, and when he had written it he drew from his pocket a brass disk, upon which was stamped the number six, and this he told me to wear, suspended by its string, and to show it to him as often as he made his rounds.

The cartmen had reappeared and received their loads, and had again driven off, in long procession, in the direction of Highland Falls. We went back to the va-

ried torture of assorting. But the pain was not purely physical. The work was too mechanical to require close attention, and yet too exhausting to admit of mental effort. I did not know how to prevent my mind from preying upon itself. At last I hit upon a plan which appealed to me. I simply went back in imagination to the familiar country-seat, and followed the morning through a likely course. We met at breakfast, and complained of the discomfort of the sultry day as we discussed our plans, and then we walked over the lawn to the pier. Two cruising sloops that had waited in the hope of a freshening breeze, now weighed anchor, and under main-sail and top-sail and jib drifted slowly out of the harbor. We watched them in idle curiosity, wondering at the distinctness with which the conversation of the yachtsmen came back to us across the oily placidity of still water, until they seemed almost half way to the spindle, and then we agreed upon a morning ride. We telephoned to the stables, and before we were ready the horses stood restless under the *porte-cochère*. Step by step I followed our progress along the road that skirts the inlet, and across the crumbling bridge on the turnpike, and under the great, drooping elms which line the village-street in Fairfield, and up the long ascent of the Greenfield Hill to the old church, and then home by the "back road." The dogs came running at us from the stables with short, sharp barks of welcome as we cantered past, and we called to them by name. As we turned by the reservoir, we could see a groom running down the path in order to reach the house before us. Hot from the ride, we passed through the dim mystery of the hall and billiard-room and den, and out upon the veranda, where a breath of air was stirring, and the fountain played softly in its bed of vines and flowers. Louis had returned from market. Our letters lay in order on the settle, and near them, neatly folded, were the morning papers. And now Louis's approach was heralded by the tinkling of ice against the glass of bumpers of cooling drinks, and his bow was accompanied with a polite reminder that luncheon would be served in half an hour.

I had been working with all my strength. Now I looked up at the boss in some hope of a sign of the noon hour. There was none. Painfully I went back to the work. Again I tried to find diversion in this new device. Slowly, with double the needed time for each event, I followed the morning through another imaginary series. Now I was sure that the boss had made a mistake and had lost track of the time, and was working us far into the afternoon. The clouds had thickened, and the growing darkness I was certain was the coming night. Great drops of rain began to fall, but the men paid them no heed. Soon the drops quickened to a shower, and still the men worked on. The moisture from within and without had made us wringing wet when the boss ordered us to quit. We bolted for our coats and dinner-pails, and then huddled in the shelter of the still-standing walls of the ruin. Through one of the great doorways I caught sight of the tower of a neighboring building with a clock in it. It was twenty minutes to nine! In all that eternity since we began to load the first cart, we had been working one hour and forty minutes, and had each earned about twenty-nine cents.

The rain cost us an hour of working-time, and then we went back, and found some relief from the earlier discomfort in the saturation which had thoroughly settled the dust.

In another hour, with no freshening of the air, the clouds faded out of the sky. The sun shone full upon us, and there arose from the heaps of ruin a mist heavy with the smell of damp plaster. But I had my "second wind" at last, and I worked now with the feeling of some reserve of physical strength. It was with surprise that I heard the loud voice of the head boss in a shout of "Time's up!" and almost before I knew what had happened the men were seated on the ground, in the shadows of the walls, eating their dinners.

I opened mine with much curiosity. There were two huge sandwiches, with slices of corned beef between the bread, and a bit of cheese and a piece of apple-pie, very damp and oozing. Among the other men, with my aching back pressed against the wall, I sat and ate my dinner, lingering over the last crumbs like a child with some rare dainty.

At the end of the forty-five minutes allowed to us at noon, there came again, from the head boss, the order to "Turn

out." In a moment the scene of the morning was renewed. There was the same alternation between loading the carts and assorting the debris.

We had been but a few minutes at work when the cadets went marching past, on their way to mess. Familiar as most of the men were with the sight, they seized eagerly upon the diversion that it offered. The boss relaxed his vigilance. The work visibly slackened, as we lent ourselves to the fascination of individual motion merged into perfect harmony of collective movement. Conspicuous in the rear was the awkward squad, very hot in its effort to walk erect, and keep its shoulders back and its little fingers on the seams of its trousers. The men laughed merrily at the comical contrast between such grotesquely strenuous efforts at conformity and the ease and strength and grace of the unison which preceded it.

No rain came to give us breathing-space in the afternoon. Hour by hour the relentless work went on. The sun had soon absorbed the last drop of the morning rain, and now the ruins lay burning hot under our feet. The air quivered in the heat reflected from the stone and plaster about us; the fine lime-dust choked our breathing as we shovelled the refuse into the carts. You could hear the muttered oaths of the men, as they swore softly in many tongues at the boss, and cursed him for a brute. But ceaselessly the work went on. We worked as though possessed by a curious numbness that kept us half-unconscious of the straining effort, which had become mechanical, until we were brought to by some spasm of strained muscles.

But five o'clock came at last, and with it, on the second, the loud "Time's up!" of the head boss. You could see men fairly check a tool in its downward stroke, in their eagerness not to exceed the time by an instant. In two minutes the tools were housed and the works deserted, and the men were running like school-boys, with a clatter of dinner-pails, in a competitive scramble for seats in the dump-carts, which were moving toward Highland Falls.

The hindmost were left to walk the mile to their lodgings. I fell in with two old Irishmen, who noticed me with a friendly look, and then went on with their conversation, paying me no further heed. But I felt strangely at home with these old men. Their short, faltering steps exactly suited my own, and I comfortably bent my back to the angle of their stoop, not in an effort to simulate their figures, but because to stand erect cost me exquisite agony.

The men in the carts were soon out of our sight, but the remnant was large and was thoroughly representative. We formed a weird procession, this fragment of a company in the ranks of labor. There were few native-born Americans, one or two perhaps, besides myself; but there were Irish and Scandinavians and Hungarians and Italians and negroes.

As a physical exertion, walking was not hard after our day's labor. It was a change and a rest, and we must all have felt the soothing refreshment in the breath of cool air which was moving down the river, and in the soft light of the early evening, which brought out in new loveliness the curves of the opposite hills and deepened the shades of blue and green. My own appreciation of all this and more would have been livelier but for two overpowering appetites, which were asserting themselves with unsuspected strength. I was hungry, not with the hunger which comes from a day's shooting, and which whets your appetite to the point of nice discrimination in an epicure's dinner, but with a ravenous hunger which fits you to fight like a beast for your food, and to eat it raw in brutal haste for gratification. But more than hungry, I was thirsty. Cold water had been in abundant supply at the works, and we drank as often and as freely as we chose. But water had long since ceased to satisfy. My mouth and throat were burning with the action of the lime-dust, and the physical craving for something to quench that strange thirst was an almost overmastering passion. I knew of no drink quite strong enough. I have never tasted gin, but I remembered in one of Froude's essays a reference to it as much in use among working-men, and as being seasoned to their taste by a dash of vitriol, and eagerly I longed for that.

Half-way down the road we met some young women in smart dog-carts driving to the sunset parade at the post. In the delicate fabric and color of summer dress they seemed to us the embodiment of the cool

of the evening. Suddenly I looked with a keener interest. With her fingers outstretched she was shading her eyes from the horizontal rays of the setting sun, and she did not see us, rather saw through us, as through something transparent, the familiar objects on the roadside. I had seen her last in town at a wedding at St. Thomas's, and fate unkindly sent her up the aisle on the arm of another usher. I laughed aloud, a short, harsh laugh, that escaped me before I was aware, and that had in it so odd a quality that it gave me an uncomfortable feeling of unacquaintance with myself. The two old Irishmen turned inquiring glances at me, and appeared disturbed at my serious look.

My room, when I reached it, was, in spite of wide-opened windows, like Nero's bath at Baiæ. The ceiling and walls glowed with stored-up heat. Jim was there making ready for supper, and I could hear Jerry and Pete in their room in similar preparation.

When I put my hands into the cold water, I could scarcely feel them; but the pain of cleansing grew sharp, and yet, when I had thoroughly washed them, although the fingers felt double their normal size, they were really less swollen, and were far on the way to comfort.

The reaction had set in now, and I could feel it in great, cooling waves of physical well-being. The table was heaped with supper, huge slices of juicy sirloin, and dishes of boiled potatoes and cabbage and beans, from which the steam rose in fragrant clouds. By each plate was a large cup of tea, so strong and hot that it bit like lye, and it soon washed away the burning lime-dust.

We sat down with our coats and waistcoats off. The men were in the best of good-humor and the conversation ran into friendly talk. They asked me how I liked my job. I thought much better of it by this time, and I tried to wear the air of critical content. They may have had their own notions about my previous experience of manual labor, but certainly they did not obtrude these with any show of suspicion. They accepted me as a working-man on perfectly natural terms. Until Wilson came I was the only unskilled laborer among them, but my different grade was no barrier to our intercourse, and we met and talked with the freedom of men whose experience is innocent of conventional restraints.

Long after supper we sat on the porch, smoking in the twilight. A deep physical comfortableness possessed us. Each mouthful of meat and drink had wrought miraculous healing, and had restored wasted energy in measures that could be felt. My muscles were sore, but the very pain turned to pleasure in the ease of relaxation.

The men were town artisans, skilled laborers, attracted here by the abundance of work. Jerry was a plasterer, and Pete a bricklayer, and Jim a stone-mason. A short, slender figure, a smooth-shaven face with small, sharp, regular features, black hair, and gray eyes, is a sufficient outline of Jerry's personality. His air was that of a cynic, and there was a cynical flavor in his speech, but the sting of it was gone at the sight of his soft gray eyes, full of generous reserve of human kindness.

Pete was a well-set-up young fellow, of twenty-five, perhaps, plainly of German parentage. Like Jerry, he was smooth-shaven, and there was a striking contrast between his dark hair and his singularly fair skin and blue eyes. He was a bricklayer, and ambitious of promotion. He spoke hopefully of an appointment in the Navy Yard as a result of a recent examination.

Jim was the only married man among us. His wife and three children were in Brooklyn, and Jim went home every Saturday night, and spent Sunday with them. He was a handsome young Scotsman, with curling brown hair, and brown eyes, and a well-formed mustache, and a round face with full features. In the casual flow of our talk, Jim spoke of Burns, and quoted him with a ready familiarity. It was easy to catch the drift of his liking. Its set was steadily toward passages which sing the wrongs and oppression of the poor. Jim had none of the tricks of a declaimer; but with jerks of unstudied emphasis he repeated familiar lines until you were conscious of new meaning and strength. He was sitting with his chair tilted against the wall, and his heels resting on a round, and his hands clasped about his knees. His eyes were fixed upon the evening gloom as he recited:

> Man's inhumanity to man
> Makes countless thousands mourn.

The verses seemed exactly to fit his mood, for he repeated them again and again, with lingering liking for their sense and alliteration.

Jerry broke in abruptly here with sudden, unmeasured condemnation of the dulness of evenings in a country town in the absence of the theatre, pronounced theátre. The drama had fired his imagination for the moment, for he broke through his wonted reserve and waxed fluent as he expressed his views:

"When I go to the theátre, I go to laugh. I want to see pretty girls and lots of them, and I want to see them dance. I want songs as I can understand the words of, and lots of jokes, and horse-play. You don't get me to the theátre to see no show got up by Shakespeare, nor any of them fellows as lived two thousand years ago. What did they know about us fellows as is living now? Pete, you mind that Tim Healy in the union, him that's full of wind in the meetings? Onct he give me a book to read, and he says it's a theátre piece wrote by Shakespeare, and the best there was. I read more'n an hour on that piece, and I'm damned if there was a joke into it, nor any sense neither."

We were presently yawning under the stars, and I was more than glad when the men spoke of bed. Almost in the next moment, to my consciousness, Mrs. Flaherty was knocking on the door, bidding us wake and not to go to sleep again, for it was six o'clock.

Of the five, this second day was the hardest. My body was sore in every part when I began to work, and the help of hardening muscles I did not gain until the third day. Mrs. Flaherty had skilfully bound up the slight wounds on my fingers. The merciful rain came twice to our relief, once in the morning and again in the afternoon. But this was not an unmixed blessing, for in the minutes of delay we could but calculate the growing loss in wages, and watch the sure vanishing of any surplus above actual living expenses. I remember making an estimate on my way to my lodgings that evening, and it was with much sinking of heart that I discovered that my earnings made a total rather less than the cost of the day's living.

There has been difficulty in the way of intercourse with the men. I speak no Italian, nor any of the Scandinavian tongues, so that my acquaintance has been confined to my own countrymen, who are few in number in the gang, and to the Irishmen and negroes, and an occasional Hungarian who understands my stammering German. And within the English-speaking circle, in the absence of this, there have been other barriers. There is wanting that social freedom that is most natural in Mrs. Flaherty's home. There is much of it among the foreigners. They hang together at their work, and sit in separate groups through the noon hour, and one commonly hears, especially among the Italians, that picturesque volubility which sets you wondering as to the subject of such fluent debate. Among the English-speaking men, the Irish and negroes are as Jews and Samaritans; but aside from this, the general attitude is one of sullen suspiciousness. Few appear to know the others, and not even their wretchedness draws them to the relief of companionship. Sometimes we hear warm greetings among acquaintances, or see some show of friendliness, but this is markedly out of keeping with the general tone of things. The usual intercourse is an exchange of experiences, an account of the circumstances which brought them to their present lot, among men who happen to be working side by side or sitting in company at the noon hour. Quite as commonly one hears only muttered curses against the boss.

You would gather from their own accounts that many of the men are unused to unskilled labor. There is a singular uniformity in their histories. Nearly all have seen better days, and are now but tiding over a dull season in their trades, or are earning enough to take them to some other part of the country, where there is a quickening in the demand for their labor.

I found myself growing doubtful of these unvarying tales. The mechanism became too apparent. "I am really an efficient and energetic workman," each seemed to say; "you see me now in a strait of circumstances. You should see me at my trade, in which I am an adept. I am out of that employment now because of depression in the business, but when business revives, or when I can reach Chicago or St. Louis or Minneapolis, my labor will be

in strong demand." Irresistibly one is led to the belief that most of these men probably have no trade, or, at the best, are inefficient workmen, who, unable to keep a job long, habitually pick up a living at work like this, in the careless makeshift of a shiftless life.

It is refreshing to meet others who are frankly laborers. All their lives they have been bred to unskilled labor, and they make no pretence of anything different. They are hard men, who look out upon a world that is hard to them at every point of contact; but they are true men, by virtue of their honesty and directness, and one likes them accordingly. Some of them are old, and it is pitiful to see them tottering under the burden of years, and staving off actual want by forcing their rheumatic limbs through the drudgery of this rude toil.

I had noticed the absence of one of this coterie for a day or two when, in the middle of a morning's work, he appeared among the ruins. He was an old Irishman. His face was swollen from toothache, and was bound up with a cotton bandanna. His hands were clasped on his stooping back, and he moved with the painful motion that suggests acute rheumatism. For a time he stood watching us at our work and exchanging words with some of the men about his complaints, when suddenly he burst into tears. The men jeered him, and angrily told him to be gone. I had a sickening feeling of cruelty as I saw him go sobbing down the road; but when I spoke of him at the noon hour the men explained that it was a disgrace to have him crying there, but that they would see that his wants were provided for.

There was a revelation in the discovery of the degree to which profanity is ingrained in the vernacular of these men, as representatives of the laboring poor. They swear with the readiness of instinct, not merely in anger, when their language mounts to a torrent of abuse unspeakably awful in its horrid blasphemies, but in commonest intercourse, when their oaths are as meaningless as casual interjections. And almost never is the rude hardness of their speech softened by the amenities which seem so natural a part of language. The imperative, more than any other mood, is rudely thrust into common use. They are even punctilious in its employment.

A single instance will serve to point the nature of this graceless speech. Two boys of ten or twelve are employed in carrying water to the men at their work. One carries his bucket through the building to those engaged in the upper stories; and the other, a flaxen-haired, delicate child whose thin legs bend under his burden, serves those of us who are at work on the heaps below. Through all the day, and especially in its greatest heat, the boys run busily from the works to a neighboring pump, and return with bucketfuls of water, which are at once surrounded by thirsty workmen and emptied in a few minutes. Regardless of the prevailing custom, I always thanked the little fellow for my drink. Soon I noticed that even this instinctive acknowledgment seemed to embarrass him. In an interval of rest he came up to me, after receiving my thanks. "You shouldn't thank me," he said. "And why not?" I begged to know. "Because, you see, I'm *paid* to do this," was his conscientious answer. A mere child, naturally gentle, and yet so bred to rougher usage that a simple "Thank you" jarred upon his sense of right! A few minutes later I saw the two boys in rough-and-ready fight, and their language lacked none of the horror of that of their elders.

I shall be on the road again to-morrow morning, and I shall go as penniless as I came, but somewhat richer in experience. I have been through nearly a week of labor, and have survived it, and have honestly earned my living as a working-man. In the future, I shall have the added confidence which comes of knowing that, if work offers, I shall probably be able to perform it. But this is not the only cause of my increased lightheartedness. I am frankly glad to get away from the job on the old Academic building. This is a selfish feeling, and is not without the cowardice of all selfishness. I hope for a job of another kind, for a time at least, because I wish to see some hopefuller side of the lot of common labor. When we draw too near to the hand of Fate, and begin to feel as though there were a wrong in the nature of things, it is best, perhaps, to change our point of view—if we can. This may account for

some of the drifting restlessness among working-men of my class.

The salient features of our condition are plain enough. We are unskilled laborers. We are grown men, and are without a trade. In the labor market we stand ready to sell to the highest bidder our mere muscular strength for so many hours each day. We are thus in the lowest grade of labor. We are here, and not higher in the scale, by reason of a variety of causes. Some of us were thrown upon our own resources in childhood, and have earned our living ever since, and by the line of least resistance we have simply grown to be unskilled workmen. Opportunities came to some of us of learning useful trades, and we neglected them, and now we have no developed skill to aid us in earning a living, and we must take the work that offers.

Some of us were bred to farm labor, and almost from our earliest recollection we worked in the fields, until, tiring of country life, we determined to try some other ; and we have turned to this work as being within our powers, and as affording us a change. Still others among us, like Wilson, really learned a trade ; but the market offers no further demand for the peculiar skill we possess, and so we are forced back upon skilless labor. And selling our muscular strength in the open market for what it will bring, we sell it under peculiar conditions. It is all the capital that we have. We have no reserve means of subsistence, and cannot, therefore, stand off for a "reserve price." We sell under the necessity of satisfying imminent hunger. Broadly speaking, we must sell our labor or starve ; and as hunger is a matter of a few hours, and we have no other way of meeting this need, we must sell at once for what the market offers for our labor. And for some of us there is other pressure, unspeakable, immeasurable pressure, in the needs of wife and children.

The contractor buys our labor as he buys other commodities, like brick and iron and stone, which enter into the construction of the new building. But he buys of us under certain restrictions to us both. The law of supply and demand does not apply to our labor with the same freedom as to other merchandise. We are human beings, and some of us have social ties, which bricks and iron have not, and we do not, therefore, move to favorable markets with the same ease and certainty as these. Besides, we are ignorant men, and behind what we have to sell is no trained intelligence, or a knowledge of prices and of the best means of reaching the best markets. And then we are poor men, who must sell when we find a purchaser, for no "reserve price" is possible to us.

The law of supply and demand meets with these restrictions and others. If it applied with perfect freedom to our commodity, we should infallibly be where is the greatest demand for our labor ; and with perfect acquaintance with the markets we should always sell in the dearest. But the benefits of perfect freedom of supply and demand would not be ours alone. If we sold in the dearest markets, the employer would as certainly buy in the cheapest. He has capital in the form of the means of subsistence, and can stand off for a "reserve price," and could force us to sell at last in the pinch of hunger, and in competition with starving men.

As matters are, our wages might rise, in an increased demand for labor, far above their present point ; but even under pressure of decreasing demand, and with scores of needy men eager to take our places, our wages, if we had employment at all, would not fall far below their present level. So much has civilization done for us. It does not insure to us a chance to earn a living, but it does measurably insure to us that what we earn by day's labor, such as this, will at least be a living.

As unskilled laborers we are unorganized men. We are members of no union. We must deal individually with our employer, under all the disadvantages which encumber our position in the market as compared with his.

But his position is not an enviable one. He is a competitor in a freer market than ours. He has secured his contract as the lowest bidder, under a keener competition than we know, and in every dime that he must add to wages in order to attract labor, and in every dollar paid to an inefficient workman, and in every unforeseen difficulty or delay in the work, he sees a scaling from the margin of profit, which is already, perhaps, the narrowest that will attract capital into the field of production. The results of our labor are

worth nothing to him as finished product until given sections of the work are completed. In the meantime he must advance to us our wages out of capital which is a product of past labor, his own and ours as working-men, and of other capital. And this he must continue to do, even if his margin of profit should wholly disappear, and even if ultimate loss should be the net result of the expenditure of his labor and capital. In every case, before any other commodity has been paid for, we have insured to us the price for which we have sold our labor.

Our employer is buying labor in a dear market. One dollar and sixty cents for a day of nine hours and a quarter is a high rate for unskilled workmen. And the demand continues, for I notice that the boss accepts every man who applies for a job. The contractor is paying high for labor, and he will certainly get from us as much work as he can at the price. The gang-boss is secured for this purpose, and thoroughly does he know his business. He has sole command of us. He never saw us before, and he will discharge us all when the débris is cleared away and the site made ready for the constructive labors of the skilled workmen. In the meantime he must get from us, if he can, the utmost of physical labor which we, individually and collectively, are capable of. If he should drive some of us to exhaustion, and we should not be able to continue at work, he would not be the loser, for the market would soon supply him with others to take our places.

We are ignorant men, and we have a slender hold of economic principles, but so much we clearly see :—that we have sold our labor where we could sell it dearest, and our employer has bought it where he could buy it cheapest. He has paid high for it, but not from philanthropic motives, and he will get at the price, he must get, all the labor that he can ; and, by a strong instinct which possesses us, we shall part with as little as we can. And there you have, in its rudimentary form, the bear and the bull sides of the market.

You tell us that our interests are identical with those of our employer. That may be true on some ground unknown to us, but we live from hand to mouth, and we think from day to day, and we have no power to "reach a hand through time, to catch the far-off interest of tears." From work like ours there seems to us to have been eliminated every element which constitutes the nobility of labor. We feel no personal pride in its progress, and no community of interest with our employer. He plainly shares this lack of unity of interest ; for he takes for granted that we are dishonest men, and that we will cheat him if we can ; and so he watches us through every moment, and forces us to realize that not for an hour would he intrust his interests to our hands. There is for us in our work none of the joy of responsibility, none of the sense of achievement, only the dull monotony of grinding toil, with the longing for the signal to quit work, and for our wages at the end of the week.

We expect the ready retort that we get what we deserve, that no field of labor was closed to us, and that we are where we are because we are fit, or have fitted ourselves, for nothing better. Unskilled labor must be done, and, in the natural play of productive activity, it must inevitably be done by those who are excluded from the higher forms of labor by incapacity, or inefficiency, or misfortune, or lack of ambition. And being what we are, the dregs of the labor market, and having no certainty of permanent employment, and no organization among ourselves, by means of which we can deal with our employer and he with us by some other than an individual hold upon each other, we must expect to work under the watchful eye of a gang-boss, and not only be directed in our labor, but be driven, like the wage-slaves that we are, through our tasks.

All this is to tell us, in effect, that our lives are the hard, barren, hopeless lives that they are because of our own fault, and that our degradation as men is the measure of our bondage as workmen.

This seems to state an ultimate fact, and then, with the habit of much of such thinking, to settle itself peacefully, with an easy conscience, behind the inevitable.

But for us there is no such peace or comfort in the inevitable. And yet, even in this statement of our case, we are not without hope. We are men, and are capable of becoming better men. We may

be capable of no other than unskilled labor, but why should we be doomed to perform it under the conditions which now degrade us at our work?

Imagine each of us an ideal workman. Through all the hours of the working-day we labor conscientiously, with no need of oversight beyond intelligent direction ; for each of us feels the keenest interest in the progress of the work, because we are honest men, and, with far-sighted knowledge, we know that by our best labor in any form of useful production we are contributing our best to the general prosperity, as well as our own, and that it is by our energy and personal efficiency that we may open for ourselves a way to promotion. Here clearly is a solution on ideal grounds. Is there no remedy that can reach us as we are?

Our ambition must be fired, our sense of responsibility awakened and enlisted in our labor, our intelligences quickened to the vision of our own interests in the best performance of our duty. Life will not be rendered frictionless thereby. Work will still be hard, but to it will be restored its dignity, its power to call into play the better part of a man, and so build up his character.

We have already seen how such an end is realized in the initial betterment of character itself. Let us see whether something might not be done by an initial improvement in the conditions of employment.

Let us suppose now that we are not ideal characters, but ordinary men, whose lot in life is to perform unskilled labor ; but let us suppose that we are an organized body of workmen. The contractor made terms with us as an organized gang for the removal of the old building. Our organization, from long experience of such work, was able to enter into an eminently fair agreement. The contract rests upon a basis of time. For the completed work we are to receive a fixed sum, provided that it is finished by a given date. If we finish the work, according to the terms of the contract, one week earlier, we are to receive a bonus in addition to the fixed amount ; if two weeks earlier, there will be an increase in the bonus. In the meantime advances are to be made to us, week by week, in the form of days' wages, but so regulated as to protect the contractor against loss if the gang should fail to complete the work.

Every member of the gang is perfectly familiar with the terms of the contract, and knows thoroughly the advantages of an early completion of the job. We agree among ourselves upon the number of hours which shall constitute a day's work, and from our own numbers we elect a boss, who will give direction to our labor, and under whose orders we bind ourselves to serve. It is no part of his duty now to stand guard over us in the office of a slave-driver to prevent our shirking, for we effectually perform that service for ourselves, seeing to it, with utmost regard for our interests, that no man among us fails to do his share in the common task. The boss is now the best and most intelligent worker among us, and not only does he direct our efforts, but, with his own hand, he sets the example of energetic work for the securing of the best terms that the contract offers for our common good.

In a true sense now we have got a job. It is ours. The work is hard, but we have an object in working hard. Every stroke of labor is not a listless, time-serving economy of effort, but an eager and willing furthering of the work toward its completion and our own advantage. We are glad in the progress of our job, even if we are glad from no higher motive than our personal profit. We have a sense of responsibility and the keen interest which comes of that, even if they rise in no better source than our greed for gain.

It is true that the root of the matter lies deeper than this. We may work under hopefuller conditions and be, intrinsically, no better men. Our selfishness may take on the refinement of the altruism that merely seeks our own in the welfare of others ; our ignorance may become illumined by an enlightened self-interest ; our vices may assume respectability ; and yet our old hardness of heart remain in full possession of us. But the truly pertinent question is this :—Nearest to which of these ways of living lies the living way? In which have we the better chance to become better men? Life in its present course is to most of us a miserable bondage. We work daily to physical exhaustion ; and, with no power left for mental



A weird procession, this fragment of a company in the ranks of labor.—Page 286.

effort, our minds yield themselves to the play of any chance diversion until they lose the power of serious attention. In what constitutes for us the work of life there is no pleasure, no education, no evoking of our better natures.

All truly productive labor performed under right conditions is itself a blessing. It partakes of the highest good that life offers. It is a bringing of order out of chaos, a victory over forces which can be reduced from evil mastery to useful service. It thus becomes the type of that labor which is the work of life, the mastery of self in the building of character. In this sense it was that the monks of the Middle Ages framed their motto, *Laborare est Orare*—labor is prayer. But robbed of its true conditions and reduced to the dishonor of time-service under the eye of a slave-driving boss, who impels us with insults infinitely more degrading than the lash, labor is no longer prayer, but a blasphemy, which finds expression in the words which rise readiest to our lips.

I have been writing from the position of an unskilled workman, with no apparent allowance for my newness to the life. The physical stress and strain, for example, how different my experience of these as compared with that of the other men inured to them by long habit! A year or two of such labor, and how great the physical change! My hands would be hard, and the friction of this work, so far from wounding them, would render them the more impervious to harm. My muscles would be like iron, and would lend themselves with far greater ease to the stress of manual labor. Ten years would find me a seasoned workman.

But under conditions of labor such as these, what changes other than physical would there be? My body might be hardened in fibre to the point of high efficiency in manual labor, but the hardening of mind and character—is it likely that this would be of the nature of the strength of more abundant life, or of the hardness of petrifaction?

I have received the strangest kindness from the men, the most tactful treatment of me as a novice. They laughed at my strenuous efforts to do what was so much easier to them, and they laughed when the boss singled me out for abuse, but never ill-naturedly, I thought. And those who made up to me, and with whom I picked up acquaintance, showed the kindest consideration. They never pressed me with embarrassing questions, but fell gracefully into the easy assumption that I was a factory hand or a "tradesman" out of a job. It was natural to adopt the general strain and speak of plans which involved my going West.

In spite of their roughness and hardness of manner and speech, one never felt the smallest fear of these men, and you had a growing feeling that their better natures were never far to seek. And yet in reality here they were, a cursing, blaspheming crew; men upon whose lives hopelessness seems to have settled; whose idea of work is a slavish drudgery done from the instinct of self-preservation and to be shirked whenever possible; whose idea of pleasure is abandonment to their unmastered passions.

I had a purpose in quitting work in the middle of Saturday afternoon. I went to my lodgings and asked Mrs. Flaherty for an early supper of anything that she could give me without trouble. Then I brushed my clothes and washed myself, and made myself as presentable as my slender pack permitted. My beard was now of nearly two weeks' growth, and my face was well burned by the sun, and my clothes, in spite of the protection of overalls, were much labor-stained.

I felt some security in my disguise, and after an early supper I walked over to see the sunset parade. On the road I met the men returning from the works, and had to run a gauntlet of questions as to whether I had left the job for good, and what I meant to do.

There was bustle in the camp; a running to and fro of cadets, who appeared to be subject to many calls; a nervous appearing and vanishing at the tent-doors of figures which were in process of achieving parade-dress; a hasty personal inspection of arms and uniform; and then suddenly, out of apparently inextricable confusion, there emerged, without a trace of disorder, the two companies, in double lines of perfect symmetry, before the inspecting officer.

Then followed the sunset parade. Seated on the benches under the trees, and

grouped on the turf behind, was an eager crowd watching intently, in perfect stillness, every evolution of the cadets. The fascination was in the sense it gave you of abounding life, of youth and strength and vigor, brought to perfect unity in willing subordination to authority. Here was the type of highest organization, the voluntary submission of those who are "fit to follow to those who are fittest to lead." So much has civilization achieved for the purpose of self-defence. The mission of many of these young officers will be to take such men as those with whom I have been working, and teach them the manly lesson of obedience, and awaken in them the feelings of courage and loyalty and *esprit de corps*. Civilization is yet a long way from such organization for industrial ends, if ever such corporate action will be possible or good; but certainly it will not be long before civilization gives birth in increasing numbers to "captains of industry," who will feel with their men other ties than the "*nexus* of cash payment," and who will attack the problems of production with other aims than selfish accumulation. Under the direction of such leaders, working-men will be led to far greater conquests over the resources of nature than any in the past, and, sharing consciously in these victories as the fruits of their own labors, there will open to them a new life of liberty and hope in willing allegiance to true control.

The intense satisfaction I felt in the rest of yesterday (Sunday) was heightened by a feeling of hopefulness as I thought of the future of working-men in a country like ours. Here are almost boundless natural resources, capable of supporting many times our present population. Under the stimulus of private accumulation, what marvellous genius and skill and enterprise have directed labor to the development of our national wealth! When, with the growth of better knowledge, there is added to this stimulus among the great leaders of industry a sincere desire for the common good and a purpose to make the conditions of employment the means of achieving this good, how far greater must be the industrial results, and how far better the lives of the workers!

I felt aglow with this idea as I walked, in the afternoon, down the road below Highland Falls. It was a warm mid-summer day, and in keeping with its restful quiet the air moved gently among the leaves in the tree-tops. I was disturbed by the sound of music from the deck of an excursion steamer, and, seized with sudden desire for a glimpse of the river, I vaulted a low stone wall, and quickly made my way over the mossy carpeting of a wood which covers the bluff above the water.

I did not see, at first, the abrupt ending of the wood and the sweep of an open lawn, and when I caught sight of that I was only a few yards from a rustic bench. There two persons sat, with their backs toward me, but I recognized the girl at once as an acquaintance, and I knew that I was a trespassing vagrant. The man I knew well, for he was a college classmate and a charming fellow, and I longed to ask his views on the question of the improvement of the lot of unskilled laborers by means of organization.

But I grew painfully conscious of my work-stained clothes, and my faded flannel shirt, and the holes in my old felt hat, and of how all these marked me as belonging now to another world. And so I quietly stole away and returned to "mine own people."

(To be continued.)

"I've supplied him with literature." —Page 502



THE WAY OF AN ELECTION

By Octave Thanet

Illustrations by A. B. Frost

It was a special-delivery letter, and Leroy, after he had receipted for it and the boy's red wheel was twinkling down the street, eyed the superscription a moment before he took out his pocket-knife and very neatly opened the envelope.

The time was five o'clock of a Saturday afternoon. The foreman in the foundry at Cochrane's always came home earlier Saturdays, the whistle blowing release at four. Harry had come up on the cars, and was resting a moment on his piazza before cleaning himself for supper. He was tired with a hard, warm, dirty day's work; and he waited a moment in a pleasant daze, conscious of the splash of the improvised hose fountain on the green plush of the tiny lawn, of the rich colors of the cannas in the pyramid near the house, of the shifting of the burnished greens of the oak-trees under a light breeze, of the soft blending and melting of many hues in the angles made on either hand by the shady street before him, of the flowers and shrubs in the yards and the fanciful architecture of the wooden houses, of the rattle of passing vehicles over the brick pavement, and the noiseless flash of bicycles. The Leroys owned their house, a new house, painted cream color, with gables and a large piazza. They were very proud of the house. Years had been spent planning it. There were as many as three large closets, and a garret, and a bath-room, upstairs. When Harry

used to emerge from the cleansing ministrations of that temple of tidiness, he felt that now, indeed, he was living in luxury and that the grime of the foundry was a trivial thing. Harry, his wife and their three children, had watched the hewing of the joists and admired the mortising. They thought few carpenters could have turned such beautiful round pillars, or so dexterously beaded the piazza railing; and the sunburst carved over the north gable assured Mrs. Leroy that their dwelling was not merely a house but a mansion.

"I do wish Jay would come and see it," she would say twenty times a month. She never added, "Now, maybe, he'll be willing to stay with us!" She never distinctly said it to herself; that were to reflect on Jay's affection; Jay, who was so amiable to the children and often brought her a pretty trifle from Chicago and always praised the cooking, although he lived in a hotel in Chicago, where they had ice-cream every day for dinner. Yet the unavowed perception of his discomfort over their humble conditions moved beneath the current of her thoughts like an undertow. It sailed openly through Harry's thoughts. But he never showed it to his wife, not even when Jay borrowed money of him for his hotel bill. He lent the money silently, only telling himself that it were cheaper for him did Jay come to his own house. "Oh, well, I must put up with his foolishness, Effie's so fond of him," he said, tolerantly. Jay was Effie's only brother, younger than she; and she had stinted herself, all her youth, to earn him the education that she felt his abilities deserved. He was a young Chicago lawyer and politician now, whose fluent speech and fine clothes filled his sister with a pride that she tried to believe satisfied all her hopes. He bowed to people in Fairport that she only knew by name, and talked familiarly of all the great ones in her little world. And once, at a political meeting, she saw him on the platform among the vice-presidents, in his black frock coat and white tie, stroking his mustache and smiling, quite at home. It was a glorious moment. Possibly Harry was not so happy; but he loved his wife, and he had been a good friend to Jay.

Being so good a friend—a friend in need, one may say—he did not like the looks of his brother-in-law's hand on a special delivery envelope. He frowned. "I hope Jay ain't in a scrape again!" he muttered, with an uneasy quaking of his pulses. Then he unfolded the sheet and read: and the color drifted out of his bronzed face, for this is what he read:

HARRY: I guess you will think I am a scoundrel; but I was dead frozen sure that I had a sure tip on a wheat deal, and if I'd won out we would all have been rich, for I meant to do the generous thing by Effie. But I was fooled. I had to put up margins you know, and I had raised all I could, and they wouldn't take my note without your endorsement. Now a man that used to be a friend of mine, but has quarrelled with me on politics, is out gunning for me, and has got that note, and it is likely he will send it to your town for collection, as it is due to-day. I believe the d—— scoundrel suspects. Harry, it's the penitentiary, no less. Harry, if you let me be arrested, I swear I will blow my brains out. But if you will save me *this once* I will never forget it as long as I live! And I will pay you up certain sure, and pay the other money you have lent me, too. *Every cent!* There's another thing. I know R—— well. I've filled him up with your great influence with the workingmen. Both States are so confoundedly close this year that the managers are opening their hearts. They are willing to plank down $2,000 for your campaign expenses (between ourselves they won't be anything to speak of) if you will do your best for us, on both sides the river. Now, Harry, the note is only $1,342; so if you accept you will have the money to meet it, in hand. And it's sure; they will pay half in advance, and half in November. Don't leave me in the hole, old man, for God's sake! It would break Effie's heart. Burn this.

J——.

Leroy sat perfectly still for a few minutes. His face continued to grow paler. Suddenly the tide turned in his heart. He clinched his fists and crumpled the letter in them, while the blood began to color his cheeks and forehead until they were a dull, painful red.

His first distinct thought came as a bicycle glided athwart his vision and the child on it touched his little cap to him. He thought, "I can't get Tommy his bike—or me one, either." He laughed: an American always laughs when he gets a sudden blow. "The $600 in the bank will have to go. And—I guess I'll have to put a mortgage on the house. I thought it so awful fine when I got the other paid off. Well, it will be more natural with one on. Oh, Lord!"

His patient face contracted. "If this was the first time," he muttered, "or if I could be sure it would be the last!"

Drearily his memory took up the squalid roll of Jay's "troubles." Jay had been grateful after each escape; and came the more easily at the next peril.

It was somehow wretchedly nagging to remember Jay well dressed, jocose, lightly pushing his misdemeanors behind him. "He to say I ought to get Effie a wheel like his"—somehow Harry harped on this one string of his grievances—"when I got her a good wheel, a pretty wheel that was ten dollars more than she thought I was going to pay! D—— his airs!"

"Hullo, Harry!" a man called to him. The man carried a tin dinner-pail and a carpenter's kit. "You going to the meeting to-night? Big meeting. Darcy's going to talk."

"Politics, I suppose," said Harry.

"Yes, he'll skin the Shylocks alive. Better come. Darcy was wonderful the last time I heard him."

Then Harry felt the same rush of blood at his heart which he had felt before; but, this time, he did not repel the thought instinctively; he said: "All right, I don't mind hearing what you fellows have to say."

"That's right," said the other, evidently pleased. "You can answer if you want to, you know."

He walked off, humming a tune.

Darcy was a smart fellow; Harry was not so sure as he would like to be. that he was honest. He did not agree with him on the question that was in everybody's mind; he himself had been studying it for months in the laborious, thorough-going workingman's fashion. He had talked it over with his comrades at the shops; with 'Race Battles, the grocer, who had given him a very fair abstract of Mr. Harcourt T. Wells's economical reasoning; with Cochrane, and with Alderman McGinnis; slowly, his opinions had hardened. But he had held his tongue. Now, suppose Jay and his friends were right. A great many people believed that they were right; and that the triumph of their party would make poor people rich. Just suppose they were; he could easily—he hadn't committed himself to any party—well, where was the harm in hearing Darcy?

He shook his head and went upstairs to his bath and his Saturday-night toilet. His wife fancied that he was rather absent-minded at supper; but he was gentle as always.

After supper (and during the meal he couldn't help speculating whether they needed to have both eggs and meat at the same time; and how ever he should explain the need of minute frugalities to Effie without lying) he went down town. He thought of riding; but withdrew his foot from the step of the car. "I'm getting extravagant," said he. The same reflection made him replace his tobacco-bag in his pocket.

The hall was a bare room, up two flights of stairs. It was already filled with men, most of whom came in their working clothes. There were so many dark flannel shirts that the room wore a dismal air in spite of the raw white walls and the flaring gas-jets. Most of the men were smoking, and an odor of stale beer, from the saloon below, mingled with the tobacco-smoke. A shout greeted Leroy's appearance.

He had never been there before.

"I only came to see what you fellows would make out of it!" said he, brushing the jubilant congratulations and welcomes aside. "Oh, they all say that," he heard. "Just listen to Darcy!" "I'll listen," said Leroy, "but I've been reading and thinking a good while, and I am more than half of the opinion——"

"Yes? Yes?" cried two or three at once.

"I'm more than half of the opinion that you fellows haven't a leg to stand on!"

"Aw, come off," cried the most eager man, yet not angrily; it was plain that Leroy was a great favorite.

"I've knowed Harry to be right six times," said another man, "and I ain't knowed him to be wrong once."

"Well, that's a record."

"Jest let him listen to Darcy!" cried the first speaker; "Darcy is the boy!"

Leroy sat as if he did not hear; but it was quickly passing through his consciousness, like a vibration to that first thrill of gratified vanity, that there were other men with whom his words would have equal weight. Suppose what the one party were continually declaring should be true, and the defeat of their cause meant cruel hard times for workingmen, as well as paralysis of the industries of the country, and na-

tional dishonor, what would those who had followed him over the precipice have the right to say to him? He listened without interest to the early speakers, men who had not yet learned to marshal their ideas in connected and effective speech. One of them was a man in his own shop, a good worker, but slow and unready; he never would get any higher wages than he got now; he was growing old; he had a great family and a sickly wife. "I don't know what's the matter, boys," he mumbled, for he had not many teeth, "I know I've worked hard for forty-two years, ever since I was a boy of ten, and it does look like things is gittin' harder every year."

"Wages aren't. They're higher!" called Leroy.

"And things to eat is cheaper!" called the man who had known Harry to be right six times. He had a loud, cheerful voice, and a cheerful young face with many freckles.

"I ain't denying it; but times is harder," reiterated the speaker, turning his dim and anxious eyes on Leroy. "I tell you, gentlemen, we're ground under by the money power, that's what's the trouble. I got ten children myself——"

"That ain't the fault of the money power," observed the irrepressible cheerful man.

"And I had to borry fifteen dollars last May, and I had to give a morgige on my wife's sewing-machine, and I've been paying ten per cent. a month on that, one hundred and twenty per cent. a year. What do you think of that? I ain't got it all paid yit. I tell you, boys, I'm willing to vote *any* way to stop them kind of things."

He sat down amid applause and cries, "It's a shame!" "That's right!" "Down with Shylock!" Two or three of the light-minded, however, were calling sonorously on "Dick!" "Dick Williams!" "Dicky boy!" The cheerful man (*he* was Dick Williams) was whispering eagerly in Leroy's ear.

"Wait for Darcy," said Leroy. But while the next man rambled through the "crimes" of the opposite party, by the aid of notes, which he could not always [illegible] these intervals of embarrassing [illegible]ing encouraged by Dick, with a [illegible] "Louder! louder!"—Leroy set [illegible]th and thought. He was thinking what hard times mean to laboring men. He did not need to imagine, he had only to remember. The drops were pricking his brow. He was roused by frantic cheers. Darcy had risen.

Quietly he stood, his hand in the breast of his coat, waiting for the applause to subside. He was slim, pale, with wavy black hair and melancholy black eyes. He wore a slender black mustache, his face otherwise being clean shaven. He was neatly, almost foppishly dressed, and his hands, in particular, were most carefully kept. They were very white. As he talked he moved easily about, and his gestures, even in his most impassioned moments, never became grotesque or violent. "Darcy never tries to scoop up the planks of the floor!" Dick Williams expressed it. His chief oratorical charm, however, was his voice, a beautiful, magnetic organ that could deepen without growing harsh, and ring without flattening on its highest notes. His tones floated, sweet, full, and thrilling into the silent listener's ears. He began very quietly. He gave the ordinary arguments of his political creed, but with a deft and fanciful turning of his own. Then he sympathized with the old man who had spoken, describing his honesty and industry so warmly that he was between grins and sobs; from him Darcy fell upon an undefined and rather hazy "money power" with such vehemence and glowing metaphors that the hearers yelled and shrieked their delight. But honest Dick, after a sharp poring over his hero's face, observed, dryly, "Big talk; but say, where do *we* come in?"

Harry shook his head. His heart sank within him like a waterlogged boat. He had come to be convinced, to hear logic, facts, what he himself called "the horse sense of the situation." What he heard was a hash of exaggeration and falsehood, gilded platitudes, hysterical wrenchings at the emotions, and frantic appeals to the immemorial and wolfish prejudices of class against class. But how magnificently the orator acted his sorry part! Convincing himself with his own molten passion! Swaying himself and his audience in the same breath!

"I call upon you to rebuke these Shylocks who eat the poor as it were bread!" he shouted; "I might—so powerfully

have my feelings been stirred by our friend's simple, pathetic story of his wrongs —I might ask you to tear their luxurious roofs from the heads of these bloodsucking plutocrats; but I believe in the ballot. Crush them, but crush them beneath the avalanche of the American freeman which comes down upon the tyrants and their tools as white, as noiseless, and as irresistible as the storm king of the Alpine hills!"

While the room was ringing Harry arose. And honest Dick choked and clinched his fists in his nervousness. No one could help contrasting the two men. Leroy's tall shoulders stooped a little. His figure showed muscular strength and the ease of it; but it had no touch of Darcy's supple grace. His hands were large and hard with handling hot iron. They looked strong, not shapely. He did not look "magnetic." He had a patient, kindly, firm face, kindling now into earnestness.

"I only want to say one word, boys; I'm not going to make a speech. Mr. Darcy has been talking to you of 'the money power'—what is the money power?" (A voice, "The banks.") "The banks have to get their money somewhere: who gives it to them? (A voice, "The rich men.") "The rich men and the poor men, too. I have been round to every bank in town, inquiring into these sort of things, for I like to be sure I am right before I go ahead. (Applause—mainly from Dick Williams.) Boys, the bulk of the savings-bank deposits and some of the other deposits come from poor people and people of small means. I tell you the money power is just the people —the rich and the poor together. And I tell you what's more, that the banks are not oppressing the people: they lend money from $10 up; I have borrowed it; I know plenty of men have borrowed it at eight, and seven, and six per cent. a year. McCann's story made my blood boil; but what's the money power got to do with that—what does Darcy want to bust the banks wide open for on account of that? *He* never borrowed the money of a bank; he borrowed it of a little, dirty, private usurer. I ain't in no avalanche business myself, but I'll go over to him to-morrow with Mac and his receipts, and I'll *get* the money that he ought to have back for him! (Great laughter and applause, led vigorously by Dick Williams.) So don't vote for his party, for it wouldn't punish him a little bit, since he isn't a banker; he is old Jack Fanning, who is—" An immense uproar took the words off his tongue. Fists and open hands were waving in the air; and half a dozen fiery patriots were demanding, "Did he lend you the money? Did he? Did he?" of the bewildered McCann.

"Yes, he did, gentlemen," faltered McCann; "but I didn't know he belonged to *us!*"

"Very likely not," said Leroy, coolly; "and you don't know a good many other things any better. Before you boys decide to turn the country upside down you better find out whether you aren't jumping on the wrong people just as you were this time."

"That's right!" bellowed Dick. And as Leroy sat down he added, "Last car's coming. Move we adjourn."

"Headed off that time," he chuckled, as the crowd poured into the quiet street under the white electric light; "say, Harry, don't you be afraid, the boys know you're white and they'll stand by you."

"And I'll stand by the best I know, Dick; the best for them, whether it's the best for me or not."

"That's right," said Dick, easily; but he wondered a little at Leroy's unusual, almost oppressive, solemnity of manner. "Folks do get awful worked up with politics," reflected he; "but if that Darcy tries any of his slick, fake talk on Harry, and makes him feel bad, d—— if I don't knock his flannel mouth off him. Good job, too."

This same evening, for hours, two men had been sitting in a private parlor of the principal hotel of the city. The table before them was strewn with letters, clippings from papers, and railway maps. Now, although a full hour later than the adjournment of the meeting that had been momentous to Leroy, they were still sitting, still talking. The tall man with the gray, curly hair and the indefinable, well-groomed air of an Eastern club man, was a great national politician. The other man, shorter, slighter, and younger by ten years, was quite as careful in his dress and his beautiful hands; but he was a local politician. He was very rich, very respectable, very much in earnest; he was in politics be-



Leroy sat perfectly still for a few minutes.—Page 207.

cause he was a citizen who had opinions, not because he wanted an office. At this moment he looked worried. "I don't like the looks of the thing; it looks—well, it *doesn't* look like a legitimate campaign expense. Do we absolutely need Darcy?"

"We do," answered the national man, flicking his cigar-ash, with a patient smile, like one willing to go over the same ground unnumbered times; "to say nothing of his Labor paper, he has a wonderful hold on his audiences, McGinnis says."

"McGinnis is the most cheerfully venal politician I know."

"My dear Colonel, who denies it? But he is perfectly honest with his employer—after he has taken his side and his campaign bank account is all right. And he is working like a beaver."

"Maybe," admitted the other, wearily; "he does seem interested. After all, I think it's the decent, honest men that make me the sickest—too timid to speak out, too lazy to go to primaries, and too d—— stingy to give a cent to campaign funds. They seem to think that their whole civic duty is performed if they go to the polls once a year. It is enough to make a man want to emigrate!"

"Or reconcile him to the McGinnises. Hullo! That's his knock—Come in!"

The door softly, one might say insidiously, swung inward, admitting a large man in a fresh white duck suit, to which a florid face and a pink silk shirt gave a pleasing dash of color, further emphasized by glossy black hair and a black mustache. He was as much more aggressive, pictorially, than a blond man in the same clothes as a colored lithograph is more aggressive than a water-color.

He greeted both gentlemen with a certain deference, not common to Michael McGinnis. The local magnate (in spite of



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his criticisms) returned a smile of good-fellowship and the national man a flattering cordiality.

"Well," was his first inquiry, "do you bring news, McGinnis? How about Leroy? You still think him important?"

"I do that, sir. There isn't a man more respected in the unions and out than Leroy. You see, they know he's white—honest, you know."

"How would we best get him? If he were offered——"

"Excuse *me*—you know him, Colonel, he wouldn't handle any money. There's only one way to catch Harry."

"And that?"

"That is, convince him the election of your platform and your men will really help the laboring man, and you've got him; he'll swallow you all, hook, line, and sinker! I'll tell you 'bout Harry. I had a letter from a good friend of mine in Chicago; he's on the other side, but they've done him dirt, and he ain't dying to have them win, though he's regular and he's committed and can't say anything openly. See? Well, he told me that he knew for sure that Harry Leroy got an offer of $2,000. We're the storm centre and we're two sides of the river, two doubtful States at once—oh, they want us bad!"

"Well," said the national politician, "will he decline?"

"Will Joe Patchen beat a scrub?" McGinnis opened his arms in a fine swinging gesture. "He *has* declined. He gave 'em the marble heart. This evening he declared himself. He's been studying and thinking. No good to press him. Meself, I've supplied him with literature. Well, to-night there was a meeting of the Jefferson Club. Darcy he was there, and so was Leroy, and so was a nice boy I know, Dick Williams. I thought it worth waiting for his report." Therewith McGinnis gave the details of Leroy's speech with much humor.

"He *is* a good fellow," said the national man; "but, now, about Darcy. Yo we still need him?"

"Sure. You get Darcy rigged out with a stereopticon and pictures showing the workman to-day and how he'd be if they was to win, and have a picture to show the mortgage being foreclosed and that sort of thing. And tell 'em who has brought on the hard times; and show 'em how much harder the times will be if those fellers get an innings. Give 'em the figures right in their own county. Tell 'em about the way mortgages will be foreclosed with *them!* That hits 'em in the neck. Say, I got a little chap, kin look over the records and get the facts pat for him."

"But will the other fellows go out to the lectures. You know they've passed the word down the line not to attend our meetings."

McGinnis showed a flashing set of teeth. "They kin pass the word till its worn out, but in the country they'll cram the schoolhouses for a free show like that. And if Darcy gets 'em in front of him with them facts, and his own eloquence and a jolly lot of campaign songs for the local talent to sing—why, don't you see, it would be *great!*"

"I see the advantages," said the national man, dryly; "but how about Darcy? he's committed to the other side——"

"I know," said McGinnis, with a sigh; "we'll have to put up a good deal more dough."

"It's merely a question of that with him?"

"Just that. Ye see, he ain't got the money yet; he's dickering with them. And their offer is all in the air, while ours is——"

"Spot cash," said the national statesman, dryly.

McGinnis permitted himself a frank grin. "'Tis as I expected. Well, gentlemen, we got Leroy, we got him for nothing. Now, 'tis agreed we want Darcy?"

"I suppose we have to have him, d— him!" groaned the respectable local statesman. "When can you get him?" said the national man.

McGinnis edged his big thumbs into the armholes of his coat. He shed a radiant Celtic smile on the two politicians, thence he flung it up to the portraits of the candidates of a great party, that had been thoughtfully tacked on the wall.



He tumbled to it like a gentle bird.—Page 305.



"I'm one of *your* converts."—Page 307.

"I *have* got him," said he; "I got him to-night."

The national chairman laughed outright. "Colonel," said he, suavely, "you are next the bell, do you mind touching it? They have a choice article of fizz stowed away here; I am not willing to drink Mr. McGinnis's health in anything less."

"Aw, come off!" cried McGinnis, in bashful delight, blushing with pleasure; and his blush deepened as the local man cleared his brow and joined in the laugh, saying, "Well, there's no question, McGinnis, but you're a man of action. Did you—eh—ah—name any figure for his campaign expenses?"

"No, only intimated I knew they would be large, put 'em a notch higher than the other fellers' notion. 'Besides,' says I, 'you want to be on the winning side. Now, I'm inside and I know we stand to win: I know what the canvassers report; I'm betting two to one on us.'"

"Actually, Mike?" said the national man; he had never called him Mike before. McGinnis hoped that the bell-boy, who was at the door to receive the order, heard that one word, as the door opened.

He waited until it closed on the boy. "I am," said he, then; "I never was surer. If we can git Darcy we can throw enough extra votes right here to help us out with two States. I bet a thousand dollars this week, and I'm a poor man—comparatively," he supplemented, with a grin.

"Well, I'm glad to hear you talk that way," said the local man; "take another cigar." He proffered his own case instead of the box on the table.

McGinnis took his triumph modestly; but it warmed his soul. He had risen from the ward to the county; he had won in-

numerable victories first on the spoils side, lately—such are the amazing alliances and vicissitudes of politics—on the side of honesty and reform; but never before had he felt himself within the mystic circle where the game is empire and the stake the destinies of a nation. He had never been so happy since poor Polly McGinnis, to whom was reared the most splendid and tasteless monument in Saint Margaret's Cemetery, promised to be his wife; and suddenly his heart softened with a tender pain—if only he had Polly to tell it all to, how these great gentlemen treated him and called him Mike. He felt so much that his florid skin lost a shade of its glow; and he sat very quiet until begged to "go on."

"Well, he was a good deal impressed. 'I suppose you folks are spending money like water,' says he, thoughtful like. 'Well, we ain't mean,' says I. Then I gave it to him straight, he would git more from us than from the others. And I outlined the campaign. He was tickled with the stereopticon and campaign-song notion, I could see that! 'Now,' I says, 'you're a labor leader, and you know, all nonsense aside, honest injun, labor ain't got nothing to gain and everything to lose from this new fool ruction; come on and help the real friends of the workingman for once!' Well, he begun on Harry Leroy and consistency, and that rot; jest his vanity, of course. But I cut right in. 'I know what Harry said about Fanning; it's true, too, and it's true about the money power, and how your fellers winning will affect the poor man. Ain't it? Ain't you going to be impressed and kinder haunted, and ain't you going to look up things more to down him than anything; and ain't you going to be appalled, simply appalled by what you find? And ain't you after what will help the working-man; and it don't cut no ice with you whether folks call you inconsistent or not—you *want* to be inconsistent when you're in the wrong. And you've come to the conclusion them fellers have made the hard times they complain of themselves; they've held up the country, and now you ain't in favor of electing the robbers to the police force.' That's how I gave it to him, and he tumbled to it like a gentle bird. 'McGinnis,' he says, 'you're great!' So he's all right."

"And you brought them both down in one night?" said the national man.

"Well, I don't claim any credit for Harry. I only lent him books. It's because he's white he's with us: but I did take the liberty of asking him to come around here to-night. It's a good night, being Saturday; and I'd like real well to have you gentlemen see Harry and give him a kind word. After all, it's all he'll git."

"Is he downstairs now?" asked the national man. "We'll be glad to see him; he'll take the taste of Darcy out of our mouths a little."

"Well," deprecated McGinnis, "Darcy's down there, too—in a private room."

The national man smiled grimly while the local man opened the door to admit a bell-boy with two silver buckets, piled high with ice from which rose a refreshing steam of coolness. The national man motioned him to another room; and McGinnis gleefully commented to Michael. "He won't drink with everybody; bet he have Darcy in first." Which, indeed, proved to be the case.

The interview was not long; McGinnis acted as master of ceremonies; the national man went directly to the point—the local man was communing with the ice-buckets in the other room.

"Mr. Darcy," said the great politician, "Mr. McGinnis tells me that you are good enough to be willing to help us not only with your paper the—ah—*Hammer*, but in the campaign. I'm very glad to find you with us."

"I have refused an offer of two thousand, sir, and my travelling expenses to stump for the other side," said Darcy, firmly, and McGinnis solemnly nodded.

"That's good," said the national man, smiling, "for you see that is precisely what *we* want you to do! You know Mr. McGinnis's idea?"

Darcy said that he had heard some details; it was a great idea, but—there would be large expenses.

The national man, who had been jotting down figures rapidly on a sheet of hotel paper, pushed it over to Darcy. "That's my estimate. It may come to a little less or a little more; call it that and you take the lump sum. McGinnis will attend to the statistician and the lantern, etc.—sep-

arately. If the arrangement is satisfactory I can give you half now and the other half the day after election. I'll make out a memorandum which you can sign."

Darcy's brilliant eyes flashed as they saw the figures. His black brows met, however, when he read the "memorandum," passed first to McGinnis, and receiving a glance of heartfelt admiration from that astute practical politician; but he affixed his signature in silence; and the gleam returned to his eye as the national man offered a roll of bank-notes. "Will you count it?" said the national man; "one makes mistakes occasionally. Thanks." He repeated the sum in his crisp, Eastern accent. "Do you know, Mr. Darcy, I fancy you are going to set the prairies afire. You should hear our friend McGinnis talk about you!"

"Well, you've got me hard and fast, gentlemen," said Darcy, with a dry glance at the receipt which the national man was stowing away in a silver-rimmed lizard-skin pocketbook, "but I believe your cause is right; and it will have the best efforts of my heart and mind. I'll get out on the road as soon as we can get the other things in shape."

"A cigar, Mr. Darcy?" said the national man, politely; and again Mr. McGinnis inwardly grinned; it was the box and not the cigar-case that was offered. "Won't you come in some time to-morrow? We are to have a little conference of the workers. They will all be glad to see you." He shook Darcy's proffered hand, or, it would be exact to say, he allowed Darcy to shake his hand, and bade him farewell with much politeness.

"Don't he carry it off well!" said McGinnis, the instant the door closed behind the orator's figure; "well, that's one kind of a labor leader, let's see the other."

"Yes, you get him, and we'll get out the buckets," said the national man. And his greeting to Leroy and the talk which followed not only made Leroy wonder in his modest soul, but further convinced McGinnis that the great politician understood human nature without a key. "Talked right out before Harry and me, both of them, like we was on the ground floor. Hully gee, Michael, but you are just *there*, and don't you forget it."

He felt, somehow, a sensation of gratitude to Leroy, a new respect as he heard his own opinion asked. He had used the same device in smaller matters, many a time; but he experienced a simple kind of pleasure now that it was used toward him; he felt at the same time the flattery of the subtle distinction between the politician's manner to Darcy and to his present auditors. He treated them like political equals. Verily, it was a proud and happy evening to Michael McGinnis. Leroy barely lifted his glass to his lips; he never drank; but Michael did the champagne full justice. Michael's head was strong, he was not in the least dizzy when they shook hands warmly with the great men and went out of the hotel together; but perhaps before those—Heaven forbid I should betray confidence, I being an unseen spectator, and give the definite, cruel number of glasses! before the champagne, let us say, he might not have hummed so cheerily,

> Then Ireland shall be free,
> From the centre to the sea,
> Says the Shan van Voght,

or encircled Harry Leroy's neck so fraternally with his arm as they sauntered down the lonely, lighted street.

Harry smiled; but in a second the vulture's claws that had been at his heart all the evening, and that had relaxed their grip for the hour under the stress of higher interests, tore him anew. Involuntarily he sighed. McGinnis's eyes flashed. "Say, Harry," said he, looking amiably at the electric lights, "I had a mighty funny thing happen to me to-day; I was down your way, and I saw a little special-delivery boy—I got him the place, he lives in the Eighth Ward—and he was scorching along to your house and nearly ran into me. I asked him where he was going, after I had said what was proper for his conduct—we've got to have a bike law in this place, that's sure as death! He told me your house, and showed me the letter. I recognized Jay's hand. Fact is, I had news of Jay this very day, and I suspected that he would be writing you; that's why I questioned the boy. I—I guess"—McGinnis dropped his arm and linked it in Harry's—"I guess Jay told you about that note."

"How—" began Harry and stopped, uncertain what he should say.

"How'd I *know?*" said McGinnis. "Well, fact is, Harry, I met Meecham, and I bought that note."

"It's endorsed by me," said Harry, huskily; "I'll pay you, Mac."

"Naw, you won't. Jay Sibley will pay that note. He'll pay every last cent. Not jest this minnit, but as the money comes in. I'll handle that young man without gloves for his soul's good. He ain't *my* brother-in-law! Don't you lose a mite of sleep, Harry. I'll fix him and there won't be no scandal or bad times. It'll all come right in the wash. You just say you've seen me, or, better still, you don't say nothing at all. *I'll* write him; and when he comes up here, you'll see a very much reformed and penitent young man. Here's your street-car, Harry—that's all right."

He had pushed Harry and his broken thanks onto the platform as he spoke.

. . . . . .

A month later Leroy met Darcy, both being on their wheels. "Well, Darcy, how goes it?" called Harry, with a cordiality that he had not felt for years; "I hear you are doing *grand work*."

Darcy's wheel was shining and beautiful; Harry's was a second-hand rattling machine of a make unknown to fame; but probably not a man in town had had more pleasure in riding than he. He looked tanned and happy.

"That you, Harry? how well you ride! Why, things seem to be coming our way all the time. But I feel as if I wanted to tell them all—I have told a good many, that I'm one of *your* converts, a brand snatched from the burning, as it were. I was switching off on the other tack when you set me thinking—that evening at the club, you remember—about old Fanning. I began to look things up, and I was appalled, simply appalled at what I found out."

"I've read your speeches," interrupted Harry, "they are full of argument, facts——"

"Yes, when I came to look things up, I found there was only one ground for me to take, and I took it. I want to be right, and this talk of consistency doesn't cut any ice with me. I hope you get the *Hammer* all right. Say, I hear you're doing a lot of work right along."

"The best thing I ever did was to convert you," said Harry, laughing; "I never could quite take that story into camp until now, and felt I was getting credit under false colors; but now I shall 'point with pride'— Well, good luck to you, and let me know if I can help you any time."

As he rode along, he thought, half wistfully, but without a grain of envy, "I wish I had that man's talent!"

Darcy smiled to himself, watching him. "He's dead easy," he muttered; then all of a sudden, with the swift transitions of his temperament, he bit down a sigh.

"D—— it!" he almost groaned, "I wish I had that man's conscience!"

AT A WINDOW

By Gertrude Hall

Our earth, with its proud mountains draped
In snow we call eternal, and the times thereof
Are unto God as in the sea one tear.
The things that shall not be escaped,
Is not it, pensive love,
As if already they were here?

Already, each in his sealed hermitage,
We lie—that yet were social!—grass above;
The story of our lives, so full of things!
Abridged to fit one marble page;
And yearly twice a kindly person brings
Brave wreaths for us, in pious pilgrimage.

Already what was flesh of ours has climbed to light
In daisies that with round, gold eyes
Stare at our houses' sign, no longer white;
They could not read it were they human-wise,
So are the letters filled with moss,
So have the summer creatures woven webs across.

Already we are trampled to the plain,
A wind-swept, silent desert—then, again,
The air is shivered with the shouts of men,
Ploughs scatter us, wheels grind us farther down,
Above us grows the town.

Dear heart, these gauds of life, are they so dear,
To us, dear heart, to us—already dead?
The curious jewel for the ear,
The flashing fillet for the head?
And, treasures that all in their kind excel,
This fair, well-painted fan, this scarf, so well embroiderèd?
Nay, love, but the great house itself, builded so well,
That shows in every part a master's touch,
Is it so much?
Nay, love, but everything and everything,
Soever precious, that must surely die
And, with the eyes that looked on it, lie mouldering,
Is it so great it cannot mutely be laid by?

Behold! less will I love them, toys of death,
But you I will love more, love on and on—
For "Heaven and earth shall pass," saith One,
"But not my Word," He saith.
It is His word that this in you and me
With which we love shall live eternally.

TO THE SHORES OF THE MINGAN SEIGNIORY

BY FREDERIC IRLAND.



IN whatever murky American city one's lot may be cast, the earthly paradise of a perfect summer day is never very far off, as the wild duck flies. When the walls and pavements of New York are blistering under the August sun, it is but a night's journey to the cool green May which, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, lasts until the beginning of autumn. During the worst of the heated term of 1896, when people died of sunstroke by the hundred in every great city of the United States, the boy and I, in ulsters and mittens, joyously trod the deck of a gulf schooner, while the Saguenay sailors worked her against head-winds blowing fresh from the innumerable ice-cold lakes of Labrador and the primeval solitudes of the Laurentian Mountains.

The vast country north of the Gulf of St. Lawrence is, to the uncommercial explorer, the most interesting region on this continent, if not in the world. For nearly four centuries the ships of civilization have sailed by it, yet, except at the very water's edge, there has been no intrusion upon it. The rivers which pour forth from every opening in the hills bear witness that the back country is a net-work of lakes and water-courses. Ask the Commissioner of Crown Lands of the great Province of Quebec to-day what his department knows of that region, and he will tell you that it is the least known portion of North America; that only a few of the lakes have been surveyed; that two exploring parties have recently crossed the peninsula; that a handful of fishermen's houses fringe the gulf; that for the rest of it, the wandering Montagnais Indians are the only tourists who traverse half a million square miles of territory. Steamers go up the Saguenay. Lake St. John is reached by rail. But away to the northeast is a tremendous tract of country, from whence issue streams greater than the Hudson, the headwaters of which no white man has ever seen. How many Americans, if asked to mention the beautiful rivers of the continent, could give even the names of the Bersimis, the Outardes, the Manicouagan, the Misticapin, the Moisie, the Mingan, the Romaine, the Natashquan, the Olomonosheeboo, the Meccatina, the Esquimaux? Only a few salmon fisherman, who are the most indefatigable of sportsmen, would recognize them.

It was to view this neglected summer seacoast that the boy and I left Quebec last summer, to go to Tadousac by a steamer as fine as any floating hotel of the Sound, and to proceed beyond Tadousac by such means as could thereafter be devised. We went for a lazy cruise, and to see some of the wonderful salmon streams of that country.

Before leaving Quebec we had secured a permit from the Crown Land Office "to fish in the waters not presently under lease, or in which the fishing rights belong to the province, on the north shore of the Gulf of

St. Lawrence, from Pointe de Monts up to Blanc Sablon. Said permit shall be good for two months."

"And if you fish in all those rivers," said the smiling Deputy Commissioner, "you will not come back this summer, or the next, either." We found this to be true, because only a small part of the fishing rivers of that shore were under private lease in 1896, and a beautiful stream breaks through the mountains about every ten miles.

It was evening and low tide when we clambered up the slanting gang-plank at Tadousac, and stood on the dock, as high as a cottage roof above the water. Just around the point, in the deep little bay, two or three schooner-lights blinked and nodded in a sleepy way, as the vessels swung at anchor on the gentle swells. Tadousac is somewhere near three centuries old, and it has fully twenty houses already. The mountains rise in grandeur behind the place, and the Saguenay, six hundred feet deep, pours copiously at its feet.

The owner of one of the schooners was at home, for his vessel had just returned, after a highly successful delivery of lumber from St. Anne des Monts to Quebec, and, it being midsummer and a dull season, we soon chartered the ship, her cook, her captain bold, her mate and her crew, for $180 a month. That was enough for one evening. The missing Robitois, sailor at $8 a month, went ashore to postpone wedding-bells, which now would not ring for him until our return. Besides, the tide must be waited for, and we slept at the hotel, the last one this side of the north pole along that coast.

The six hours of northern summer night soon passed, and then we swung out with the tide, and sailed away through the morning mist to Rivière du Loup, on the South Shore, where Henry Braithwaite, guide extraordinary, all the way from New Brunswick, with provisions and birch-bark canoes, and silent Malicete Indians, waited to be taken aboard. On the way across the wide St. Lawrence a summer thunder-storm broke, but the forty-foot sails were not reefed ; the yacht-like freighter heeled till her deck was like the roof of a house, and she made the twenty-four miles in two hours, while the porpoises puffed and blew, and arched their sinuous white backs all around us.



On the Sunny Deck.

If you want to go to heaven before you



In Tadousac Harbor.

die, visit the northeastern Canadian coast in summer, under the personal conducting of good guides. The faithful Braithwaite had planned for weeks. We had projected this invasion of the North a whole year before, while searching for the elusive moose of the Miramichi; and when we made fast at the dock at Rivière du Loup, all was ready. Canoes and bundles and Indians were soon on board, and away we flew, between the dim blue hills that mark the receding shores of the great river of Canada, every breeze and every turning tide bearing us prosperously farther north and east.

It was a polyglot crowd on that schooner. There were Canadian sailors who spoke no English; the Indian, Baptiste, who spoke French and Malicete; Francis, from Old Town, Me., whose Malicete and Abenaki were beyond criticism, and whose careful English was a reminder of the speech of the Honorable Thomas Brackett Reed. So, for any complicated message, there was a tortuous channel, via Francis and Baptiste, to the Canadian skipper's French and back again; and the Lord knows how the translations fared in transit.

What a gambler's game a sailing vessel plays. Some days we sailed and sailed. Sometimes we went to bed with a headland in sight, and in the morning, after hours of seeming progress, it had been an undecided contest between wind and tide, and we were still there. One day a southwest gale swept us over galloping green hills; while the next the sails flapped and clattered as the schooner reeled helplessly on hummocks of leaden water, without a breath of air stirring.



Portaging on the Mingan.

One great charm about this region is

the fact that you have left the space-destroying railroad train far behind you, and the steamer, too. The ocean liners from Quebec run to the south of Anticosti Island, and only one little coaster, the Otter, makes a fortnightly trip down the north shore to carry the mail, during July and August, to the few hundred cod fishermen scattered here and there. If there were a railroad, a train like the Empire State Express, or the great transcontinental flyer of the Canadian Pacific, could run from Quebec to Blanc Sablon in a day; but as it is you are in the country where no one hastens. You wish to go a hundred miles. If the wind blows, you go. If not, surely it will blow to-morrow, or some other day. Then let us be content that all is well.



Salmon Pool on the Jupitagen.

There is an endless variety of new sights to see. The lower St. Lawrence swarms with sea-life. There are the seals, bobbing up their heads, and dodging down at the least alarm; the porpoises, always snoring; often the evil shape of a grampus, with his black dorsal fin four feet in the air, and his head as big as a wine-cask. Farther down the Gulf we were seldom out of sight and hearing of the whales, of which we counted twenty-seven one day. At night the phosphorescence of the sea left a wake of green fire streaming from the rudder, and when we invaded a school of little fish, they seemed, as they darted away, like hundreds of submarine shooting stars. All day long the gulls kept trying to determine the precise limits of shot-gun range. We had a fine collection of the mistaken ones, ready for the taxidermist; and the family of rats on the schooner were no doubt grateful for the change from ship-fare, for they ate everything but the feathers.

On warm, sunny days, when the world went well, it was most comfortable to bring the mattresses from the cabin, place them on top of the deck-house, lie down and do nothing but breathe. It was a subject of continual surprise how short the time was between meals.



A "Strike"

We had no permit to stop and fish in any of the streams west of Pointe de Monts. This is the place where the St. Lawrence River widens out into the gulf. There are several fine fishing rivers west of the point, but, as they are within three hundred miles of Quebec, they are under lease. The three great rivers between the Saguenay and Pointe de Monts are the Bersimis, the Outardes and the Manicouagan. The Bersimis is a deep and dark lake-fed stream, and the salmon in it do not rise to the fly. The Outarde is effectually blockaded against the entrance of the sea-going fish, by impassable falls at its mouth. The Manicouagan also has a fall at the gulf which the salmon cannot climb, and yet its upper waters are filled with these noble fish during their spawning season. This paradox is accounted for in a curious way. About forty miles east of the Manicouagan the little Godbout, one of the most famous salmon rivers in Canada, discharges into the St. Lawrence. For a generation its fishing-right has been controlled by the Gilmours, of Ottawa. Far back in the interior this stream has its source in a lake which has two outlets; one emptying into the Godbout, the other into a tributary of the Manicouagan. So the salmon ascend the Godbout, cross the lake, descend the other outlet into the Manicouagan, and go on their way rejoic-



A Happy Boy.

ing to their trysting-places on the gravelly shallows of the upper river.

Either one of these streams is large enough to irrigate a whole Western arid State. The course of the Manicouagan is marked by lakes of great size. More and more, as one becomes acquainted with the coast, and sees the clear, cold floods which pour through every chasm in the mountains along the shore, is he impressed with the aqueous wealth of the interior.

From Pointe de Monts to the Bay of Seven Islands, there are a hundred miles of shore which the schooner fleet of lower Quebec shun and fear. There is no good harbor from Trinity Bay to the Bay of Seven Islands, and there is a tale of shipwreck for every rock along the coast. Several rivers come in, the largest being the Pentecôte or Mistacapin, the Rivière des Rochers, and the Marguerite. I talked with the surveyor who first explored the Rivière des Rochers in 1895, and he assured me the stream was filled with trout of great size. "From twenty to thirty inches in length" were his figures. I have no reason to doubt this. But trout are at a discount in the salmon country. The whole of lower Quebec is better adapted to fish culture than any other purpose, except the manufacture of ice-water and scenery.



Gaffing a Salmon.

At Trinity Bay, and at the Bay of Seven Islands, are telegraph stations; for the Dominion Government maintains a wire all the way down to Esquimaux Point, where it crosses to Anticosti Island. In all the scattered offices along the shore, one may see the old-fashioned paper-tape machines, by which the eye may read what an unaccustomed ear could not follow. This telegraph line is in lieu of a life-saving service, on one of the roughest and most dangerous of coasts. If shipwrecked sailors get ashore alive, they may notify their friends by wire. Trinity Bay is a pilot station, where, if the weather is thick, the incoming ship may take on guides for the voyage up river; but most of them wait till they get to Rimouski.

Sailor-men cannot propel their floating homes without wind, and when we reached the Bay of Seven Islands there came a calm. Little did we care, for, as we rode at anchor, with the canoes and the Indian guides lying about the deck, the bright sun overhead, the mosquitoes paying us friendly visits from the land, it seemed but little different from any dull day in camp on shore when the fish would not rise. This Bay of Seven Islands is a circular, land-locked sheet of water, six miles across. A group of island mountains rise out of the sea and guard it from the waves. On the shore of the bay is a little village, just a row of fishermen's houses, with the scrubby forest behind them. The storehouse of the Hudson Bay Company is the largest building, and the home of the agent, Mr. Walter Colvile, is the most comfortable house. In front of all the fishermen's houses are platforms of sticks, upon which countless cod-



Mouth of the Magpie River.

fish and halibut dry in the sun, and desecrate the pure summer air. While waiting for favoring gales we went ashore. And here we saw the daily life of a little community the like of which cannot be found anywhere except on this coast. Mr. Colvile, gentleman and diplomat, the representative of a great commercial organization which once dominated half a continent, was the little king. On one side of him stretched away the thin line of fishermen's cottages; on the other were the newly purchased white tents of fifty Montagnais Indian families, down from the interior with their season's catch of furs. While he talked to us of things in the outside world he so seldom saw, a little boy waited to buy a quart of kerosene oil, and two big-eyed Indian girls discussed the price of red handkerchiefs.

Along the sandy beach, the tide being out, big dogs of the wolfish, sled-drawing breed patrolled the water's edge, getting their dinners from the little stranded fish, and other unlucky inhabitants of the water. One dog found a lobster, and at once there was a dispute with other dogs, in which the lobster was promptly torn claw from claw. Another dog tried to steal a codfish from a drying-platform, and the boy sentinel berated the dog in French and belabored him with a club. By the side of the nearest house two women bent over their washtubs; and out beyond the islands, on the swells which tumbled without a wind to shape them, the little fleet of cod-fishing boats crept slowly home, laboriously dragged by the long sweeps which furnished the ashen breeze.

Another schooner, almost like our own, drifted in on the tide. That night there was a good deal of shouting and singing among the fishermen. Some time after midnight a cottage burned. In the morning many empty brandy bottles, bearing French labels but no revenue stamps, lay about the shore, and the trading schooner had passed on. Such are the craft that make business for the revenue cutter Caroline, which prowls up and down that coast, and occasionally confiscates a cargo. The contraband stuff comes from St. Pierre and Miquelon, those tiny islands below Newfoundland, all that remain of the once mighty French dominion on this continent. If a convulsion of nature should engulf those troublesome resorts of smugglers, the revenue service of Canada would not mourn. One fisherman was building a tiny schooner, too big for a fishing dory and



Salmon Leaping a Fifteen-foot Fall. (From a photograph.)

too small for a freighter. In reply to the question as to what he was building it for, he smilingly said, "O, I tink I go down to French Saint Peter dis fall." And if the Caroline did not catch him, he no doubt made a good profit on bad French liquor.

Below Seven Islands the Moisie River empties itself into the gulf. This is, perhaps, the finest salmon stream on the coast. It is the "Big River" of the Montagnais, for it rises farther back in the interior than the rivers east of it, and thus forms a more convenient highway to the Indians' distant hunting-grounds.

With the morning came the wind, and the clatter, clatter of the horizontal windlass, weighing the anchor. We sailed on by the Moisie, for it is a leased river; past the river of Trout, because the salmon cannot climb the rocky rapid at its mouth; on down the harborless coast a day's sail, till we reached the Manitou River, where are the wonderful falls. At the mouth, high on the shore, lay the grisly bones of a fine American schooner which had ventured too near when the wind was light, and then was pushed to her doom by the remorseless tide, while her anchors dragged over the smooth, rocky bottom. Our little French captain did not relish a similar fate, so we sailed on five miles to the rocky harbor of Chaloupe River, and came back to the solitary grandeur of the Manitou falls by canoe.

This cataract, two miles from the mouth, is noteworthy, even in a land of waterfalls. If it were accessible, it would be much visited. The whole river, as wide as the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, but of much greater volume, plunges over a precipice one hundred and thirteen feet high. The surrounding cliffs are covered with the fir and spruce which mostly constitute those endless forests. The tumult of the water in the gorge below is such that a canoe cannot approach very near; there is no path or trail over the thickly overgrown rocks; and the rage of the plunging river must be conquered before the truly majestic beauty of the virgin fastness may be beheld. The roar of the fall can be heard long before one approaches it, though the rising spray may be seen from a considerable distance out in the gulf. The cata-



Another Snap-shot at a Leaping Salmon.

ract of the Manitou, away on the lonely North Shore, is of no commercial interest. It attracts no sight-seers. The sailors fear the coast in its vicinity. But since the days when the world was young it has poured over those flinty rocks, the spray in summer forming a fresh rainbow every shining moment, and in winter freezing into myriads of beautiful ice-palaces, whose glistening pinnacles have borne witness through the centuries, as seasons have come and gone, that human eyes are not the only things for which the beauties of this world are made.

When we had done looking at the waterfall, and returned to the gulf, there was such a heavy sea running that the canoe could not live, and the Indians had to carry it back over the rocks for five miles. They did not seem to mind the burden much. When we reached the schooner, the waves were roaring in at the narrow harbor entrance, chasing each other in ceaseless cavalry charges, and we lay all that night, proud of the rock that stood between us and the angry sea. A fisherman, steering for the harbor, ran aground between two small rocks outside, and was rescued when the storm went down, his boat meantime breaking in two.

Our own schooner, which was one size too big for the harbor mouth, could only run out when the tide was high, and after waiting two tides for a fair wind, all the fishermen in the place, about a dozen, turned out in their dories and towed us through to the open gulf, the towage bill of three dollars being considered high by our loyal Captain Joe.

The next large river east of the Manitou, coming out of this unknown country, is the St. John. There are at least five St. John rivers in Canada, but this is distinguished as the St. John of the North Shore. It is a great salmon stream, but in 1896 it was unleased. The first fall, more than twenty miles from the mouth, is the nearest point where the fish stop. Thirty years ago the commander of a Canadian Government vessel, who was doing the same thing we did last year, discovered a most remarkable thing at this fall. There was a rock in the channel, so shaped that when the fish jumped against it, many of them



A Characteristic Shore Formation.

fell into a cavity on the other side, from which, in low water, they could not escape. In this way myriads of noble salmon had, through countless years, lost their lives; and so well known to the neighboring bears was the fact that, when the commander was there, he found the remains of hundreds of the fish scattered about the rocks, where the bears had dragged them. He carried up a keg of powder, and blasted out a fish-way, since which this curious fish-trap has not been of any benefit to the bears.

Thirty miles below the St. John are the Mingan Islands, between the mainland and the western end of the island of Anticosti. The shores of these islands present a geological formation which is frequently found in this part of the world, and which was the cause of the many wrecks suffered by early explorers. At high tide perpendicular rocks seem to rise from the water's edge; but at low tide flat ledges, extending far out from the cliffs, are laid bare. In many places these shelving ledges extend for miles, and a person caught on them in a rising tide would be in great danger, as he could not ascend the face of the rock wall. Most of the three-hundred-mile coast line of Anticosti Island is thus grimly guarded. On the shelving rocks the seals love to sleep at low tide, and once, when we were rambling along the shore, we surprised a herd of horsehead seals, each animal ten or twelve feet long, and heavy as an ox. The speed with which these great creatures slid splashing into the water was surprising. Soon two or three of them cautiously raised their heads above the water, snuffed the air, to be sure what we were, and then we saw them no more.

The islands are the nesting-places of thousands of birds, and in some places the young gulls and other fluffy infants with untrained wings would prowl about under our feet in the most awkward and ridiculous fashion, while hundreds of alarmed parent birds filled the air with their cries as they circled overhead.

Our careless wanderings thus far had carried us, by easy stages, nearly five hundred miles northeast of Quebec. We were opposite the mouth of the Mingan River, and as I wished to see my bright young companion wrestle with a big salmon, we concluded to say good-by to the schooner for a few days, and ascend the river.

That was where the canoes came in, and the guides, who had sunned themselves on the deck for days, made ready to depart.

At the mouth of the Mingan, for more than two hundred years, a settlement of the same name has been recognized on all the maps. At present there are two families who reside there the year round; that of Mr. Scott, agent of the Hudson Bay Company, and that of Mr. Malony, telegraph operator and warden of the river. One would little guess to look at the peaceful scene, that this place was the centre of one of the most protracted legal controversies the world has ever known. But it was. The whole coast of the gulf, from the Seven Islands to Blanc Sablon, more than four hundred miles in length, and six miles in depth, was claimed as the feudal holding of the Mingan Seigniory. The grant under which this claim has always been maintained was made to François Bissot, in 1661, by the Company of New France, deriving its powers from the French Crown. This grant was indefinite in terms, and gave vague rights to establish hunting and fishing stations, and to take the necessary timber and lands, down the coast, to "the Great Bay toward the Esquimaux, where the Spaniards usually fish." The short story of a controversy extending through two centuries is that the successors of the Sieur Bissot, while never secure in title, camped persistently on the land, and always claimed everything. Every time there was a disturbance between France and England, the buildings at Mingan were pretty sure to be burned, by one side or the other. It was an easy thing to stop in the beautiful little harbor among the islands, and apply the red torch of war. Promptly after the cession of Canada to Great Britain in 1763, the Mingan seigniory folks laid before that government their claim of proprietorship. It was always disputed for uncertainty; but finally, in an unguarded moment, the Legislature of the Province of Canada, in 1854, admitted that there was such a thing as the Mingan seigniory, and in 1892 the Privy Council of England adjudicated the limits of it to be from Cape Cormorant to the river Goynish, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles, and six miles deep from the coast. This right is now held by the Labrador Company, of Montreal, and it gives them absolute control of the fishing in the lower six miles of the sixteen rivers which cross the Mingan seigniory on their way to the gulf. The only ones which the Labrador Company consider worth watching, however, in a country where only the best fishing-waters are looked at, are the Mingan and the Romaine. In the other streams, either the salmon are barred by the falls, or they do not stop inside the six-mile limit, and above that the Province of Quebec holds control.



Four Montagnais Indians.

The courtesy of the Labrador Company had been extended to us to kill a few salmon at the first fall in the Mingan.



A Heavenward Pilot on an Earthward Voyage.

Here may be seen one of the most remarkable annual exhibitions of the rough course of true love to be found in all the world.

The first fall on the Mingan is about three miles from the mouth. It is forty-six feet high, in three pitches about equal in height and with seething pools between. The spawning beds of the salmon are on broad, gravelly bars far up the river. They must surmount this fall once a year in order to reach them. We camped on a sand-bar below the fall, and watched the struggle. The broad pool below the fall was so full of these royal fish, that their tails and dorsal fins could constantly be seen sticking out of the water. Every minute one or more fish would make a rush from the depths below, spring far into the air, every fibre quivering, and time after time fall back, only the most powerful and determined occasionally succeeding in passing the first pitch. Above that, every nook and crevice in the rocks where the salmon could obtain a resting-place, was crowded. Great monsters they were, weighing from twenty-five to forty pounds. How they ever made the second and third pitches I do not know, for there was not the good starting chance that they had in the deep hole below the first pitch.

Well, the boy took a ten-ounce trout-rod, with a hundred yards of line on it, and cast out among the fins and tails in the soap-suds below the fall. The canoe was ready, and in a few minutes the rod was nearly jerked from the youngster's hands. The men shoved him into the canoe and paddled for dear life after the running fish, which had impulsively started for the open sea. You may suppose that the salmon broke loose; that he smashed the tackle; that he overturned the canoe. But he did not. Those guides knew their business, and so did the boy. The fish towed the canoe two miles down stream, and one hour and seventeen minutes after the trouble began, Braithwaite grabbed the salmon with the gaff-hook and threw him up on a sand-bar.

The next day we went up the river. Twelve miles from the falls, and after making six or seven smaller ascents, we reached a place where the stream came through a deep gorge. Here, again, we pitched our tent. On the morrow we climbed the mountain, and looked down into the cañon, far below, filled with great rocks, riven from the precipice by the frost. In the crevices beneath our feet lay the unmelted ice of last winter, or of no one knows how many winters, untouched by the August sun. There was a general air of ruin about those cracks, and we could not help wondering if the next rock to fall

might be the one beneath our feet, and if this was its day for falling.

Climbing the highest peak in sight, the country beyond stretched away for miles beneath our gaze. Above the chasm the river spread out into lake-like expansions, filled with green islands. Far to the north rose the next low range of the mountains, and through a distant notch the thread of the shining river was lost to view. The low clay bottoms were covered with a thick growth of small evergreens, while the highest rocks, in their interstices, sheltered the ground hemlock and many other forms of verdure. As far as we could see, the world was gray and green; and, though the animals were noticeably less abundant than in Maine or New Brunswick, yet we knew that the glimmering river was full of vigorous life, and that the quiet fresh-water seas beyond the hills in every direction were the homes of myriads of beautiful creatures that knew not the fear of hook and line. In a little depression we found the skeleton-like lodge poles where, earlier in the season, some family of Montagnais had lived while on a spring bear-hunt. Away to the north, in the country "beyond the Height of Land," as the Hudson Bay people call it, we saw, in imagination, the bands of caribou, gray-necked and patriarchal, which are the standard winter food of these Indians.

I do not know how other men would feel on the top of that mountain, looking over into the depths of the Labrador wilderness; but to me that day all its voices sang a siren's song, and the myriad faces of the hills and lakes smiled a glad welcome. People are accustomed to think of that vast and far-off wild as a death-like, forbidding place. It is not so. In winter, cold and severe, no doubt; in summer it is God's own land of beauty. But we could not tarry, and in a few days we left the fish in peace, and returned down the river to Mingan.

The Hudson Bay people tell me that a Montagnais family will often bring down, as a season's catch, a thousand dollars worth of furs. Sometimes, if the wandering caribou shift their winter feeding-grounds, the Indians are in danger of starvation; but if things go as they should the natives do very well. Each spring they come in their canoes down the river to the coast. At Mingan, where there is always a summer colony of them, many have permanent cabins. Fully a score of those who summer there own trim little sail-boats of American make, for which they pay one hundred dollars apiece. They trade their furs for what they need or fancy, and no one sells better supplies than the Hudson Bay Company. During the summer the Indians visit each other, do up their religious ceremonies for the year —they are all good Catholics—and build new canoes for the return trip. It is very difficult to procure good birch-bark on the North Shore, and of late years the Hudson Bay Company have been furnished a fine grade of canvas for the outer covering of canoes. It was very interesting to see the splendid, workman-like manner in which the canoe builders did their work. Their canoes made our Malicete birch-bark affairs seem ill-shapen and clumsy by comparison.

When we returned to Mingan we found the graceful yacht of the Jesuit missionary in the harbor. This devoted man and fine sailor had come from a more distant point down the coast, and there was great activity among the Indians. Down by the shore a new canoe, white as snow, was raised on a little platform. The missionary came out from one of the tents, in the vestments of his sacred office, stood before the assembled Indians, held his hands aloft, and chanted the service of blessing the canoe, in a fine, sonorous voice that could be heard at least half a mile. The holy water was sprinkled, and then the solemnity of the occasion was a little marred by the Indians producing their guns, bedecked with ribbons, and firing a scattering round of shots as a finale.

It was at Mingan, too, that we saw a little more of the vicissitudes which beset the dauntless pioneers of the Church. It was about time for a pastoral visit from Father Bouchard, the spiritual shepherd of the fishermen. While we were in the harbor a man appeared on the nearest island and shouted loudly for help. Being rescued, he was found to be Father Bouchard, wet and miserable. While he had slept, the man accompanying him had run his boat aground near one of the islands, the night before. The good Father, who had nothing to eat, waited for high tide to float him off; but the hope was vain.

Then he waited until low tide, waded across half a mile of shoal water and followed the beach of the island around for four miles, until he came opposite the post. Then his shouts were heard, and he was relieved from further impersonation of Robinson Crusoe. We took him into our big dining-room and kitchen in the hold, where he devastated the food in an appalling manner. While he slept in the cabin Mr. Malony and his son went to see if they could get Father Bouchard's boat off the rocks. They succeeded, for the boat and its luckless pilot overtook us down the coast two days later. In the meantime the priest slept, ate, indulged in rough and tumble games with my boy friend, and took his turn at the schooner's wheel for hours at a time. Strong as a pugilist, cheerful as a cricket, all things to all men, Father Bouchard was a fine example of the wisdom displayed by the Catholic Church in the selection of the men to fulfil its arduous tasks. He insisted on our anchoring at his little home village of Magpie, where on Sunday afternoon he had the idle fishermen catch and harness his winter dog-team, to exhibit the means by which, when winter filled the gulf with ice, he travelled from one end of his long parish to the other. The dogs knew there was something wrong about being hitched to a sled in August, so they entangled their harness, pulled awry, and fought like demons. We heard them howling as we sailed away with the tide.

One might write about the wonderful fishing rivers east of the Mingan ; of the Romaine, the great Natashquan, and a score of other streams. But we did not sail that far. As Deputy Commissioner Tache had told us at Quebec, if we had visited those distant waters, we should not have come back that summer. As it was, we flew homeward before a northeaster that howled over the gulf and blew away some of our sails, and shot us into the harbor of Grand Metis, on the South Shore, where, at low tide, the water all went out of the bay and let the schooner down on her side. The bilge water ran over the bunks of the guides who were asleep forward ; the boy rolled out of his berth in the cabin ; the dishes fell off the table, and there were French imprecations in the darkness. But in the morning our schooner was right side up again, floating on the high tide as though nothing had happened.

We went ashore and found a man who loaded our baggage on a little two-wheeled red cart, and we followed him over the hills, driving a horse which refused to recognize the command to " Get up," but which cheerfully responded to " Marche donc ! " Six miles of this brought us to the railroad station at St. Flavie, on the Intercolonial Railway, and two days later we were sweltering in a belated hot spell which swept over the Northern States like a furnace-blast. Then we wished we had tarried on the edge of Labrador.



A MISUNDERSTOOD DOG

By Bradley Gilman

I SIT, often, upon the parsonage porch, with my books and papers. I love to sit there, for its southerly exposure is suited to my thinned blood in these latter days. And then, as I read of the world's doings, and become troubled by the thought of sins and sinners, I raise my eyes to the old church, near at hand—my old church, mine to grow old beside, twined with ivy and with tender memories—I look up from the world's record of hate and lust and craft, and the dear old church softens my mood ; and I say a prayer, not only in behalf of the oppressed, but of the oppressor also : " Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do ! "

From my quiet retreat on the vine-sheltered porch I have not only a good view of the hill road, our main thoroughfare, but I can also overlook the larger part of my garden. And often Michael, white-haired old Michael, can take directions from me, by a sign or two, without coming up the lawn to the porch.

Poor old Michael ! There he is, now, coaxing the tendrils of a trumpet flower up over the stump of an old cherry-tree. The bent, decrepit figure of the man brings back the past to me. I recall, as if it were yesterday, a morning like this, twenty years ago, when I sat, as I do now, on the porch, and a man opened the garden-gate, hesitated, entered, and came shambling up the path. As he drew near I saw, by his faded, shapeless hat, his gray, collarless shirt, his torn and soiled coat, and his trousers worn and baggy, and fringed at the bottoms, that he was a tramp. With him was a dog, a brindled bull-dog, having a patch of white around one eye, with ears looking like pennants frayed out by many storms, and a short stump of a tail so animated that it seemed a thing of life, quite apart from the animal himself. The dog had a rough, savage air, which led me—although I love dogs most devotedly—to glance for reassurance at the open door behind me.

As the two soiled, disreputable wanderers came near, both recognized my presence, and both lost their saddened aspect, and hopefully smiled. The dog's smile was the more marked of the two, but it was a real smile—if one knows dogs—and quite restored my confidence. His mouth opened, his tongue lolled out, his ragged ears pointed forward like shattered interrogation points, he tossed his head back, and quickened, from a sober, and even dignified, walk, to a trot, which had a sad suggestion of forced gayety in it. Presently the man stood before me, hat in hand, and humbly addressed me.

" Only a little bread and coffee, this bright morning, Yer Riverence ! "

Then he turned sharply upon the dog, who was snuffing at my knees : " Down, Satan ! Set down thar ! " And the dog obeyed.

I have many kinds of titles bestowed upon me by strange visitors. The book agents and insurance agents usually call me " Doctor," knowing the weaknesses and ambitions of the ministry. The forlorn people with letters of recommendation often say " Your Honor ; " the Celtic portion of my visitors use the title " Yer Riverence ; " and sometimes a German addresses me tersely as " Reverend." In this case it was " Yer Riverence."

I looked at the man and felt sure I had seen him before, for I recall faces easily ; a minister must do that. As I caught his wandering glance it was as when one knocks and knocks at a door, and sees a window curtain flutter, and hears a subdued step in the hall, but gets no answer to his summons. I could look *at* his eyes, but could not look *into* them.

Now it was different with the dog. His soul came cordially out into his eyes, as into a portico, to bid me welcome ; and as I glanced at him a grateful tremor began at his ragged eartips, spread over his rough, dirty body, and disappeared at the tip of his stiff, stumpy tail.

I looked at the man again, and asked, " My man, haven't I seen you here before? "

He frowned for an instant. He was deciding whether I was fixed enough in my suspicion to maintain it.

Then he decided that I was; and, drawing nearer, he said, with a persuasive smile, and in a very confidential tone, "I'll tell yer, Yer Riverence; I was here only wanst before; three months ago, about; yer'll belave me, now, Yer Riverence, fer it's hiven's truth I'm tillin' yer; and yer'll not mind me comin' this mornin', for Satan and me is 'most starved."

Satan corroborated this speech—which I'm sure he understood—by a subdued whine and a most intelligent and pleading look into my face.

For a moment I was puzzled as to my duty. The fellow was plainly a shiftless vagabond. His habits of life were recorded not only on his garments but in his face. Yet he had thrown himself on my confidence and sympathy; and then —I must confess it—as I glanced at the dog, looking up trustfully into the face of his worthless master as a hungry soul might look up toward his God, the scene touched me; my heart softened, and for the dumb brute's sake I bade his master stay. I entered the house and brought out bread and meat and coffee.

Then the better side of his character showed itself; as I had expected, he shared this food with his dog. The hungry dependent stood with bright, eager eyes looking up at his master, and his long, red tongue flicked alternately out and in, at the sides of his mouth, as if he were sharpening it for instant use; and all the time little thrills and chills coursed down along his body like ripples on a lake.

"Yours?" I asked; "your dog?"

"You bet, Yer Riverence! begging your pardon for the word." Here one greasy finger shot upward in apology toward his rimless hat. "He's mine; all mine, every hair of him."

"I hope you're kind to him," I ventured; for I had my doubts as I detected the fellow's unstable character; I thought he was one of those lovers of dogs who would heap kindness on a pet in one tender mood, and then abuse him cruelly in a fit of temper.

"Yes, I'm—I'm kind to Satan;" and his vacillating glance rested with real tenderness on the dog. "That is—most of the time; once in a while though, Yer Riverence, I lose me timper a bit, and thin—thin—I—I—well—Satan, we know all about it, boy, don't we? And we don't bear no ill-feeling, as between pals, do we?"

The faithful dog responded with violent tail-waggings, and with subdued little growls of affection, and the tramp broke off a large piece of bread and gave it to him.

I was now interested enough in the singular pair of friends to draw the man out; and his account of the dog—with my own interpretation of it—I have deemed myself justified in giving to the public.

As the man talked, clumsily mixing his food and his words, the fact became clearer and clearer to me that from the first Satan had been a greatly misunderstood dog.

To begin with, there was his evil name. That had been given him when a tiny puppy, merely because the words had figured on a lurid play bill, and had caught the eye of the hostler, his first owner.

Then his appearance was much against him; for his right eye was encircled by a patch of white hair, and contrasted sharply with the dark brindle color of the remainder of his body. Anybody who took pains to look at the eye itself—large, full, earnest, even pleading—could have read the animal's honest character at once; but most people noticed only the general evil effect of the white patch.

Moreover, an imperfect growth of the upper lip showed two of his white, glistening teeth; and they also gave the appearance of ill-temper; so that, although the puppy was actually the gentlest and most intelligent of his litter, his threatening appearance seemed to give reasons for his ominous name.

Satan was the largest and most active of his brothers and sisters; and as he always came off victor in their frolics, he was looked upon with approval by the idlers of the stable, and was considered as a promising young fighter.

Then, when he was about six months old, he had some difficulty with the cutting of his teeth; one or two of them did not come through the gums easily; and for a week or more he tried to help the operation by biting at everything he could get

into his mouth. This passing habit also told in favor of the young dog's supposedly ferocious tendencies; and, although poor Satan loved anybody who would give him a gentle touch of the hand, he was looked upon distrustfully; and in the opinion of the excellent judges around him he was destined for a successful career in the pit.

Presently there came a change in the dog's fortunes. His owner fell ill, and was sent to the hospital; and Satan, and all his brothers and sisters, were given away. They were not of the proper purity of breed to have any especial value—as fashions in dogs go—and were given to anybody who would take them. Satan was transferred to the ownership of an express-man, and by him was sold to a house-painter, who desired him as a playmate for his children. The enterprising express-man had prepared himself to praise the dog's fighting tendencies; but, finding that gentler qualities were demanded, he quickly assured the purchaser that the dog was extremely docile and of a most kindly temper, thus speaking truer words than he knew; and when the trade was completed he chuckled much at his shrewdness; and the recording angel, I doubt not, set down against him his words of truth as words of falsehood.

In his new home with the house-painter's family, honest, loving Satan was very happy for several months. In an hour he and the little ones learned about one another as well as though they had been friends for years. With the baby he was especially intimate; and the two had undoubtedly a language in common, and exchanged confidences of which older heads knew nothing.

If the children and their beloved playmate could have been left undisturbed, Satan would have got on without suffering under any misunderstandings; but the older and so-called "wiser" people of the family, influenced by the peculiar marking of his eye, and by his exposed teeth, shook their heads at his eager, animated ways, and suggested evil tendencies in his character. This judgment gained strength from a certain honest boldness of curiosity which the dog evinced toward all new things; and often this inquiring nature, joined with his forbidding appearance, gave him an air of courting danger and conflict. For example, a cat was one day dropped upon the ground near him by a mischievous boy; Satan stared at the frightened, spitting creature, and walked confidently forward to learn more about the strange object; and then, as the cat excitedly ran away, he caught the excitement and ran blindly after her. This was at once set down as still clearer evidence of a deeply pugnacious character.

When Satan was eight or ten months old another unlucky incident served to deepen the current convictions as to his savage temper. The butcher's boy one day held a piece of meat down to him; and, as Satan tried to take it, the boy drew it quickly away. This was repeated several times; and then Satan, in a frantic leap after the coveted morsel, seized not only the piece of meat, but by accident seized the boy's finger with it, and the boy roared with surprise and pain and with rage against the dog.

The injury was very slight, indeed, but the boy told his employer that Satan had savagely bitten his finger. The employer told a customer to beware of that dog, for the beast had torn his servant boy's hand most savagely. The customer reported to several people that Satan was a very ferocious animal, who had attacked several people and had endangered their lives, and that he ought to be killed.

Thus the story spread rapidly, and gained in dreadful details at each step. And, through it all, poor, maligned Satan went on romping with his playmates, and exchanging confidences with the baby, who pulled his ears more and more vigorously each day, with her increasing strength.

The baby was Satan's favorite. She was not yet strong enough or heavy enough to cause him pain as she rolled upon him and stepped on his toes and pulled his tail. Then, too, she was not yet sufficiently ingenious to blow in his eyes and tie strings around his jaws. These were the pranks of the older children; but Satan was patient under it all, and hoped it was for his good somehow, he knew not quite in what way.

In due time the excitement about the butcher boy died out without bringing harm to Satan in body, but it gave him pain of heart to have threats hurled at him

by people who little knew how deeply he regretted the accident. He felt shut off somehow from the public sympathy; he felt a coldness in the attitude of people about him; he grew a little shy and reserved in manner, and this was promptly set down as surliness. So that the baby, to whom he now gave even more attention and devotion, was the only confidant he had, and with her he talked this matter over fully when they were alone; and this was his great comfort.

One day Satan was washing the baby's face; yes, washing her face; he had often seen his mistress do it, and now he tried it himself. The baby was seated in the path outside the front gate, and was cooing and crowing and spluttering with delight during the process. To be sure, there was a little trace of molasses on the left cheek, and a flavor of butter down near the left corner of the mouth; and these added temporary sensations of pleasure to Satan's constant, unswerving feelings of affection and devotion.

Just then there came by one of those women who know everything. She knew everything about homes, and children, and dogs, and horses, and the cattle upon the thousand hills; and knew it always in an instant. As soon, therefore, as her omniscient eye fell upon the scene, she knew that this bloodthirsty animal was trying to eat the child alive; and with a scream she swooped down upon them, to the great surprise and perplexity of Satan and the alarm and noisy resistance of the baby. She caught up the child in her arms, and the child filled the air with cries of protest; these cries Satan understood to be an appeal to him for protection, and the next moment, with an angry growl, he had the woman's elbow in his strong jaws, and hung there, swinging from side to side like a pendulum.

This conduct on his part, you may be assured, did not result in any lessening of the din. The omniscient woman, in that brief moment, realized her limitations more completely than ever before in her life. She screamed in fear and desperation; and only the timely appearance in the doorway of Satan's mistress saved her from fainting.

A sharp word from the doorway caused Satan to drop to the ground, with a feeling of relief at being freed from the responsibility of the child's protection; and the baby herself was soon on her mother's arm, and eager to be put down again with Satan, to continue their play, so rudely interrupted.

The omniscient woman recovered her breath and her voice, and declared violently against the ferocious dog who had attacked her, as she said—and as thousands of others, with as little ground of truth, have said—"without the slightest provocation." One or two of the neighbors heard the disturbance and listened to the charges made against Satan; and here, again, the misunderstandings of the past served to support the accusations of the present; and the result of it all was that poor Satan was voted a dangerous animal, and several were heard to intimate that he would be better killed or sent away.

This episode led the way to a great transition in the dog's life. The angry demands of the neighbors were yielded to, and Satan was thrust forth from his home; he was given to a street huckster, and by him was tied to the tail of a cart, and dragged away; away from his home, away from his playmates the children, and away from his bosom friend, the baby.

Only force could have done it; and that would hardly have availed had it not been for the commands of his mistress, whose word had always been law to him. So, behind the cart he was tied, and a group of weeping children was left standing at the gate, and poor, loving, loyal Satan, himself weeping, I doubt not, trotted away in the gathering gloom of that eventful evening.

His new master took him to his home, in a neighboring town, and tied him in a shed, and fed him regularly for several days. This was done, as the man sagely explained to a friend, in order to gain the dog's affections; but it gained nothing of Satan's affection. What the poor, lonely fellow needed, even more than food, was a soft, kind word or two, and a gentle pat on the head; to that he would have responded with eagerness; but he did not receive it, and he ate his pieces of bread and meat in solitude and sadness, and thought of his old home.

As much as possible he slept; for in his dreams he romped again with the children,

and sometimes, as he awoke, he could feel the baby's hand on his head, and, looking up for one passing moment, vainly expected to see her chubby face at his side.

Here, under these new conditions, poor, unhappy Satan was continuously misunderstood. His listlessness and melancholy were taken by his master to mean surliness; and when, after being tied up a few days, he was set free, and made no attempt to find his old home, this was considered an evidence of his stupidity.

Little did his master know that he could have found the way back as easily as he could have crossed the road or leaped the stone wall. But he made no attempt; he recalled the stern command of his mistress; he knew, as well as did anybody, that he must give up his old life, and he was reconciling himself, as best he could, to the new one. But he did long so, sometimes, for the old faces and the old voices, that in his sadness you would have hardly recognized the active, eager, bright-eyed Satan of the old time.

Satan's master was somewhat disappointed in him. The dog did not show any signs of that ferocity which he had been led to expect; yet his appearance was savage enough to make him an excellent guardian of his master's house and property. And that was the irony of the situation, that the huckster's neighbors gave him a wide berth, and even admired, at a distance, his threatening aspect; while he, poor fellow, looked wistfully at them, and felt weary of life, he so much longed for sympathy and affection.

Satan's stay with his master was brief. The huckster, in a few weeks, sold out his business and left town; and since the dog had cost him nothing, and he had no affection for the animal, he left him behind, homeless and forsaken.

Satan was now without any human ties whatever; and to be without such helps to upright conduct is as dangerous for dogs as for men; at such times the steps downward to disreputable ways are very easily entered upon; vice beckons most persuasively when virtuous influences are absent; and a living, hoping, loving soul, whether in a man's body or in a dog's, must have companionship and sympathy as a safeguard.

So it came about that Satan made friends of various degenerate specimens of doghood; or, rather, he allowed them to make friends of him; and together they foraged in alleys and backyards, and led a precarious existence in the lower streets of the town. Often he thought of his old home, with its merry group of playmates; and gladly and quickly would he have sped across the country to its shelter and its love, had he not recollected, with sadness and pain, the sharp words of dismissal which had sent him forth.

So he shut his great grief within his breast, and tried to find some new friend among the crowds of the street; but although each day he hoped for some passer-by to give him a friendly word, yet each day the hope grew more dim. Harsh words and unkind looks were his portion; and as the cold weather came on food, even of the worst kind, became scarcer and scarcer, and poor Satan knew, for the first time in his life, what real, gnawing hunger was like.

One day he was searching among the refuse barrels and waste heaps of a vacant lot for some scrap of food. He was searching in desperation. Suddenly he caught sight of a few morsels of meat, as they were thrown out into the lot from the rear door of a restaurant; in an instant he leaped forward; in those morsels there was a respite from starvation for some poor four-footed creature. Satan sprang toward the food, seized it, and was about to carry it away when he heard a savage growl behind him, and turned, barely in time to avoid the spring of another larger dog, who also had set eyes of hungry intent on the coveted meal. Then came a louder and more threatening growl from the larger dog, as he recovered himself and made straight at Satan's throat. There was no time for reflection; Satan had no desire to fight, but here was an unjust attack. The scraps of meat belonged to him by all laws of prior seizure; yet this larger dog, trusting to his superior strength, was bent upon taking them from him. For a moment, only, Satan reflected and hesitated; he must have what belonged to him, if, indeed, he could keep it, which seemed unlikely.

The big, hungry dog again sprang forward, and Satan dropped his morsel and met him with open mouth. The greater

weight of the would-be robber rolled Satan over upon his back; but, by a lucky snap of his strong jaws, as he rolled, he seized the other dog firmly by the throat. There he hung. The big dog growled, and swept him from side to side over the ground, raising a cloud of dust; and then, lifting him fairly from the earth, shook him savagely in the air; but, all the time, Satan, by the instinct of self-preservation, more than by any definite plan of battle, held silently by his throat, and resolved that there he would stick.

Of course the noise and the sight of the struggle drew idle spectators, like flies, to the scene. Some of them expressed delight, and some horror; but all showed profound interest in the proceedings. Satan had his eyes shut, and could not see them, but he heard them, and he hoped each minute that somebody would interfere. He dared not let go his grip, for he knew that the big dog had strength and weight enough to kill him, if it were once brought to bear fully upon him.

But the big dog was now the more frightened of the two; and his growls had become subdued to a whine, and his efforts became less and less vigorous. Presently a big blacksmith mustered courage to seize Satan, and a stout wagoner ventured to clutch the other dog; and as soon as Satan saw that his foe was likely to be held back he loosened his jaws and gladly retreated from the struggle.

The big dog was in no condition of mind or body to renew his attack, and slunk away; Satan, hardly less frightened, yet pressed by hunger, at once bethought himself of the scraps of meat, and quickly took possession of them, his hunger soon banishing his fright. The crowd of idlers, some of whom had seen him before, were unanimous in his praise; they had not the words to fully express their satisfaction at the "gameness" of "the little un." His feelings of fright and his instinct of desperate self-preservation they interpreted as an innate love of bloodthirsty strife; and they one and all agreed that such pluck had not been seen in that town since the remarkable day when "Bill Reynolds's terrier choked the life out of Sam Baker's red setter."

This episode in Satan's life brought him into the ownership of a new master; and the new master was no other than the tramp who presented himself, with the dog beside him, at the parsonage porch. It happened in this wise:

After the conflict was over, most of the idlers lounged back to their haunts around the stables and saloons. But one of them went over near Satan, as he enjoyed his hardly earned meal, and talked to him in a friendlier tone than he had heard for many a day. It may be that the two glasses of whiskey which had very recently passed down the man's throat had something to do with this friendly expression; but, whatever the cause, the kind words were very grateful to Satan. And he even paused, half-famished as he was, to return the friendly advances with a brief, spasmodic vibration of his tail.

When the food had been eaten, a slice of buttered bread from the rear pocket of his visitor's greasy frock-coat completed the mutual confidences; and Satan licked the hand that patted him, and gave several snuffles and sighs of deep content, and felt that perhaps the world was not so cold and heartless as he had supposed.

The dog's history, from this point on, was told me by various police officers, and it runs as follows:

This man, Satan's next master, was drunken and disreputable enough to dampen the enthusiasm of even the most zealous "slum-worker." He was a tailor by trade, and had given up regular work long before, having learned (that most dangerous and demoralizing fact) that in this country a man can obtain bread without working for it. He had, withal, a certain attractive good-nature, which, with his ready tongue, made it especially easy for him to cajole thrifty householders out of the desired bread and coffee.

So the two faced the world together; and whatever food the tailor got by his persuasive ways he shared with his dog; and the two became devoted friends. Satan was at first puzzled by the long periods of rest and profound sleep in which his master indulged, on occasions, at the most unexpected times and in the most uncomfortable corners of public parks and alleys; indeed, he never fully understood the reason for them; but he learned to stand guard at such times over the prostrate form; and, as the police told

me, woe to the man—brass buttons or no brass buttons—who then tried to lay hand on the drunken tailor.

Thus weeks and months passed by, and Satan's life was not an unhappy one. He grew more and more dirty and unkempt, but the dog had what he most longed for, affection. The one redeeming virtue in the disreputable tailor was that he really was fond of Satan. Other better-kept dogs looked scornfully at him, but he only glanced up confidingly at his master, and trotted along with great content in his breast.

When the tailor was sober he was kindly; and when he was quite filled with liquor he was soon stupid and helpless. It was when he had drank a little only, and desired more, that he was inconsiderate and cross. At such times he was inclined to speak sharply to his faithful companion, and often tried to urge him into quarrels with other dogs; but he urged in vain—Satan had only good-will toward both man and beast. He could not understand why he should attack any creature who had not attacked him. Thus the tailor was somewhat puzzled, and was considerably disappointed in him; for he had witnessed the dog's remarkable prowess, and felt sure that he was a wonderful fighter.

Late in the afternoon of the day when the two had stood in the parsonage porch, a great thirst for liquor came over the man; and the one glass of whiskey which he was able to beg from an old crony only whetted his appetite and made him cross. He spoke sharply to Satan, and once even tried to kick him.

Then an evil combination of circumstances gathered about the two companions. The owner of a bar-room where the thirsty tailor was lounging, hoping for a "treat," had recently bought a dog; and he offered to bet Satan's master that his new dog could whip Satan in a fair fight.

The tailor declared, in the high hope of unlimited drinks, that he could not; and several of the bystanders supported his declaration, and dropped sundry remarks in praise of Satan's prowess. The result was that an agreement was then and there made to set the dogs at each other, and have a trial of their respective merits.

When the new dog was brought out he proved to be nearly a third larger than Satan, and much heavier, and the scars on his breast and shoulders showed that he was no stranger to the dog-pit. The tailor was just enough excited by the whiskey already within him, and stimulated by the hope of the larger quantity which he hoped to add to it, to be blind to the impending danger.

As for Satan, as soon as he saw the other dog, he wagged his stump of a tail in the friendliest possible way, and would have entered at once upon a frolic; but a restraining hand held him, and the new dog uttered a forbidding growl. After a few more drinks the crowd adjourned to a yard in the rear of an empty house, and disposed themselves on barrels and boxes and on the fence. Then the dogs were brought near each other, poor Satan wondering what it all meant, and looking for an explanation.

A practised hand now pushed the animals roughly up against each other, and although Satan only took this to be an accident, and hoped it would not be repeated, the trained pit-dog knew it, of old, as the signal for conflict, and broke from the hand that held him, and flew at his antagonist.

Now it must not be understood that Satan was a coward, for he was not; and when this ferocious animal sprang at him, great as the odds were against him, he defended himself. He was not as heavy as the pit dog, but he was quicker; and like a flash he leaped aside, and, as the other passed him, he seized him by the throat.

The pit-dog, thus impeded in his leap, rolled headlong upon the ground, and Satan fell with him. At once from the barrels and boxes and the fence went up a chorus of yells at this masterly defence. All expressed great confidence in Satan's powers, heavy as the odds were against him.

The next instant Satan felt the powerful jaws of his enemy shut into the side of his neck. His own hold prevented those jaws from quite reaching under his throat, but the strong, sharp teeth brought pain, and blood flowed from both dogs.

For a few moments there was a pause. On the part of the trained pit-dog this was only a feint; on Satan's part it was in the hope that this was the end of the matter,

and that now kind human hands would stop the savage struggle. But the half-drunken tailor only shouted to his dog, urging him on; and no help came.

Suddenly the pit-dog let go his grip, and by his greater strength bent his head forward and seized poor Satan's right paw in his strong jaws. Instantly there was heard a cracking sound. The bone was broken like a pipe-stem. That was the method of warfare to which he had been trained by savage human instructors.

Satan felt the horrible pain shoot through his whole body, and his own slenderer jaws shut more desperately on his foe's tough throat. But what could the poor fellow do, thus maimed and weakened! He could only hold on, in a frantic, hopeless way, while his drunken master loudly cursed him, and declared that he would yet conquer.

But not so. He was not a fighter, either by nature or training; all his reputation for ferocity was not justified by his instincts or by his past actions. And while the pit-dog, hardy, savage, relentless, felt only irritation at the grip upon his throat, Satan's strength and courage were fast ebbing.

There was another violent struggle, confused and blood-curdling, and then the pit-dog tore himself from Satan's weakened grip, his blood flowing freely, but his strength unimpaired, and his savage nature roused to fury. One quick movement, and he had Satan by the throat and shook him like a rat.

A deathly silence fell on the crowd; those who were at all sober saw that the smaller dog was doomed. The drunken tailor fairly foamed, in his obstinate wrath at his unhappy dog. His drunken madness swallowed up the affection which he really had for his four-footed companion. Poor, desperate, dying Satan looked pleadingly, piteously at him, but that look of entreaty met no response. The brute instincts of his master had supplanted the human sympathies.

Then there was a sickening scene as the maddened pit-dog shook his helpless antagonist, and set his jaws more firmly in the unresisting throat. Deeper and deeper he thrust his glistening teeth, now dyed red with the blood of his victim, until finally there came a great gush of the red stream of life, and he crouched like a tiger over the quivering body, and the struggle was ended.

Poor Satan, misunderstood through all his life, would be misunderstood no longer.

Then the crowd of idle, brutal loafers, following the instincts which always govern such natures, deserted the scene, and in a shambling, shamefaced way, straggled, in twos and threes, back to the saloons and stables.

The barkeeper, with great difficulty, pulled his maddened animal away from the unresisting body; and the tailor, now deserted, and partially sobered by the dreadful scene, stood fixed in a stupid, frightened stare. He stood thus several minutes, as if expecting the inanimate form to rise and come toward him, as of old. Then he spoke, weakly, hesitatingly: "Satan! Satan! come—here!"

But there was no response. Faithful Satan gave no sign of recognition; the stumpy tail and the ragged ears, always so expressive of the owner's hopes and fears and sympathies, now gave no token of life and intelligence.

The wretched tailor started forward; he leaned over his faithful companion's body; he gazed into the half-closed eyes, but no soulful, eloquent glance, as of old, now met him. He laid his trembling hand on the discolored body, and it grew colder and colder under his touch.

Then, for the first time, the truth seemed to penetrate into his drink-obscured mind. The full extent of his loss came over his brutish nature. He groaned aloud; he looked about him, but his careless, selfish companions were gone; he knew that he was alone in the world; his one faithful friend was dead.

Then he took off his coat, and laid the lifeless body upon it; and, gathering the disordered bundle into his arms, he walked —with weak, trembling steps, though not now with the gait of a drunken man— straight over to the parsonage; and there on the porch I met him; I met them both, amid the shadows of evening, as I had met them in the sunshine of the morning.

The poor, unhappy man seemed to trust me, as if confident of my sympathy; and, as his eye met mine, the stolid, fierce expression left his face, and great tears rolled down his cheeks; with a groan he laid his burden at my feet.

I was moved, deeply moved. I know something about men and a good deal about dogs; and I knew that these two had been loving, devoted friends; more truly sympathetic than are many a man and wife. Never was a loving response lacking from this faithful dumb companion. The very quality which a man values most in the wife of his bosom, unfailing love, always leaped out and up from this poor creature to his master.

I laid my hand on the man's shoulder, and said, tenderly, "My man, you have lost a dear friend. Tell me about it! Come in and sit here!" And then, as he hesitated, I caught his feeling, and I added, "Certainly, bring in his poor body! We won't leave it lying there alone."

So the broken-hearted man came in, and laid his burden beside a chair, and, seating himself, confided his troubles to me—though I was the younger of the two—as a child might confide in its father.

When the sad story was told, with sobs and tears, I had never a chiding word to add; the man's grief was great; and together we gave the poor, torn body burial, peace, and rest, under the shade of a cherry-tree, at the end of the garden.

Then I was able to talk more quietly with the poor, broken-hearted fellow; I tried to turn the current of his feelings into other channels; but he constantly reverted to his great sorrow. After a moment or two of deep, silent reflection he suddenly exclaimed, with touching eagerness, "Does dogs have sowls, Yer Riverence?"

I assured him that they had, and the thought seemed to give him comfort; then, after another pause, "An' bees there dogs in hiven, Yer Riverence? Good dogs, av coorse, I mane."

"Yes, Michael, I certainly believe that there are."

"Bliss Gard! bliss Gard! and the howly mither av Gard!" he ejaculated, fervently.

However, the sense of "things seen and temporal" was strong upon him; it is strong upon all of us, far too strong; and he could not divest himself of the feeling that his faithful friend Satan, was somewhere there in the ground, soul with body.

So I understood and sympathized when he presently asked, with a pitiful repression of eagerness that was very touching, if I had not some job of work about the place which he could undertake. Accordingly I made some work for him, and he did it faithfully. And afterward I set him about some important changes in the flower-beds; and the result—well, we shall never know the full results of any of our actions until the Great Day—but the result at the present time is that Michael, with never a relapse, with never a sign of regret for "the road," still potters about the grounds and my dear old church; and, each year, he renews the plants and vines upon the little mound beside the now mouldering trunk of the cherry-tree.

Sometimes Michael and I talk over the past; though the true-hearted, single-minded old man never speaks with any directness of the sad episode which brought us together; but from casual allusions dropped by him I am sure that the years have done for him, what they should do for us all: they have cleared away many mistakes and false fancies; and I know, with entire certainty, that poor, dear Satan is no longer "a misunderstood dog."

THE RHINE GOLD

PRELUDE

Deep . . . dark . . .
Dark . . . deep . . .
Still, they sleep . .
Silent sleep . . . . . .

Under the Earth the waters sleep,
Still in the womb of the world they keep
Night and silence and slumber deep ;
Slumber and silence, night and gloom,
Naught stirs yet in the wrought world's womb,
Nothing is weaving, still is the loom.
Black are the waters' depths and still in a rest unstirred ;
Sightless and mindless, void ; unseen, unspoke, unheard,
In the beginning, void ; unsaid as yet the Word.
Water primeval, air and earth,
Naught that stirs hath yet had birth;
The Norns are silent ; and Erda, Earth,
Like a child unborn sleeps and is still,
Lapped in waters ; and the Will,
The Will of the World is night and nil.
Darkly still . . .
Silence keep . . .
Still and deep . .
The waters sleep.

Still . . . deep . . .
Waters still . . . . .
World and Will . . . .
Night and Nil.

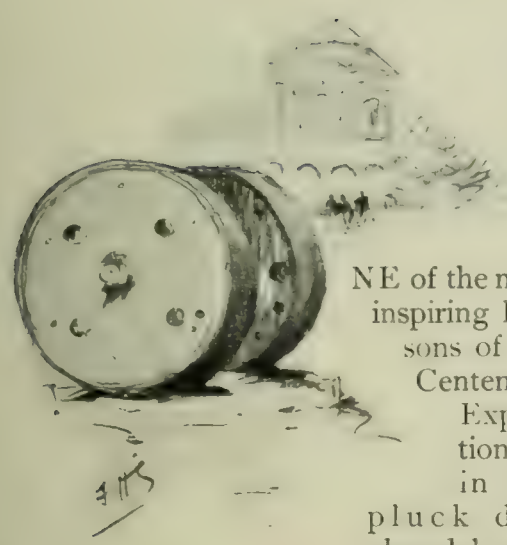
Deep in the heart of the Earth they shine,—
Shineth the flood of the yellow Rhine—
Shineth a cup of golden wine !
Gold, Rhine-Gold, deep and old,
Deepest in depth the gloried Gold
Flares, in the flood the Rhine hath rolled
Deepest and darkest of all, and the waters thrill and turn,
Yearn at the wand of Will ; waver and glow and burn
Ruby-red, as wine poured deep in a golden urn ;
Golden floods from a ruby's glow,
Radiant red the Rhine deeps flow,
Lapped in night, the treasure's show,
Whelmed in purple depths unseen,
Heaps the hoard of the golden sheen,
Watched in waters crystalline.
Deep in Rhine . . . .
Unseen, untold . . . .
Treasures old . . . . .
Wakes the Gold.



SOME NOTES ON TENNESSEE'S CENTENNIAL

By F. Hopkinson Smith

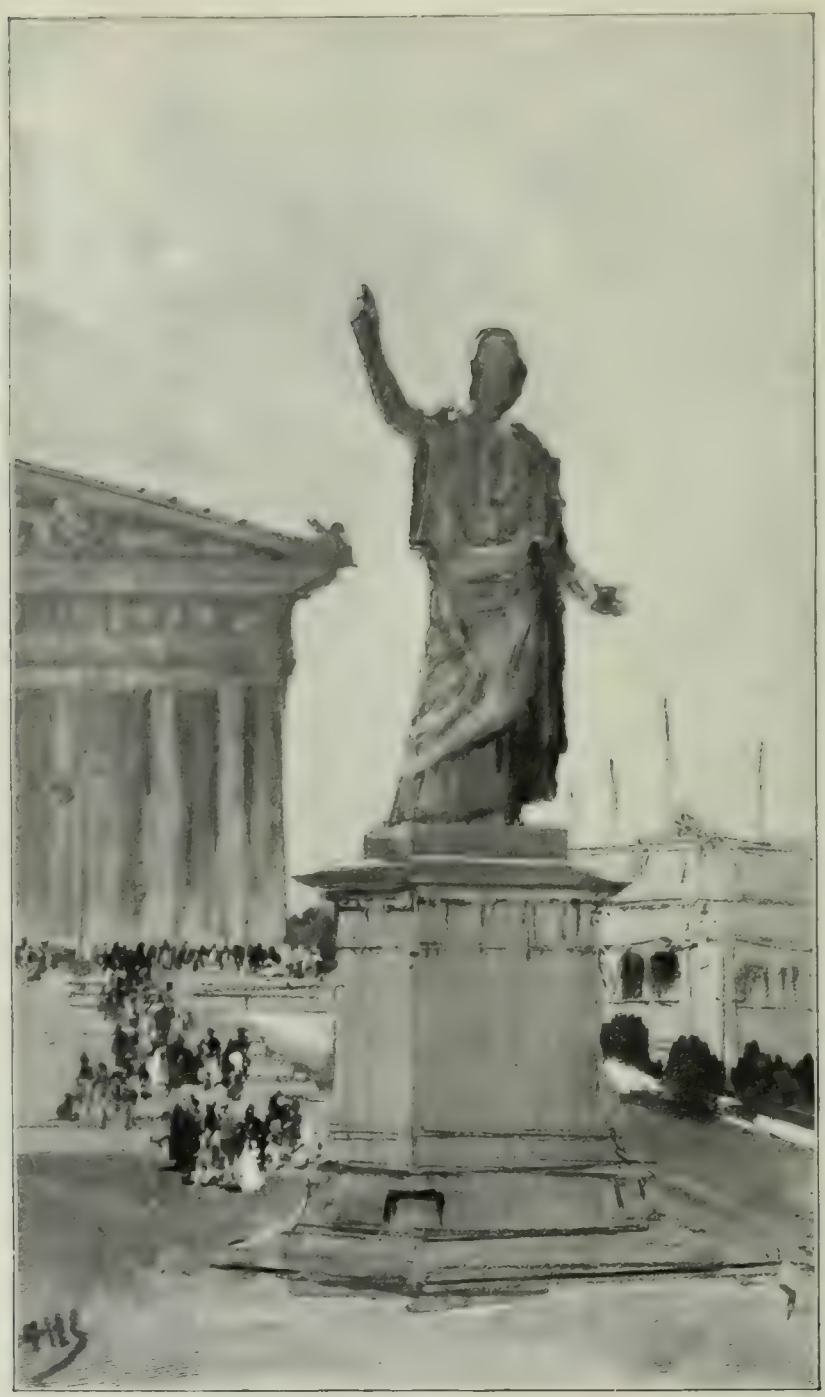
ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



Wheels from an Old Confederate Powder-mill.

ONE of the most inspiring lessons of the Centennial Exposition lies in the pluck displayed by the men and women who built it.

While wheat was choking the bins of the elevators, corn burning as a substitute for soft coal, and the predatory pig regarded only as an encumbrance and a thing of misery; when railroads were defaulting on their deferred bonds, their preferred stocks provoked only ironical laughter, and the roads themselves were threatened with that total collapse which some one has aptly described as two streaks of rust and a mortgage; when that pest of a fly with the silver wings shadowed one half of the Republic, and the bug with the golden tail was about to devastate the other; when a rattling fire of exploding banks was kept up along the main line of commerce, followed by a series of lesser detonations whenever and wherever the connecting wires of their mutual interests or calamities carried the disastrous current; when tariffs and interventions and floods and labor riots were followed by smokeless chimneys, motionless fly-wheels, and silent looms, and all the horrors of idleness hung over the land like a cloud from out which could be heard mutterings of the coming storm, a cyclone that would sweep us into the nowhere of desolation; when all these several calamities overwhelmed us, then it was that these plucky inhabitants of a little State away down in the Southwest—these live, up-to-date descendants of Old Hickory and



Pallas Athene and the Parthenon.

Davy Crockett—girded on their armor, burned their bridges behind them, and built this Exposition.

And a very beautiful and wonderful Exposition it is from any point of view; architecturally, because of the dignity and artistic excellence of its many inspiring buildings; commercially, because of the marvellous collection of the State products now gathered within its closed grounds, and financially, because it was all practically paid for in cash the day its gates were opened in May.

To him who runs (through these grounds) and reads as he runs, the cause of this phenomenal success is apparent at every turn. "These are our failures," said Beau Brummel's valet, as he descended with face a-light from the toilette of the exquisite on the floor above, dozens of his master's crumpled neck-ties hanging limp over his extended arm. "These are our mistakes," said the dejected managers of previous exhibitions, pointing to incomplete structures palsied suddenly by debt—to miles of silent hotel corridors and to many obvious



Interstate Government Building.

examples of the overdone and the underdone.

Not that the Tennessee Centennial Exposition can be compared with the White City—that dream of three years ago. You could put the whole of this Exposition into one corner of Chicago's triumph, and then have to call upon the truthful theological student with the rolling chair to find it. Not that it is to be compared in any way to its dignity and beauty—well, hardly in any way—there are plenty of toes about and one must be careful where one treads. But it is just because it does *not* compare that one's enthusiasm gets the better of him.

Of its buildings for instance, there is no one structure that could dare rear its façade and gaze contemptuously on Atwood's Art Building; on Post's Colossal Liberal Arts; on McKim's Agricultural Pavilion, or Hunt's Administration Building. Those marvels of modern ephemeral architecture have never been equalled in our own country or in any other, and perhaps never will be again—certainly not in this century. The millions they cost are not easily secured, and certainly are not to be found in the modest coffers of any one State. But mere rivalry was not what actuated these plucky Tennesseeans. They never expected to build any such exhibition as that of Chicago, and they never tried. Neither did they hope to erect a MacMonnies fountain, or a French's Goddess with which to enrich each end of their pocket lagoon. New beauties could be created without imitating these particular standards. No one recognized this so clearly as W. C. Smith—I welcome him as an honored addition into the ranks of that distinguished family who enlarge by their several occupations, from wit to whitewashing, the directories of our land.



Woman's Building—The Hermitage.



Pavilion of Commerce.

In invoking the spirit of an appropriate beauty there entered into the heart and mind of this distinguished architect a feeling of humility and reverence—a loss of confidence in even the best results of modern times, fine as they were, so far obtained by the best men in his own profession, and a new-born veneration for the best known efforts of the centuries. Sealing up his own creative qualities, great as they were, he hied himself to the extreme border-lands of the past, and slowly and reverently, as some conscientious savant would reconstruct from a heap of broken bones the full structure of a mastodon, so did this devout Tennesseean revive, resuscitate, reincarnate, and renew the greatest structure of any time—the Parthenon.

Here, then, will we begin.

And first, it is not old. Seen from its present elevation—a slight one—with the brilliant sunlight cutting sharp shadows about its carvings and angles, it is decidedly new—too new it seemed when I saw it in May, with its fresh coat of yellow wash, and red and blue markings. These, I sincerely hope, the just and merciful winds and tender rains, and the ever-helpful dust will yet stain and smear and bedraggle into picturesque beauty of color and of surface.

New in another way to the world is this marvellous reconstruction, for although millions of men have gazed in rapture upon its broken columns and their outlines, softened in the tender haze of an Athenian sky, no one in our generation, and perhaps in no other since its partial destruction, has ever had an opportunity to realize the full beauty and majesty of its entirety until these plucky Tennesseeans set it up among them.

All honor then to the distinguished architect who breathed into these shattered bones the breath of his skill, making this master work alive again; and all honor to these modern Davy Crocketts who aided him in his efforts and rejoiced with him in his success.

No collection of pictures and statuary in our country has ever been enshrined within more noble walls, and never have the pictures themselves been shown to better advantage. Almost every American painter of note is represented on its walls,* besides many of the great masters of Europe.

To enumerate would be but to catalogue. Summed up as a whole, it is a remarkable collection of one thousand well-selected pictures, some of the very highest rank.

A glance at the other buildings scattered through the grounds excites no less surprise. Near the entrance gate—a modest structure of staff surmounted by a statue—lies the Government Building, a simple, dignified affair, 350 × 150 feet, in the form of a cross, and topped by a low dome which strongly reminds one of the example lent us by Atwood, when he capped his own art building at Chicago with a dome of like proportions.

Those other architectural monstrosities throughout the country for which the Treasury Department has been responsible, the horrors of which culminated in the Government Building at the Chicago Fair, have, perhaps, had their day. The dullest American citizen needed to make but a momentary comparison between Atwood's Fine Arts Building and the Government's conglomerate mass of the heterogeneous, to convince him that there was something radically wrong in the general make-up of Uncle Sam's contribution to the group of notable edifices within the exhibition grounds. If the World's Fair, the greatest of our modern educators, taught our people nothing else than to reverence good architecture, and if these teachings, so far as our lawgivers are concerned, have resulted in nothing more than the interior decoration of the Congressional Library and in the satisfying proportions of this one building in the Tennessee Exposition, the millions expended on the Chicago Fair have not been thrown away. Our citizens convinced, our lawgivers are always enlightened.

In this Government Building—which,

* D. W. Tryon of New York, Woodberry of Boston, for the oils, and Snell of Philadelphia, and Palmer of Albany for water colors, all took first and second prizes in the order of their mention, and Honorable Mention, by unanimous consent of the Art Jury, was made of the following oils: "Evening in the Environs of Brussels," by Victor Gilsoul; "A Landscape," by Barnard; "The Mistletoe," by M. E. Dickson; "Sunset in Sweden," by Carl Johanssen; "Evening in Venice," by Frank Holman; "St. Ives, Pray for Us," by Sergeant Kendall; "Suburban Street," by Svend Svendsen; "The Muse," by Albert Herter; "The Tea Hour," by Whittemore; "Rosemary," by Tarbell.

In pastel honorable mention was made of Nyberg's "After the Ball," and also of Therese Schwartze's "Dutch Country Girl," and in water-colors of Karl Larsen's "In the Garden," Miss Woodbury's "Smoker," and Maratta's "Gray Day."

Prizes in sculpture were awarded to R. P. Bringhurst, and to Bessie C. Potter of Chicago.

with its management, cost $130,000—are arranged the usual stock exhibits of the several departments of the general Government, intended to inspire and instruct the people of the country, many of whom could see them in no other way. Here are the Fisheries, where almost everything, from a tadpole to a whale, disports itself in fresh or sea water, as the exigencies of their various physical conditions require. Here is a diminutive Patent Office ; the School System of the United States, with negro and Indian exhibits—all belonging to the Department of the Interior. Here are models, showing the working of the Post Office Department, with full information regarding dead and live letters, and all their many haps and mishaps. Here is a small edition of the War Department, with real Indians of real wax, and plaster of Paris soldiers with genuine uniforms. Here, in the Navy Exhibit, are models of gun-boats and monitors, torpedo-boats, and of big and little guns, displayed among flags of all nations, most of them shot full of holes as a reminder of naval prowess. Here are exhibits from the Department of State, of Arts and Industry, of Ethnology, of Lighthouses ; all admirably arranged ; all under charge of competent experts, and all calculated to encourage and keep alive the patriotism of our people.

But, interesting and instructive as these several exhibits are, it is the outside of the building which covers them that inflates one with the wind of superlative and hyperbole. That the United States Government should have given us this well-proportioned, admirably carried out architectural result is what makes us shout aloud and send our hats into the air.

. . . . . .

There is another building which would be worthy of the highest praise, but for one trifling defect.

This is the Woman's Building.

Courteous observers—those who know the original from which it was modelled—those who know, too, how faithfully these self-sacrificing women of the South have worked to erect this reproduction of the Hermitage—the old home of Andrew Jackson himself ; courteous observers, I say, never look any higher than the cornice under the roof. Below this projection every detail of the original, if not in line, certainly in spirit, has been faithfully carried out. The result, inside and out, is a delightful reproduction of the Colonial, with winding staircases, old mantels, white-wood trimmings, and furniture of the period.

But above this cornice ; above the eight fine pillars that support the roof of the portico which runs here to the roof line ; above the delicate tracery of the Colonial decorative panels, is a nondescript attic addition covering one-fourth the roof space, and placed exactly in its middle. This has a low, hipped roof and is supported on a line of posts. Between each pair of posts flaps a wide curtain of awning canvas in alternate stripes of blue and white. In the middle of each one of these curtains is suspended a hanging basket filled with plants. It was whispered about the grounds that this roof-garden annex was intended for a restaurant.

I am reminded, as I finish this last paragraph, of an adventure I once had in Seville.

I had met her the morning before—never mind where or when. Her fan was shading her face. Over its edges I caught the gleam of a pair of soft eyes—Spanish eyes — those that flash or swoon as the mood stirs their depths. Above these was a low forehead, shaded by masses of purple-black hair, that curled and waved and drew itself back to a little knot held in place by a dagger of gold. With the lowering of the fan my eyes fell upon pouting, red lips, between which lay her white teeth, and then the rounded chin and throat. Of her tpye she was perfection. As I looked, she raised one hand, and there settled over all this loveliness, like a wreath of smoke, a film of black lace, first on the hilt of the dagger, crowning the knot of hair, then close to the cheeks, softening the delicate bloom, then about the white throat. Only the eyes were clear—these shone on, mischievous, pleading, repelling.

The next day I saw her again. She was on her way to church — indeed she was at the door. The movement of her beautiful body, the poise of the head, the bend of the throat, the soft folds of the mantilla that fell from the dagger's hilt to her shoulders, were still there.

And there was something else.

On the top of all this charm and loveliness—above the mouth and teeth—above

the soulful, seductive eyes—above the fair, white throat—on top of the purple-black hair and on the very tip-top of the filmy lace and the dagger, there rested in all contentment and pride, a modern French bonnet !

And there is this other story which comes to me, and which I ought to remember before the ink dries on that paragraph.

In the square fronting the White House in Washington stands a statue of the honored owner of the Hermitage—Andrew Jackson himself. The hero is represented riding a bronze hobby-horse, who has just succeeded in sitting down on the tip end of its tail. The rider is in the act of lifting his hat. This is done with an arm several inches too short for the body, and a hand evidently paralyzed from youth up. This statue stands on the main diagonal pathway crossing the park—a straight course from the Arlington to the Treasury. In the old days Charles Sumner lived near the Arlington, and had for his guest on one occasion no less distinguished a personage than the great Thackeray himself. After Mr. Thackeray's departure the noble Senator paid him this compliment :

" He is altogether the most perfect gentleman I have ever met. He passed the Jackson statue with me twice a day for a week, and pretended never to see it."

. . . . . .

But to the Buildings again. If the Government of the United States has profited by the example set before it at the World's Fair, so has the Government of the State of Illinois. Those always polite Chicagoans who might have regretted their lack of Thackeray's self-restraint when their eyes fell on the Illinois State Building at Chicago can now be both polite and honest. Instead of a reproduction of similar architectural crime, the State of Illinois is represented by an exact reproduction—just one-sixth the size —of the Administration Building at Chicago, the work of that greatest of all American architects, the late Richard M. Hunt. Strange to say, its beauty has not suffered from this reduction. Moreover, it is now possible to see all parts of the dome, and especially the hexagon which supports the dome, and to follow more closely the proportions and decorative details which made this building one of the masterpieces of the Fair.

Here it serves a double purpose, for it is not only a distinctive and beautiful feature of the Exposition, giving pleasure to thousands, but it stands as an example of State courtesy. She—Illinois—shrank to one-sixth of her size in order to accommodate herself to the requirements of her sister State, and did it without a word of complaint at the smallness of her quarters. She has so often been accused of doing exactly the reverse that the act is all the more graceful.

Then there is the Forestry Building, containing exhibits of all the wood growing in our forests—most of them represented in the woods of Tennessee. There are one hundred and nine different species of arboreal growths : from one single farm in Montgomery County there are forty-five specimens of hard wood. Here, too, are minerals representing nearly every ore of economic value to be found in the United States—gold, copper, lead, and iron ores without number ; magnetic, specular, brown hematite, fossil, red hematite and every other " ite " that enters into the composition of every manufactured product, from a saucepan to a Gatling gun.

There is, too, the Commercial Building —its main portico surmounted by a bronze Mercury—its interior filled with every variety of thing, from a bottle of beer to a parlor organ. There are the buildings for Hygiene, Transportation, Education, Agriculture, Machinery, History, the Children's Building, and last, but by no means least, the Afro-American Building for the exhibit of the industrial and other products of the negro race, the first ever erected in the United States upon a scale of such magnitude.

The grounds themselves are as interesting as the buildings. While there are no colossal sculptures to lend them beauty and charm—except the very dignified statue of Pallas Athene, fronting the Parthenon, the work of Miss Enid Yandell, and the life-size figures of the fountain—there are numerous decorative objects which enrich the grassy lawns and flower-bordered walk.

In the matter of flag-staffs, for instance, —there is one two hundred and eighty-five feet in height, thrust up through the roof of a small kiosk. This roof is supported by fifteen columns, representing the fifteen States which constituted the United States

the year Tennessee was admitted to membership. The flag-staff itself represents the sixteenth—Tennessee. These sixteen columns are all made of native woods.

Near this pole rest two huge wheels of cast iron, with broad tires or edges, connected by a single axle. They were part of the machinery used in that Confederate powder-mill at Atlanta, which was burned by Sherman—huge wheels like those of the famous car of Juggernaut. The daisies grow about them now as they rest on the grass, and the babies are lifted up to sit on their broad flanges—not thrown underneath ; the bare legs of the little tots dangling on either side.

Spanning a narrow part of the pocket lagoon, not far from these wheels, is the Rialto Bridge—a new departure in the decoration of Fair Grounds, with real gondolas, and, I believe, real gondoliers. I am sure about the one I spoke to being a pure gondolier, for he wore the correct costume of his guild—a Polo cap, white shirt, brown Holland trousers and canvas shoes. I tried too the soft, dulcet tones of his native city upon this soulful-eyed Venetian. He looked at me in a dazed way, and remarked to a passenger :

"Wot's 'e givin' nus?"

But then there are many dialects in Venice, and in truth I myself speak the language indifferently.

But the most entertaining contribution within the limits of the grounds is the contribution from Shelby County.

This is a veritable reproduction of the pyramid of Cheops, with such slight additions and variations as the local committee thought desirable and proper. It is a solid stone pyramid made of tongued and grooved plank and painted a dull gray, with porticos to match, supported by columns of variegated hue and tint. As it bears no likeness to anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth, one could fall down and worship it and still escape the charge of idolatry. It is not really sinful, except so far as it is ugly, and to me cold-blooded, premeditated ugliness is a crime. There are some things about it, however, that act as palliatives. It is situated near enough to the Parthenon to be of service by contrast, making all the more beautiful the superb outlines of this noble work of Ictinus and Phidias. A very homely woman sometimes helps a similar situation, if the afternoon tea holds but one supremely beautiful creature.

But these florid examples of local enthusiasm must not be criticised too severely. Even in the rather marked departure from its classic original there is a matter for congratulation. The donors took something of real artistic value as the basis of the design ; not a Swiss cottage with a French roof and Queen Anne trimmings. This, however, is not perhaps the true reason after all. Hear what the *Official Guide* says :

"The busy and historical capital of Shelby County bears the great name of Memphis, and the pyramid of Cheops, therefore, furnished a happy suggestion for a building that would be at once identified by centennial visitors as the exhibition place of the Bluff City. Nothing of the kind has ever before been attempted, and Shelby County stands alone in producing an exhibition of ancient art."

Not far from this revival is something entirely genuine. It is an early settler's cabin. Here even the shingles themselves boast a lineage running back into the first decades. It is an exact reproduction of one of the homes of those early pioneers who moved here from Virginia in the old days, and has been put together out of the materials of two or more cabins of undoubted age and respectability. The cradle that rested on the dry dirt floor interested me as much as anything around it. It rocked no less a personage than Old Hickory himself. I saw the very board in its bottom that his vigorous feet had kicked into cracks, and it is still a substantial-looking cradle, so far as cradles go.

. . . . . .

If I should be asked what are the accentuated notes of the Exposition, I should answer that they lie in the respect these Tennesseeans have shown for their traditions and the reverence they feel for their past ; respect and reverence first for the old days of the Confederacy, and next for the days of their patron saints—Jackson, Polk, Houston and the others. To recall to the minds of the living, and to keep alive in the rising generation the memory of the deeds of their forefathers, was one of the reasons that influenced these people, and



Hygiene Building.

in this effort they have been more than successful.

I say "these people" meaning these Tennesseeans, for this is not a National Exposition—it is almost exclusively a State Fair, illustrating what Tennessee has done, can do, and will do. But it has been done so well that its influence must be national, lifting it infinitely above what has been heretofore known as a State Fair.

It is pathetic to walk through the rooms of the History Building, and lean over the cases containing the relics that marked the days when in Tennessee brother fought against brother and father against son. Here is a blood-stained sash beside a rusted sword-blade, with a little white card in the delicate handwriting of some widow, or daughter, who, for the first time moved it from its resting-place above the family altar to its public setting here. Those who gaze upon these relics, standing with bowed head and reverent attitude, become as silent as if they stood beside an open grave. You can hardly read the name, at times—"Captain So and So"—the legend reads—"who fell at Chattanooga." That is all. But the crowds never seem to tire of deciphering the faint lines, or of studying the relics. The mothers bend over the glass cases, lifting their little children that they may see the better, speaking in lower tones, some in whispers, as the epaulette, sword-hilt, or torn flag is pointed out.

In this same History Building are two chairs, which, although they are no more identified, perhaps, with the State of Tennessee than they are with any one of the other sister commonwealths, have been thought to deserve a place here. They are plain, substantial, sloping-back affairs, with spindling sticks in the backs, and delicate arms that half circle about the sitter. A gentle-voiced, sweet-faced, soft-eyed Southern woman, with silver-gray hair, was superintending their unpacking when I saw them.

"Cornwallis sat in this one," she said, "and General Washington in that."

It may have been so; I have little doubt of it; she evidently had none. But I lost interest at once in the chairs. It was the sweet-voiced old lady, speaking in intona-

tions which to me are the most delicious of all the many our country produces, that charmed me. She moved about among the several cases of exhibits, arranging an old costume in one and propping up in another a miniature of some Revolutionary worthy in yellow waistcoat and blue coat, with hair in a cue, her thin fingers touching them as reverently as a devotee would the bones of a saint.

But that voice of hers!

It may be because of the associations of my own early life. I can still remember the broad arms and capacious lullaby rest of the old black mammy who brought me through from babyhood to boyhood—or it may be because those and succeeding days accustomed my ears to the cadence of the liquid voices of the South, but certain it is that to-day there is no sound that escapes human lips so grateful as are the soft tones of a Southern woman.



An Early Settler's Cabin.

This sweet soul, with her velvet tread and touch, had doubtless a sad history of her own — a shattered past — nothing left but a few graves, the whereabouts of some, perhaps, unknown to her.

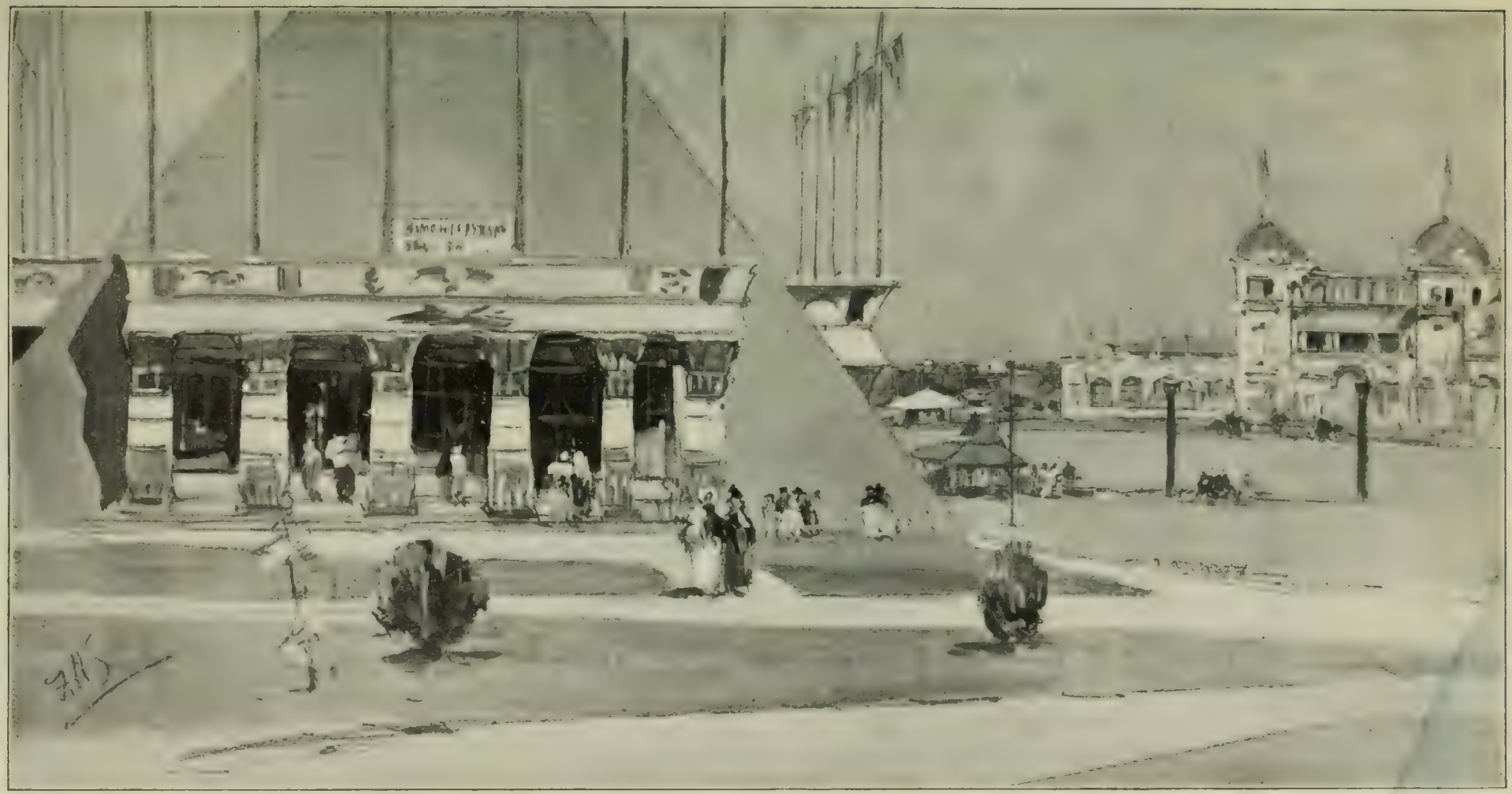
Since those cruel days there had come privation and bitter poverty, and that dread loneliness which sometimes takes possession of the helpless. And yet nothing had disturbed her exquisite patience or robbed her of the marvellous restfulness of manner and refinement which distinguishes the Southern woman of to-day. If this gentle lady had suffered none of these things, I am all the more glad, for her sake. And yet, all the same, I think I have read her signs aright — the indications are always so plain, and so many of her sisters have trod the wine-press, too, and still do. Yet nothing has ever embittered the sweetness of their natures or cramped their generous hospitality. What they had they gave —gave cheerfully and graciously—and so they do to-day.

. . . . . .

Another impressive feature of this Exposition is the modern progressive spirit which the young and virile Tennesseeans have shown who, in connection with many other Southerners are making what is popularly called "The New South." It is not to be wondered at that these young men admire the restless energy of the West and North, and turn their backs upon the old home life of their fathers. Many of them were too young to appreciate its comfort and luxury, and some of the older ones were born outside its sacred circle. These last never knew it at all. They saw, perhaps, the old coach go lumbering by with some "Daddy Billy" on the box, but they were never invited to ride inside. Caste was omnipotent in those days. Their antipathy is, therefore, natural. Slavery made these old social conditions possible. With its abolition came the slow but sure processes of that social and financial evolution which finally evolved the trolley-car out of the family coach.

I do not question the time-saving features of the result. I only ask whether any of us are any happier by reason of the change — whether men are any nobler, women any purer; poverty, crime, any the less prevalent; or life any sweeter—because the new fashion has supplanted the old.

"We are going to pull down that old



Memphis Building.

Negro Building.

rookery on the corner," said a Southern man to me a few months ago, "and put up a first-class New York parlor hotel."

The "old rookery" was built of brick, with the most delightful wrought-iron work ornamenting its rail and porch. It was built in the last century, and is the purest type of Colonial architecture. It has to-day a wide yard and plenty of fruit-trees, and lots of green grass, and an arbor smothered in honeysuckle. Inside are some of the most exquisite mantels and doors to be found south of the James River. If the combined intelligence and skill of the distinguished architects of our day were to be concentrated upon a design for a perfect Colonial house, they could provide nothing better than this. And yet this new Southerner would replace it with a Mansard horror, fitted with a steam furnace in the cellar, a patent revolving clothes-drier on the roof, and dumb-waiters on every floor. Then the factory covering a city block will soon follow, and the suburban cottage with gas-log fires, electric lights and water, and the trolley and cable car.

There may be something in this New South of which we hear so much. There may be material wealth and enlarged opportunities for labor and education, and there may be increased bank accounts laid away in the vaults of modern marble banks. But I know all the same that with its coming there will fade from American civilization the last of the wood-fire and old mahogany life, the Colonial life—the most restful, the most wholesome, the most simple—found nowhere now but in our small Southern cities—a life which once extinguished will never be revived.

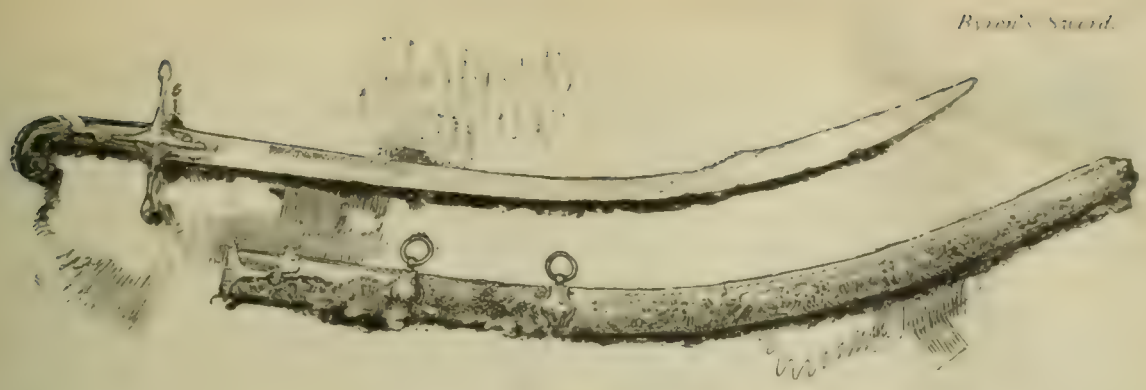


Andrew Jackson's Cradle.

BACKGROUNDS

By Frederic Crowninshield

If Spring, of tender flush and promise fair,
That out of swarthy mould evolves fresh greens,
Would metamorphose black, forbidding dreams,
And tune them to the sough of quickening air;
If Summer, luscious-lipped, with pigments rare
Deep-stained, and full illumined by the beams
Of ardent light, could be the certain means
To tint with splendid hues our dull despair;
If Autumn's rods of gold brought golden thought,
Or Winter's icy rack with bale imbued
The soul: then Life a symphony would be!
But nay; our errant fancies overwrought
Their backgrounds make. The gay gild reaches rude:
The sad would tarnish Eden's radiancy.



Byron's Sword.

LORD BYRON IN THE GREEK REVOLUTION*

By F. B. Sanborn

THE revival of interest in Byron as an author, testified by the publication of two editions of his letters, poems, and miscellaneous writings, will bring into notice again that part of his life which did him the most credit—his connection with the Greek revolution of 1821. He had for a dozen years, or ever since his first visit to Greece, predicted and urged on such a revolt against the dignified, unspeakable Turk; and his poems had given a great impulse to the natural enthusiasm of Young Europe for a cause which appealed to so many memories and so much that is romantic in human nature. With characteristic waywardness, he sometimes denied, in conversation, that he had any enthusiasm for the restoration of Greece to independence; but his deeds spoke louder than his variable words. He impressed those with whom he came most in contact in Greece—George Finlay, the historian, Colonel Stanhope (afterward Earl of Harrington), Dr. Millingen, and even the fickle, unveracious Trelawny—with the earnestness of his purpose and the practical good sense of his conduct, in that malarious and fated town where he died and in whose defence so many Greek heroes fell.

George Finlay, then a young man fresh from law studies in a German university, and ready to engage heartily in the Greek cause, as his American friend, Dr. S. G. Howe, did, has left on record much concerning Byron which is not generally known. To Aubrey de Vere, Tennyson's friend, who visited Finlay at his estate in Oropos, between Attica and Bœotia, long after Byron's death, Finlay expressed the highest respect for his noble comrade's "powers as a man of action and of business"—that character so dear to the Briton. "Byron's temper and his shrewdness," said Finlay, "were equally admirable; and whenever a quarrel arose between two of the Greek chieftains at Missolonghi, the matter was at once referred to Byron as arbitrator. He had always tact enough to allay their heart-burnings, and his energy was of a nature so eminently practical that not a few of the men who were vaporing around him found themselves hard at work under his direction when they had only thought of a little agreeable excitement."

Finlay and Aubrey de Vere talked of Byron as they sat by the Greek historian's fire of pine-cones in his farm-house at Oropos, or galloped through the gorges, or plodded over the mountain-sides between Finlay's picturesque retreat and Marathon—that world-famous battle-field, which recalls memories of Byron hardly less than of Miltiades, who commanded, and Æschylus, who fought there. And when I spent hours, some years ago, in Finlay's Athenian house, among his books and manuscripts, I found ample evidence of his high regard for Byron. Not blind to Byron's faults, he well appreciated his character, both as a poet and man of action; and his memoranda of Byron's aspect and conversation are valuable.

I met Lord Byron for the first time at Metaxata, in Cephalonia, in October, 1823, soon after he arrived there with Trelawny and Count Gamba, from Genoa. On calling, I found he had ridden out with Gam-

* See also "Odysseus and Trelawny, A Sequel to Byron's Grecian Career," by the same author in the April number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

ba, and resolved to wait for his return. I was shown into his only public room, which was small and scantily furnished in the plainest manner. One table was covered for dinner; another table and a chair were strewed with books; and many books were ranged in order on the floor. Among them I found the greater part of Scott's novels, Mitford's 'History of Greece,' Sismondi's 'Italian Republics,' and an English translation of Pausanias. After some time his Lordship returned, and, on entering the room, regarded me with a fixed and, I thought, an anxious stare. I presented a letter of introduction, and he sat down upon the sofa to read it —still examining me. I felt this reception more poetic than agreeable; but he afterward explained himself. He told me he had been struck at first with my resemblance to Shelley—'I thought you were Shelley's ghost.' This resemblance (though it soon wore off) had likewise struck one of his Italian servants, who had called me 'the Signor who is so like Signor Shelley.' I said I knew little of Shelley, but had been delighted with his translations from 'Faust.' He told me that Shelley often translated German works to him; he knew nothing of the language himself, but was well acquainted with Goethe, and with every passage in 'Faust.' (I have heard him say that he paid for translations of some German poems.) Lord Byron added: 'Shelley was really a most extraordinary genius; but those who know him only from his works know but half his merits. He was romance itself in his manners and his style of thinking; quite mad, however, with his metaphysics, and a bigot in the least pardonable way. It was from his thoughts and his conversation that poor Shelley ought to be judged.'

"After glancing at my letter, Byron immediately commenced his fascinating conversation. We naturally conversed almost entirely about Greece, yet chiefly on the manners of the people, their character, the difficulties of travelling, and the antiquities. I thought he seemed to regard my visit too much in the light of a tour, and so I asked for information on the state of (Greek) parties in the Morea. He gave it instantly, and in the conversation remarked that I was far too enthusiastic and fresh from Germany. He exclaimed, laughing, 'You have too much *Schwärmerei!*' I replied that I expected to find the Greeks were the same *canaille* that existed in the days of Themistocles. Lord Byron smiled and said: 'My opinion of the Greeks remains unchanged; I did not, indeed, with their character, think they would achieve what they have done so soon; yet I always thought they deserved liberty—and they have proved it. The Turks, however, are far better fellows, far more gentlemanly; and I used to like them better when among them.' He uttered this in an unemphatical and rather affectedly monotonous tone; and I afterward observed that he adopted this tone not unfrequently, when he uttered anything which diverged from the commonest style of conversation."

In illustration of Byron's comparison of the Greek manners to their disparagement in contrast with the "gentlemanly" Turks, he afterward told Finlay this anecdote of what happened at Aigion, on the Gulf of Corinth, when he was there, a guest of some of the Greek "primates," in December, 1809: "Andreas Londos, of Aigion, then a young rake, after supper sprang upon the table, which was rather rickety—so much so, indeed, that we expected to see him come to the floor with it—and began singing through his nose the 'Hymn to Liberty' of Rigas Pheraios.* The new cadi of the village, passing near the house, inquired of a resident Turk the cause of the noise. He answered: "O, it is only the young primate, Londos, who is drunk, and is singing hymns to their new Virgin, whom they call 'Eleutheria' (Liberty). Londos had the exact face and figure of a chimpanzee."

Continuing to remark on Byron's affectations, which many noticed, Finlay says:

"Whenever he commenced a sentence which showed that the subject had engaged his mind, and that his thoughts were sublime, he checked himself, and finished a broken sentence either with an indifferent smile, or with this annoying affected tone. I thought he had adopted it to conceal his feelings, when he feared to trust his tongue with the sentiments of his heart; often, it was evident, he did it to

* Londos was then active in the revolution, but soon died. There is a good biography of Rigas, whose verses were cited by Byron in Childe Harold, recently published in London by Mrs. E. M. Edmonds.

avoid betraying the author, or rather the poet. In mere satire and wit his genius ran wild, even in conversation. I left him quite delighted; charmed to find so great a man so agreeable, yet astonished that the author of 'Childe Harold' and the 'Corsair' and 'Manfred' should have said so little worth remembering. The next time we met was out riding in Cephalonia, where he remained some months, awaiting advices from England, or a favorable time for crossing over to Greece."

It was in November, 1823, and still at Metaxata, that young Julius Millingen,* a recent graduate in medicine, first saw Byron, whom he afterward attended in his last illness. To him, as reported by Dr. Millingen eight years after, Byron was more sarcastic in his judgment of the Greeks, and more pessimistic in giving his reasons for joining them. Millingen says:

"I found Lord Byron on the balcony of his house, wrapt in his Stewart tartan cloak, with a cap on his head which he affected to wear as the Scotch bonnet. He was attentively contemplating the extensive (eastern) view before him, terminated by the blue mountains of Ætolia, Acarnania, and Achaia. Being on the point of taking his usual ride, he invited me to accompany him. He said to me: 'The Greeks are perhaps the most depraved and degraded people under the sun, uniting to their original vices both those of their oppressors and those inherent in slaves.' Why then should he fight for them? 'Sickened with pleasure, more tired of scribbling, perhaps, than the public is of reading me, I felt the need of giving a completely new direction to my ideas; and the active, dangerous, glorious scenes of the military career struck my fancy. After all, this new mode of existence will at least give me the means of making a dashing exit from the scene of this world, where the part I was acting had grown intolerably dull.'"

Both Millingen and Finlay had formed for themselves, before publishing their recollections of Byron, an unfavorable opinion of the educated Greeks, though Finlay had a better estimate of the common people, who, he declared, deserved better leaders. This must be kept in view in reading their report of Byron's remarks on the Greek leaders whom he saw after landing at Missolonghi. Finlay said:

"No stranger estimated the character of the Greeks more correctly than Lord Byron; but to nobody did they ever unmask their selfishness and self-deceit so candidly. Mavrocordato† informed him that he would be of no use anywhere but at Hydra; for Mavrocordato was then in that island. Mavromichali used plainer words, that the true way to save Greece was to lend him, Petrobey, £1,000. With that sum, not 300 but 3,000 Spartans would be put in motion to the frontier, and the fall of the Ottoman Empire was certain. Every Greek chief celebrated his own praises and Lord Byron's liberally; but most of them injured their own cause by dilating too eloquently on the vices and crimes of some friend or rival."

An instance was given by Finlay to Millingen of his mode of treating Mavrocordato, on whom, as possessing qualities which education imparts or improves, Byron looked with some favor for a time:

"One evening at Missolonghi, in the winter following the conversations above cited, when I was at Lord Byron's room (for I often spent the evening there), Mavrocordato came in and interrupted the poet's conversation. Byron received him coolly, replied with some peevishness to his questions, and kept changing the subject, to which his visitor persistently returned. Much annoyed, Lord Byron rose and began walking the room; then, finding that the Greek did not take the hint, he said to me in English something like this, though not in these words: 'I wish this d—d bother would refresh us with his absence; he reminds me of the Jews in London,

*Julius Millingen, who in middle life added the Dutch "Van" to his name, was born in London, July 19, 1800. His grandfather, Michael, had gone from Rotterdam to London, and there had two sons, James and Gideon, of whom the former, born in 1775, was the father of Julius. The family came originally from the little town of Millingen, in Holland. After completing his medical studies, Dr. Millingen was engaged by the Greek Committee of London to serve as surgeon in the Greek army; he landed at Asso, in Cephalonia, early in November, 1823, not far from Metaxata, where Byron then was, and soon became intimate with him. After leaving the service of Ibrahim, in 1826, he remained some months at Smyrna, then went to Brousa, and from there to Constantinople, where most of his after life was spent. His library and much of his fortune were lost in the conflagration of 1865; he died there in 1879, and his descendants remain there, one of his sons being Professor Millingen, of Robert College.

†Alexander Mavrocordato (born at Constantinople (the Fanar) in 1791, died at Ægina in 1865) was the most distinguished of modern Greek statesmen until his nephew, the late Charilaos Trikoupes, appeared. He had a bad name for intrigue and self-seeking in his early career, but outlived this reputation, and rendered many services to his country. Mavromichali (Petrobey) was an older and braver man, the head of the family of that name.

who, in my young days, used to make me long visits, to demand payment for money lent." Mavrocordato knew English, but overlooked the insult, and went on with his remarks; however, he soon withdrew, smiling and polite as ever. I said: 'My Lord, the Prince no doubt understood every word you said to me;' to which Byron replied: 'I trust he did.'" *

Trelawny, who had formed, in 1823, at Athens, his singular alliance with the fated chieftain, Odysseus Androutsos, and saw little of Byron in Greece, though they had sailed from Genoa to Cephalonia together, had even a worse opinion of Mavrocordato than his friend. He wrote to Mrs. Shelley, soon after Byron's death, in April, 1824:

"A word as to your wooden god, Mavrocordato. He is a miserable Jew, and I hope, ere long, to see his head removed from his worthless and heartless body. He is a mere shuffling soldier, an aristocratic brute—wants Kings and Congresses—a poor, weak, shuffling, intriguing, cowardly fellow: so no more about him."

Trelawny could not forget his animosities, and a few months later (August, 1824) he went much farther; in writing to Mrs. Shelley, who had none too good an opinion of Byron, he included the poet in his vituperation:

"Byron took part with, and became the paltry tool of, the weak, imbecile, cowardly being calling himself Prince Mavrocordato. Five months he dozed away. It is well for Greece, and better for his name, that he is dead. With the aid of his name, his fame, his talents and his fortune, he might have been a tower of strength to Greece: instead of which the little he did was in favor of the aristocrats—to destroy the republic, and smooth the road for a foreign King. I wish he had lived a little longer, that he might have witnessed how I would have soared above him here—how I would have triumphed over his mean spirit."

In this outburst we recognize the man who, long years afterward, disclosed in his book how he had uncovered and inspected the physical deformity of Byron as he lay dead at Missolonghi. The Greeks themselves have always had a far nobler appreciation of Byron and his aid to their struggling race. Dr. Howe, one of the many young men who were drawn to Greece to fight in her cause by admiration of Byron, is a good witness to their love and gratitude. He says: †

"With the faults and foibles of Byron, Greece had nothing to do; she knew nothing of them; to her he was only 'the great and noble.' Crossing the Gulf of Salamis one day in a boat, with a rough mountain Captain and his men, I pulled out a volume of Byron, and was reading; the wind blowing open the leaves, the Captain caught a glimpse of the portrait and recognized it. He begged to take the book, and looking for a moment, with melancholy, at the face of the noble lord, he kissed it and passed it to his men, who did the same, saying, 'Eeton megalos kai kalos' (he was great and noble)."

The delay of Byron in Cephalonia was an act of prudence, and so recognized by Howe, Stanhope, and Finlay. He knew that Greece was full of dissensions, and that he would be claimed and beset by all parties; he therefore wished to hold himself aloof until he could form his own judgment of the best course to pursue. He saw the need of a regular government, and supported Mavrocordato because, for the time, he represented the national government. Colonel Stanhope, with whom he often disagreed, says: "Byron had high aristocratic notions; notwithstanding, he admired the American institutions, but did not consider them of so democratic a nature as is generally imagined. He said he found many Englishmen more imbued with liberal ideas than those American authors with whom he was acquainted."

He had seen but few Americans, except the young men who were making the grand tour, or were studying in Europe, among them George Bancroft, who brought to him in Italy a message from Goethe, concerning which, and German literature in general, Byron had interesting conversations with Finlay, at Metaxata and Missolonghi, as thus related:

"Byron said nothing could be more sub-

* In Dr. Millingen's book, where he records this anecdote learned from Finlay, the latter made a pencil note, which I have read, to the effect that Millingen was not present, and should not have reported it as if he had been. Nobody witnessed this scene except the three interlocutors. At that time the young Fanariote was generally styled "Prince Mavrocordato."

† Howe's "Historical Sketch of the Greek Revolution," pp. 192–93; also Sanborn's "Life of S. G. Howe" (New York, Funk & Wagnalls, 1891). Dr. Howe was intimate with George Finlay, but never saw Byron, who had died a few months before the young Bostonian surgeon landed in Morea.

lime than the words of the Spirit of Earth to Faust. 'Thou resemblest the spirit of thy imagination, not me.' Involuntarily I repeated in German,

> Du gleichst dem Geist den du begreifst,
> Nicht mir,——

and he said, 'Yes, those are the words.' The scene of the monkeys had made a considerable impression on him; and I remember, on my saying, 'I suppose Goethe meant to represent men transformed into monkeys.' he exclaimed, 'Suppose no such thing! suppose them veritable monkeys, and the satire is finer and deeper.' After a few words on Wilhelm Meister, I asked if he had read the *Wahlverwandschaften*. He said he did not recollect the hard word, but inquired the significance of it. I gave some stupid translation, as, 'The Choice Relationships'; he said, 'Yes, yes, the "Affinities of Choice"—I recollect reading a translation, which I should think was not a very good one, for some parts seemed to border on the unintelligible.' I replied that I thought some parts of the original bordered on it likewise, though perhaps, they were not within its limits. The review of Goethe's 'Aus Meinem Leben' in the *Edinburgh*, he said, was harsh and unfeeling. 'The literature of Europe is under obligations to Goethe, which entitled him to more respect; but often less ability is required to misrepresent and ridicule than to understand genius.'

"I told Lord Byron I had seen the dedication of 'Sardanapalus' to Goethe, on its way to him, before it had been printed, and the letter Goethe had written to the gentleman who had forwarded it, in which Goethe mentioned that he had once commenced a translation of 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' into German. Byron pulled up his horse (we were out riding) and exclaimed, with eagerness: 'He had, had he? and what did the old gentleman mean by that?' I said I supposed he was struck by such an extraordinary specimen of early genius; but that he had abandoned his design, finding that he could not understand some parts without assistance. 'No, that is not the reason; you don't understand the secrets of authorship, but I can let you into this secret; there was more of the devil in me than in Goethe, and he was content to borrow my weapons against the reviews, though I had wished to suppress that work. I remember another anecdote of Goethe. On my publication of "Manfred," he gave translations of those passages which he considered bore the greatest resemblance to "Faust," to show my plagiarisms.' I said, 'I am sure, my Lord, you have no fear of being thought a plagiarist.' 'No, not much, though they seem to be trying hard in England to prove me one.' He gave me as a reason for his attacking many of the persons included in 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' that he was informed, some time before the publication of the *Review*, that the next number was to contain an article on his Poems which had been read at Holland House. 'Judge of my fever! was it not a pleasant situation for a young author?'"

For some reason, Byron spoke to his young friends in Greece more respectfully of Goethe than of Shakespeare. Finlay says:

"Whenever the drama was attacked, he defended the unities most eagerly, and usually attacked Shakespeare. I had heard that Shelley once said to Byron, in his extraordinary way: 'Byron, you are a most wonderful man.' 'How?' 'You are envious of Shakespeare.' I therefore never expressed the smallest astonishment at hearing Shakespeare abused; but remarked it was curious that he should be so strangely conversant with an author of such inferior merit. He said once, when we were alone: 'I like to astonish Englishmen; they come abroad full of Shakespeare, and think it blasphemy to find a fault in his writings, which are full of them.' A gentleman present, on hearing his anti-Shakespearian opinions, on one occasion, rushed out of the room, and afterward entered his protest most anxiously against such doctrines. Lord Byron was quite delighted with this, and redoubled the severity of his criticisms."

The perversity of Byron's nature has often been remarked; it did not fail to impress itself on Finlay and Millingen. Dr. Millingen says, after months of observation, both in the health and the final illness of the poet:

"The apparent contradictions in Byron's character are not the less true because they are singular. It may be literally said that

in different hours of the day he metamorphosed himself into four or more persons, possessed of the most opposite qualities; for in every change his natural impetuosity made him fly into the furthermost extremes. In course of a day he might become the most morose and the most gay; the most melancholy and the most frolicsome; the most generous and the most penurious; the most benevolent and the most misanthropic; the most rational and the most childish; the gentlest being in existence, and the most irascible." To which Finlay adds, in a note to the volume: "This is very true; and it was this strange pliability of character, joined to the deep powers of his mind, that enabled him to receive all these impressions with such force that the past or the future had no influence on the present."

To the same effect, but more philosophically, Finlay thus analyses Byron:

"His character and his conduct presented unceasing contradictions; it seemed as if two different souls occupied his body alternately. One was feminine and full of sympathy; the other masculine, and characterized by a clear judgment. When one soul arrived, the other departed. In company, his sympathetic soul was his tyrant; alone, or with a single person, his masculine prudence displayed itself. No man could then arrange facts, investigate their causes, or examine their consequences with more logical accuracy, or a more practical spirit. Yet, in his most sagacious moment, the entrance of a third person would derange the order of his ideas; judgment fled, and sympathy (generally laughing) took its place. Hence he appeared in his conduct extremely capricious, while in his opinions he had great firmness. Often, however, he displayed a feminine turn for deception in trifles, while at the same time he possessed a feminine candor of soul and a natural love of truth which made him often despise himself quite as much as he despised others for what he called brazen hypocrisy. He once said to Dr. Millingen and me: "You are young men, and may have occasion to derive benefit from this precept of mine: *Never give entire faith to any one whose eyes are gray.*" "But your own are gray, my Lord." "Do not suppose I am an exception to this universal rule; it would have been well for many who have had to deal with me had they followed it."

Colonel Stanhope, Dr. Millingen, and George Finlay were all much in Missolonghi with Byron, but none of them accompanied him thither, and only Millingen was there when he died. Trelawny was on his way from Odysseus, at Amphissa, to Byron when he learned of his death; on April 28, 1824, he thus wrote to Stanhope, who remained at Amphissa until early in May:

"With all my anxiety, I could not get here before the third day. It was the second (after leaving Amphissa) that I met some soldiers from Missolonghi; I had let them all pass me ere I had resolution enough to inquire the news. I then rode back and demanded of a straggler the news at Missolonghi. I heard nothing more than—Lord Byron is dead—and I proceeded on in gloomy silence. With all his faults, I loved him truly; he is connected with every event of the most interesting years of my wandering life. His every-day companion—we lived in ships, boats, and houses together—we had no secrets, no reserve—and, though we often differed in opinion, we never quarrelled. It gave me pain witnessing his frailties; he only wanted a little excitement to awaken and put forth virtues that redeemed them all. He was violent and capricious. In one of his moments of frailty, two years back, he could think of nothing which could give him so much pleasure as saving money, and so much did he indulge in this contemptible vice that we, his friends, began to fear it would become his leading passion; however, as in all his other passions, he indulged it to satiety and then grew weary. From the moment that he left Genoa, his ruling passion became ambition of a name—or rather, by one great effort to wipe out the memory of those deeds which his enemies had begun to rather freely descant on in the public prints—and to make his name as great in glorious acts as it already was by his writings. . . . He died on April 19th at six o'clock at night. His malady was a rheumatic fever, brought on by getting wet after violent perspiration from hard riding, and neglecting to change his clothes. Had he submitted to bleeding on its first appearance, he would assuredly have recovered in a few days. . . . Byron, had I met him, instead of sending Finlay, would have been at Salona (Amphissa) now. His name was the means, chiefly, of rais-

ing the loan in England. Thousands of people were flocking here—some had arrived as far as Corfu, and, hearing of his death, confessed they came out to devote their fortunes, not to the Greeks, or interest in the cause, but to the noble poet. The 'Pilgrim of eternity' having departed, they turned back."

In early January, 1824, when Byron had crossed over from Metaxata to Missolonghi, Trelawny was in Athens, along with Finlay, Captain Hastings, and Dr. Tindall, while Dr. Millingen was at the head of a Greek dispensary in Missolonghi. Odysseus was then in command at Athens, and Trelawny had formed a close friendship with him. Between them, they had arranged for a general conference of Greek chieftains and civilians, with the foreigners (Philhellenes) who had come to serve in Greece, and to this Colonel Stanhope, who went to Athens late in February, heartily agreed. Trelawny then sent Finlay to Missolonghi to persuade Byron and Mavrocordato to attend the conference at Amphissa, and Stanhope sent another Englishman, Humphreys, on the same errand. On March 19th, just a month before his death, Byron wrote to England that he would go to the conference. On March 30th, Finlay remained at Missolonghi, trying to overcome Mavrocordato's reluctance to join the conference, which, he feared, might cost him some of his power. His delay had delayed Byron, so that the fatal April 10th arrived, and the fever set in, before he was ready to start for Amphissa. Finlay, in the meantime, had gone forward to meet his friends Trelawny and Odysseus there, where also Stanhope had arrived, April 16th. A day or two later, Odysseus and Stanhope sent Trelawny with a more pressing message to Byron at Missolonghi; but, as the above letter shows, Byron had already died.

Byron's last illness had been preceded by a violent epileptiform seizure in February (the 15th), while sitting one evening in Colonel Stanhope's room at Missolonghi, joking with Parry, an artillery sergeant who had been sent over from England to take charge of the cannon supplied by the English committee. Millingen was also present, and has left an account of the scene, preceded by some observations upon Byron's state of mind that winter. He said to Millingen in Cephalonia: "I especially dread two things, to which I believe I am equally predisposed—growing fat and growing mad." Millingen adds:

"In Missolonghi, as early as his last birthday (January 22d), he dwelt much on the predictions made to him in Scotland—that he must beware of his thirty-seventh year, which he then entered. He continued to drink to excess now and then, and one day, after drinking, in the evening, some of Captain Parry's brandy-punch, he called for a bottle of cider, which he drank off, saying—'This is extremely cool and pleasant.' Scarcely had he spoken when he fell on the floor in convulsions. He foamed at the mouth, rolled his eyes, and gnashed his teeth * like one in epilepsy. After lying so for some minutes, his senses returned; the first words he uttered were, 'Is not this Sunday?' On being told it was, he said, 'I should have thought it very strange if it were not.' He was then bled, and the effusion was so great that I was called in to check it, which I did with lunar caustic. The acute pain of this application made him still more irritable, and he said, 'In this world there is nothing but pain.' From that day on, his spirits were very melancholy. He said to me—'Do you suppose I wish for longer life? No, I am heartily sick of it, and shall welcome the hour of my departure. Why should I regret death? Can life afford me any pleasure?—have I not enjoyed it to a surfeit? Few men can live faster: I am literally a young old man. Hardly arrived at manhood, I reached the zenith of fame.

* This seems to be the same attack mentioned by Stanhope in his letter to Bentham of February 18, 1824; although Millingen dates it in March. Stanhope says:

"On a sudden he complained of a weakness in one of his legs: he rose, but, finding himself unable to walk, called for assistance: he then fell into a violent nervous convulsion, and was placed on my bed. During this period his face was much distorted; in a few minutes he began to recover his senses, his speech returned, and he was soon well, though exhausted with the struggle. During the fit his lordship was as strong as a giant, and after it behaved with his usual firmness." Between February 2d and 15th, when this epileptic fit occurred, there had been an affray in which a Suliote of his corps had killed a German officer, and the trouble arising from this, with other causes of irritation, had much to do with bringing on the attack. Byron's own account of the seizure, in a letter to Murray, is as follows: "On Sunday the 15th, I had a strong and sudden convulsive attack, which left me speechless, though not motionless, for some strong men could not hold me; but whether it was epilepsy, cachexy, apoplexy, or what other exy or epsy, the doctors have not decided; or whether it was spasmodic or nervous, etc.—but it was very unpleasant, and nearly carried me off, and all that. On Monday they put leeches to my temples—no difficult matter—but the blood could not be stopped till eleven at night (they had gone too near the temporal artery for my temporal safety), and neither styptic nor caustic would cauterize the orifice till after a hundred attempts."

Pleasure I have known under every form it can present to mortals. I have travelled, satisfied my curiosity, lost every illusion: I have drank all the nectar in the cup of life—it is time to throw the dregs away. Two apprehensions now haunt me. I picture myself slowly expiring on a bed of torture, or ending my days like Swift—a grinning idiot! Would God the day would come when, sword in hand, rushing on the Turks, I shall meet a swift, painless death — the object of my wishes!'

"Thus continually haunted by a dread of epilepsy or palsy—complaints most humiliating to human pride—Byron fell into the lowest state of hypochondriasis, and vented his sorrows in language which, though sometimes sublime, was at others as peevish and capricious as that of an unruly and quarrelsome child. When he returned to himself, he would request us 'not to take the sickly fit for the sound man.' Riding was the only occupation that procured him any relief, and even this was but momentary. On April 9th, prolonging his ride farther than usual, he was caught in a shower, and remained exposed to it for more than an hour. He complained in the evening of shooting pains in his hips and loins; but found himself the next morning sufficiently well to ride out for a short time. On his return, he scolded his groom severely for having placed on his horse the same wet saddle he had used the preceding day. Finlay and I called upon him in the evening. We found him lying on the sofa, complaining of a slight fever, and of pains in the articulations. He was at first more gay than usual; but on a sudden he became pensive. Then he told us the story of the Scotch fortune-teller, which evidently had made a deep impression on his mind. We accused him of superstition, to which he replied:

"'In truth, I find it equally difficult to know what to believe and what not to believe, in this world. There are as many plausible reasons for inducing me to die a bigot, as there have been hitherto to make me live a freethinker. No consideration can now induce me to undertake anything either on a Friday or a Sunday; I am positive it would end unfortunately if I did. Every one of my misfortunes—and God knows I have had my full share—has happened on one of those days. You will ridicule this—and my belief, too, in beings incorporeal. But I could give you the details of my friend Shelley's conversations with his Familiar. Did he not tell me that Familiar told him he should die by drowning? and did I not, a short time after, perform his funeral rites on the sea-beach of Italy?'"

Notwithstanding this depression of spirits following the onset of his fatal disease, and the excessive bleeding to which the misguided practice of the time condemned him, Byron could throw it off on occasion. Colonel Stanhope gives this anecdote.

"After this dreadful paroxysm, when Lord Byron, faint with over-bleeding, was lying on his sick-bed, with his whole nervous system completely shaken, the mutinous Suliotes of his battalion, covered with dirt and their splendid attires, broke into his apartment, brandishing their costly arms and loudly demanding their wild rights. Lord Byron, electrified by this unexpected act, seemed to recover from his sickness. The more the Suliotes raged the more his calm courage triumphed. The scene was truly sublime."

This corps of Suliotes, organized and maintained by him, was one of Byron's mistakes; but he had been hospitably treated by them and they were the bravest fighters in Greece. Had Marco Bozzaris lived, the purest of the Suliote chieftains (who died shortly before Byron came to Missolonghi), Byron's task would have been easier. Had Byron himself accepted the invitation of Odysseus and gone to Amphissa, away from the malarious climate of Missolonghi, he might have escaped his fever. His plans, as imparted to Parry, were both generous and prudent:

"I will remain in Greece till she is secure against the Turks or has fallen under their power. All my income shall be spent in her service. When she is secure against external enemies I will leave the Greeks to settle their government as they like. But one service more I think I may perform for them: I will have a schooner built for me or will buy a vessel. The Greeks shall invest me with the character of their ambassador, and I will go to the United States and induce their free and enlightened government to set the example of recognizing the federation of Greece as an independent state. That done, England must

follow the example; then the fate of Greece will be permanently fixed, and she will enter into her rights as a member of the great commonwealth of Christian Europe."

Byron's February illness passed away, and by March 22d he wrote to the agent who had charge of his money matters saying that a loan of $30,000 which he had made to the government of Greece might be repaid or might not, but he should spend that sum and more in their cause, adding, "I will stick by the cause as long as a cause exists, first or second." Of his next plan he wrote:

"In a few days Prince Mavrocordato and myself, with a considerable escort, intend to proceed to Salona, at the request of Ulysses and the chiefs of eastern Greece, and to take measures, offensive and defensive, for the ensuing campaign. They have written to propose to me to go either to the Morea with Mavrocordato or to take the general direction of affairs in this quarter, with General Tondo, and any other I may choose, to form a council. Andreas Tondo is my old friend and acquaintance since we were lads in Greece together." *

While Byron lingered in Cephalonia, Lord Erskine and other members of the Greek committee in London had accepted the offer of Colonel Leicester Stanhope, an army officer, son of the Earl of Harrington, to proceed to Greece, with a leave of absence from the army, and there act as agent of the committee. He left London October 1, 1823, reached Cephalonia November 22d, saw Lord Byron, and was by him given a letter to Mavrocordato, written in rather dubious French, but with Byron's customary vigor of expression. It is dated December 2, 1823, and closes thus: "If Greece wishes for the fate of Wallachia and the Crimea she can have it to-morrow; if for that of Italy, day after to-morrow; but if she would become genuine Greece, forever free and independent, she must decide to-day, or she will never again have the chance." With this and other letters Stanhope crossed to Missolonghi, which he reached December 12th, remained there two months and more, conversing and quarrelling with Byron, who crossed three weeks later; and then, in early March, 1824, resided in Athens for five weeks, where Odysseus Androutsos was military governor. From Athens, March 6th, he wrote a letter to Byron, to which the poet added notes before forwarding it to London. In this he describes an election for city judges, where Odysseus presided, and gives this opinion of that chieftain:

"Odysseus has a very strong mind, a good heart, and is as brave as his sword. He governs with a strong arm, and is the only man in Greece that can preserve order. He is for a strong government, for constitutional rights, and for vigorous efforts against the enemy. He likes good foreigners and courts instruction. He has established two schools here and has allowed me to set the press at work." (Here Byron adds a note to say, "I hope that the press will succeed better in Athens than it has in Missolonghi. The Greek newspaper has done great mischief both in the Morea and in the islands, as I represented both to Prince Mavrocordato and Colonel Stanhope that it would do, in the present circumstances, unless great caution were observed.") "In short, considering his education, his pursuits, and the society by which he has been surrounded, he is a most *extraordinary* man. He solicits your Lordship's and Mavrocordato's presence at a congress in Salona. In the event of the proposed meeting he will bring with him Panouria, the prefects of Thebes, Livadia, and Athens, Captain Trelawny, and myself. I implore your Lordship and the President (Mavrocordato) as you love Greece and her sacred cause, to attend at Salona. Should you be ill or feeble, which God forbid, we solicit Count Gamba's presence."

On the back of this letter Byron wrote, "Prince Mavrocordato and L. B. go to Salona." He wrote to Stanhope on the same day, "Prince M. and myself will go to Salona, and you may be very sure that P. M. will accept any proposition for the advantage of Greece." And on this very day a letter was sent from the army headquarters in London revoking Colonel Stanhope's leave of absence and threatening him with the displeasure of

* That is, in 1809, when Byron, then twenty-one years old, was first at Aigion, on the Corinthian Gulf, where Tondo lived rather a fast life, as mentioned by Finlay in the anecdote cited elsewhere. Shortly after Byron's death Tondo also died.

George IV. if he delayed his return to London.*

The death of Byron broke the link which united men as different and discordant as Odysseus and Mavrocordato, and frustrated the purpose with which the conference at Amphissa had been called. The bitter antagonism expressed in Trelawny's letter to Mrs. Shelley was fully reciprocated by Mavrocordato, who is charged by Humphreys, and apparently believed by Dr. Howe and Sir Emerson Tennent, to have instigated or connived at the assassination of Odysseus, and the attempted killing of Trelawny in his cave on Parnassus, in 1825. At some time between Byron's death and that of Odysseus (June 16, 1825)—probably in the late summer of 1824, Trelawny wrote to Finlay from Argos :

"I sat up till the lark rose, talking with Odysseus ; no—no Napoli for me to-day. The government have ordered old Colly" (Kolokotrones) "to come here—and our friend Mavro. They are carrying a press of sail for so crank a craft. I am ready to start for Tripolitza to-night, or to-morrow morning, as your Worship—or Majesty I should say—decides ; but you have 'gaged your word, and must go. You must determine on paying Fenton a visit at Parnassus. I promise your curiosity will be gratified in visiting the Spiglia. I send George to Zante to-morrow morn. Do you think I may trust him with the blunt? I will call at your café, after I have dined and dozed. The Lion and Tiger are conferring amicably—as yet, all goes well.

"Yours and Truly,

"TREL.

"Time we have nothing to do with, as to date and day—'tis the year 1824, Argos."

The "Lion and Tiger" here were Odysseus and Kolokotrones : the latter had lately been beaten in one civil war, near Nauplia (Napoli), and was soon to begin another. Finlay did soon after visit the cavern above Velitsa, and for some time kept up an acquaintance both with Trelawny and Odysseus. Millingen, who knew them all, and did not cease to correspond with Finlay after he had entered the service of the Sultan, has left a favorable view of Trelawny on record—though they afterward had a quarrel, which led to much bitterness on both sides. Millingen wrote and published this in 1831 :

"Mr. Trelawny was a very handsome man, possessed of great strength and surprising agility. Nature had given him a highly romantic countenance—his wild, haughty, unquiet, scintillating dark eye denoted his disposition to bold and extraordinary undertaking. In his manners and opinions he seemed to have taken Hope's Anastatius for his model ; and, to judge from his lofty language, he had a mint of phrases as rich as Don Adriano de Armado. The courage which distinguished him in Negropont acquired him the esteem of Odysseus and the Pallikari. He so rapidly and completely moulded himself to their manners as to be generally taken for a Greek. This, with his generosity, gained their affection, and his severity insured their obedience. With such qualities, Trelawny would have risen into notice, had not fortune turned against his friend. Whatever his faults, every European who knew him in Greece cannot but praise the generous qualities of his heart, and acknowledge him to have been a most entertaining companion. Owing, no doubt, to his prolonged stay in Oriental countries, his imagination got the better of his veracity ; yet his narrations were so interesting that, whether true or untrue, one could not but listen to them with as much pleasure as to the wonders of an Arabian tale. He occupies a romantic place in the annals of Greece, through his adventures in the cavern of Odysseus, the black assassination attempted there, and the generous manner in which he spared Whitcomb's life, and set him at liberty."

The story of this attempted murder has been told by Trelawny, and many others; the annals of the period are full of worse deeds, but these seldom were the work of Englishmen, as in Trelawny's case. Finlay, commenting on the history of the Greek Revolution published in 1828 by his comrade, Dr. Howe, complained of "too much sqeamishness about Turkish cruelty, and too little about Greek ;" adding, in his caustic manner—"The Greeks were and are as cruel as the Turks : the ancient Thebans had a temple to Hercules

*In fact he returned in the same vessel, the Florida, which conveyed the remains of Byron to London, reaching there July 1, 1824.

Rhinokoloustes (cutter off of noses) because he cut off those of the Orchomonian ambassadors." When Trelawny's men in the cave declared they would roast his assassin before a slow fire, Finlay says: "This was no idle threat, for it had been done on more than one occasion in that sanguinary war." He was nursed during his recovery by his young wife, the half-sister of Odysseus—Tarsitsa Kaménou—of whom too little is known. A random French writer, Eugène de Villeneuve, who published at Brussels in 1827 his *Journal Fait en Grèce pendant les Années* 1824–1826, says therein (July 30, 1825):

"I saw Trelawny at Athens; he was accompanied by his wife, hardly fourteen years old, but lovely as an angel. She bore in her breast a pledge of love which ought to attach Trelawny to her until death, and she spoke English with surprising facility. Trelawny told me the story of Fenton and his wounds; he said he would go to Zante to be healed completely, for they still much annoyed him. Then he would return to the cavern, which he never meant to abandon till he could bring away from it his treasure, his friends, and the rest of his wife's family. It was when Odysseus was proscribed and a fugitive that he married the sister." *

The details of Byron's last illness are painful, since he appears to have been improperly treated by his physician. Bleeding was then in vogue, as we see by Trelawny's letter to Stanhope, and it was urged upon the patient by his Piedmontese physician, Bruno, but Byron refused more than once. In the presence of Dr. Millingen, who tells the story (as also did Fletcher, Byron's valet), Byron angrily asked why they wished to bleed him. "It will do you good," was Millingen's reply; "but since you are so averse to it, let us put it off till to-morrow" (April 16th). This was done, but then, says Fletcher—"As the physicians insisted, I also began to entreat him to give his assent; and on the 16th he was bled both morning and evening." It may have been repeated on the 17th; on the 18th, says Millingen:

"A consultation was proposed, to which my assistant, Dr. Treiber, and Dr. Lucca were invited. Our opinions were divided. Bruno and Lucca proposed having recourse to antispasmodics and other remedies, employed in the last stages of typhus. Treiber and I maintained that such could only hasten the fatal termination. We recommended the application of numerous leeches to the temples, behind the ears, and along the course of the jugular vein, etc. Dr. Bruno, however, being the patient's physician, had the casting vote, and he prepared a strong infusion of valerian with ether. After administration, the convulsive movements and the delirium increased—yet, notwithstanding my earnest representations, a second dose was administered half an hour after: when our patient sunk into a comatose sleep, and died the next day."

The day of his death was Easter Monday, according to the Greek rite; the joy of that season, in which the Greeks take a religious, but noisy satisfaction, was instantly changed into sorrow; the public offices and shops were shut for three days, and on the third, his obsequies were performed at Missolonghi, where his body was embalmed and his heart buried, near the graves of Marco Bozzaris, young Mavromichali, and Count Normann, a Philhellene. His statue now stands among these graves on a marble pillar, with a Greek elegiac inscription, not remarkable for poetic merit, but testifying to the gratitude of free Greece. At Amphissa, where Stanhope and Odysseus were, similar funeral rites were held, and a Greek priest, whose remarks appear, badly translated, in Stanhope's volume, said, nobly:

"Those enlightened foreigners who add to their education the mild sentiments of humanity, not only look with joy on the vast progress of Greece toward emancipation during the present war, but they have actually contributed to our success, each in his own way. Not content with standing afar off and wishing us good fortune, many of them have joined us in the contest, and are here running the perilous, glorious course. Among these, lately appearing, was Lord Byron; whom inexorable death forbade to be spared a partnership in the disasters of these lands, to which formerly he turned his steps in order to proclaim to distant nations their glory and

* This would indicate that the marriage took place in the winter of 1824–25, for Trelawny was wounded June 5, 1825. Of the child or children of this marriage nothing seems to be known; and all trace of Tarsitsa Trelawny is lost in Greece, so far as I could learn.

their shame. He refused to confine to a single people the benefit of his talents, but condescended to display them wherever mankind summoned him to its aid. This single-hearted devotion to the welfare of the human race had raised him to a glorious rank among those of his nation illustrious for their virtues, of whom Greece hopes to see many more co-operating in her regeneration. Having thus paid our tribute of admiration to the virtues of Byron, let us join in the prayer that his memory may be eternal with us and with the whole world, associated as it must ever be with reminiscences of Greece."

This prayer, made under the olive-trees of Amphissa, in sight of the snowy peaks of Parnassus, has been well answered. Whenever the thought of Byron occurs to the mind, the heart is touched with memories of his love for Greece ; wherever the stranger wanders in that romantic land, its scenery recalls the English poet who best described it. Byron's memory makes the wretched morass of Missolonghi a place of pilgrimage ; his death there has made it as famous as the remarkable defence of its mud walls, in which an American warrior, Colonel Miller, had a distinguished share, and which Trelawny sorrowfully described after the town was captured, in 1826. Trelawny was in Zante, scarcely recovered from his desperate wounds, and wrote for publication in London this account of the fall of Missolonghi (April 27, 1826) : *

" Missolonghi's heroic defence for five years — insulated, unaided, and alone, standing in opposition against a mighty empire, a paltry fishing town, floating on a mud-bank, inhabited by petty traffickers —walled in with mud, defended by a few almost useless cannon—has kept, all these years, a succession of immense armies in check, and stood as an advanced bulwark in the defence of his country. But man is not omnipotent ; heroes are not immortal. The garrison had been so reduced by famine as to feed on human flesh for several days ; part of them had no stomach for this, and were starving, which state of things led to the resolution to set fire to the town. To this, it seems, they added the terrible alternative of destroying all their women and children, which they effected by collecting them over a mine and exploding it. The garrison then sallied out, sword in hand."

This is not quite exact—Trelawny seldom was—but the truth was even more startling. The sortie of the garrison, April 23, 1826, included 3,000 fighting men, with 1,000 artisans, and 5,000 women and children—the whole population being 9,000. In the sortie 500 fell ; 600 starved to death in the retreat, and 1,800 cut their way through the besieging force —among them 200 women. The savage Ibrahim of Egypt boasted of 3,000 heads of the slain, and 3,500 women and children were made slaves. Among the killed was Dr. Meyer, a Swiss scholar, who had edited Colonel Stanhope's Greek newspaper, and who was the special friend of Colonel J. P. Miller, of Vermont—one of the heroes who cut their way out, with Nothi Bozarris and other Suliote fighters. Colonel Miller had fought for the Greeks, as Dr. Howe did, from 1824 onward—neither of them reaching Greece till after Byron's death. Both were enthusiastic admirers of Byron, and each brought back to America a souvenir of the dead poet—Howe his helmet, which now hangs in Mrs. Howe's Boston house, and Miller his cavalry sword, now belonging to Mrs. Keith, the daughter of Colonel Miller, whose home is in Chicago. Her father's yataghan and Byron's sword hang together in her apartment—as our engraving represents them [page 358]. The story of the sword is singular. Byron gave it to one of his Suliote captains, Loukas, who afterward fell in one of the fights in Attica. His family retained the sword and helmet ; but, in their poverty, late in the war, offered them for sale. Three men specially desired the sword — George Finlay, Colonel Miller, and Dr. Howe ; but it was agreed that the

* Writing to Mrs. Shelley, September 17, 1825, from Cephalonia, Trelawny said : "I have just escaped from Greece and landed here, in the hopes of patching up my broken frame and shattered constitution. Two musket balls, fired at the distance of two paces, struck me and passed through my framework, which damned near finished me ; but 'tis a long story, and my writing arm is rendered unfit for service, and I am yet unpractised with the left. I shall be confined here some time. I need rest and quiet, for I am shook to the foundation." He crossed over to Zante, and thence, in 1826, wrote to Mrs. Shelley, complaining of poverty—"bountiful will and confined means are a curse." Though only thirty-four (he was the son of Charles Trelawny and Maria Hawkins, and was born in London, November 3, 1792), he began to look forward to age, and wrote, "Old age and poverty is a frightful prospect. Poverty is the vampire which lives on human blood, and haunts its victim to destruction. Hell can fable no torment exceeding it—it is the climax of human ill. You may be certain I could not write thus on what I did not feel."

defender of Missolonghi had the best claim, and Colonel Miller bought it—Howe contenting himself with the helmet.

Colonel Miller brought the sword home to Montpelier, but afterward lent it to a Greek who went about lecturing (Kastanis by name), and increased the interest of his lecture by showing Byron's weapon. Ungratefully, he carried it away to one of the Greek islands, and Miller never saw it again. But after his death in 1847, his daughter, Mrs. Keith, went to Greece with her husband, and happening to touch at the island, looked up the ungrateful borrower, recovered the sword, and took it to Finlay in Athens. He recognized it, and gave the Keiths a note saying that he knew this to be the sword which Byron wore at Missolonghi. It is said to have been given to Byron's kinsman, Admiral Byron, and bears, besides its gold mountings, the coronet and initial of the Byrons. It was bought by Miller, at Poros, now a Greek naval station, lying in the track of the steamers which ply between Piræus and Nauplia, by way of Ægina and Hydra. It was saved by Mrs. Keith from the great Chicago fire when her other possessions were lost—including a portrait of Colonel Miller, painted by Haydon, in London, in 1840, when he was present with his friends Garrison and Wendell Phillips at the World's Convention of Reformers, in Exeter Hall.

Portraits of Byron are numerous, but few of them seem to have been good likenesses. One of the latest was drawn by Count D'Orsay at Genoa and declared by him to be an exact likeness, a full-length, which was engraved for the *New Monthly Magazine* not long after Byron's death.



Lord Byron. From a sketch by Count D'Orsay, made in May, 1823.

Two accounts of his personal appearance and conversation at Genoa, shortly before he sailed for Greece, are curious, and little known. One of these, by an American tourist, a Virginian, in the spring of 1823, is quite exact, except that he understates Byron's height, which was five feet eight inches. Our countryman says: "He is about five feet six inches high; his body is small and his right leg shrunk, and about two inches shorter than the other; his head is beyond description fine. West's likeness is pretty good; but no other head I ever saw of him is in the least like him. His forehead is high, and smaller at the top than below; the likenesses are just the opposite. His hair, which had formerly hung in beautiful brown ringlets, is beginning to turn gray; he being, as he told us, thirty-five years old. His eyes between a light blue and gray, his nose straight, but a little turned up; his head perhaps too large for his body. . . . He flew from one subject to another, and during an hour and a half talked upon at least two hundred subjects—sometimes with great humor, laughing very heartily; at length, looking round, he asked, with a quizzical air, which of us was from 'Old Virginia.'

I bowed assent; then followed a catechism, to which I occasionally edged in an answer. 'Have you been in England? Is Jefferson alive? Do you know Washington Irving? He is decidedly the first English prose-writer except Scott. Have you read "Bracebridge Hall?" No. 'Well, if you choose, I'll lend it to you; here it is. Have you any American books to lend me? I am very desirous of reading the "Spy." I intend to visit America as soon as I can arrange my affairs here. Your morals are much purer than those of England; those of the higher classes of England are become very corrupt. . . . There are no old Englishmen—no yeomen. The English have lost everything good in their character.' . . . His manners are most charming and fascinating; and if he is (as they say) a devil, he is certainly a merry one—nothing gloomy. His voice is low, and at first sounds affected."

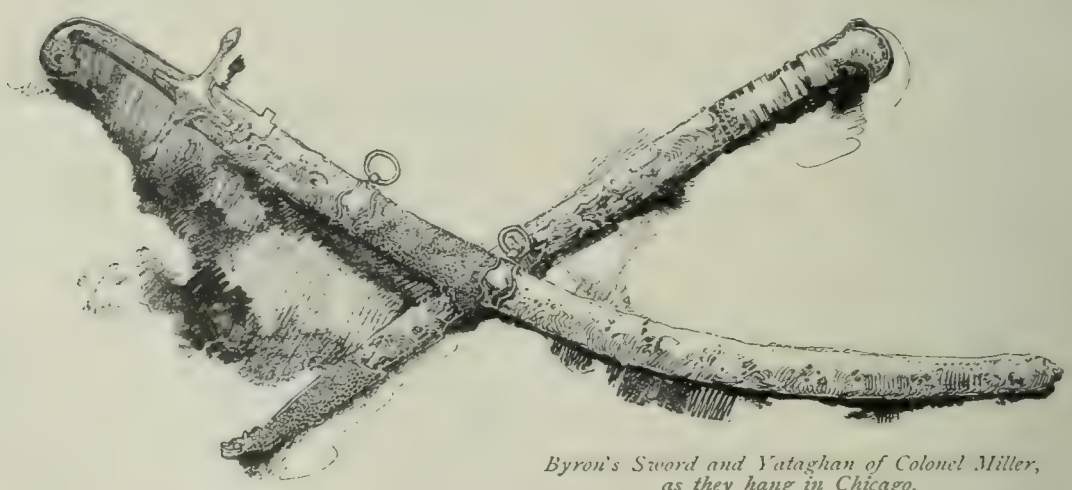


Dr. Jules Van Millingen at the Age of Sixty. Born 1800, died 1873.

The other account is by an English clergyman, in the autumn of 1822, also at Genoa:

"The first impression made upon me was this,—that Byron bore the least possible resemblance to any bust, portrait, or profile that I had ever seen. That of Mr. Murray's, from which most of the prints seem taken, is not one in which the original can be recognized at first sight perhaps owing to the affected position and studied air when he sat for it. I never saw a countenance more composed and still, or more sweet and prepossessing, than his appeared. His hair was beginning to lose its glossiness, of which, it is said, he was once so proud; and several gray hairs were seen, in spite of his anxiety to remove them. A slight color occasionally crossed his cheeks, and when I related an anecdote of a lady (Caroline Lamb) who said, 'I have often been very foolish, but never wicked'—at hearing this a blush stole over his face, and he said, 'I believe her.' There was nothing eccentric in his manner; nothing beyond the level of ordinary clever men in his remarks or style of conversation."

This observer was a Mr. Johnson, and he was accompanied in his call by Aaron Burr, the American exile, who afterward is reported to have given Byron this valuable certificate, in talking with an English merchant at Gibraltar: "I am no judge of his merits as a poet; but by



Byron's Sword and Yataghan of Colonel Miller, as they hang in Chicago.

G—d, sir, he is every way a gentleman."

Blaquière visited Byron at Genoa in April, 1823, and also mentions his "few white hairs;" but adds, "His eyes retain all their penetrating brilliancy, and that voice, with which you were so impressed at Venice, has lost nothing of its impressive tone and flexible quality." Such was the memorable Englishman who died for Greece.

AT THE FOOT OF THE ROCKIES

By Abbe Carter Goodloe



IT was at Calgary that we suddenly and ungratefully abandoned the Canadian Pacific Railway which had carried us so comfortably twenty-three hundred miles west from Montreal, and allowed the "Nippon" to go on its way to Banff, through the splendid Selkirk range, on to Vancouver without us while we waited for the train that was to take us down into southern Alberta.

The train between Calgary and Macleod "runs" twice a week. I should say that it wanders uncertainly and slowly over the prairie in the direction of Fort Macleod twice a week, leaving Calgary at an absurdly early hour, so as to have sufficient time to make its hundred miles before night should overtake it, and that it stops every now and then for apparently no reason whatever, and lingers at each little station as if it could not bear to leave it, and beside every water-tank as if the boiler would never be filled. In proportion to the amount of steam evolved, that boiler absorbed more water than any other engine-boiler I ever had any experience with. The frequent stoppage was rather trying, because this train had no such useless luxuries about it as Westinghouse air-brakes, and when the engineer would slow up trainmen would appear feverishly at each platform and grapple with the brakes and slue them around just as one sees a conductor on a cable-car do, and there would ensue much jolting and rattling of chains and the prolonged, grinding squeak of rusty iron. But our slow locomotion gave us excellent opportunities of seeing the country, and when the train would stop we would go out on the platform or lean from the windows and look out over the finest grazing-land in the world, lying basking in the brilliant, hot sunshine, and wonder how long it would be before we would move on.

There were places which we passed where there were only a station, a water-tank, an H. B. C. store, and a spick-and-span unmounted policeman standing very stiffly on the platform, and who had, as a rule, a very youthful and martial appearance in his solitary grandeur and who wore his forage-cap just a little farther over his ear than I had ever seen it worn before, and looked wistfully out of his young eyes at the puffing little train that would so soon disappear to the south and leave him to another three days and nights of solitude.

This immaculateness in the uniform of the British soldier, known as the Northwest Mounted Policeman, beyond Regina, always impressive, becomes doubly so in the careless, rough-and-tumble West. One would think that the example set by the Indian and the cow-boy and the rancher, in the way of negligé attire, would be too much to withstand, and that officers would forget caste distinctions and fraternize with the privates out of sheer loneliness and need of human companionship; but the discipline of the English army is maintained in all its integrity at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and the "eyes r-right!" and "attention!" are as grim as at Aldershot, and the men as well uniformed and disciplined as though they were under the eye of General Lord Wolseley himself.

When we reached Fort Macleod we



Photo by Steele & Co., Winnipeg.

Summer Race Meeting at Pincher Creek.

were more than ever impressed by this. There were long, neat rows of officers' quarters, and a big guard-room, and the Union Jack floating from the big mast, and privates to be seen in brilliant tunics and "pill-boxes," or sometimes, as a concession to the fierceness of the sun, a sombrero tied on under the short back-hair with a string, just as the Harrow boys wear their sailor-hats. And when we had left Fort Macleod and driven thirty-five miles straight west over the prairie, with the Rockies always ahead of us, radiant in the afternoon sun, and reached the little detachment where we were to spend three months, we found the same thing there—order and discipline, in miniature it is true, but as rigid and as effective as if it had to do with a thousand men instead of six or eight.



A Typical Indian Girl of the Northwest.

Perhaps it is this untiring vigilance and discipline that makes the Northwest Mounted Police such a power in the country over which it is scattered—that is, from Regina to the Rockies, south to the international boundary line, and north to Edmonton and Prince Albert. Or more probably it is because a great many of its one thousand men are gentlemen by birth and education, and who, through some fault of their own, or fate, or circumstances, have lost their birthright and the opportunity of using their education. So they become machines of the Canadian Government, and the Queen, through her Governor-General acting through his Minister of the Interior by way of the Commissioner at Regina, gives him a regimental number and a coat and a Lee-Metford rifle and fifty cents a day to start with, and he studies his Manual

of Arms and invents a new name for himself and tries to forget who he once was. Sometimes he succeeds, and sometimes he does not.

It is always very interesting and often pathetic to hear such stories. Sometimes they sound so improbable that it seems as if they must have come out of novels, and which, if one did not know of the veracity of the person who was telling them, one would be disinclined to believe—stories of privates who are Polish counts, and of whom the officers and other men know nothing except that he is, or was, a gentleman, and who will finally find his sins or misfortunes too hard to bear and who will commit suicide or desert, only to be caught and brought back miserably to a year's imprisonment and dismissal from the force.

Perhaps it is the scarlet coat of the Police orderly and the union-jack floating in the breeze over the barracks that makes everything seem so English ; or perhaps it



The "North Fork" Polo Team.

of English boys who, in addition to being common soldiers, are servants for the officers, and the only clew to whose identity is the arrival once in six months or so of a heavily crested letter—the crest of the family which has borne it for generations, not the kind of crest one can have made at Tiffany's or Dempsey & Carroll's. Or you will hear that the orderly driving the trap is the son of a man who holds a most prominent and responsible position in Upper Canada. And they will tell you of even tragic things—of a private soldier is the political discussions of the Liberals and Conservatives, whose election posters are in the shop-windows, and the bursts of patriotism toward the Queen and the talk of the young ranchers of their clubs in London as if they were only a mile away, and with the voice and accent one last heard there. At any rate, you feel in some mysterious, delightful way that you are in England without having crossed the Atlantic in a pitching crowded boat.

On Dominion Day one is more than ever impressed with the feeling that this is Eng-

land. In the morning there is polo, and one sees young English fellows in patent-leather boots and baggy khaki riding-trousers, for which they have sent all the way to England, dashing up and down and "running the whole show." The Indians standing around look and feel like aliens, like visiting strangers. The Englishman doesn't insult or bully the Indian. He simply ignores him, and by pursuing a life as nearly as possible like the one he would lead in England, and by appropriating whatever suits his interest or fancy, he makes the Indian understand it is *his* country. He impressed that fact upon him even in his games In the afternoon are the races, and again, although one might naturally suppose that there at least the Indian would feel his superiority and take advantage of it, it is the young English rancher who is most in evidence and who gets up the "events" and "purses," and who races all his own horses first and regulates everything. Imagine a dusty, uneven track in the middle of the prairie, a large and unique assemblage of men, women, and children in traps and on foot; opposite, on the other side of the track, Indians dressed out in colors so brilliant that they make one blink when the sun strikes them, and shouting their weird "ki-ki" whenever a good piece of riding is done; booths for pink lemonade; a wooden structure for the starter's stand, with a perpendicular ladder fastened against it, up and down which men clamber ceaselessly and with surprising agility; and jockeys innumerable lounging around—little boys and half-breeds and grown men—and cow-boys all shouting and exchanging bridles and bits and horses, and above all the fierce dust and wind. I do not suppose there was much scientific riding done or any record-breaking, but it was sufficiently interesting to watch the performances of the broncho as he went tearing around, his little feet hardly seeming to touch the ground, and more than making up in energy and endurance what he lacked in size. And later, when the gymkhana races began, it was most exciting to watch a young man ride a tandem team, the leader of which insisted on jumping the enclosure or standing up in the air, and who could only be got away at all by repeated efforts; and it was very amusing to see several young Englishmen urging their green ponies around the course in the teeth of a regular gale and endeavoring to keep an umbrella up and a cigarette lighted under such trying circumstances.



The Scout.

The prettiest races were, of course, the Indian races, where ten or twelve excited little Indians—some of them did not look to be more than six or seven years of age—lined up before the starter's stand on the fastest ponies the Indians possessed, and waited in breathless impatience for the pistol to be fired. They, of course, rode without saddles, some without bridles, only halters, and as they lay along the ponies' necks, gripping the flanks hard with their muscular little knees, they were so motionless and secure that they gave the impression of being fastened there by some invisible means. Sometimes one of the ponies would get so excited that keeping to the



Breaking a Kootenay Camp.

beaten track seemed a tame sort of thing to do, and he would strike out over the prairie, and a derisive shout would go up from the spectators, and after a hard struggle the little Indian would return slowly, much abashed and disappointed over his horse's performance and the loss of the race. He also had the unhappiness of knowing that, by his failure to win, his Indian relatives had probably lost most of their available property, for the Indian is a born gambler and will bet heavily whenever he has the chance.

I had always heard dark and thrilling hints to the effect that in England and eastern Canada the Territories were considered an excellent place to send wild younger sons, spendthrifts and profligate young gentlemen whose families were sick of being beggared and disgraced by them at home, but I had always disappointedly decided that after all it was too interesting to be true and that it was, in all probability, one of those popular fallacies that no one cares to explode. But when I had been told of one incurable young drunkard, who in a fit of rage turned his old father, who had come to see him, and who was a man so well known and prominent that he was in danger of being knighted, out of the house and left him there in the open prairie; and when I heard of another who treated his young wife so cruelly that when she fell ill she persistently refused to see a physician, because, as she explained, she was only too anxious to die, and quickly; and when I knew that there were many young men out there who were regularly and well paid by their people to stay there, I had to reconstruct my point of view and admit that the dark hints were well founded, and the discovery so impressed me that I found myself constantly wondering in the presence of very nice and entirely innocent young Englishmen what awful crime had sent them out to the Northwest Territories.

For, of course, there is the other side of the shield. One is glad to know that there is a large number of young Englishmen who go out there because they think it will be a fresh and remunerative field for them, because they can't find anything to do in England, and, most frequently, because Western ranch life offers peculiar attractions to them. It is so difficult to imagine a young American voluntarily choosing a ranch as a start in life that it is hardly worth while trying to do so. As a rule, he either thinks of the country as the place where market vegetables come from and Thanksgiving turkeys are raised, or else it represents to him a large and expensive establishment at Lakewood or some such place, with a casino and bowling-alley and polo-team attached. And as for the most part



A Few of the House-party.

the American does not play polo or hunt or shoot or fish with any real, genuine enthusiasm, the latter view he takes is scarcely more alluring than the former. Down deep in his heart he knows that he would much rather be trying to run an electric railway or a bank, or building bridges or losing money in Wall Street, than to be doing any of those things. But the young Englishman is entirely different. He has always known and enjoyed outdoor sports. It is the life he likes best, and he imagines that ranch life is first and foremost a sporting-life. He tells himself that he will have as much of it as he wants and all the freedom that he cannot get in England. He is usually a very big young man and England seems a little small for him; he feels that he has outgrown it as one outgrows a suit of clothes, and he wants to get another and a larger one and of the color and shape that he fancies. He imagines that western Canada will about fit him, and so he tells his people that he has decided to go out to the "Provinces," and they give him a good deal of money and remark, as they comfortably settle themselves back in their English home, what a grand thing it is for a young man to go out into the world, and they are glad he is at last going to do something for himself, and he starts off in joyful anticipation of unlimited polo and shooting and riding and in total ignorance of all things he ought to know about ranching and all the hard work and poor return ahead of him. He does not know what a Canadian winter means, with snow four feet on a level for weeks at a time, and the thermometer dropping to forty and fifty degrees below zero; he cannot realize beforehand what it is to have the cattle perishing by thousands from this cold, nor what they suffer from the heat and drought of the short, hot summer, nor the incessant work and close calculation it takes to make any profits, nor the loneliness of the life before him. Generally he goes out in the spring, when the country is at its best, and he spends several months "looking around" and enjoying the open-handed hospitality that is sure to be extended to him, and then, after much advice has been given him, good and bad, he will buy a ranch that will cost him much more than he expected to give, and he will fit out the "shack" with an astonishing amount of tinned things and pans and dishes and lamps and even "American chairs," all of which cost appallingly out there, and he will hang up photographs of all his people and pictures of places he knows in England, cut out of the *Graphic* or the *Illustrated London News*, and fasten his old racing-colors and polo-mallets above them, and he will then turn his attention to buying cattle and getting together some good polo-ponies and

bronchos to fill his corral. After that, if he is really energetic, he will go out on the "round-up" and will get his first taste of severe work. He will probably be very stiff and sore from the long, hard riding and the duty on the "night-shifts," and sick and faint with the heat and dust of the day and the odor of burning flesh and agonized lowings of the cattle under the branding-iron. And when all that is over and there is nothing more exciting or interesting to be done, he begins to absent himself a good deal on visits to the nearest ranches and lets the overseer, whom he has left in charge, entertain the chance visitor at his shack.

It is only fair to say that hospitality in northwest Canada means something different and more than with us in the East. We think we have been very hospitable when we make our friends welcome and give them the best we have and look politely grieved when they have to leave us to go on somewhere else. The young rancher in the West takes you in whether he knows you or not, and if he happens to be away his shack is left open and his overseer will do the honors for him and you will be invited in and asked to help yourself to anything you may fancy, and to eat the nice things he has had the forethought to provide himself with at great expense, and you will be treated generally as though you had been urged to come and your arrival anxiously awaited. This is very pleasant for the stray traveller, and it may be pleasant for the young rancher who enjoys extending his hospitality, but it isn't the way to make money, and he knows it and begins to feel slightly discouraged, and the shack, which had at first seemed to him as fascinating as a new toy, will begin to pall on him, and the photographs and pictures, which he had liked to look at so much, will bring a rush of homesickness to him, and the first heavy snow will make him feel like a prisoner, and the next thing one hears of him is that his address is the Nimrod or Hurlingham Club, and that he will be back in the spring.

Sometimes he comes back, and sometimes he does not.

If he does return and if ranching still proves unprofitable he will probably try a great many things that would astonish his people if they knew of them. There was one young Englishman out there whom I knew of, who had run through a fortune by the time he was twenty, chiefly through his habit of keeping open house and writing his name on checks that his friends drew up for him, and who then tried "to get back" by keeping a livery stable, after which unsuccessful effort he became cook on a large ranch, and when I last heard of him he was on his way to British Columbia to be bartender in a hotel while he speculated in gold-mines at odd times. For, of course, he had the gold fever. Every one had last summer in that part of the world. Breathless and perspiring polo-players would casually ask you, as they shifted the saddles on their ponies and knotted their loosened sashes between quarters, what would be a taking name for a gold-mine they were thinking of buying, with as much unconcern as though they were asking you the time of day or if you would like a glass of water. It gave one a very grand sensation to be on such familiar terms with gold-mines, even if one were doing nothing more than christening them, but I never could quite understand how speculations could be carried on successfully at such vast distances from the gold-fields. And in point of fact I believe they were not all successful by any manner of means.

What seemed to me an even better way of making a fortune quickly than investing in gold-mines, was to lend money. There were men in Alberta who were getting twenty-five per cent. on their money, and others who were borrowing capital in England at three per cent. and lending it at twelve. That struck me as being the grandest industry of the country.

But one can understand that furnishing London and Chicago and New York with beef, or even getting twenty-three per cent. interest on one's money seems a tedious and unprofitable occupation when one might be getting a hundred thousand dollars a month out of a mine. So a great many ranchers abandoned their places and went over into British Columbia. Of course that is not the history of all of them. Some of them stick to it and "rustle" and slave away and perhaps achieve success, but they are very few and success is very dear. At least that is the way it seemed to me, and what I have set down are only the things that struck me personally as being the most obvious and most true about the young

Englishman in Canada. There is an article which appeared in *The North American Review* for June, 1896, which gives a much more correct and much broader view of his position and the chances for and against his success there than I could pretend to do, and every English youth who contemplates ranching in the Northwest Territories should read it before making up his mind. Curiously enough, the writer of the article has a brother in Alberta who is one of the most successful ranchers I met or heard of. He runs his ranch on a "system" of his own, and it seems to work admirably. I read the article seated in his shack, one of the very prettiest, I am convinced, in the Northwest. There were leopard skins nailed to the doors and bear and coyote rugs thrown over the sofas and chairs, and a swinging-lamp, and pictures of Oxford crews and house-boat parties on the walls, and magazines of quite recent date in magnificent and unwonted profusion, and a dainty tea-service and a wonderful Chinese cook to make the tea. There are "shacks" in the Northwest, at least you are told of them, which have drawing-rooms and long plate-glass mirrors and grand pianos, like the shack in "The Devil's Playground," but I do not think I should like that kind at all. If one is going to have all those things around, one might as well be in London or New York at once and be done with it. It is much more delightful to live in the kind that are made of big, rough beams which are not even plastered over on the inside, but adorned, according to one's taste, with exciting pictures from magazines and plates from fashion-books, and coyote skins and bridles and saddles and quirt, and where one can have a hammock slung across the room, and the horses can look in the door if they want to. And one feels much more comfortable and much safer to sleep with the fresh wind from the prairie sweeping through the open door and window and blowing the curtains about, and a great Dane beside your bed to shake himself and growl whenever a coyote howls too loudly or the ponies tramp too near the shack, than in a house with Yale locks to the doors and patent fastenings on the windows and a private policeman to keep guard besides the one regularly on the beat.

There are a great many shacks like that in the Northwest, and as they belong chiefly to young English ranchers who are most hospitably inclined, and who are always giving house-parties and gymkhana and polo parties, one has a very good chance of seeing them.

I think both the shacks and their owners are at their very best when a house-party is on. The shacks, to begin with, are preternaturally clean, and the young Englishmen most extraordinarily polite and agreeable. They do things on a large scale at these house-parties. When the six or eight Englishmen who constitute a crack polo-team, and who fortunately have neighboring shacks, invite eighty people with their traps and tents and servants, and two other crack polo-teams with thirty or forty polo-ponies besides the horses they ride or drive and the half-breeds who bring the ponies, and the Indians who always turn up, and when one reflects that all these people and horses are to stay for two days and that the shacks are seventy miles from a railroad and thirty-five miles from the nearest town and provisions and a great many necessities, one is divided between admiration for their hospitality and distress at all the trouble one is inevitably giving them. And when, as happened in our case, a regular blizzard came up and all the eighty people and ponies and dogs and traps had to stay over twenty-four hours longer than they had been expected to stay, we wondered that the young Englishmen did not rise in a body and politely invite us to go, anyway. But they did nothing of the kind. Their politeness was more than equal to the test, and so they killed another steer and cheerfully continued to help wash innumerable coffee-cups and plates and glasses and invented amusing games for us. Of course the majority of the eighty people had to camp near the shacks, as it was impossible to house them all, and it was a most delightful and unique sensation to sit back comfortably in your trap, which had been drawn up to the camping-ground, and watch a genial young Englishman take out the horses and send them to the stable, while several other equally agreeable young men ran up your bell-tent and arranged your trunks and put up a stove and hung a mirror to the tent-pole and pitch-forked sweet, fresh hay into a corner for a bed and spread down the buffalo robes and blankets.

And after it was all finished most satisfactorily you were bundled into a trap which had just come tearing down from the shack, driven recklessly by another agreeable young host, and so borne triumphantly up the two hundred yards between the tenting-ground and the dining-shack, as if the distance were too tremendous to be walked. And when you reached there you were ushered into a big room that was filled with long tables and a great many people who seemed to be having a very good time, and more young Englishmen would come around impressively and ask you how you took your coffee or tea and insist on serving you themselves. Sometimes one of them would tell you confidentially that he hoped you would like such and such a dish, because he had made it himself.

There was indeed something almost pathetic in the way those big young men thought of the comfort of their guests, and stayed up till all hours of the night and turned out at unearthly hours in the morning, and made the shacks pretty with all sorts of decorations and arranged for the pleasure and convenience of the women, even down to sending hot coffee to the tents while they were dressing in the morning. After luncheon, although it was very cold and a strong wind was blowing, we all went out to the polo-grounds and watched one enthusiastic polo-team completely use up another enthusiastic polo-team, and when that had been accomplished satisfactorily we went back to the shack, where dinner was presently served.

That evening there was a dance, and it was as ceremonious and enjoyable a function as if it had taken place in Park Lane. Young men whom you had only seen in "round-up" or polo clothes suddenly appeared in dress-suits and immaculate shirt-fronts, and bore so little resemblance to their former selves that you felt that they ought to be reintroduced. And the young married women and girls bloomed forth in low-necked gowns and satin slippers and had their dance-cards, which were most properly got up, and had the familiar silk cord and pencil attachment, rapidly filled by the metamorphosed young gentlemen; and the band, which consisted of a violinist and a sergeant-banjoist from the nearest police detachment, played very good dance-music indeed, and alternated waltzes and two-steps beautifully. And there was a "sitting-out" room with Chinese lanterns and screens and things, and at twelve o'clock supper was served, and one felt just as one did at home, only with a queer difference. It was all so strange because it was all so familiar, and it would have seemed much more familiar if it had been more strange, which is rather paradoxical, but which everyone will easily understand. When you have thoroughly prepared your mind for very different things from any you have known, by recalling forcibly that there are one hundred thousand square miles of prairie about you and that you are one hundred and seventy miles from the nearest place that can by any stretch of imagination be called a city, and that the Rockies are close upon you to the left, and that this is a young country and a man who has been in it five years is an old settler, one is rather astonished at the well-bred people and at the daily mode of life which one naturally connects with the East and city life, and at the presence of a hundred trifles which one had carefully prepared one's self to do without.

And then at about half-past two, when everyone was properly tired and sleepy, the dance broke up, and the traps, which always seemed in some mysterious way to be standing around ready at any hour of the day or night, drew up to the door, and while the young women were in the dressing-room putting on their wraps, the young Englishmen and Canadians struck up "God Save the Queen," and sang it at the top of their young lungs and more fervently than I ever heard it sung before. It was a very fine sight, I thought—the big-beamed shack, the walls covered with polo and hunting and racing trophies half shining in the faint light from the sputtering candles and lamps burning low in the brackets, and the straight, athletic young figures standing easily about. It seemed to me that the Queen would have been a very proud lady indeed if she could have heard that song and known that she had no more patriotic subjects than those careless, happy young ranchers so many thousands of miles away in that lonely land, who did not forget her even in their pleasures, and she would do well to stop going to Balmoral and Florence and the Isle of Wight and come over to Canada instead

and hint around until some of those young men invited her to a house-party. I am sure they would treat her nicely and that she would have a most delightful time.

The second and last day was to have been very exciting, with polo in the morning and gymkhana races in the afternoon, but when we woke up we saw what the wind and dark clouds of the day before had meant, for, although it was only September 11th, the ground was thickly powdered with snow, and the flakes were falling with an evident determination to keep it up for some time at least. So we dressed slowly and discontentedly, and the trap which had be sent down from the shack for us drew up with much forced gayety and dash, and we put on mournfully the raccoon-coats that had thoughtfully been sent with the trap and were carried back up to the shacks. There was much anxious consultation over the weather during the morning, and everyone felt greatly relieved when it cleared up in the early afternoon and it was decided to have the second polo match. It was very hard to give up seeing the gymkhana with the postilion and bending and the bucket and ball-races and the half-mile hurdles over four jumps, and all the rest of it, but one was very glad to see the polo match, which proved very "fast" for two quarters at least. It began to snow in the third, and by the fourth the ponies, racing and turning sharply on the wet, slippery grass, could hardly keep on their little feet, and one could with difficulty see the white khaki trousers and sweaters and make out the colored sashes of the riders as they dashed around in the thickly falling snow. The men looking on tramped up and down vigorously, and the women sat up in the traps immovable and very warm in the big raccoon-coats the men insisted on putting on them, except the fingers, which were so cold that it was hard work even to press the button of a kodak.

It was very difficult for the visiting stranger to decide whether the amiable hosts of this house-party were most amiable during the day when they were tearing around on polo-ponies and risking their necks to furnish excitement and pleasure and taxing their ingenuity to make everyone comfortable and happy, or in the evening when we gathered together in the largest room of the shack and they gave us a very creditable music-hall performance. One was at a loss which to admire most, the temerity or the heroic self-sacrifice of these young men as they would arise diffidently in various parts of the room and sing "The Little Tin Gee-Gee" or "The Future Mrs. 'Awkins" or "Tommy Atkins" or "Life in a Half-Breed Shack." Some of them had voices, and some had not, but they all had the best intentions and a set determination to do what they could toward the general entertainment, and they were very much in earnest about it all and succeeded admirably. They gave us dialect songs and banjo solos and sleight-of-hand performances, and they did them all without having to be begged, and with only the modest and single desire to please. One hardly likes to think how their American cousins would have acted under similar circumstances. Most young Americans in such a case, I fancy, would have preferred death by slow torture to taking any share in such proceedings, even if they had been able to do so, which is highly improbable, for American youths, as a rule, do not know Grossmith's or Chevalier's or anybody else's songs, or funny anecdotes or sleight-of-hand tricks. They are much too *blasé* and busy and grown-up for that sort of thing. And after the concert, as it was really the last night of the house-party, although a great number of the guests were compelled to stay over another twenty-four hours, some one got up and made a very complimentary speech on behalf of the eighty guests and thanked the North Fork Polo-team for the delightful time they had given them, and everybody cheered enthusiastically and put on their wraps with great regret.

When we started back a day later, there were six inches of snow on the ground and the cattle were lowing plaintively and "rustling" for grass, and the innumerable trails on the prairie were all obliterated. By the way, people speak carelessly of the "trackless prairie," as if they were telling the truth, whereas the prairies, at least those of northwest Canada, are cut up by so many tracks that one has continually to pick and choose from them.

It was so cold and the snow so deep that we sadly concluded that the summer had

gone for good and that winter was actually upon us. That was because we did not yet fully appreciate a chinook wind. The chinook wind received its name from the Chinook Indians of the western coast, and it will spring up suddenly during the fall and winter and blow warmly down through the mountain passes and melt the deepest snow that ever was seen in an astonishingly short time. When one hears some of the stories they tell of the chinook—such as that of a certain young man who left Macleod to go thirty-five miles west in an open sleigh with a heavy snow on the ground, and by the time he was half way to his destination the runners were dragging and catching in the dry prairie grass —when one hears such accounts, one is inclined to believe that Baron Munchausen must have been in Alberta when he wrote that story of the horse who was inadvertently tied to a church-steeple owing to the depth of the snow, and that it was a chinook wind that came along during the night and melted it, leaving him suspended in air the next morning. And so in a few days a soft chinook wind sprang up and the prairie turned green again, and one lifted one's eyes, tired of the long level stretches of land, to the Rockies, standing dazzlingly white in the brilliant sunlight, with the fresh drifts of snow upon them, and in the clear air seeming so close that one could easily make out every shadowed hollow and the ridges of snow on the sides, like the marks left on a sandy beach when the tide goes out.

One was very glad to get a good view of the mountains once more. They had been hidden for the greater part of the summer behind the dense clouds of smoke from very bad prairie-fires which we had had, and when these had quit burning the smoke from the worst forest fires that had been known in British Columbia for years came pouring across to us through the Crow's Nest and Kootenay Passes, enveloping the mountains in an impenetrable haze. There were days when the resinous odór of the burning pines, thirty-five miles away, was as distinct as if it had been only one, and the sunlight would filter in a sick, grayish yellow color through the rolling clouds of smoke above our heads. But once in awhile a strong wind would spring up and blow fiercely across the prairie and the veil of smoke would slowly rise, like the drop-curtain of a theatre, and show the Rockies, with gleaming peaks and darkly purple, mysteriously shadowed slopes set like a scene at the Grand Opera for "William Tell." At night we would go up on a slight elevation of ground near our shack and from that vantage-ground could look across the level prairie and see through a field-glass, or even a good opera-glass, the burning mountain pines so far away and the bursts of sparks that would flame upward as some great tree would go crashing down. It made one think of Vesuvius or a gigantic pyrotechnic display all for one's own benefit, and I felt, as I sat up there in the cool darkness and solitude watching it all, just as I imagine King Ludwig felt as he sat alone in his theatre and watched the "Nibelungen Ring," or the "Flying Dutchman," or "Lohengrin." I even had a feeling of superiority over that prodigal king, for my entertainment was infinitely more costly than even his operatic stars and *corps de ballet* and orchestra could have been.

The prairie fires last summer were particularly inconvenient, for they not only obscured the mountains for weeks together, which I took as a personal grievance, but they also chose to burn up Crow's Nest Pass, which had been about decided upon as the camping-place for our two weeks' vacation. So we had to make a second choice, and one day we started off in the trap and on horseback for the Kootenay Pass, forty-five miles away, and I do not think the Crow's Nest Pass was regretted once during our two weeks' camping on the edge of the second Kootenay Lake. I say the second Kootenay Lake, because there is a chain of them forty-five miles long, extending through the mountains into British Columbia, and each one more beautiful than the one before. They lie, deep and clear, shut in by the mountains which rise from 5,000 to 8,000 feet above them on all sides, and which draw together, leaving only a narrow, tossing water-way into the next lake, where they again expand, and so on until one leaves Alberta behind and finds himself over the boundary in British Columbia. But I fancy no one has ever tried to go through on the lakes, for the high mountains on each side make a regular funnel through which the wind sweeps

so furiously that any craft small enough to get through from one lake to the next would be capsized by it. There were days when even out in the open lake where we camped the waves were so high that we could not venture out in our little canvas canoe, which was brought with the tents and stores and kit-bags and saddles and oats and the hundred other necessaries, and which could be conveniently broken into little bits and stuffed in the canvas covering until it looked like a cricket-bag with the bats in it.

The country around the Kootenay Lakes is a sort of happy lotus land. There was a dreamy heat and quiet about it, a delicious sense of utter solitude, and a glimpse of a happy existence independent of most of the things which one usually thinks of as being essential to happiness, which is good for one to experience. From that place the world and all its pleasures seemed as far off as though one were looking at them through the wrong end of an opera-glass. The feeling began to grow on us at the outset of the long, lazy journey, when we drove straight west over the prairie, with the horses going in their steady, easy trot and the trap swaying gently on the thick prairie-grass and a misty blue and white mountain-peak in the distance to guide our course by. Ranches and all the familiar places we had known melted away behind us, and we wound higher and higher up among the foot-hills, with glimpses downward of softly blended shades of green, or upward to snowy mountains, or ahead the glint of yellowed grass ready to be cut. And when we reached the lake, lying blue and warm and still under the brilliant sun, and breathed in the spicy odor of the pines and realized that this undiscovered country was all ours, we felt very much like pitching our tents there for good. Of course there would have been some difficulty about living there in the winter, but no one troubled about that just then.

I do not think, however, the beauty of the lake appealed to some as much as the magnificent fishing. A salmon-trout fourteen and a half pounds in weight was an object much more worthy of contemplation to some of us than the mountains around. Fortunately the two things could be combined. One could start out in the canoe with the trolling-line, and then if the fish did not bite the trip could be converted into an exploration party. It is very amusing to name horses and gold-mines, but it is even more unique to discover for yourself a mountain 8,000 feet high, or a cascade almost as big as the Falls of Lodore, and reflect that you can christen them. Of course, you cannot be sure that the names you give them will go down to posterity, but there is a great deal of satisfaction in merely having done it, and, of course, you can always magnificently refer to them after the manner you have decided upon.

Sometimes as we rowed from one lake into the next we would come unexpectedly upon sheltered coves where the clear, green water slipped over a sandy bottom as hard and smooth as asphalt, and we would row frantically back to camp for bathing-suits to try it. And sometimes when we "discovered" an ideal beach, we would run our canoe up on it for the mere pleasure of utilizing such an extremely good landing-place, and once we were rewarded by finding the fresh prints of an antelope on the sand and a deserted bear-trap farther up on the shore, in the brush.

There were nights when we would go out in the canoe and float as far into the chain of lakes as we dared, with only the far-off cry of a loon or the soft whirr of a wild duck as it scurried low across the water to break the silence, and the mountains towering high all about us, silver-white in the moonlight, so that they looked like giant icebergs rising from the little sea, and making us feel that we were in some enchanted country. And when the moon sank behind some tall peak and a shadow fell upon the lake and the wind sprang up cold and strong, we would turn the boat around and row back, through the narrow little waterways, out into the big, open lake and make for the white dots on the far shore which we knew were our tents. And then, if it were not too late, we would build a big fire on the shore with great pieces of fallen trees, and the blaze would flare up as we gathered around it and sang "The Maple Leaf" or "The Red River Valley," and "Au Clair de la Lune" and "L'Alouette." Anyone who has not heard Canadians sing these songs, especially "L'Alouette," which requires a strong voice and a great deal of breath and a wonderful memory, has missed a very stirring performance.

It was very hard to break camp, but the last day came, and we retraced our way

and again watched with breathless anxiety the heavy teams crawl up the steep hills or plunge into the swift little streams and pull themselves up the rocky banks. It was all the harder to go back because there was so little time left at all. The East, which had seemed so remote for three months, suddenly appeared surprisingly near. Breaking camp meant not only going back to the detachment, but the real beginning of the journey eastward. It was all over, and one had only just begun to enjoy hearing the coyotes howl at night and to be able to recognize quickly the different brands on the cattle and to feel a new life and elasticity in the clear, bracing air. There is something in the air which quickens every sense and makes one keen for danger or experience or pleasure — especially pleasure. One lady told me that a year or so ago she had given a "tea" when the thermometer was thirty-four degrees below zero, and that every one of the invited guests came. But if people stopped for slight difficulties, not only all social intercourse but living itself would cease in northwest Canada. At least we felt that way when we accepted an invitation to "afternoon tea" at a ranch fourteen miles away and on the other side of a very much swollen river just then filled with big logs which had been sent down from the mountains and which were spinning along at a most lively rate. Teas in the East are almost without exception considered bores, but in this case it really seemed that life would not be worth living if we did not go. To add to our personal difficulties, the horses usually driven to the trap could not be used, so that an obliging Englishman had to offer to take us. To do so he had to drive seventeen miles from his ranch to reach us, rest his horses, and take luncheon with us before we could start on the real journey. But no one faltered in the stern determination to go. Ten miles drive to the river seemed a small matter, and, as we encountered several of the invited guests on our way, by the time we reached the crossing there was quite a procession, including two traps, a road-cart, light wagon, a young rancher on horseback, a baby, and a collection of dogs. At the critical moment it was discovered that the river was so high that the water would come into every trap except ours, so it was necessary to make several trips with it to bring over all the women and the baby. The rest of the men drove the other traps over, while those who were already safely landed stood on the bank and shouted warnings and encouragement and contradictory advice to those crossing, in a perfectly maddening way. The young rancher, besides driving over his trap, had to bring over his saddle-horse, too. He did this by fastening his broncho to the down-stream side of the span, propping his feet on the dashboard, and then trusting to Providence. If any one really wishes an exciting sensation he should watch a light trap attached to a team of spirited horses, with a young broncho alternately plunging and shying by their side, attempt to cross a deep river at the same time that logs anywhere from ten to fifteen feet long and as big around as one's head are racing down stream to see which can first knock the horses down by neatly hitting them on the forelegs, or splinter the spokes of the wheels or inextricably tangle themselves up under the body of the trap. After having experienced this pleasurable sensation we gravely pursued our way to the ranch of our hostess, talked to a dozen or so people, and ate lettuce-sandwiches and ices and drank chocolate just as we could and probably would have done if we had stayed at home, and bravely went through all our exciting experiences again on our way back. It did not occur to us until some time afterward that we had really gone to a great deal of trouble to get to that afternoon tea.

But all that was over now. There were to be no more house-parties or Indian tea-dances or gymkhanas, or glimpses of the Rockies, snowy and glistening in the clear morning air; no long, soft twilights when the purple air hung over the level land and the white moon swung across the heavens and the Great Bear and the evening star shone nearer and clearer than they ever shone before, and there came from far off the faintly heard gallop of some broncho as his rider urged him across the prairie, and the breath of the chinook as it sprang up and bore abroad the odor of the wolf-willow and wild rose and forget-me-not.



"THE DURKET SPERRET"

By Sarah Barnwell Elliott

Author of "Jerry"

I

"But when I saw that woman's face,
Its calm simplicity of grace——"

It had been a wild morning up among the Cumberlands. A March morning full of rain, of clouds that veiled the mountains, and of wind that tore the clouds to shreds. But at the turn of the day the wind had fallen. The great masses of trees that purpled the mountain-side from base to apex had ceased their tossing, and stood in dark monotony, save when a gray cliff thrust itself out, or a wild, snow-swollen stream dashed its spray toward the sky as it flung itself down into the valley.

The shadows are gathering early over a little valley known as "Lost Cove." On all sides the mountains rise about it in soft, sweeping curves, until they stand out against the sky a level, unbroken line. There is little of rugged wildness in these old mountains, for no stormy outburst marked their birth. They stand the perfect work of the ages. Their gray old faces looked out across the slow silurian sea, whose wandering waves began the patient work of denudation.

No rugged wildness, but a silent grandeur of repose smoothes every curve of every spur that stretches out across the plain, and a great unspoken dignity lives in the straight sky line that marks the summit.

On three sides the mountains guard Lost Cove, on the fourth the barrier that shuts this basin from the world is lowered. But though lowered, the little stream that through all the years had hollowed out Lost Cove, found here an obstacle that its patient zeal could not remove. It could not rise above it—it could not wear it through, and so it sank, and burrowing deep among the "hidden bases of the hills," found victory and freedom. From out the black-browed cave it flashed again into the glad sunshine, with a mocking laugh for the barring cliffs that rose two hundred feet above it, to face the eastern sun.

Near the upper end of the Cove, which is nearly a mile long, there stands a house built of squared logs, carefully morticed at the corners, and neatly "chinked" with plaster. Seventy years ago it was built by the first Warren, as a defense as well as a shelter. Three rooms, a lobby, a loft, and two piazzas make the extent of it. A room on either side the lobby that connects the front and back piazzas, and from which a rough stairway leads up to the loft. The third room is made by boarding in the end of the back piazza, and through its single window a modern cooking-stove pushes its pipe. The floors look worn with scrubbing, the small, deep-

set windows shine like eyes, and the great stone chimneys that grace either end of the house, look as if built for eternity. Around the house there is a rough picket-fence; within this enclosure there are some cedar-trees, some common rose-bushes, some chickens and some much-scratched grass. Beyond, and rising and falling with the swells of the mountain, is a rail fence which shuts in from the public road the lot where the hogs, and cows, and horses are kept, and where stand the few out-buildings. From the lower end of this outer lot, the fields stretch down the Cove to where the stream sinks, and a stately beech-grove crowns the rising ground. The public road from the mountains turns at Mr. Warren's gate, and zig-zags along these fields to the beech-wood, then it marches over the divide to the far-off valley.

A young woman leaned over the outer gate. The rain had ceased, and the wind came softly with a touch of spring. It would be clear on the morrow, the girl thought as she looked up from the shadows of the Cove to where the cloud-broken sunlight flashed and faded on the mountain-tops. A clear spring day, and as the warm wind swept by, her fair cheeks flushed with gladness for the coming spring.

The winter had been hard, and for the first time the Warrens had felt themselves poor. This girl's father had been killed a few months before, and she and her grandparents had had to fight through the cold weather alone. And now, as she waited for the cows, the touch of warmth in the wind brought to her mind a new problem—the planting. Some help would have to be hired, and where was the money? They had bacon, and apples, and potatoes that could be sold—if she could take them to the town on top the mountain. The color flamed into her face; she had never "peddled" in her life! Her grandfather was held fast by rheumatism, and her grandmother would far rather starve than go on such an errand.

Presently a cow-bell clanked, and down the mountain-side, in dignified procession, came the rough, long-legged, patient-eyed cows. The girl roused herself with a sigh, and holding the big gate open, remembered one more article that could be sold—butter.

She fetched two wooden piggins, white with scouring, and some fodder, then brought the cows in one at a time to the inner lot. She moved with the deliberation of age, and milked with patient sedateness. This quietness was a class-habit, but increased in this girl's case through her having lived always with old people; and now the heavy responsibilities that crowded upon her seemed to have banished all youthfulness.

The Warrens had always been well-to-do, making at home almost everything they needed. After his sons left him the old man had been quite able to carry on the place, and before his strength failed his eldest son had returned with his motherless baby, Hannah. So there had been little need for money until now, when, her father dead and her grandfather disabled, Hannah needed to hire help. She might have paid in kind, but everybody that she knew made all they needed. The only people she had ever heard of who bought everything and saved nothing, were these new people on the mountain, who were held throughout the country to be strangely "lackin'." Old Mrs. Warren pronounced them "darn fools, a-settin' round with books in their hands."

The milking done, Hannah took the pails into the kitchen. With the same lack of haste she stirred the fire under the kettle, opened the oven to look at the corn-bread, strained the milk, then taking up an axe went into the back-yard. Her face grew graver as she looked at the wood-pile; she would have to go for more to-morrow, and she sighed as she pulled a log into position for cutting.

There was an outlet from all this. She could marry her cousin Si Durket. She would rather cut wood all day! And the axe swung into the air with an ease and swiftness scarcely to be looked for from a woman.

No good would ever come to Si. She rested on the axe as she turned the log with her foot. Peddling would be better than Si; hiring out—starving—*any* thing would be better. Yet, if something were not done very soon, she would have to marry him, or let the old people

want. Mrs. Wilson, from the far side of the Cove, went up to the mountain to peddle—she could go with her. Mrs. Wilson was a creature much scorned by Mrs. Warren, still she knew the ways at the University, and could direct a beginner. It was worth thinking of. Gathering up the wood, she went into the house to her grandmother's room.

It was low, and the walls, finished up to the rafters with wood, were painted gray, spattered with white. A pine bedstead, with tall posts and piled into a dumpling with feather-beds, filled one corner. In another corner there stood a high chest of drawers, above which hung a spotted looking-glass and some peacock feathers. A spinning-wheel, a small table full of dusty odds and ends, a large rocking-chair covered with a patchwork quilt, and a few splint-bottomed chairs, finished the furnishing of the room. In the rocking-chair, close to the great fireplace, sat an old man, and an old woman stood near a window catching the last light on her work.

She had been a handsome woman once, and, like Hannah, was tall, but here the likeness ended. Mrs. Warren's face was sharp and hard, the girl's face was grave and strong; Mrs. Warren's eyes were keen, while Hannah's eyes were thoughtful, almost sad. Further, Mrs. Warren's temper and tongue were famous, while Hannah seemed still and gentle. Perhaps time was needed to reveal Hannah; perhaps the temper of her grandmother had made her esteem peace as the greatest good. Each son had had to take his wife away, and Hannah's father had only come back after his wife's death, when, seeing that his father needed him, he stayed. A gentle, patient man, he could put up with the temper his mother, whose maiden name had been Durket, was proud to call the "Durket sperret." With regard to his child, he knew that no real harm would come to any creature absolutely dependent on his mother. "Her own" meant a great deal to Mrs. Warren. Her sons' wives she had looked on as aliens. The kitchen stove introduced by one of these unworthies had caused the final breaking up of the family. The young woman had declared the open fireplace to be old-fashioned, and her husband bought the stove. The "Durket sperret" could not stand this, and the young people had to go, but not the stove; Mrs. Warren kept that, and for the future vented much of her superfluous wrath on it.

As Hannah entered, Mrs. Warren turned sharply:

"I wonder you don't git tired a-playin' nigger, Hannah Warren," was her greeting. The girl put down and arranged the wood before she answered:

"Thar is wuss things," then stood looking down into the fire. Straight as a young poplar, with the grace and roundness of perfect strength and youth in every curve, Hannah, in her scant black frock, was dowered with a beauty rare in any class. A grave, clear-cut face, waving brown hair taken straight back and twisted in a knot, a full throat that showed exquisitely white where the little faded shawl fell away from it, and hands that, if hard and brown, were very shapely.

Her grandmother looked at her intently as she stood there, and grumbled a little under her breath.

"Ain't you none better, Gramper?" Hannah asked pityingly of the old man, bent nearly double in his chair.

"I'm some easier," he answered, patiently, "but I'm tore up a-steddyin' 'bout the crap."

"The crap wouldn't count if Hannah had a shavin' o' sense," the old woman struck in sharply.

"Supper's ready, Granny," Hannah said, and left the room.

"You pesters Hannah moren human, Mertildy," the old man suggested, mildly; "an' she a good gal."

"I reckon I knows my own flesh an' blood, John Warren," his wife retorted; "an' but fur you, I'd larn her some sense, or know why. Si Durket's my own brether's son, an' as good as Hannah Warren will ever git. He's got a plenty, an' is free-handed an' hearty, an' he'll do to look at too. He's a Durket through an' through."

"All the same, Mertildy, Hannah don't favor Si."

"Don't favor Si! You makes me weak, John Warren! Do a steer favor a yoke? but thet's all a steer or a yoke is made fur. Gals is the same; an' all yokes is jest alike as fur as I kin see."

Mr. Warren shook his head "You've missed the furrer, Mertildy," he said; "'tain't the yoke, hit's the tother steer thet's the trouble. The yoke is fur all, one way or another, an' we gits our necks sorely galded, thet's true; but hit's the tother steer thet mostly gits us, an' Hannah shan't be yoked ginst her will. You worn't, Mertildy."

"I reckon the difference would abeen wore out by now, anyhow," Mrs. Warren answered, ungraciously, "an' I'd abeen jest as well pleased;" and she left the room.

For more than a year Si Durket had been courting his cousin Hannah. Hannah's father and grandfather had supported her in saying no, agreeing that a man who could strike his mother and curse his old father, was not to be desired; but Mrs. Warren championed Si vigorously. That a woman lived who could refuse a Durket, she would not believe. A Durket who would be rich when his father died, for there was much land and only two brothers to divide it; further, a Durket who had been to school. Mrs. Warren had a great contempt for education, nevertheless she urged Si's "larnin" as a point in his favor.

Another potent cause for Mrs. Warren's earnestness was that the wife of Si's brother Dave, a young woman from a town, had openly laughed at Si's choice of Hannah, a country girl who had never been out of Lost Cove a half-dozen times in her life, and who was poor compared with some girls Si might have won.

These considerations did not sway Si, but he was keen enough to repeat this speech to his Aunt Warren, who in her rage declared that Hannah should marry Si, if only "to down thet sassy hussy, Minervy!" And Si, seeing how work and poverty were pressing the girl, felt his hopes rise.

Mr. Warren was troubled for Hannah in the present crisis, still he felt that *any* work was better than marrying a man she despised. Hard work made rest sweet, he thought, as he sat by the fire weary and disabled; made any food seem good, and left a peaceful satisfaction when the day was done, when one could smoke one's pipe and think of the long dark furrows, and the well-stacked wood-pile, and the cattle penned from harm, and think that when the winter came, there would be a plenty and to spare. Aye, work was a good friend. But now his son was gone, and he could do nothing. It was hard on the girl.

"He knocked hisn's mammy—he's hard." The musing ended aloud, and Hannah coming in with his supper, heard him.

"I'll never tuck him," she said, in her soft slow voice, as she put the cup and plate on a chair near the old man. "Si kin cuss, an' Granny kin blate, I'll tuck hit, but I'll never tuck Si." She kneeled on the hearth with her hands fallen together in front of her. "An' 'bout the crap, Gramper, I 'llows I kin git thet Dock Wilson what's come to the Cove to he'p me do the ploughin', an' Granny kin drap, an' I kin kivver."

"Don't say nothin' to Granny 'bout drappin', chile," the old man said, with patient experience in his voice, "hit 'll jest gie her another handle to grind on."

"Jest so," Hannah responded; "but, Gramper, if Dock's like hisn's stepmammy he'll strike fur high wages."

"Thet's true as true, an' thar ain't no money."

"Thar's things to sell," Hannah suggested; "I could tuck ole Bess, an' pack truck to the 'versity."

"Peddle!" the old man said, in a lowered tone; "a Warren woman peddle?"

"Hit ain't no sin."

"No, but no Warren woman ain't never peddled yit—never yit!"

"You said onest that I could go," the girl persisted; "an' hits peddlin', or hirin' out, or marryin' Si, Gramper."

"That's true, gal; but I hates hit."

"No moren I do, Gramper." Then hearing a chair pushed back in the kitchen, she rose. "I'll hev to git wood to-morrer," she added, "but I'll go on Friday. Don't say nothin' to Granny."

Mr. Warren nodded, and Hannah taking the cup and plate, reached the door just as her grandmother entered.

"The cawfee's 'bout out," she said, "an' the sugar's right low too."

"I knows hit, Granny."

"An' I can't git on 'thout cawfee an' sugar."

"I knows thet too, Granny," and Hannah closed the door.

"An' whar hit's to come from *I* dunno," Mrs. Warren continued as she filled her pipe.

"I reckon Jack Dunner'll trade her some fur meat," Mr. Warren answered. "Jack knows we's pushed, an' he's mighty 'commydatin'."

"Pushed! Thet *is* true, John Warren, if you did say hit, but if you hed any grit we'd not *be* pushed. You keeps on a-stirrin', an' a-stirrin' 'bout Hannah tell nuther one o' you is stiffern hog slops."

"An' if Hannah *did* tuck Si," Mr. Warren said, patiently, "hit'd leave us 'thout *no* help, Mertildy, fur thet gal is all we hes."

Mrs. Warren laughed. "Thet's easy fixed," she answered; "goin' to Si's is jest a-goin' home, an' you kin bet youuns hide I'd go."

"Then you'd leave me, Mertildy," and the old man straightened himself. "I couldn't rest under no shed but John Warren's, an' I won't, kase thar ain't no shed big enough for two famblies, nummine if thar's only one apiece in them famblies. Moren thet, thar ain't never been a Warren beholden to nobody fur a shelter yit, an' John Warren ain't gwine to start hit. If you goes, Mertildy, you'll leave ole John to his *lone*."

Mrs. Warren smoked furiously, and, "You're sappy yit," was all the answer she vouchsafed.

Pondering his wife's words, the old man began to see the wisdom of Hannah's plan, while Hannah, at her work, was busy devising ways for the carrying out of this same plan. The coffee and sugar made a good excuse for her journey to this new mountain town, that was a market for all the country. She could arrange her load in an outhouse, and leave before the old people were up. When she went for wood she would stop at the Wilsons and find out about the people and prices at Sewanee. She had been there as a sightseer, but *never* to peddle. There were worse things than peddling, however, *and Si Durket was one.*

II

"Ofttimes like children we are led to meet
Our life—or driven like slaves by circumstance.
And suddenly it crowds us down to earth!
And in the thick we have no time to cry,
Only to fight! Then all is still. And through
The deadly calm of peace we moan—'Oh, fool!
Oh, fool! now all thy life is done—is done!'
Yet, still, like children we were led to it;
Or driven like slaves by lashing circumstance,
And knew not of the ambush waiting there."

At the time this story opens, the railway station, known as Sewanee, consisted of a few shops, the post-office, and one or two small houses, built about a barren square. From this a broad road led to the "University," the other end of Sewanee. Up this road the butcher and shoemaker had planted some locust-trees in front of their shops, and beyond them the confectioner had laid a stone pavement for the length of his lot, and planted some maple-trees, that in the autumn burned like flames of fire. Beyond the confectioner's the road was in the woods for a short space, then more houses. About a half-mile from the station this road ended in another road that crossed it at right angles, and up and down this the University town was built.

Between the houses, between the public buildings, wherever any space was left free from carpenters and stonemasons, the forest marched up and claimed its own, while the houses looked as if they had been convinced of their obtrusiveness, and had crept as far back as possible, leaving their fences as protection to the forest, and not as the sign of a clearing.

Very still and bare the little place looked on the gray March morning, when, under Mrs. Wilson's guidance, Hannah made her entrance as a pedler. Down the road beaten hard by the rain, and dotted here and there with clear little pools of water, Hannah led old Bess, bearing the long bags in the ends of which were bestowed the apples and potatoes, the bucket of butter being fastened to the saddle.

They had not stopped at the station, for Mrs. Wilson said the people in the town paid better prices.

"They don't know no better 'an to tuck frost-bit 'taters," she explained, "an' they'll give most anything fur butter jest now. All the 'versity boys is come back, an' butter's awful sca'ce. To tell the truth," pushing her long bonnet back, "thar ain't much o' *any*thing to eat right now. What with layin' an' scratchin' through the winter fur a livin', the hens is wore out, an' chickens ain't in yit, an' these 'versity women is jest pestered to git sumpen fur the boys."

Hannah listened in silence. She had her own ideas about trading, and besides had very scant respect for Mrs. Wilson, either mentally or morally. She knew that her things were good, but she was determined to ask only a fair price for them. It was bad to cheat people because they were simple or "in a push." She was in a push herself, and felt sorry for them.

"An' ax a leetle moren you 'llows to git," Mrs. Wilson went on, "kase they'll allers tuck some off. Thar *air* a few that jest pays what you says, or don't tuck none, an' I axes them a fa'r price." They stopped at a gate as she finished, and she directed Hannah to "hitch the nag an' stiffen up."

"I ain't feared," Hannah answered, while she made old Bess fast, "but I ain't usen to peddlin', an' I don't like hit, nuther."

Mrs. Wilson laughed. "Youuns Granny keeps on a-settin' you up till nothin' ain't good enough," she said. "Lots o' folks as good as ary Warren hes been a-peddlin' a many a year."

"Thet don't make hit no better fur me, Lizer Wilson, an' nothin' ain't agoin' to make hit better; any moren a dog ever likes a hog-waller," and she took down the bucket of butter with a swing that brought her face to face with her companion. One glance at Hannah's eyes, that now looked like her grandmother's, and Mrs. Wilson changed the subject.

"Leave the sacks," she said, roughly; "hit'll be time to pack 'em in when they're sold." She led the way in along a gravelled walk, Hannah looking about her curiously, and trying to conquer her rather unreasonable anger against Mrs. Wilson, before she should meet the people about whom she had heard such varying reports.

At the front piazza Hannah paused, and Mrs. Wilson laughed exasperatingly.

"Lor, gal!" she said, "these fine folks don't ax folks like weuns in the front do'; weuns ain't nothin' but 'Covites come to peddle'; come to the kitchen."

That people lived who thought themselves better than the Warrens or Durkets, was a new sensation to Hannah, and she wondered if her grandmother knew it. Her astonishment stilled her wrath until the thought overwhelmed her, that perhaps these people would look on her and Lizer Wilson as the same! She had followed mechanically, and before she reached any conclusion they were at the back door.

A negro woman stood wiping a pan, while a lady holding an open bucket of butter, was talking scoldingly to a woman who, as Hannah saw instantly, looked very different from the lady, and very much like Lizer and herself. There was a moment's silence as the newcomers appeared, then the negress spoke.

"Mornin', Mrs. Wilson," she said, familiarly.

"Mornin', Mary," Mrs. Wilson answered, in an oily tone; then to the lady she said—"Mornin', Mrs. Skinner."

"Good-morning, Mrs. Wilson," the lady answered, while the woman she had been scolding turned, and Hannah recognized a person who lived near the Durkets, and who was looked down on by them just as Lizer Wilson was by the Warrens. They did not greet each other, but Hannah felt the woman's stare of wonder, that "John Warren's gal" should peddle with Lizer Wilson! She seemed to hear the story being told to the Durkets, and repeated to her grandmother by Si. Things seemed misty for a moment, then through the confusion she heard Lizer's voice. "No, I ain't got nothin' left but a few aigs; but this gal has a few things she'd like to git shed of 'fore we starts home."

Hannah listened, wondering and remembering a saying of her grand-

mother's, that Lizer could "lie the kick outern a mule."

"What has she?" questioned Mrs. Skinner.

"Taters, an' apples, an' butter," Lizer answered; "nothin' much to pack back if the price ain't a comin'."

"What is the price of the butter?"

"Thirty cents; I've done sold mine at thet; the taters is a dollar an' a heff a bushel, an' the apples a dollar.

"I have just paid twenty cents for butter; why are your things so high?" was questioned sharply.

"Ourn is extry good," Lizer answered. The negro woman smiled. Hannah's indignation was gathering, but she did not speak. Mrs. Wilson must know the ways of the place—she would wait.

"I will take the apples," the lady began, compromisingly, "but I will *not* take the butter nor the potatoes. How many apples have you?" to Hannah.

"A bushel," Hannah answered quickly, afraid that Lizer would say a cartload.

Mrs. Skinner looked at her keenly. "I have never seen you before," she said.

"She ain't never peddled befo', an' ain't got no need to come now," Lizer struck in, looking straight at the woman from the other valley. "She jest come along fur comp'ny, an' brung a few things fur balance—she ain't pertickler 'bout sellin'."

The first part of this speech soothed Hannah's feelings somewhat, but the final clause, representing her as coming for the love of Lizer Wilson, was worse than the peddling.

She began to wonder if this woman *could* tell the truth.

"Run git youuns apples, Honey," were the next astonishing words; Lizer calling *her* "Honey!" She felt a sudden hatred for the woman. What had happened to her? was she really no better than Lizer? She drew a bitter sigh. Never mind, she would get a dollar for the apples instead of the "six-bits" she had thought to demand, and shouldering the apples she went back. They were carefully examined by the mistress, and generously measured by the servant.

"Hit's a good bushel," Hannah said, astonished that her bushel should be remeasured.

"Three water-buckets with a rise," the lady put in quietly, and the negress piled each bucket carefully. Mrs. Wilson laughed, then stooped to help her, and Hannah watched them with her share of the "Durket sperret" rising within her. A Warren cheat!

"With all youuns risin', Mary, some's left," and Lizer laughed again. Hannah looked down the cavernous bag, where about a dozen apples were huddled into one corner. The color burned in her face, and with a quick movement she emptied them on the floor.

"They wuz in my bushel," she said, "they misewell go in yourn."

The negress laughed. "I'll teke dese, Miss Josie," she said to the lady.

There were two spots of color on Mrs. Skinner's face as she paid Hannah. "I should like some more apples if you can spare them," she said.

Hannah paused, her anger fading before the hope of more money. If she could bring them the next day? But by Sunday the storm about peddling would reach her from the Durkets, and she had no security that she would be allowed to return. "Hit's a fur way to come an' only a dollar at the end," Lizer struck in, mistaking Hannah's hesitation, and Mrs. Skinner answered, "She can bring me two bushels for two dollars and a quarter."

"I can't bring 'em atter to-morrer," Hannah said, slowly.

"Very well, bring them to-morrow."

When they turned the corner of the house, Mrs. Wilson said:

"Thet wuz a good trade; you'd asold fur nothin'. Miss Harner thar, she hed put her butter at two-bits, an' only got twenty cents. These folks beats a pusson down to nothin'."

"She riz on the apples," Hannah answered, coldly.

"Riz on the apples," Lizer repeated, derisively, while Hannah untied the horse; "she done thet kase you acted so biggitty. My soul! but thet'll tickle Si Durket when Jane Harner tells hit."

"'Pears to me like she done hit kase she lit on a honest pusson," Hannah retorted.

It was Mrs. Wilson's turn to be angry now, but as the Warrens were her rich neighbors, she only comforted herself with a promise to remember, and walked on without giving a hint as to their destination. At the next house she did not wait while Hannah tied the horse, but walked in rapidly, leaving her to come alone. Hannah was glad, for if there was danger of meeting acquaintances, she preferred not to be seen with Lizer. She walked in quite confidently, but when she reached the back door, Lizer had vanished.

She paused a moment before several closed doors, some belonging to an outhouse, and two to the main house. She knocked at one of the latter. She might be mistaken, but there was no harm in trying. Her knock was answered by a little boy who asked her business, then called to someone within: "It's a woman with butter." There was an indistinguishable answer; then the child led the way to a small room where Hannah saw so much china and glass that she wondered if they kept it for sale. She would have liked a longer look at it, and if she had known more she would have waited here, but the child had gone through another door, and she followed.

Once or twice she had heard descriptions of how the people lived in this town, that to the surrounding country was as yet an enigma. Stories of how they had no object in life but "book larnin'," and were little better than "Naytrals." Once her grandfather had said, "God made all the critters, book-larnin' critters too, an' all hes a right to live." This was the only excuse she had ever heard made for them. But she forgot all she had ever heard when she passed through the second door. It was as strange as a dream. The various kinds of furniture she had never seen before, the covered floors that made no noise, the books, the curtains, the pictures, all were new to her, at least in this reckless profusion.

"Come near the fire," a voice said, and Hannah caught a glimpse of a fire, but it seemed a long way off, and a young man in the middle distance was an almost impassable barrier. She saw no signs of Lizer, but only the young man, and near the fire a young woman who had spoken. She moved forward slowly. The room seemed so full, and she felt herself so unusually large, that she was afraid of knocking things over. A new and disagreeable sensation, at which she could only wonder as she took her seat carefully, doubtful if the chair the young woman had placed for her would hold her.

"How much butter have you?" the young lady asked.

"Six pounds," Hannah answered, then waited to hear again the voice that was so different from any voice she had ever heard; different even from Mrs. Skinner's, that itself had been strange to her.

"And what do you ask for it?" the voice went on.

"Two-bits, an' hit's good."

"That will be one dollar and a half;" then to the child, "call Susan for me."

"I've got some taters." Hannah suggested, hesitatingly, pushing her bonnet back a little; "taters, a bushel, good measure an' sound, fur a dollar."

"I will take them also."

Hannah rose. "If your things are at the front gate, this is your shortest way out," and the young lady opened a door that led into a hall, then opened also what Hannah recognized as the front door, which Lizer had declared was sealed to traders.

"Did you observe how very handsome that girl was?" the young lady asked of her companion when she returned from the hall.

"I did not," he answered, looking contentedly into the face before him.

"Very handsome, and I am sure she will bring the potatoes in here—she seems quite bewildered."

"I thought she seemed quite at home."

"Not at all. Her voice was very soft, too."

"Yes, and her English had about it that sweet simplicity that dispenses with all extra syllables. The way in which she said 'taters' was lovely."

"I am in earnest; her voice is sweet. I have never seen her before, I wonder what Cove she comes from."

"Ask her, and ask her to call again."

"I shall." Here the door opened,

and, Hannah, with the long bag over her shoulder, entered and stood looking from one to the other. Her bonnet had fallen back, letting the light touch the delicately flushed face, and the dark eyes grown wistful in their uncertainty. She was unquestionably handsome. She put the bag down carefully,

"Did I ax you too much?"

"Oh, no!" the young woman exclaimed. "Here, Susan," to a negress who had entered from the back, "empty these things."

Susan raised the bag with some difficulty. "Dat Wilson woman's in de kitchen, Miss Agnes," she said; "she's got aigs."

"You know I never buy from her," the young lady answered.

Hannah listened, and Susan went away chuckling.

Agnes turned to Hannah. "Sit down and take off your bonnet," she said, herself taking a seat. "What Cove do you come from?"

"Lost Cove."

"Where the stream sinks?"

"Thet's hit; hev you seen hit?"

"No, but I wish very much to see it."

"Hit's a smart piece," Hannah went on, looking into the fire as if making calculations, "but you could go it on a nag."

"Where do you live in Lost Cove?" Agnes went on.

"Hit most all b'longs to Gramper. Mrs. Wilson owns a leetle piece——" then her face burned as she remembered what had just been said about Lizer. Agnes remembered too, and asked,

"Is Mrs. Wilson a friend of yours?"

"She is a neighbor," Hannah said; then after a moment's pause, "she come alonger me this mornin', kase I didn't know the ways ner the folks, but we couldn't 'gree, an' she leff me at youuns gate."

"I am glad of that. If you had come with her I should not have bought your things; she asks two prices."

"She do thet! But she's mighty poor."

A smile flitted across the young man's face as the words reached him, and he wondered what Hannah's idea of wealth was! "Quantity," would have been her answer, for to her this was the only difference. In her world the rich demanded no better quality, only a greater quantity, and after a certain stage of plentifulness was reached, life was taken with folded hands.

"You have never been here before?" Agnes asked.

"Not to peddle, I ain't."

"Will you come again soon?" as the servant put the bag and bucket down by Hannah.

"I hes to bring some apples to a woman to-morrer."

"Then you can bring me some—a bushel?"

"I reckon," and Hannah rose, feeling as glad about coming again as about the much coveted money she was putting into the old deer-skin purse; then Agnes shook hands with the girl over whom she had cast a spell.

"So you sold out at Agnes Welling's front do'," Mrs. Wilson said mockingly, when she met Hannah at the gate.

"I did, an' I'll wait fur you at the sto';" then Hannah mounted old Bess and rode away. She did not want to talk to Mrs. Wilson just yet.

"And you did not ask her name?" the young man said when Hannah was gone.

"I forgot it; but was she not handsome? I shall go to Lost Cove this summer."

"We will make up a party," the young man suggested.

"No, I will go alone."

"Honest, at least."

Agnes laughed softly. "Still, I mean what I say, Mr. Cartright."

"It is too far for you to go alone, your brother will not permit it."

"We will see." Then Cartright went away, slamming the gate sharply, while Agnes laughed.

III

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown,
With that wild wheel we go not up or down.
Our hoard is little, but our heart is great."

It had been a successful day, and as Hannah rode through the falling shadows, with Mrs. Wilson mounted behind

her, her heart felt light. She had the coffee and the sugar, besides two dollars toward the ploughing, and three bushels of apples engaged, making five dollars—to her a fortune. And this success *would* mitigate the displeasure of her grandmother, unless talk from the Durkets reached her; that would stop everything.

But above all, she had looked into a new world, and her life seemed to have changed. All fear of Sewanee was gone. The people up there were strange, that is, different from any people she had known, but she liked them. She was anxious to see that "Miss Agnes" again. She would take more potatoes to-morrow, and some meat; there was no telling how much she might make.

She began to hum a tune as they jogged along; for although Mrs. Wilson's feelings permitted her to ride behind Hannah, they still prevented conversation. It was only at the Warrens's gate that Mrs. Wilson vouchsafed a dignified "Far'well, Hannah Warren," and trudged away across the fields.

Hannah was preoccupied and excited. She had been dead, and now in some strange way vigorous and uncontrollable life had come to her. Her impulse was to defy her grandmother, but habit bade her avoid any meeting until she had found out from her grandfather the state of things.

She hung the bag containing her purchases across the fence, and unsaddled the horse. In the kitchen she went through the evening's routine with forced quietness, and ran upstairs for the fodder with a lightness and haste hitherto unknown, laughing softly as, opening the end window farthest from her grandmother's room, she tossed the binds out. This would let her carry the milk pails out when she went down, and lessen by one journey into the house the danger of meeting Mrs. Warren.

She leaned on the gate as on the afternoon when she decided to peddle; but how different was everything. She felt that she controlled her own fate now, that she could resist her grandmother and defy Si Durket. In short, she was free, and with the rare joy of having realized her bondage and freedom in the same moment. She might have gone on forever in the old dull path, but for the necessity that drove her to peddling. The fruits of the earth and the beasts of the field had become her protectors against Si Durket. She would never tire of work again. A shadow fell on the joy, and she leaned her head on the gate. "Poor Daddy! if he hed downfaced Granny, an' peddled stiddy, an' not jest traded what happed over, Granny couldn't hev jawed him the way she did, kase he'd hev hed as much as the Durkets. Poor Daddy!" And she recalled the silent, sad-eyed man who had thought himself a failure. The tears rose to her eyes, but did not quench the anger that burned in her heart against her grandmother. "An' I'd abeen jest like him but fur peddlin'."

The clank of the cow-bells broke on her musings, and at the sound happiness brimmed up again. "Does you feel well, cows?" she said. "Si Durket kin say farwell now;" and holding open the gate, she patted the animals as they came in. This elation lasted until she had to carry wood into her grandmother's room, then unexpectedly her heart failed her.

"All she kin do is to kill me," she thought, with an incredulous smile, "an' thet's heap bettern marryin' Si."

"Hardy, Gramper!" she said as she opened the door, and there was such a cheery ring to her voice that Mrs. Warren put her great silver-rimmed spectacles in place to look at her. "How'd you git on 'thout me?" she went on, smiling reassuringly into the old man's eyes as she put down the wood.

"Hit's been some lonesome," he answered; "hit's never been afore thet I've set all day an' never hearn a holler, ner a whistle, ner a step 'bout the ole house thet kin member so many a stomp. My Par, an' my brethers, an' my boys, all gone—all gone. But I kin 'member how ever one sot hisn heel to the flo'. I don't see how I'll ever spar' you to go clean away, Hannah."

"You'll never need to see hit," Hannah answered. "Supper's ready, Granny," she went on, and turned to the door.

Mrs. Warren rose slowly. "You gits

meallyer ever day, John Warren," she said, pushing the odd needle through her knitting.

"Thet's right, Mertildy, a good, ripe apple is allers meally."

"An' gits rotten-meally, mebbe you knows thet."

"An' you speaks thet to me thet hes been youuns man fur moren fifty yeer, Mertildy?"

"Yes, I do say hit 'bout Hannah," she answered. "Did I think I'd live to see a Warren gal a-tradin' taters like any trash? She'll be a peddlin' next; an' mebbe you'll marry her to Dock Wilson, jest to hev her a-nigh you."

"Hit mout all come true, Mertildy," and the old man's gentle eyes flashed; "fur peddlin' ain't no sin, an' Dock Wilson ain't never knocked a woman yit."

A dull color came into Mrs. Warren's face. "Si were wrong," she admitted; "but thar's one thing a Durket can't stand, an' thet's bein' jawed by a fool, an' Si's Mar were a p'int-blank fool." At the door she met Hannah. It looked almost as if she had been waiting there in spite of the cold wind that was sweeping through the lobby.

And now the happiness that had left her at the wood-pile came back, as kneeling in front of the fire Hannah drew the two silver dollars from her pocket.

"Didn't you git no cawfee an' sugar?" Mr. Warren asked.

"I did thet, an' brung home this fur the ploughin'," and she shook the money triumphantly. Then she told her story, impressing on the old man that she had gone to the shop with money. But she lowered her voice as she told of her meeting Mrs. Harner, and of her engagement for the next day. Mr. Warren, eating slowly, made no comment until she came to the description of her being received in the Wellings's parlor, while a servant emptied her things, and Lizer waited in the kitchen.

"Thet'll tickle Mertildy," he said, with a chuckle; "but if you 'lows to go ag'in to morrer, you must git off 'fore youuns Granny hes time to hender you."

"She can't hold me all day, Gramper, an' she can't tie me."

Mr. Warren regarded his granddaughter curiously. "Granny's ole now, chile," he said, "an' don't you go to makin' her wuss mad 'an is needful. You ain't never seen her rayly mad. I ain't never seen hit but onest, but thet's enough," rubbing one hand slowly round on his bald head. "'Fair-an'-easy' is a good horse, Hannah, but 'Don't keer' is a galding nag. Thar's no use a-flyin' in Granny's face 'thout thar's a needcessity."

Hannah felt her independence slipping away, and she asked, "What hev you told Granny?"

"Thet you hed gone to trade fur cawfee an' sugar, an' I ain't a-goin' to tell her nothin' mo' tell I'm obleeged to. She's been worrited an' onsettled all day, mad 'bout Lizer a-goin'. Lizer ain't to say a clean-tongued woman."

"Mrs. Wilson's feared o' me," Hannah said, contemptuously. Then told again of emptying the apples, and the snubbing she had given Lizer at the gate.

"Thet's what Granny 'll call the 'Durket sperret,'" and the old man smiled as if at the vagaries of a child. "But she sets a heap o' store by you, Hannah."

"She's too hard, Gramper," the girl said, coldly. "She stomps youuns feelin's dead, an' *then* she ain't sati'fy, kase then you've got to feel her way," and the girl's eyes filled with tears. "If I coulder lied or stole, or if I coulder left you an' Daddy, she'd hev druv me to hit long ago. Poor Daddy!" But she dashed the tears away, for without warning Mrs. Warren entered. She looked at them sharply, then seated herself near the fire with her knitting. Hannah did not move; she would do nothing that looked like retreat.

"An' what's you been a-cryin' 'bout, Hannah; is you sick?"

"We's been a-talkin', Mertildy," Mr. Warren answered, "'bout you, and me, an' Joshaway, an' Hannah."

Mrs. Warren was silent, for unknown to anyone, her heart was sore about her son Joshua. Her last words to him haunted her. She had abused him in the presence of his child. When she ceased, he had shouldered his axe and gone into the woods, and in the evening had been brought home dead, his life crushed out by a falling tree. Her grief

for his death had been unfeigned, and she had spent all she could lay her hands on for his funeral; but she had never said that she was sorry for any of the hard things she had dealt to him throughout his life, and Hannah's young heart had grown hard toward her. But Mrs. Warren remembered, and any mention of his name was a keen pain.

"Youuns daddy were a good son, boy and man," Mr. Warren went on. "He never tole a lie as I kin 'member, an' he never done nothin' he were tole not to do, nur he never hurt nothin' if he knowed hit; an' when youuns Granny were ailin', thar worn't no woman more soffly 'an Joshaway. An' from the time he were born he hed them kind o' askin' eyes like the critters thet can't say what they wants. An' hit allers hurt me, Joshaway's eyes did, an' when he were leetle I were allers a-givin' him ever'thing he looked at; but all the same hisn's eyes kept on askin' an' askin' to the last."

There was a dead silence in the room save for the click of Mrs. Warren's needles, and the whispering of the fire. Presently Mr. Warren spoke again. "I reckon hisn eyes is satisfy now, I reckon so. An' weuns never hed no words, me an' Joshaway; but I've been right short on Pete, an' Dave, an' John; but Joshaway never hurt nobody, an' nobody never hed no 'casion to hurt Joshaway. An' now he's gone afore me. But I reckon hisn eyes is satisfy—I reckon so."

Hannah rose, she could not listen any longer; she would cry out against the hard old woman sitting there with that immovable face. Her taste of freedom that day had unfitted her for the stolid submission of the past. She could not bear it, and she left the room. It scarcely seemed fair that her father should be brought back from his grave to blunt her grandmother's temper. She might be mistaken, and the words have been only loving recollections.

"Ole folks don't hev nothin' to do but 'member things," she whispered, wiping her eyes with the corner of her little shawl, as she stole away to the loft where the apples were stored. She put down the sacks and the measure carefully, and hanging the lantern on a nail in the low rafters, kneeled down cautiously. "An' Daddy would a-been willin' to be spoke 'bout to save me," the whisper went on, as she carefully picked out the apples and laid them in the measure. The fall of one might call her grandmother up to investigate, and prohibit. When the sacks were filled she lowered them from the window with a rope. It took a long time, and she was shivering uncontrollably when she took the lantern from the nail and tripped downstairs.

The meat and the potatoes were easily arranged, for they were in an out-house. In the piazza she piled wood for the morning, and laid the kitchen fire ready for lighting. Her grandmother should have no extra work to complain of.

She took the milk-pails and kettle into her own room, for all must be done before day. And in after-years it seemed to her that her life dated from that cold, dark March morning. She milked, with the lantern casting weird shadows about her, refusing to listen to the strange noises of the wind, and trembled like a thief when she took off her shoes and crept into the kitchen with the milk. She was glad now that the wind was wild and high; she could hear the branch of a tree her father had planted close to the house, scraping against her grandmother's window, and drowning any little noise that she might make.

She drank a bowl of milk, and put a piece of cold corn-bread into her pocket, to serve until she came back, and as the first light broke in the east, and flashed a crimson flame from point to point of the low-flying clouds, Hannah closed the gate softly and rode away.

The shadows were still black in the woods, and the wind that came tearing down the mountain seemed to wrap round her, and to bend the trees down as if to bar her from this journey. Never before had the sunrise affected her as it did now, and realizing dimly a change in herself, she wondered a little, stopping to look down over the wild, mist-draped scene.

"Everthing seems purtier now," she murmured.

A thread of blue smoke rose from among the trees below; she started, gathering up the reins, she knew where that came from.

"An' now poor Gramper's a-steddyin' what to say?" and she urged old Bess forward as if her grandmother might yet sally forth and stop her.

IV

"But my being is confused with new experience.
And changed to something other than it was."

"WHERE are you off to, Max?" The young man addressed was adjusting a shabby gown with much precision.

"To Miss Welling's," Max answered, as with the same care he put on his square cap.

"If *I* had such a fossil gown," his companion went on from the bed where, though the day was young, he was lounging with a cigarette between his lips, "and such a crummy mortar-board, I'd not put them on with such 'solemnity and jurisdiction'."

"If you could show such a cap and gown, Melville, you'd not be a 'Squab;'" and taking up some books, Max left the room.

It was early, but formal visiting-hours were ignored in the village of Sewanee, and people kept open house, and "dropped in" on each other when they liked. So Max dropped in and found Miss Welling sewing.

"I have brought the book I spoke of," he began, without further greeting. "This poet ought to capture you, to convert you to himself, for he makes one long to live bravely."

"Or die bravely," Agnes suggested.

"To live is harder. Death cannot be dodged, so there is no use in being afraid; but many things in life can be dodged. I often wonder if education makes any difference in the way one meets death. Is it easier for these country people to let life go, than for us?"

"They live like moles," Agnes said, "in comparison we are squirrels; and I think they take a pride in dying. I think the ignorant die calmly because they do not know, and the educated because they do know."

"What?"

"What? why — why, everything; which comprehensive everything is after all very limited. Still, I believe in education. I *know* that educated people are happier and better."

"Whew!" and Max pulled his mustache slowly. "If I were sure of that, I should this day begin a crusade with a 'blue-backed' spelling-book as my banner. And you," leaning forward a little, "your duty is to begin at once to teach. If once we realize what is best to be done for our fellows, we *must* do it."

The door opened and Hannah stood before them with a sack of apples across one shoulder. "Hardy," she said, her face lighting up as she caught sight of Agnes; "har's youuns apples."

"I am glad to see you," and Agnes held out her hand. Max looked from one to the other curiously, then placed a chair near the fire for Hannah. "It is cold," he said. Hannah looked at him a moment, then taking off her long bonnet, sat down on the edge of the chair.

"Yes, and she has come a long way," Agnes answered for her, then turned away to call the servant. Max took up the bag and followed Agnes into the next room, and she going still further, he returned to his place. Hannah watched him until he came back, then looked at the fire, and Max watched her. It was a beautiful face as he saw it now with the firelight on it, and he spoke to her.

"What Cove do you come from?" he asked.

"Lost Cove."

"Then you must be connected with Mr. John Warren, and with his son?"

"He's my Gramper," she answered, in a surprised voice; "and hisn's son, Joshaway?"

"Yes, I met them out hunting last October."

"Joshaway were my Par"—the voice faltered, and the eyes sought the fire. "He were killed in November."

"Yes, I heard that. What is your name?"

"Hannah," watching Agnes as she returned.

"And is your grandfather quite well?" Max went on in a quiet way, that put Hannah at her ease, and surprised Agnes.

"No, he ain't; he can't stir fur the rheumatiz, an' he ain't done a hand's turn sence hog-killin', jest atter Daddy died, an' I'll hev to hire Dock Wilson to help me plough."

"You plough?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you read?"

"Some; Mammy hed schoolin', an' she larned dad, an' he larned me. But I don't hev no time, what with the cows, an' the hogs, an' the wood, an' the cookin', an' washin'; an' Granny says book-larnin' is foolishness."

"You must have too much to do; though work is a good friend."

"Thet's what Gramper says. He says work b'ars no gredges an' tells no lies; good work stan's up an' says 'good,' an' bad work stan's up an' says 'bad,' an' thar's no heshin' them, an' hit's true;" then rising, she took up the bag the servant had brought, and held out her hand to Agnes.

"Farwell," she said, "weuns'd be rale proud to see you down home."

"Thank you," Agnes said, smiling as Hannah, instead of shaking her hand, turned it over and looked at it curiously. Then she turned to Max. "You must come too, an' what name shell I name to Gramper?"

"Max Dudley," shaking hands in his turn; "we camped together one night. I was lost and came on his camp. I will bring Miss Welling down;" then he opened the door for Hannah.

V

"And answered with such craft as women use,
Guilty or guiltless, to stave off a chance—
That breaks upon them perilously."

Successful as before, Hannah was happy, for besides a little bag of flour, she had more money than she intended to show even to Mr. Warren. If he knew of this surplus he might reveal it in order to save her from hard words; and if Mrs. Warren knew, it would be stored away and she be left as helpless as before. She had made a long *détour* to reach Wilson's and engage Dock to plough, as she had the money to pay him. She would say four dollars, the rest she must save for other purposes.

Once more on the main road, she urged old Bess on. There was much excitement in her position, and she was anxious yet afraid. How would it be possible to see Mr. Warren alone first? She stopped the horse. "If I keeps on bein' afeard o' Granny," she said aloud, "I'll do sumpen rale mean some day." Old Bess was urged on again. "I'll go right in an' face her, crooked chance or straight chance." She dropped the reins on the horse's neck, and took the old deer-skin purse from her pocket. It was quite full with her two days' gains, and she drew a long sigh. She took out all the money save the four dollars intended for Dock's wages, and tying it up in her glove, hid it in her bosom, then put the purse back in her pocket.

"Hit looks right sneakin', but I must save hit 'ginst Si."

Reaching the gate, she unsaddled the horse with unusual celerity, and shouldering the saddle and the little bag of flour, went quickly into the house.

It had been a long and weary day to the old man. Hannah's errand was a bitter pill to Mrs. Warren. She had never done such a thing in her life, nor was it customary with women of her station. In those early days, "the man who would let his women-folks peddle was a poor sort of man." But the concealment of the expedition had wounded Mrs. Warren also.

Often she had complained that she did not understand Hannah, for though she usually held herself very much aloof, Hannah would yet do work and associate with people that shocked Mrs. Warren, and the irritation caused by what she deemed the girl's peculiarities was a very constant thing.

"A goat raised a pup once, Mertildy," her husband had often said to her, "but she never could larn thet pup to butt; an' you'll never larn Hannah youuns ways."

All this ground, and the grievance about Si, had been gone over many times during the day. Mrs. Warren felt herself outwitted, for she was sure the difficulty of the ploughing had been solved. Her sequence had been—no man to plough—no money to pay a man—no crop, then want, or Si Durket.

"An' why not?" she had asked; "he's well-lookin',—he's well off—he's a *man*. He curses some; he gets drunk some, an' when he's mad, he *is* mad. But all the Durkets hes sperret, an' Si ain't none o' your soft-walkin'—still-tongued folks like the Warrens; an' when he walks, he stomps!"

Mr. Warren had told her of Hannah's first venture, how she had sat in the parlor, leaving Lizer in the kitchen—how she showed the "Durket sperret" about the apples, and how, after her purchases, Hannah had two dollars left.

These things had mollified her, until she remembered that they had been concealed from her: and when Hannah entered she turned her face away.

"Is you done dinner?" Hannah asked, then looked at her grandmother's averted face.

"Yes, Honey," Mr. Warren answered, twitching her dress furtively; "an' was the woman glad to see you?"

"Yes, and I had a rale nice time. Thar wuz a young man to Miss Agnes Wellin's that knowed you an' Daddy. Says he stayed all night to youun's camp. He's coming to see you, an' Miss Agnes is a-comin' too."

"That's right," Mr. Warren answered, heartily; "I 'members that feller, he's named Dudley, and he's rale well-spoken."

"That's hit," Hannah assented, "an' I said as you and Granny would be proud to see 'em if they'd come, an they said they'd come sure. An' Miss Agnes said I must come again." Then more slowly—"Them folks at Sewanee is good folks, gramper, an' the lies Mrs. Wilson tells 'em, an' tells 'bout em, is scan'alous! But they knows Lizer."

"And was you all the time a-doin' that?" Mrs. Wilson asked, curtly.

"No, I stopped a piece at Mrs. Skinners and at the sto'. Aigs is awful sca'ce; Mrs. Skinner says she'll gimme twenty cents a dozen."

"Thet's a good price, sure," Mr. Warren said. Did you promise any?"

"You said not to say I'd go again," Hannah answered.

"When you is done rubbin' 'gainst the pot, thar ain't no use a-fearing smut," Mrs. Warren put in, sharply. "Hannah Warren is done knowed fur a pedler alonger Lizer Wilson an' sich, an' she misewell sell the aigs."

"If you sesso, Granny, I'm surely willin'," and Hannah did not give a sign of the surprise she felt. "An' Dock Wilson says he'll come a-Monday, Gramper."

Mrs. Wilson looked up quickly. She saw some of her suspicions being made facts, and realized that Hannah was escaping her. "An' who's to pay?"

"I've got the money," Hannah answered. Then she went her way to the kitchen, where she stood still and drew a long breath of relief.

(To be continued.)

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE other day I completed my twenty-fifth year of living, and I am still considerably impressed with that fact. It is a very important age, this present one of mine, and I have a right to take it seriously. Is it not epochal? "Do you realize," I might urge "that twenty-five years are a quarter of a whole century? And see! of what consequence centuries have been." Is it not a desirable age? Old men say, "when I was twenty-five" and boys say "when I am twenty-five." A distinguished and significant age? For we are beginning the second of the three laps, and the most telling one of the race; we have left off seeking education, directly, and are hunting for wealth and other things; a great many of us have fallen in love; an alarming number have married; and the rest of us have bought wedding presents. We are quite in the thick of living. We are grown-ups. We are the "Olympians" at last. But this is not what I want to prove here, nor is this the way the thing impresses me.

A Surprise in Life.

You who have passed the age may forget; those very young persons who have not yet reached it cannot understand; but my contemporaries will agree, that we have been the coming generation so long that we do not realize that we have come. We know that we are here, but we do not feel it. We are twenty-five; it can be proved by records; but we cannot convince ourselves that we are as significantly mature as that sounds even to our seniors, to whom it sounds young. We are as far along as they were at this age. Yes, but in our case it seems like a make-believe. We have settled down to the serious pursuits of life, most of us; but are they so serious? We eat farewell bachelor dinners with boyhood friends, but—well, they are getting married *as if* they were grown-ups. The real thing seems still to be in the future. We have not yet caught up with it. We can't believe it. We have taken our places with the Olympians, but—if the children only knew! Now there is more of a reason for all this than the mere mystery of unaccustomedness. That is what I want to speak about.

We have discovered that a great mistake has been made about this age; or else about youth (*extreme* youth, seniors, if you prefer); or perhaps about both. No, rather, *we* have made the mistake, but those who have gone ahead of us are to blame for it. All through our long twenty-five years of life (a quarter of a century!) we found poets and preachers, philosophers and writers of fiction, parents and advisers, all, indeed, who have sought, didactically or æsthetically, to interpret life for us, agreeing to harp upon one strain: Youth:—hope, illusions. Manhood:—struggle, disillusionment. Youth is happy, but, ah, so short. Youth bounds blindly forward; he little knows what is before him. Alas, poor, poor, happy youth! etc., *ad lugubrium*—the result being that we began to think there must be some truth in it. And we used to take ourselves in hand, sometimes, and say: "We are absurdly full of hope and pitifully happy now; but in a few years it will be terrible." We grew to hate the thought of "bounding blindly" on to manhood. We were still somewhat curious about it, I admit, but how could we anticipate anything very desirable when a thousand voices, ancient and modern, were shouting in our ears that we should undoubtedly be miserable later on? How could we persuade ourselves that Success—even though it would be hollow—was waiting for us when we looked up and saw all the classic satirists smiling indulgently at us, and the complacent moderns smiling quite as omnisciently?

Indeed, we began to feel as if we were drawing near a great abyss, and, no matter how hard we tried to hold on, were soon to be shoved over; and then away we should drop, out of sunshine and light, down to the bottom of reality. For my part, I remember writing a poem in lugubrious blank verse in a college magazine, expressing my sincere senior-year desire to cling to "that strange sweet, dreaming time, called Youth," which was very beautiful and sad. But listen—the surprise of life—somehow we have glided across from dreaming to living, and—here we are! It is not so bad over here after all. It's a pretty good place. In fact, we are rather happy.

To be sure this is a very real world and living is a very real thing. It did not take us long to find that out. And we have to work more than we play now instead of its being the other way, though working is a pretty good game. We are not making so much money as we could spend, and some things have not turned out as we should have liked. But this is only regrettable, not a great sadness. Some of the childish imaginings with which we used to have fun we have lost the trick of building up, and some of our youthful fancies that we used to think would be true joys we know are *ignes fatui;* but what of that? the poetry is still there, and for every imaginary hoped-for happiness given up there is also an imaginary terror of dumb, humorless childhood gone. What we have to be happy over is very real, very knowable and holdable and likable. That is the finest thing about this second lap; we feel so much more sure of the path. We have been through some very distasteful times with ourselves; perhaps we shall meet worse ones, but so far we have nearly always come out fully decided that human nature, with all its foibles, laughable and lovable, is a pretty good thing to have around, and that there is a good God and a plan of salvation to believe in, almost, if not quite, like that of our parents. And that is the attitude we mean to assume now, willing to take our chances of getting a less pleasant surprise in life later on.

And you may smile if you like. We don't mind.

THERE was a story in one of the newspapers not very long ago about a very rich man who addressed a Bible-class of boys on a Saturday evening, and said to them, among other things: "I hope you young men are all careful. I believe it is a religious duty to get all the money you can; get it fairly, religiously, honestly, and give away all you can." The man who spoke had started in life without any money, and as the result of the diligent exercise of unusual business abilities had come to be one of the richest men in the world. He had also given much money away. The precepts that he uttered seemed to be such as he had followed himself. He seemed to have made it his religious duty to get all the money he could. He had been born to business ability, and had developed his talent mightily. He had practised extreme thrift in his youth; he had been quick to see and seize opportunity, sagacious, indomitable. Little by little he and others whom he had associated with himself had built up one of the most marvellous money-making machines ever known, which, crushing out rivalry and competition, presently controlled the production and sale in this country of a commodity of almost universal use. Its management was superlatively able. It made great fortunes for all its artificers and still continues to pay a prodigious annual tribute to its owners.

A Religious Duty.

No one has ever questioned that it is good "business" to make such a machine as this, but there is novelty in the idea which is so readily deduced from the report of the address of its chief promoter, that it is religion also. When we Americans talk about religion we usually mean Christianity, and this thought of a great and ruthless commercial engine riding down all opposition, is curiously in conflict with the notion of Christianity which most of us entertain. Our religious duty involves many things which are of high value in money-making. It involves self-control, temperance, industry, a reasonable thrift, and a reliance for many of our higher gratifications on things that are not material and which are not to be bought. True religion does not blind; it enlightens; it does not impair one's sagacity, but merely sets it to work on a higher plane. A sincerely religious man may become a great money-maker, as, luckily for all communities, often happens; but still it seems a good deal safer to regard his money-making as something concurrent with his religious duty, rather than the realization of it. The motives for money-getting are already so powerful and so obvious that they appear rather to need restraint than encouragement, and it seems

the office of religion rather to limit their influence than to commend and indorse it. It is an admirable thing, if we have the gift for money-getting, to use our gains generously and wisely for the benefit of our fellows, but we are faulty and greedy creatures at the best, prone to make our consciences and our moral standards submissive to our material interests; prone to take an ell where duty seems to warrant us in taking an inch. If we make it our religious duty to get all the money that we can (honestly of course), that we may have the more to give, shall we not be more than ever in danger of being careless how our money comes, and whose loss is involved in our profit? and of cajoling our consciences by a liberality made possible by enterprises in the development of which piety and human kindness have had no share?

Man's religious duty is to seek righteousness, to be honest, to be merciful, to be just. It is his privilege to gather all the money he can without sacrificing his higher obligations as a creature with a soul, a citizen, and a member of the human brotherhood. Whether he gains more money or less is of minor consequence. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness," said the Master, "and all these things shall be added unto you." Money gains appear then as the incident, not the aim; and nothing in modern experience seems to impeach the wisdom of that attitude toward them.

Fiction as a Dolly.

JUST at the moment when the critics are talking about the undue ascendancy of the novel, and the Jubilee essayists are pointing out that it has been a dominant literary form of the Victorian period, Mr. Blackmore, in a published letter, makes the complaint that fiction is undervalued. "Nine people out of ten speak with happy contempt of a novel as a trumpery concoction. . . . For generations yet to come fiction will be looked upon as a dolly for an infant." This is certainly an extraordinary utterance for the author of one of the best novels of his time, and one of the most seriously accepted; and suggests a moment of mere petulance, or that the ten people with whom Mr. Blackmore comes most in contact have been carefully chosen for his discipline.

"A dolly for an infant!" The danger would be that the novel would become a tyrant over strong men if there were not signs that its limitations are coming to be recognized. Genius, as heretofore, can do anything with it, and enrich literature in the process; the man who has a story to tell can do well with it even if not a genius; but it looks as though the condition with which we have been recently threatened, that sociology, pathology, penology, not to speak of psychology and theology, could be only discussed through its medium, would be healthily averted. The successors and imitators of the "Heavenly Twins" had brief and unfruitful lives; the world listened very languidly indeed to the report that Nordau intended a novel; critics have been found already to intimate that Mr. Bellamy's "Equality" is dull. Even "Robert Elsmere" could not communicate its vitality to its successors. Mr. Hardy is said to contemplate abandoning the note of "Tess" and "Jude." It begins to appear that while the public will welcome now and then a novel of *Zeit- und Streitfragen*, it will not permit the turning of the novel into the chief vehicle of discussion. For awhile it seemed otherwise; and the judicious, foreseeing a time when fiction would be something to be "kept up with," grieved accordingly.

The whole tendency of things just now is, not to rate the novel too highly as a form, which would be impossible, but to give to too many really "trumpery concoctions" the benefit of the traditions of good fiction. There is very little discriminating criticism of any sort left even in the old journals by the new journalism; but even with the lack of it it is amazing to see with what seriousness the endless succession of minor novels is handled. No wonder the possessor of a "fad reputation" is bewildered by the rapidity alike of its rise and fall; lucky if he can efface himself with the good-humor of Mr. Beerbohm, "already outmoded," to make room for younger men "with months of activity still before them." It makes one long for Mr. Bludyer; it makes one long for the "happy contempt" of Mr. Blackmore's nine people out of ten. There is good local color in Jones's little book—so good that his friend Brown, who has been asked to write a "biographical essay" on him, says it is sometimes "really Robinsonian" (referring to a third friend's already vanishing fame)—but why talk of it in terms which even Mr. Blackmore would deprecate? This is what does injury to Jones, more than any amount of that lack of hospitality to young talent which is the favor-

ite accusation against critics who remember that art and English literature are long; and in America at least it is far less often amiable personal log-rolling than a real exaggerated reverence for anything in the form of fiction. We do not talk about verse and essay in quite this disproportionate fashion, it seems to me; but a Novel—of whatever infantile quality—is more likely to be treated as an object of distinguished consideration than as a "dolly."

THE FIELD OF ART

MORE ABOUT TRAVELLING SCHOLARSHIPS OPEN TO AMERICANS.

THE condensed history of the establishment of the American Academy of Rome and of the various travelling scholarships for the painters, in the August issue, may be supplemented by the following notes concerning the sculptors and the architects.

By the will of William H. Rinehart, the sculptor, a fund was established for the encouragement of Art which has increased to $100,000 under the skilful care of the late W. T. Walters of Baltimore and of the Peabody Institute, to which it was entrusted by his son. This now provides for two scholarships for sculptors, the beneficiaries to receive each $1,000 a year for four years, a passage to and from Rome, and a studio and lodging in the Villa dell'Aurora, where they must live and work. "The candidates are selected from among those only who, by a preliminary examination, show themselves to be of marked proficiency. In the final competitive examinations, they are required to submit a bas-relief or a subject in the round, as indicated by the judges, to be executed in twelve weeks from the day on which the work is begun. A preliminary sketch one foot square and made in two days must be presented to the judges, one copy to be retained by the trustees of the fund, the other by the competitor. The composition as shown in the sketch must be adhered to in the final work. Any radical deviation from the composition as indicated in the sketch, any alteration from the dimensions of the large work, or any assistance on the work, will exclude it from the competition." The winners, during their stay in Rome, must execute a bas-relief containing two life-size figures, a life-size figure in the round, and a life-size group of two or more figures. They must also devote a year of their time to travel in France, Italy, and Greece. The young sculptor now in Rome under these terms, is H. A. McNeal; A. Phinister Proctor, in Paris at this writing, was also given the benefits of the endowment. The four artists constituting the Advisory Committee of the Trustees of the Peabody Institute were Messrs. J. Q. A. Ward, Edwin H. Blashfield, Augustus St. Gaudens, and Daniel Chester French.

It is from the spring of 1894 that the American School of Architecture in Rome dates its history. On June 12th of that year, at a meeting held at the Century Club in New York, "it was definitely decided to found an institution which in course of time should equal in endowment and advantages the foreign academies in Rome, although at first somewhat different in its scope. It was also decided to invite the co-operation of certain gentlemen who should constitute a permanent managing committee." This school is founded for the benefit of advanced students only, and "is designed to further the more disciplinary work of other institutions by opening to young

men, already well trained by them in drawing and design, certain special lines of study, which at present can be pursued only under great disadvantages." The work of the holders of the various travelling scholarships having previously shown "no common purpose and little consistent prosecution along carefully chosen lines," it was hoped by bringing them together under the discipline of the school to direct their foreign travel and study "to more definite and specific courses." This institution, in the absence of a permanent fund, is at present supported by the contributions of a few American architects. It was formally opened under the charge of Mr. Austin W. Lord, a former holder of the Rotch travelling scholarship, on November 1, 1894, in temporary quarters in the Palazzo Torlonia, and the first term of the school lasted about four months. There were present for the whole or part of the time four students, three of whom were holders of travelling scholarships or fellowships. In the following July it removed to its present home in the Villa dell' Aurora; and the beginning of its scholastic year, in the following October, may be considered the formal opening of the new Academy of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and Music in Rome.

Of the four architectural travelling scholarships — one more than in England — the longest established was founded by the children of Benjamin S. Rotch, a wealthy merchant of Boston, in 1883. A fund of sufficient magnitude to assure an annual income of $2,000 was placed in the hands of three trustees, who have given the general direction of the affairs of the scholarship to the care of the Boston Society of Architects, under certain conditions. The successful candidate in each yearly examination receives $1,000 annually for two years; all competitors presenting themselves must be under thirty years of age, and have worked during two years under an architect resident in Massachusetts. They are required to pass a preliminary written examination in the history of architecture, construction, theory and practice, an elementary knowledge of the French language, and in free-hand drawing from the cast, and a final examination of a problem of an extended nature in design. The preliminary examinations are held on the first Monday and Tuesday of each year; the designs are judged by a jury of experts, usually not residents of Boston, invited by the committee. The three other travelling scholarships, the Columbia and McKim Fellowships and that of the University of Pennsylvania, being each connected with a school of architecture, omit the preliminary examinations, the two of Columbia College completely —the fellowships being open only to graduates of the Department of Architecture of the College—and that of the Pennsylvania University omits it for students who have completed these courses, in the University of Architecture. The latter competition being open also to candidates under thirty years of age, matriculates of a full college year's standing in an architectural school in Pennsylvania, or draftsmen of at least one year's service (probably soon to be made two) in the office of a resident architect, the preliminary examination is obligatory for these aspirants. This scholarship gives the beneficiary $1,000 for a year's travel and study in Rome under the direction of the School of Architecture of the Institute, and the methods and conditions of the examinations resemble closely those of the Rotch Scholarship, the awards being made by a jury composed of New York and Boston architects. The winner is expected to submit his itinerary of travel and study for the approval of Professor Warren P. Laird; and the arrangements for the general line of action and responsibility of the student while abroad, his rendering of regular or quarterly reports and envois of his work, bear a general resemblance in all these travelling scholarships.

The School of Architecture in the Pennsylvania University was founded in October, 1890, and was the outcome of a movement in the city of Philadelphia among the more conservative members of the profession, which was not very cordially seconded by the followers of the enterprising leader in that remarkable and original architectural development of styles which so excites the surprise of the stranger in that usually placid metropolis. The travelling scholarship was established two years later, and has sent four men abroad, all residents of Philadelphia. Two of these spent ten months each in the American Academy at Rome; the latest takes with him a somewhat original course of study on the social aspects of municipal architecture.

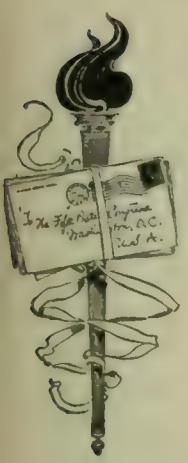
The Schermerhorn Scholarship of Columbia University was founded in 1889 by the trustees of the College, who set apart $13,000 for this purpose in recognition of donations amounting to a similar sum by Mr. F. A. Schermerhorn. This awards $1,300 every second year,

the winner to spend at least one year in foreign study. On the alternate year, the McKim fellowship is awarded, of two prizes of $1,000 each. This was endowed by Mr. C. F. McKim in 1890. The prizes are open to all graduates of the Department of Architecture, under thirty years of age, each candidate on his return being required to present his written report, and to exhibit at the School of Mines the drawings he has made. When the School of Architecture in Rome was established, a second, a Roman Scholarship, a real *Prix de Rome*, was endowed by Mr. McKim with the sum of $1,500, and the next year, 1896, a similar sum was added. It was then proposed to unite the two McKim fellowships into one, and send the winner to Rome for two years instead of one. Complications naturally arose with the architectural scholarships in other States—one of the first suggestions being that each of them should require attendance at the Roman Academy of the students sent abroad. Several of these, from Philadelphia, Boston, and New York, had gone of their own volition to the Villa dell' Aurora, and, to simplify matters, in the spring of 1896, a joint competition was arranged among the various institutions whose graduates are available for the Roman Scholarship, so that the competitors for the Rotch Travelling Scholarship, the Columbia Fellowship in Architecture, the Travelling Scholarship of the University of Pennsylvania, and the Scholarship in the School of Rome, should be examined on the same programme and conclude at the same date, May 9th. Objections to this plan had been raised in Boston on the ground that the Rotch Scholarship offered two years abroad instead of one, and at the same time is open to anyone who has had merely two years' experience in an office.

Any graduate, under thirty years of age, of Cornell University, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the University of Illinois, Syracuse University, Lehigh University, Columbia University, or the University of Pennsylvania, may enter for the Roman Scholarship in Architecture. All American students who have spent three years in the Paris École des Beaux-Arts are also eligible. The holder of the scholarship receives $1,000 a year for three years. As at first arranged, he has to spend eighteen months in foreign travel and study, ten in the American School in Rome, in Italy, Sicily, and Greece, under the direction of the Secretary, and the other eight, as might be agreed upon between himself and the Executive Committee of the School. As already stated, the establishment of the full Academical term of three years has necessitated a modification of these arrangements. This scholarship may be made cumulative with any of the four travelling endowments, so that the winner of both may enjoy double advantages of time and funds. The award of the Roman scholarship is made by a jury appointed by the Executive Committee, which jury does not meet until the other juries have made their awards, these latter not to be made public until the Roman scholarship has been decided upon. Thus in 1896, Mr. John Russell Pope won both the Columbia Travelling Scholarship and the Prize of Rome.

ABOUT THE WORLD

THE multiplicity of "congresses" and "conventions" nowadays has produced a wide-spread feeling of indifference to such gatherings, outside of those who gather. The International Postal Congress, however, possesses a lively interest for every individual, and its session at Washington this year was expected to produce some striking improvements in our foreign postal service. It is a truly wonderful system, and surely not the least of nineteenth century achievements. That anyone in Oshkosh or Kalamazoo can for five cents communicate with friends in Calcutta or Melbourne or Stockholm, and that the missive shall be forwarded to its destination with a regularity well-nigh infallible, are facts which are not only marvels but which must be accounted most potent factors in our social and economic life.



The founder of the international system, Dr. von Stephan, died quite recently at Berlin, yet it is difficult already for those of the later generation to realize the conditions before "Post-Stephan," as he was nicknamed, devised the far-reaching plan now in vogue. Fifty-one countries now belong to the Postal Union, and China, who was represented at the recent congress, has given notice that she will fall into line before long. This will leave no countries of consequence outside except Corea and the Orange Free State, so that Dr. Stephan lived to see a singularly complete development of his great scheme.

The most important project before the Congress this year was the much-discussed proposition for an international stamp. It has long been pointed out as one of the most radical weaknesses of our system that it is now practically impossible to send return postage to a foreign correspondent, and it was hoped that the present Congress might grapple successfully with the problems involved in the issuing of a "universal" stamp. The delegates at the Corcoran Art Gallery, however, decided, after some five or six weeks of discussion, that the question was entirely too large for them to grapple with. The obvious difficulty lies in the diversity of monetary values in the various countries. An English sovereign will purchase only ninety-six tuppence ha'penny stamps, whereas the German equivalent of twenty marks and twenty pfennigs is good for a hundred and one foreign stamps, these costing twenty pfennigs each. The situation here and in France is just as complicated, so it is no wonder the Congress was daunted. It seems almost beyond question that the near future must contain some relief from the exasperations of the present state of affairs, and one need not be a visionary to foresee the time when international currency and postage will seem as much matters of course as are our present postal facilities. Since the next Congress, however, is scheduled to meet at Rome in 1903, it is evident we must worry along as we are for at least another decade. Some slight changes for the better the late meeting did bring about. Foreign postal-cards not prepaid will hereafter be taxed only four cents instead of ten; type-written circulars may be shipped in batches of twenty at printed-matter rates; and, most evident gain of all, foreign letters may weigh three-quarters of an ounce instead of a half, without being subject to double charge.

PERSONAL prejudices go down like ninepins before figures—if the latter are big enough. While no one could fail to sympathize with the motives and aims of the evangelical workers who are respon-

sible for Christian Endeavor meetings, it is undoubtedly true that their methods are not wholly acceptable to some staid individuals who cannot bracket religion and emotion without trepidation. Yet it is doubtful if even the Salvation Army presents such a noteworthy phenomenon as the rise of this society. Some sixteen years ago Dr. Francis E. Clark, the pastor of a church in Williston, Me., took advantage of a fervent "revival" to organize a Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, which was so successful that an account of it was published a few months later in two of the prominent religious papers. This was in the summer of 1881. There are to-day 50,000 Christian Endeavor societies all over the world with a rapidly growing membership of over three million! Now, one may have serious doubts as to the efficacy of the "comfort bags" supplied by the Floating Society to sailors; one may even be unmoved, in the manner designed, by the detailed parallel drawn by an enthusiast between a Christian Endeavorer and a trolley-car ("The *car* is the Endeavorer. The *wheels* are his ability . . . the *trolley* is prayer. The *fender* is his helping or saving hand"—etc.); but any organization which has in fifteen years enrolled three million individuals in support of a most praiseworthy idea, which has held ten million meetings and distributed five million copies of its constitution in some forty different languages, must claim attention.



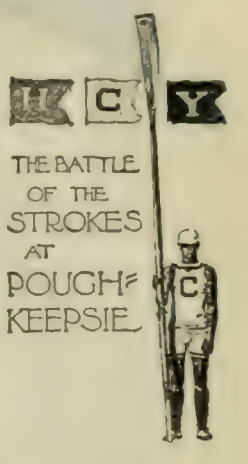
The annual convention held by this society is worthy of notice from many aspects. It was held in 1893 at Montreal, with 16,000 delegates present; next year 20,000 members gathered together at Cleveland, and in 1895 no less than 56,000 "Endeavorers" from England, Ireland, Scotland, Australia, India, Persia, China, and Japan, as well as from all parts of our own country, congregated at Boston. This year the convention was held at San Francisco, but the distance seemed to have practically no effect upon the enthusiasm of the members. This modern travel spirit is really a very singular development when one comes to think of it. Where else in the world could one find thousands and thousands of people setting out on a journey of quarter the distance round the globe—for it is fully that from New York to the Pacific coast and back—without the least hesitation or concern? It is not only religious fervor that is responsible, for a very respectable proportion of the travellers who crowded the trains of all the trans-continental roads between June 30th and July 5th, were not Endeavorers at all, but merely pleasure-seekers taking advantage of the abnormally low fares. One railroad sent out forty-two heavily loaded special trains in as many hours, and all the others were for days almost given up to this great migration. Nor is this particular gathering by any means an isolated instance. Every year there are numbers of cases where vast bodies of people, in order to be present at the gathering of some association, undertake journeys the thought of which would fill the average foreigner with horror. Certainly a Frenchman or a German would be apt in similar circumstances to put his affairs into shape, make his will, and trust to Providence for a sight of his home in the dim future. Our statisticians have put the matter into a somewhat more tangible form. They calculate that the passenger mileage in the United States during 1896 ran up to nearly thirteen billions; that is to say, there was an average of about two hundred miles of travel for each man, woman, and child in the whole country.

WHEN the projects for both of the great veteran societies—the Grand Army of the Republic and the United Confederate Veterans—were first discussed, one of the strongest arguments brought against them was that they would tend to perpetuate bitter memories that were best forgotten. This sounded plausible enough at the time, but the result seems to have been strikingly at variance with such predictions. Both organizations have had the warmest support. The Grand Army in its thirty years of existence has gathered together nearly 350,000 members, and some 40,000 ex-Confederates have allied themselves to the Southern association from its beginning in 1889 to the convention just held at Nashville.



It would appear but natural that issues whose memories can evoke such support should have left much of their sting behind, yet at these reunions each year Union and Confederate soldiers meet not only in amity but in a spirit of especial friendliness. Numbers of instances have been recorded where a speaker addressing an assemblage of veterans has described some dramatic little incident that marked his own experience of a particular battle—an impromptu picket duel, or a friendly swapping of tobacco, or a hand to hand struggle in the thickest of a charge—only to receive unexpected corroboration of his tale from a whilom antagonist who had been the unknown "Yank" or "Johnny Reb." At each great public function of both North and South during the last two decades representatives of the other section have figured conspicuously, and at General Grant's funeral one of the most prominent of the invited guests was a Southern General. But perhaps the most striking case of all occurred some years ago when an educational institution drawing its students from both North and South invited simultaneously to its lecture platform the Union and Confederate leaders of the forces engaged in the terrible fighting at Fort Fisher. These two gentlemen delivered a joint address describing in detail the progress of the assault—"Here, Major —— killed about 200 of my men, so we ordered up the reserves," and so on. Thirty years ago this colossal conflict ended, and it cost both sides over half a million lives and $10,000,000,000, yet the very actors in the struggle, the men who flew at each other's throats like tigers, can already discuss such events with the impartiality of the historian! Such swift and complete healing of grisly wounds speaks well indeed for the healthfulness of our body politic.

THAT contradictory composite, The American Character, has, during many decades, been a peculiarly efficient whetstone for foreign journalistic wits, but the many perspicacious analyses of it, British and Gallic alike, have very generally failed to note one of its most salient features: the love of sport. That this should appertain to us as part of our Anglo-Saxon heritage was to be expected; and if one were called upon to prove the fact, no more telling evidence could be adduced than the public state of mind, as shown by the "public prints," for the weeks immediately preceding last Fourth of July. It might well have been expected that patriotism would have arisen rampant at the approach of its high feast, and monopolized our attention and the front pages of the newspapers. But not Independence memories; not tangled tariffs; not Hawaiian annexation, with its attendant national problems and its reopening of the burning question of territorial aggrandizement; not the political struggle ahead of the inhabitants of Greater New York—none of these topics proved able to hold its own against the eight-oared boat-races at Poughkeepsie and the supremacy of "strokes" believed to be involved therein.



Now such an utter absorption would be remarkable under any circumstances; but when it is considered that the average American never even saw a boat-race, this pastime requiring conditions all too rarely found among us, and that certainly not one man out of a hundred has the slightest personal knowledge of any stroke whatever, the gusto with which detailed comparisons of crews and strokes were devoured becomes a phenomenon of more than usual interest.

We took this particular contest with more than usual seriousness, for, as all will remember, the three competitors represented as many different styles of rowing, each of which was claimed by its supporters to be the only method sanctioned by true science. Curiously enough no one of these styles corresponded exactly either to the "English" or "American" strokes. Practically speaking, these two opposing systems were characterized, the former by a short slide and a long swing back, the latter by a quick, strong thrust with a full slide, utilizing the utmost leg-power. In one the aim was to have the oar under water as much of the time as possible; in the other to apply the utmost propelling power in a short time, the crew being trained to the utmost precision of catch and recovery. Many believed that, with equal crews and conditions, our cousins across the water had decidedly the best of the argument in four-mile races, although the quick, choppy pull, of which Cornell was once the leading exponent, might prove very efficacious over shorter distances where a spurt from start to finish was possible.

The question as to the merits of these opposing theories has divided not only college against college, but each college at various times against itself. Yale has been perhaps as consistent in policy as any. Under the leadership of the redoubtable Mr. "Bob" Cook, Yale crews were long trained to what has attained fame as the "Cook stroke." This was a development of Mr. Cook's theories, and combined great precision of motion with a long reach, the legs still having the greater share of the work. After last year's Henley races, however, Mr. Cook still further modified his ideas, and this year the Yale crew rowed a stroke closely modelled on that which carried Leander to victory at Henley.

Harvard was under much the same influence. Her trainer, Mr. R. C. Lehmann, one of the best known of English "coaches," had succeeded in arousing the keenest interest and the full support of the various rowing factions, each of which had found support for its own theories in a long list of defeats. Under Mr. Lehmann's instruction the crew was pulling a pure English stroke, closely resembling that of Yale, whom they excelled in smoothness and in recovery, although sharp observers professed to discern greater power in Yale's sweep. Cornell, who had had as usual the benefit of the veteran Courtney's instruction, won handily from both crews, repeating the feat a few days later against Pennsylvania and Columbia. Despite the fact that the personal equation is always a troublesome unknown quantity in comparing athletic systems, it has been widely claimed that these two victories demonstrated the correctness of Mr. Courtney's views. Cornell partisans rail at the assertion that their prophet derived any inspiration from the enemy at Henley. Yet it is the judgment of the best critics that Cornell's victories were due to Mr. Courtney's able selection of the best points from both methods. Adopting the long swing in vogue on the other side, he retained the leg thrust, which is undoubtedly the strongest feature of the American system. At least that is what is claimed for him—in the light of his victory; certainly the theory is sound, and it seems probable we must look for next year's winner, other things being equal, to the crew which most successfully combines the "long pull" and the "strong pull."

Harvard was last, yet the rowing outlook at that university is brighter than for many years. The crew was perhaps the best Harvard has ever turned out, and there are many shrewd boating men who declare that if Mr. Lehmann had not failed to realize the difference between some American and English conditions his men would have carried the day. There is every prospect of a great contest in 1898. Cornell naturally believes more than ever in Courtney's stroke; Yale has lost no jot of faith in "Bob" Cook; and Harvard evidently believes Mr. Lehmann will yet do the trick for her. The latter took several members of the crew with him to Henley just after the Poughkeepsie meet, with the idea of giving them an ocular demonstration of what he has been trying to inculcate. So we shall probably be thrilled again next year with another contest of strokes.



SCENES FROM THE GREAT NOVELS—X.

RAWDON CRAWLEY SURPRISES BECKY SHARP AND LORD STEYNE.—*Vanity Fair, Chapter XVIII., Vol. II.*

"She began, trembling, pulling the jewels from her arms."

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THE WRECK OF GREECE

By Henry Norman

If Greece must be
A wreck. . . .
—SHELLEY.

I



Evzones of the Palace Guard, Athens.

IT is just possible that among the readers of this magazine may be a gray-haired pioneer whose fate it has been to see a fellow-creature tortured to death by Red Indians. If so, that reader can form an adequate notion of the state of mind of any lover of Greece and student of international affairs who spent the months of March and April of this year in Athens. The Concert of Europe and the Turk were the torturers; Hellas was the victim. As the situation developed and the telegrams from the different capitals arrived each day, the effect to the sympathetic onlooker was that, day by day, a fresh hot iron was applied to the living flesh, another sliver driven under the finger-nail. I do not mean to imply by this simile that the guilt was all on one side and the innocence on the other—far from it; but the ruthless might of the Powers and the helplessness of Greece produced the impression I have described. Sometimes the spectacle became unbearable, and I well remember that on one occasion, stifled by the oppressive political atmosphere, I fled from the city, climbed to the Akropolis, and sat me down on the steps of the Parthenon to try and escape, through the influence of the remnants of the immortal past, from the misery of the present. The scene was as beautiful as when the Athenians flocked to gaze, in delighted awe, upon the latest Pheidian incarnation of their goddess. Lycabettus pointed, as then, to a "shadowless, keen ether," the slopes of "flowery hill Hymettus" were as purple, and still "there the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds;" the fields and orchards toward Phaleron were as green, and in the groves

— the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;

and now, as then, were—

mountains and islands inviolably
Prankt on the sapphire sea.

The city below told of triumph. Half a century before it was a wretched Turkish village—a single street of dilapidated wooden sheds. The now well-wharfed and teeming harbor of the Piræus was

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Volunteers Marching to Barracks, Athens.

then but a few planks running out into the water. There was no Greece except in the hearts of a few patriots and in the words of the Church which had kept the lamp of nationality burning secretly during the long night. Half a century is a short time in which to emerge from the deadly stagnation left by many generations of Turkish oppression, yet what has Greece done in that short time? Athens is the finest city of the Balkans. Her museums are superior—not only by their contents, which goes without saying, but in their arrangement and the intelligence by which they are employed to aid research—to most museums in the world. Her university is educating the Hellenic youth of Europe and Asia. Railways, telegraphs, electric lighting, tramways, are familiar symbols of progress. I heard an old traveller declare that one of the hotels of Athens was the most comfortable in Europe. The people of Greece have grown very rapidly in numbers ; they are fairly prosperous and contented so far as the material things of life are concerned. The worst of her political mistakes was not beyond mending. She had, a year before, revived that old Greek festival of which it has been said that no other human institution approached the regularity and the chronological importance of a solar phenomenon. All this and more has she accomplished in that short half-century. Yet as I sat there I knew she was in imminent peril of a fall greater than her rise had been—that the wind was gathering which might extinguish the lamp of Hellenism, perhaps forever. And any attempt to help her was like fighting a conflagration with a fan.

> Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
> But every carle can lord it o'er thy land.

Shortly afterward the blow fell. It was a harder and a more crushing one than had even been feared. Its final effects are still incalculable. Will Greece emerge from her ruin? What is the truth about her downfall? Is Hellas really dead and gone this time? I have hesitated long to put pen to paper in answer to these questions, and indeed they are not to be answered by anybody yet. But there is much that has not



New Greek Cavalry Squadron a Week Old.

been told, and as I was in intimate relations with the King of Greece and the Greek Government during the fateful two months that preceded the outbreak of war, I may try to tell some of it which bears upon these points, vital in their interest to civilized mankind.



Major Sontzo, "the best cavalry officer in Greece."

II

ATHENS was already seething when I arrived there, about the middle of February. Prince George, with his torpedo squadron, had just sailed for Crete amid the greatest enthusiasm that an excitable people had ever displayed. Colonel Vassos, with his 1,400 men, had taken possession of Crete in the name of King George. Prince Nicholas had left that very day, with his battery, for the Thessalian frontier. Bands of reservists, called to the colors by royal edict, were arriving by almost every train. Each of them had its own big, home-made flag, a blue cross on a white ground, inscribed generally with the two words **ΝΙΚΗ ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ**, "Victory or death," and they marched by a roundabout way, through as many streets as possible, to the palace, where they cheered the king, and shouted for war, and then away to the barracks beyond the town, where they were huddled into uniforms and provided with rifles, which most of them had forgotten how to use. Besides the reservists, hardly a day passed without the arrival and procession of a group of volunteers from one of the Greek islands, from Turkey, from Bulgaria, from Egypt, or even from a foreign country. As one of my photographs shows, they presented an extraordinarily diversified appearance. Some of them were dressed in the ordinary slop suits of the Balkans, made chiefly in Vienna; others wore the tattered clothes of the very poor; others the national costume in all its various forms; and in every batch there were some of the splendid shepherds

from the hills, men superior in physique to all others in the Balkans except their fellow-shepherds of Montenegro, each of them with his huge felt cloak thrown carelessly over his shoulders—a garment which serves as greatcoat, mackintosh, blanket, and bed in one. The barrack accommodation in Athens was unequal to the torrent of arrivals. Therefore, as soon as the batches had been clothed, armed, formed into regiments, and drilled for a few days, they were packed off to Epirus or Thessaly. They were, one and all, full of enthusiasm for war, but this was the chief part of their equipment for fighting the tough Turk. They were wildly cheered as they marched to the Piræus, and the Place de la Constitution, which was filled with gay officers when I arrived, grew day by day more sober in color, as these were drafted to the front. The cafés were packed until three o'clock in the morning by amateur statesmen and generals, planning the capture of Constantinople, and every street urchin carried in his pocket a piece of chalk wherewith to scrawl ζήτω ὁ πόλεμος upon any blank wall he might chance to pass.



H. M. George I., King of the Hellenes.

I soon began to discover that this military enthusiasm was not confined to the capital. Foreign diplomatists who had known Greece intimately for years assured me that never before had popular sentiment risen to such a pitch. An Englishman who has lived all his life in Greece, and is the owner of large estates there, returned from a long journey through all the southern part of the kingdom, and reported a universal determination among the peasants to sweep away both king and ministry if war upon Turkey were not declared. Moreover, perhaps to give point to this threat, every individual in Greece procured himself a rifle and a well-filled cartridge-belt. There were few tradesmen in Athens at this time who did not sell rifles; some of them, indeed, abandoned all other business for that of dealers in arms and ammunition. The weapon universally sold was the Gras rifle, discarded from the French army, and in most cases cut down to carbine length. About seven francs would buy it. The government was making very great efforts to fill up the gaps in its military supplies which had been left by the carelessness of politicians. One hundred thousand Gras rifles were ordered from the French Government. When they arrived, a military commission rejected, for various defects, one out of every three, whereupon the French agents refused to deliver the rest, claiming that, at seven francs, the good and bad must be taken together. The government therefore refused to purchase, and the *Ethnike Hetaira*, "National Society," that very remarkable secret organization, of which I shall have more to say later, purchased a number of the rifles, and private dealers another part, and finally the government, not being able to procure rifles elsewhere, bought the remainder at a con-



Popular Demonstration Demanding War, Before the Palace, Athens.

siderably advanced price. This is but one of the almost innumerable examples of Greek mismanagement. After abortive negotiations with a Belgian firm and the chief ammunition-makers of the United States, a million Gras cartridge-cases were ordered in Austria. The Austrian Government, however, stepped in later on, and refused to permit delivery; and, consequently, at no time was the Greek army sufficiently provided with ammunition. It is a fact that a considerable part of the war was fought with the cartridges bought during the frontier mobilization against Turkey in 1886.



M. Delyannis, Prime Minister when War was Declared.

The people were determined upon war. The Ministry had privately given up all hope of avoiding it. There remained the King, who had so often before succeeded in moderating the transports of his subjects. King George was placed by England, France, and Russia upon the throne of Greece when he was eighteen. For thirty-four years he has loyally devoted himself to the interests of his adopted country, and to the endeavor to help his people to realize their Hellenic ideal. His position has been an extremely difficult one, for he has had either too much power or too little. He has not had enough to prevent the ceaseless and often selfish struggles of politicians



D. G. Rhallys, the Present Prime Minister.



An Insurgent Band as it Appeared After a Raid into Macedonia.

from disgracing the very principles of representative government, yet his authority has been sufficient for them, in turn, to cast the blame upon him whenever a crisis came. In Greece he has led, of necessity, a very lonely life, for in this most democratic of countries there is no "upper class," no nobility, no section of society from which he could draw personal friends and intimates without at the same time giving universal offence by arbitrary distinction between man and man. Therefore, Athenian society has been invited to the royal palace but twice a year, and on these occasions the invitation is a very wide one. Yet the King has secured and preserved a remarkable popularity, owing no less to his tact than his patriotism. By his intimate relationships with almost all the Courts of Europe he has been able to secure cordial consideration for Greece, while by his simple manners with the people—he is constantly to be seen walking about the streets and suburbs of Athens in a plain naval uniform, between his wife and his daughter—he has avoided giving offence to his very democratic subjects. His eldest son was married to the sister of the German Emperor, and the charming little nephews of the Kaiser assured an unbroken succession to the throne; and it was thought quite possible that before many years were passed King George would retire, leaving to Prince Constantine the firm position so laboriously and sagaciously won. But events had suddenly imperilled the labor of thirty-four years. The Greek people had determined upon a course of action, *coûte que coûte*, of extreme peril to their country, and they were loudly calling upon



Demopolos, Macedonian Insurgent Leader, Son of the Famous Brufas.

their King to lead them or leave them. I enjoyed the honor of his Majesty's intimate confidence for two months, and of all I wrote and telegraphed about himself and the political situation during that time, only one statement brought me a slight reproach from him. I had said that he himself was in personal danger. He warmly repudiated the suggestion, and declared that whatever his people might or might not do, not one of them would ever dream of lifting a hand against him. His Majesty's position prevented him from hearing threats of personal violence, made not only against M. Delyannis, but against his own person. Let us hope they were empty ones. One of my photographs shows a dense crowd of citizens demonstrating in front of the palace and demanding that the King should declare war [p. 403]. Would he sacrifice his throne and his family, and leave his country in the chaos that would follow his disappearance, or would he, on the other hand, obey their mandate, notwithstanding all its risks, and remain for better or worse at their head? His Majesty received me at once, and put the matter beyond doubt.



Irregulars (Andarti) on the Frontier.

When the Congress of Berlin in 1878 undertook to settle the affairs of south-eastern Europe, Greece, through M. Delyannis, put in a claim for Crete. She was, however, urged to abide by the Convention of Halepa, which endowed Crete with a popular assembly, on the ground that the island would ultimately fall to her, "like ripe fruit," if she would press no demand for it then. Greece obeyed, and affairs went well until 1889, when Chakir Pacha, by the Sultan's orders, withdrew the Convention and restored the old Turkish régime, against which the Cretans had fought in arms so often. If the Powers had instantly forced the Sultan at that moment to restore the privilege he had destroyed, there would be no Cretan question to-day; but they did then exactly what they did when Russia, in defiance of the Treaty of Berlin, fortified Batum, and when Bulgaria and eastern Roumelia, in defiance of the Treaty, proclaimed their union—namely, nothing. Revolution after revolution broke out in Crete, and again and again was King George pressed by his people to take active measures on behalf of the islanders. Not without some risk to himself, however, the King persisted in carrying out the wishes of the Powers. "In person," he said to me, "I have pleaded the cause of Crete at almost every European capital. I have begged the Emperor of Austria, Lord Salisbury, Prince Lobanoff, M. Hanotaux, and Count Goluchowski to intervene. I have warned them that otherwise a revolution here was certain. I have educated the sons of Cretan chiefs at Athens at my own expense. I have summoned all the old Cretan leaders to my palace here and forbidden them to resort to violence. I have urged them to trust me, and they have promised to obey. By every means in my power I have kept the peace. In April of last year, you will remember, the Powers compelled the Sultan to grant a scheme of Cretan reforms and the restoration of the Convention of Halepa. Then the Sultan suddenly ordered that the Diet should not meet. At this moment my son, Prince George, was attending the coronation festivities at

Moscow. I telegraphed to him, saying: 'Beg the Tsar, for God's sake, to make the Sultan issue an irade permitting the Cretan Diet to meet, or we shall have a revolution.' The Tsar telegraphed immediately to the Sultan, and on the following day the irade was issued. Thereupon the Cretan Mussulmans were informed from Constantinople that if the Diet once met their cause was lost, and they began firing from the forts. Months passed, and the Powers accomplished absolutely nothing. A preposterous *gendarmerie*, composed, like a mosaic, of Montenegrins, Slavonians, Croats, Hungarians, and Italians, was formed, but it mutinied, and its members attacked one another. Again thousands of refugees poured into Greece, the British Consul in Crete always advising them to come to us. For the second time the Chamber here voted half a million drachmas to relieve them. Finally, as you know, the despatch of Turkish troops to Crete was announced. It had been at my behest that the Cretan people had laid down their arms before. I could not possibly take the responsibility of advising them to do it again, as my advice had already proved so fatal to their interests. My people here were roused to fury. I had done all I could in the interests of the Powers. I had no choice now but to take a different step. Having exhausted all other means, I determined to place myself at the head of



Reservists Coming on Board Transport at Stylida.



Evzones Dancing on Sunday Morning at Ligaria, Nearest Port to the Melouna Pass.



Greek Soldiers Building Forts at Larissa; Looking over Town toward the Frontier.

my people and the Greek race, and with their aid to settle the question, or with them to submit to the consequences. At three in the morning I ordered my son to sail for Crete ; at six in the evening he was at sea. Colonel Vassos took possession of the island in my name, and has already begun the organization of its civil administration. We shall not go back. By establishing in Crete a régime like that under which Bosnia-Herzegovina was handed to Austria by the Treaty of Berlin, the Powers can settle the matter instantly. But whatever the result may be, we are conscious of the justice of our cause, and we submit it to the conscience of civilized mankind."

A very short time elapsed before King George had learned, from the echoes of the cannon bombarding the Cretan Christians, what the result of his action was likely to be. Exactly a week later his



Crown Prince Saying Good-by to Prince George at Chalcis

Majesty authorized me to repeat the following remark to the people of Europe: "I cannot express to you the profound astonishment, no less than grief, with which I have learned that the representatives of the great Christian Powers have not only permitted a Turkish force to employ as a military base a sphere which they have deemed it their duty to take under their protection in order to impose upon it neutrality and peace, but also have positively caused their cannons to be fired upon a Christian people, driven by outrage and massacre to struggle for its life, its liberty, and its religion. Nothing in the world, until these events occurred, would have induced me to believe in the possibility of such an act."

For a short time after the war it seemed as though the fickle Athenians would make the King pay dearly for his loyalty to the national will. Happily, owing in large measure to the statesmanship of M. Rhallys, Greece was saved from this infamy. Though the result has been fatal, the King's action was that of a true patriot, and it may yet be that history will date from his order of February 10th the beginning of the end of Turkey in Europe.

III

War, so far as one could judge, being thus inevitable, a vital question was whether Greece would stand alone or whether any other country would be her willing or unwilling ally. Among the host of fictions that have gained currency in connection with the war, is one to the effect that the Greeks all thought they would win. Nothing could be further from the truth. The inexperience of the army, the lack of stores, transport, and ambulance, were



Regular Troops.

perfectly well known to King George, the Ministry, and the Opposition; and no intelligent Greek that I met anticipated anything like a real victory over Turkey. Of course the café politicians grew eloquent over the coming march upon Constantinople, but nobody paid much attention to them. The highest hopes of serious and responsible people pointed to the creation of a situation in which the Powers should be compelled to interfere, but went no farther. It was thought possible that the Crown Prince's army might hold back the Turks on the Thessalian frontier, while it was confidently believed that the army of Epirus would be able to take Janina, after one considerable fight at Pentepigadia, the Greek fleet having captured Prevesa. In the meantime, the insurgent bands, it was calculated, would have dashed into Macedonia at different points, destroyed Turkish convoys, cut the line of supplies, and in various places raised the Christian population against their oppressors. If such a state of things could be prolonged for a fortnight, it was considered that Christian sentiment, in Bulgaria especially, and to a less degree in Servia, would be so aroused that Prince Ferdinand and King Alexander would no longer be able to restrain, first, their own insurgents, and, secondly, their armies, and would be compelled to join in the affray. If Bulgaria acted at all, it was certain that she would act promptly and effectively. It would not have been safe for her to interfere without having mobilized at least 150,000 men, and her only possible action would have been to make a forced march from the southernmost point of eastern Roumelia, cross Macedonia, and seize Kavala, on the Ægean Sea. Thus the Turkish army operating against Greece would have been finally cut off from Constantinople. Servia would then have been compelled, as quickly as her defective military organization permitted, to occupy Old Servia; the Christian Albanians on the Adriatic would have declared either their independence or their union with Greece; and virtually the whole of Macedonia, except where the Turkish troops were posted in force, would have risen. Then a demonstration by the Greek fleet before Salonica or Smyrna would have compelled the European Powers to inter-



Prince George Leaving the Royal Yacht at Chalcis.

vene instantly to prevent the whole Eastern question blazing forth and dragging every European State into the arena of battle. The intervention of Europe could only have taken one form, namely, such an arbitration between Greece and Turkey as would have given the former additional territory in Macedonia and the Greek Islands; while Bulgaria and Servia would have received considerable accessions of Christian territory, and Roumania would, in turn, have demanded and received some compensation for the aggrandizement of her neighbors.

Such was the line of Greek hopes. As to fighting Turkey single-handed, it never presented itself to them as a possibility, but they did think that it would be in their power to force other Christian enemies of Turkey into the field, with the certainty of ultimate satisfaction for themselves. In spite of the total collapse of Greece, there is no doubt that this scheme did not fall far short of realization. The attack on Brevesa mysteriously failed, but Janina was at the mercy of the Greek army, the Turkish troops having fled pell-mell into it before them, when the mysterious Greek retreat on Arta astounded everybody. The Turks were held pluckily for a time at the Melouna Pass, and could certainly have been made to purchase Larissa with great loss of time and at a fearful cost of blood but for the mysterious evacuation of that city before one of the guns in position had been fired. Finally, the railway line from Constantinople to Salonica, along which troops and supplies were moving day and night, runs at many places within a few hundred yards of the sea, and is totally unprotected. There was not a single Turkish man-of-war at sea, and one Greek cruiser could have destroyed this vital line of communication. But the mysterious inactivity of the Greek fleet left this hope also unrealized. Thus from every point of view the failure of the Greek plans contains a large element of the mysterious. I can make no attempt to clear this up, but, by way of fortifying what I have said about Greek chances, I may tell now the true story of the much discussed relations between Greece and Bulgaria at this time.



Crown Prince Constantine, Commander of the Greek Armies in the Field.

When the late M. Tricoupis was Prime Minister of Greece, he desired to come to an understanding with Bulgaria. Therefore he visited Sofia to confer with Stambouloff, then the all-powerful Bulgarian Premier. The latter was quite ready to entertain the idea, but, unfortunately, Tricoupis's proposal turned out to be a preposterous one. He actually suggested that Greece and Bulgaria should divide Macedonia between them — first, as spheres of influence, to be converted into actual possessions as soon as circumstances should permit, the line of division between the two being the forty-first parallel of latitude. If the reader will glance at the map of the Balkan Peninsula, he will see in a moment the absurdity of this extraordinary proposal. The forty-first parallel gives Greece an enormous slice of the mainland, including the district of Bitolia or Monastir, which is well known to be almost entirely Bulgarian by population; Salonica, with the whole peninsula to the south of it; and the whole coast-line of the Ægean, with only a few miles of land beyond the sea. Thus Bulgaria would have been cut off from the Ægean by a narrow strip of territory, which, even had



Arrival of the Crown Prince at Larissa.

she been compelled by *force majeure* to accept for the time such a demarcation, she would inevitably have broken through at the very first opportunity. Stambouloff listened politely, concealing his surprise, parted cordially from Tricoupis, took the next train for Constantinople, was received by the Sultan, told him the whole story, and in return for this loyalty to Ottoman interests and his repudiation of Greek ambitions, secured a number of ecclesiastical privileges in Macedonia for the strengthening of Bulgarian influence there and the weakening of the Greek Church. There the matter of a Græco-Bulgarian understanding rested until a few months before the outbreak of the late war.

The proposal this time came from Bulgaria, who despatched a highly informed and trusted representative to Athens to propose to the Greek Government joint action of the Balkan States. The six ambassadors of the Powers were engaged at the time in secret conferences for the purpose of drawing up a scheme of reforms to be pressed upon the Sultan by Europe. Bulgaria proposed that Greece, Servia, and Bulgaria should unite in a memorandum to the six ambassadors, informing them that, as the three Balkan States most vitally interested in the future of Macedonia, they thought it their duty to lay before their Excellencies their views upon the reforms in Macedonia necessary in the interests of all three, without which peace could not much longer be secured. This proposal was in every respect an admirable one, and fully worthy the reputation for political wisdom and statesmanlike caution which Dr. Stöiloff, the Bulgarian Premier, has well won for himself. The fact may seem incredible, but it is true, that the Delyannis Ministry refused to have anything to do with this proposal, and the ground of their refusal was even more foolish than the fact of it. They replied to Bulgaria that they had no faith in any Turkish promise of reform, and that, therefore, it did not seem to them to be worth while to secure such a promise. Of course, Bulgaria rejoined that neither did she attach the slightest importance to any Turkish promise, but that in the interest of Balkan Christianity it was in the highest degree desirable that the three Balkan nations should put themselves on record in demanding certain reforms, as by so doing they would establish an irrefutable precedent in the future when the question should again arise, and would show to Europe and Turkey that dissensions among them could not be counted upon, but that they

were united in sinking their differences. Without the map and a great deal of geographical and ethnological technicality, it is impossible to describe exactly what Bulgaria proposed should be the division of Macedonia among the three. Roughly speaking, she would have consented to Servia occupying Old Servia as far south as the extreme limit of the vilayet of Skoplie (or Uskub), and she would have allotted to Greece the territory north of Thessaly as far as the boundaries of the vilayet of Monastir, which she would have taken for herself, together with the whole territory between eastern Roumelia and the Ægean Sea as far east as the district of Adrianople. She would have allowed Greece to have all the islands of the Archipelago, and she would have proposed that the peninsula of Mount Athos should be made neutral territory for its religious significance and occupation. There remained, of course, the question of Salonica, which both Greece and Bulgaria consider essential. That, Bulgaria suggested, should remain to be decided in the future, and would naturally belong to the power which, if a war with Turkey ensued, should have made the most military efforts and national sacrifices. Perhaps the thought of "the City," ἡ πόλις, to which all Greek ambitions tend, instigated the Greek refusal, or perhaps M. Delyannis remembered the old prophecy that Constantinople will come back to Greece when the ruler of Greece is named Constantine, and his wife named Sophia—the names of the present heir-apparent and his consort. Perhaps rather, however, they realized, as indeed the Bulgarian Government frankly admitted, that Bulgaria might have to become the unwilling ally of Greece if hostilities once broke out. In this case, however, it was distinctly intimated that Bulgaria would fight for her own hand. At any rate, the proposal was repudiated, and with it the brightest hope for Greek success was dashed to the ground.



Prince George on the Royal Yacht.

When I discovered that the foregoing was the literal truth, I ventured to point out to the Greek authorities the folly of their action. The King himself, I may add, had been no party to the negotiations and their rupture, as his Majesty's diplomacy would have been incapable of such a blunder. It was in consequence of my suggestion that negotiations were once more entered upon, and if I speak with some confidence on this point it is because I was a party to them. What Bulgaria had been willing to give, however, as an arrangement in the course of peaceful diplomacy, she was, not unnaturally, unwilling to offer as part of a plan of campaign. She, therefore, replied finally in effect that *inter arma silent leges*—that war must now take its course, with such results as fortune might send. At the same time Dr. Stöiloff assured the Greek Government, first privately, and then publicly, when the Powers pointed to probable Bulgarian demands as an excuse for refusing Crete to Greece, that Bulgaria felt no jealousy in that direction, and would willingly see the Greek island joined to the mother-country.

There remained only the possibility of which Bulgaria had spoken, that she might even unwillingly be forced to aid Greece by isolating Edhem Pacha in Thessaly. This was nipped in the bud by the peremptory public note of Russia and Austria, and I have no doubt also by the private intimation to Prince Ferdinand that an independent Bulgaria sooner or later might be his reward if he succeeded in suppressing during the short critical period the patriotic and Christian sentiments of the Bulgarian people. Thus Greece was left face to face with the six great Powers and Turkey—between the devil and the deep sea, or, as the corresponding Greek proverb puts it, "with the wild beast in front, and the torrent behind."

IV

The attitude of the six great Powers toward Greece underwent a sudden change. At first Greece was encouraged by the receipt of much official sympathy. The Emperor of Austria summoned the Greek Minister in Vienna to his side at a public reception, and made him exceedingly happy by the remark that he was well aware the difficulties in Crete had been entirely and deliberately provoked by agents of the Sultan in order to prevent the scheme of reforms from being carried out, and that he felt much sympathy with Greek aspirations. The Greek Chargé d'Affaires in England was also at first the happy recipient of assurances of sympathy both royal and official. The Queen of Greece is sister to the late Tsar and aunt to the present one, and her youngest daughter is betrothed to a Russian Grand Duke. Between the royal families of Russia and Greece relations at the beginning were most friendly. The sudden change is supposed to have been brought about by the wording of the King's instructions to Colonel Vassos to "take possession of the island of Crete in my name," and there can be no doubt now that this instruction was a grave error of tactics. Everybody sees that if Colonel Vassos had been sent to Crete merely to "restore order," the hopes and ambitions of the Greek and Cretan peoples would not have been inflated to such an extent, and the Greek troops could have been withdrawn without inflicting a damaging blow upon Hellenic *amour propre*. There are, however, two other reasons for the change, of which I shall speak in a moment. The general course of events during the month or two before the war is well known to all newspaper-readers. Some of its details, however, have never been published, and several gross misconceptions still prevail.

The reasons openly given by the Powers for refusing to accede to the union of Crete with Greece were so feeble as to deceive nobody. First, they alleged that it would be impossible to grant Greece this large territorial advantage without a demand for a corresponding advantage being received from Bulgaria, which demand would open up the whole Eastern question in a dangerous manner. As soon as this was publicly known, Dr. Stöiloff declared in the Bulgarian Sobranje that, so far from this being the case, Bulgaria sympathized with the aspirations of the Greek people and would willingly see the union effected, and that she had no thought of putting forward any consequent demand of her own. This excuse being exploded, the Powers next declared that they were pledged to the integrity of Turkey (each of them having had a fat slice of her at some previous time), and therefore could not allow so vital a part of the Sultan's dominions to be reft from him. The second excuse had no better fate than the first. Everybody behind the scenes knew that the Sultan was heartily sick of Crete, of its rebellions, of its intrigues, of its cost in money and soldiers, and that he would gladly have agreed to any scheme which should relieve him of the responsibility while preserving him a purely nominal suzerainty. More than this, however, the Sultan actually took steps to settle the question for himself; and here I speak with absolute confidence, in spite of the denial given on the subject in the Athenian Chamber by M. Delyannis, because I was made personally acquainted with all the details of the story I am about to narrate by one of the two august parties to it. When matters were at a deadlock and war was fast drawing near, the Sultan sent his Minister of Foreign Affairs to Prince Mavrocordato (descendant of the man to whom Shelley dedicated "Hellas"), the Greek

Minister in Constantinople, to request that he would telegraph directly to the King of Greece the imperial wish that the affair of Crete should be settled by negotiations between Turkey and Greece, and indeed by the two Sovereigns themselves. The message was accompanied by an assurance that the Sultan was prepared to go a very long way in meeting Greek national feeling on the matter, and a request that he might be informed whether King George would be disposed to approach the settlement in the same amicable manner. This interview was of course immediately reported by telegraph to the King of Greece, who instantly replied that he fully reciprocated the Sultan's desires in the matter, that he thanked him for his expressions of good will, and that on his part he would leave no stone unturned to meet the Sultan on common ground. King George added a request that the Sultan would be good enough to make to him a definite proposal, with which he pledged himself beforehand to agree if this should be in any way possible. By the time the reply reached Yildiz the Sultan had begun to be alarmed at his own temerity, and he answered in another telegram that he did not feel able to do this, but that he had asked M. de Nelidoff, the Russian Ambassador in Constantinople, to request the Tsar to act as intermediary between Turkey and Greece. A telegram in this sense was duly forwarded to Russia, and without any delay at all the reply was received from Count Mouravieff, the new Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, to the effect that he regarded the proposal as a perfidious one, and that it would under no circumstances be accepted by Russia. Of the above facts there is no doubt whatever, although M. Delyannis may not be aware of them. In view of the foregoing, it is obvious that there is not much exaggeration in the statement commonly made, that the Powers themselves brought about the war. Both Greece and Turkey, each for its own good reasons, earnestly desired to avoid a conflict, yet they were both thrust into the ring.

There is another curious incident of this time which is not generally known, and of which I was made aware as soon as it occurred, although for a long time I was not permitted to mention it. One of the stock phrases of those arguing in support of the action of the Concert was that "isolated action" on the part of any one of its members would precipitate a most perilous situation. Yet Russia herself deliberately made an "isolated" proposal to King George. The Tsar sent him a message to the effect that if he would withdraw Colonel Vassos and the Greek troops from Crete, Rùssia would guarantee that within six months the island should be a Principality under Prince George, who should create a *gendarmerie, selon ses convenances* —meaning, of course, that he should garrison the island with Greek troops preparatory to a *coup d'état* like that which gave eastern Roumelia to Bulgaria in 1886. Friends of the Greek cause to whom I have told this have expressed unbounded surprise that Greece did not close with so advantageous an offer. Their surprise rests, however, upon a failure to appreciate the state of affairs at the time in Greece. Public opinion was inflamed to such an extent that this proposal, which would undoubtedly have been accepted six weeks or two months before, had come to be regarded, before the arrival of the Tsar's offer, with intense suspicion. The following quotation from an Athenian newspaper shows exactly what was felt:

> The proposal would destroy the unity of the Greek race. Thus, we should have a Principality of Crete under Prince George to-day, to-morrow a Principality of Epirus under Prince Nicholas, the day after to-morrow a Principality of a section of Macedonia under Prince Andreas. And when the supply of Greek Princes would be exhausted, we should have recourse to Danish Princes. This division of Hellenism into sections would only be for the profit of the Northern wolves. The autonomy which you would thus accept under another name would only result in the Prince, thanks to his new title, making a good marriage with some Russian Princess. Such a proposition on the part of the Government is a brutal infamy.

The same newspaper interviewed M. Rhallys, who is reported to have said that at no price should any other solution be accepted except that of union, and that, in the event of an endeavor to act in a contrary sense, the Greek people would not allow itself to be deceived, and "there will happen what I spoke of in the Chamber"—namely, a revolution. The reply made to Russia was that the only solution of the kind which would be accepted by

the Greek people would be: Prince George, as Prince of Crete, with a Greek flag, with a Greek statesman as his administrative adviser, Greek officials reorganizing the island, Greek troops maintaining order in it, and Greek men-of-war in the ports.

Just when the political sky was darkest, a ray of light seemed to break through it. The Powers, it will be remembered, had, after prolonged discussion, handed in to M. Skouzès, the Foreign Minister, an identical note calling upon Greece unconditionally to withdraw her troops and her fleet. A delay of eight days was accorded in this ultimatum—for such the note undoubtedly was, in spite of the official denials in the House of Commons that it might be so described. The Greek Cabinet naturally availed itself of the whole period of delay before handing in its reply. This reply was drafted a dozen times, and was discussed at meetings of the Cabinet held night and day as the critical moment drew near. At last its phraseology was definitely settled, and a copy of it reached me at ten o'clock on Sunday night, the moment for the delivery of the note itself being noon on the following day. My heart sank when I saw it—not so much for what it contained as for what it omitted. There was nothing in it untrue or even exaggerated, but it offered no loophole through which further negotiations could be entered upon. I therefore took the very strong step of pointing out, in a long letter to a high personage, that only the enemies of Greece would be helped by the vagueness of the reply, while the friends of Greece all over the world would find little or nothing in it to strengthen their hands. I knew quite well that I was risking my position in Greece by this communication if the recipient of it had chosen to regard it as a presumptuous interference, instead of a suggestion dictated by profound sympathy with Greece and a heartfelt desire to see her emerge from the quicksand which was threatening to engulf her. The hours that passed before a reply came were uneasy ones. At last, however, it was intimated to me that if I would put upon paper, in definite diplomatic form, the conciliatory proposals upon the omission of which I had commented, they should receive such consideration as they might be found to merit. I did so, and suggested that Greece should offer to the powers, in reply to their demand:

1. To withdraw her fleet immediately from Cretan waters. The fleet itself was a wholly insignificant factor in the situation, and therefore the position of Greece would not in the least have been compromised by such action, while she would have yielded prompt obedience to the Concert of Europe.

2. That Colonel Vassos, with his little army, should be placed under the command of any officer in the service of the Powers superior to him in rank, for the purpose of restoring order in the island.

3. That Colonel Vassos and his army should be withdrawn from Crete simultaneously with the withdrawal of the Turkish forces, if the Powers on their side would permit the Cretan people, by any manner of *plébiscite* and under any conditions of control which the Powers might impose, to choose for themselves their future form of government, whether autonomy, independence, or union—a decision which the Greek Government bound itself beforehand absolutely to accept.

With one difference these three suggestions formed the contents of the now famous *Note Verbale* which was despatched by telegraph to the Greek representatives abroad, and communicated by them verbally at the same moment at which they handed in the written reply of the Greek Government. The difference, unfortunately, was a vital one. Instead of definitely offering to place Colonel Vassos under the control of the Powers, a scheme which would have caused the Greek army to be employed in restoring and maintaining order in Crete, thus satisfying Greek feeling while at the same time not in any way impairing the supreme authority of the Concert, the *Note Verbale* wrapped up the suggestion in the expression of a desire to see the Greek forces co-operating with those of the Powers in the restoration of order. The Greek Government certainly intended to convey the idea embodied in the second of the above proposals. Their unfortunate phraseology endowed with the air of a presumption what was fully intended to be a concession. I have had since then several good reasons to believe that the proposal about Colonel Vassos, if frankly and specifically made,

might have been accepted. In its vague and invertebrate shape, however, it was indignantly repudiated, and the ray of light which for a moment had illumined the blackness of the situation was extinguished as suddenly as it had appeared.

One chance of a happy issue alone remained, a slender but a very interesting one. For a short time it seemed as though a new ranging of the men on the European chess-board might come about—the forces of absolutism and autocracy on the one side against those of constitutionalism and popular liberty on the other. In concrete terms, England, France, and Italy against Russia, Germany, and Austria. This was a development which aroused the keenest attention of all politicians, as such a division of national forces would be obviously far more in accordance with philosophical and national tendencies than the present purely arbitrary and selfish division. Public opinion in the United Kingdom was, and is, I am convinced, by a large majority, in sympathy with Greece. In Italy this was still more the case, large bodies of Italian volunteers going to Greece, the Greek representative and consuls receiving ovations on all hands, and a police guard being necessary to protect the house of the Turkish Minister against outrage. Indeed, the Italian Government was at this time in a state of the greatest anxiety because of the rapid rise of popular indignation with its anti-Greek attitude. In France public sympathy rose very rapidly in support of Greek aspirations, and at last to such a pitch that the Government were compelled to promise that they would take no action with the Concert against Greece until the Chamber, by a vote *ad hoc*, had given its consent. In a constitutional Government, where Ministers are responsible to an elected Chamber, and fall in consequence of disapproval of their policy, such a step as this was without parallel. Therefore it raised the hopes of Greece to the highest point. The pro-Turkish party in England professes, sometimes sincerely, to believe that the telegram which one hundred Members of Parliament signed and sent to King George played a great part in bringing about the war. With full knowledge of the facts, I assert unhesitatingly that it had no such effect. The telegram was shown to me by his Majesty the King within a few hours of its receipt, and I explained to him who many of the signatories were and what was the political significance of such a remarkable step. Moreover, his Majesty's reply was shown to me before it was despatched. But King George is perfectly familiar with English political and Parliamentary affairs, and not for one moment would any other impression have been created in his mind by the telegram except one of great gratitude for the distinguished sympathy thus displayed, and perfect comprehension that if these Members of Parliament had been able to help Greece in any other way, they would not have wasted their time in Platonic assurances. The telegram itself, too, bore such an interpretation upon its face. It read as follows :

> We, the undersigned Members of the House of Commons, beg to convey to your Majesty our sense of the service which your Majesty's Government and people have rendered to civilization in the island of Crete, and to express our fervent hopes for the future safety and welfare of your kingdom.

Finally, the King knew perfectly well, from his ordinary official sources of information, that the British Government would certainly not take any isolated action in his support. Indeed, how could any Greek have thought otherwise at the very moment when British ironclads were bombarding Cretan Christians a few hours' steaming from Athens, and permitting Turkish troops to sally forth under the protection of their flag to attack the insurgent forces, and to retire behind this flag again when the latter repelled them in disorder? The telegram was printed in special editions of the papers the moment the King's answer had been sent ; it was the one topic of discussion for twenty-four hours ; every newspaper published articles about it, and in no quarter whatever did I hear a single suggestion to the effect that it was to be read as meaning that Greece might look to England for eventual armed support. Yet Lord Salisbury has been pleased to declare that the telegram disgraced those who sent it, and rendered them "largely responsible for all the blood that has been shed!"

The one chance to which I have alluded lay in the action of the French Chamber.

Lord Salisbury helped the Greeks as far as he could on at least two occasions, and it was due to his acute proposal that each Power should send an equal number of ships, that the blockade of the coast of Greece, at one moment absolutely decided upon, was abandoned. But it was certain that he would not take any action so long as a hostile combination of Russia, Germany, and France against England was possible. If France once made it clear that she would not be a party to such a combination, then there was reason to hope—indeed, to be fairly certain—that England would act. The fate of Greece, therefore, hung upon the vote in the French Chamber. Any French Government has one whip which it can crack over the heads of the Deputies in a terrifying manner; namely, the statement that a certain course of action will endanger the Franco-Russian alliance. This was done with such effect that the French Government was authorized to continue its anti-Greek policy by the overwhelming vote of 356 against 143.

There was nothing more to expect. Greece was at the edge of the precipice, and she had no course but to jump. Russia did not wish to offend Turkey, and was, above all things, anxious to undermine the influence of the Greek Church throughout Asia Minor, the devotion of whose members to their ecclesiastical head presents one of the greatest obstacles to the Russianization which is to precede absorption. The German Emperor hates Greece—over which his sister, in the natural course of events, will one day be queen—with an inexplicable hatred, and German policy was, first, by her support to Turkey, to secure commercial and financial concessions, in which she has been remarkably successful; and, second, by strengthening Turkey against Russia, to compel the latter to buy her off at the price of improved relations elsewhere. As I have said, England feared, not without reason, a hostile combination; France had sacrificed her love of freedom to her alliance with Russia, and Italy has been too weak in Europe since her African misfortunes for her views to matter. I have spoken of two other reasons than those usually given for the attitude of the Great Powers. The first, the simpler, is undoubtedly that the directing statesmen of Europe were piqued that an insignificant little country should have dared to think that it could solve by action any part of the Turkish problem which they themselves had so completely and indeed grotesquely failed to deal with. The second, the remoter, is this: The great maritime Powers all look forward to a desperate naval struggle some day in the Mediterranean. Suda Bay is the finest harbor in that inland sea, and its possession would be of inconceivable advantage. Turkey will be the stake of the war. If Crete is at that time merely an autonomous province of Turkey, the Power which is able to get its ships to the spot first will be the abler to seize Suda Bay, and perhaps to hold it. If, however, Crete should then be an integral part of the kingdom of Greece, the seizure of any portion of it would be an international outrage from which any nation would shrink. This little point, though discussed often enough in diplomatic confidences, has never yet, so far as I know, been publicly mentioned.

Let the responsibility for the war rest where it belongs—namely, divided between the Powers and the people of Greece. King George did not want to fight. The Crown Prince went to the frontier to prevent an outbreak of hostilities. I was with him when he sent a telegram to an officer commanding the regular troops on the frontier, ordering him to fire upon the insurgents if they attempted to invade Turkish territory. There was no difference between the attitude of the Government and the Greek Opposition. M. Delyannis, the then Prime Minister, assured me that Greece must fight for Crete, because it was impossible any longer to govern a country which had a fit of epilepsy every six months, and in which social order, political reform, and financial organization were alike rendered impossible by the state of the unhappy islanders. M. Rhallys, the present Prime Minister, said to me, in the presence of two witnesses, that he bitterly blamed the Government for having neglected military preparations, but declared that if the King and the Ministry went ahead the Opposition would cease to exist. He added: "His Majesty has the opportunity of insuring the enthusiastic affection of the whole people. We are prepared to make every sacrifice, no matter how great, for our national honor is at stake. It would be better for the Turks to overrun Thessaly, far better, even, that they

should pillage Athens, than that Hellenism should become the laughing-stock of the world. The Powers may blockade us; they may bombard the Akropolis once more; they may occupy Greece. If necessary, we will bear all that. The Hellenic race is electrified to-day, and the spark cannot be extinguished. The Opposition will accord the Government a further delay of a week, or ten days at most, but then it will compel a declaration of war." As I have written elsewhere, "the responsibility for the war rests upon the Greek people. They willed it; they have suffered the results. It was their right then; it is their penalty now; it may be their salvation hereafter"

V

THE situation at Athens, the centre, being hopeless, I determined to see for myself what aspect it presented at the circumference, the frontier. The chief impression left, I may say at once, was that of the astounding enthusiasm of the people for war. Not only had I never seen, but I had never even imagined the possibility of, a national feeling at once so widespread and so profound. Never did reserves go to the front more willingly. Officers assured me that men left behind for garrison duty burst into tears. Women insisted upon all the men of their family, down to the last son, going to bear arms against the hereditary enemy. It was truly a revival of the spirit of the Spartan mother who gave her son his shield, saying, "Return with this or on it." In fact, hatred of the Turk is an ingredient in the blood of every Greek. An Athens banker was staying with his mother in the country, and mentioned to her that he was obliged to return to the city, as he had to call upon the Turkish Minister upon a matter of business. His mother looked at him with horror. "Surely," she said, "you would not enter that man's house!" I was dining one night with a wealthy Minister in Athens, and opposite to me at the table was a distinguished-looking, elderly man of great culture and charming manners. In the course of the conversation he casually remarked, "My father was hanged outside his own gate by the Turks, and my mother was sold as a slave by them." I was startled, but nobody else regarded the remark as at all unusual, for almost every Greek family has some such experience in its records.

The little transport of six hundred tons in which I went north was stopped at Stylida to take on reserves. High-sailed feluccas came streaming out to us, with the swoop of albatrosses [p. 406]. Each was sunk to the gunwale with a load of shepherds from the mountains, who had left their wives and children in the charge of their big dogs—the same Molossian breed against whose attacks Œonus defended Heracles, and from which Ulysses saved himself by sitting down when he approached the fold of Eumæus—and were boiling over with delight at the prospect of fighting. One and all declared every few minutes that if they were not allowed to fight the Turks they would never go home; they would go εἰς τα βουνα—"to the mountains;" that is, they would become Klephts, like their ancestors. Magnificent fellows they were—"great, laughing, bearded children of the hills"—but discipline was the very last thing they thought of, and I pitied the officers who should take them in hand. They lay on the deck, heads and tails, like sardines in a tin, while the officers and ourselves spent the day upon the little bridge. Once a quarrel broke out over a bottle of wine—instantly, like the explosion of powder when a spark falls upon it, three or four men were at each other's throats before a couple of officers could fling themselves from the bridge and fight their way through the crowd. They threw themselves headlong upon the combatants and held them on the deck. One of these was so furious at being deprived of his revenge that he succeeded in wrenching himself out of most of his clothes and struggled for several minutes to throw himself overboard. I often thought of this incident when I read stories of indiscipline in the field. As for the lunatic notion of firing off ball cartridge—Government property—on the slightest provocation and in all directions, the uniformed soldiers indulged themselves to the full in the habit, and their officers had not sufficient control to try to prevent them, except by mild suasion. Later on, when I was standing by the Crown Prince on the royal yacht as it was leaving the Piræus, a bullet fired in this way from the shore whistled just over our heads.

One's progress to the frontier is neatly marked off by increasing dirt and dilapidation. Volo is a pleasant and well-built little town, with an admirable stone wharf nearly completed, a fairly good hotel, decent shops, and a tramway down the main street. A metre-gauge railway crosses the splendid Thessalian plain, the most fertile part of the kingdom of Greece, and, leaving Pelion and Ossa on the right, brings you to Larissa, apparently at the foot of the dazzling shoulder of Olympus itself. Thirty-nine minarets rise among the flat roofs, and though the central portion of the town, the government offices, the parks, and the streets and squares, are the result of civilization, the back streets and the suburbs are still as the Turks left them; narrow, ill-paved, dark and dirty. Of course the town was crowded with soldiers, and already it was impossible to get a bed there, even the corridors of the only hotel being filled with officers' camp-beds. There must have been 12,000 troops in the town, yet I failed to notice a single disorderly incident or a single individual the worse for liquor. The Greek peasant is notoriously a most temperate man, and certainly the insignificant pay of a private soldier would not permit him to indulge a taste for alcohol, if he had it. I mention this because the infamous slander was sent home by war correspondents with the Turks that before a fight brandy was carried round the line of the Greeks to stimulate the men. In a military sense, the frontier beyond Larissa was approached by three steps. Two hours driving along a straight road across the flat plain was Tyrnavos, in all respects a Turkish town. This was garrisoned by two battalions, with a little field and mountain artillery. Two hours farther on by horseback was the little mountain village of Ligaria, held by a company of Evzones—the "well-belted ones," as their name signifies. A few kilometres beyond was the last Greek outpost, the little stone blockhouse on the summit of the Melouna Pass. The commandant at Tyrnavos was in charge of this part of the frontier, and, by telephone during the day and by flash signals at night, he was kept constantly informed of the movements of the enemy. I spent the night under his roof, and one picturesque incident of it I shall never forget.

At Tyrnavos were gathered together large numbers of insurgents, or irregular fighting men, Greek or Macedonian mountaineers, who spend their whole lives in guerilla warfare against the Turks [p. 404]. In bands of about a dozen, they cross the frontier by unfrequented paths, avoiding all villages and high roads, and, whenever an opportunity presents itself, descend quietly upon a Turkish Bey or a military post, shoot whom they can, take what they can find, and return as they came. These expeditions begin in the spring and continue till the autumn, occasionally lasting as long as three months at a time. One band is led by a woman, reckoned as determined a leader as any in Macedonia. The names of other leaders are household words in Greece, and strike terror into the Turkish authorities. Brufas is the most famous of all, but his adopted son, Demopolos, the young giant shown in my photograph, bids fair to rival him. Takes and Karvelas are almost equally famous. I noticed a crowd, one day, around a rather travel-worn man in national costume in the square at Larissa. I asked who he was, and was told he was no less a person than Takes himself. I said to him, "Are you Takes?" He replied, "I am." "The famous Takes?" "You are good enough to say so." "Stand still a moment," I replied; "I want to photograph you." "That will not be a good picture," he said, "for I shut my eyes." "Never mind, so long as you keep them open in Macedonia," said a bystander. Before these bands cross the frontier on a raid, each ἀντάρτης stains his voluminous white petticoats with pungent black oil, with the twofold object of rendering himself less visible to the enemy, and, as he will not remove his clothing till he returns again, of preventing unwelcome visitors from taking up their lodging in it. These men are the modern representatives of the old heroic Palikars; and Commandant Alexandrou, telling some of the leaders that I was an English friend of Greece, asked them to prepare me that night a sucking-pig *à la Palikar*—that is, as they are accustomed to cook their lambs in the hills. They were delighted with the suggestion; he presented them with the pig, which was killed, disembowelled, sewn up again like a football, and suspended on a long stick thrust longitudinally through it, in almost less time

than it takes to tell. In the yard a wood fire was lighted, the staked pig was suspended over the hot embers on a couple of forked sticks driven into the ground; one man raked the fire together, one turned the spit, while a third ceaselessly basted it with a handful of feathers dipped in strong brine. The rest stood around and told stories and sang. The crackling meat, the dancing flames lighting up the grim, bearded faces of the native warriors, the weird melodies, the peals of laughter, the group of smart Greek officers looking on, the recollection of who these men were, how their lives were passed, and the wonder what their fate would be ere long, combined to form one of the most romantic scenes I have ever witnessed. There is a stanza in "Childe Harold" which shows how a similar scene had struck Byron's imagination:

> On the smooth shore the night-fires brightly blazed,
> The feast was done, the red wine circling fast,
> And he that unawares had there ygazed
> With gaping wonderment had stared aghast;
> For ere night's midmost, stillest hour was past,
> The native revels of the troops began;
> Each Palikar his sabre from him cast;
> And, bounding hand in hand, man linked to man,
> Yelling their uncouth dirge, long daunced the kirtled clan.

Next morning — Sunday — when we reached Ligaria early, a similar scene (reproduced very inadequately in one of my photographs) awaited us. Two companies of Evzones, clad in coquettish tasselled caps, embroidered Zouave jackets, the spotless starched petticoats, which stand out from their waists like the skirts of a ballet-dancer, with their strong legs encased in thick woollen stockings, their leather slippers, with hob-nailed soles and scarlet silk *pompons* at the toe, were dancing [p. 406]. They form a huge ring, standing hand in hand; the leader starts a song telling of doughty deed of yore, then steps out, executing such pirouettes and flings as he can, and circles round the green, drawing the whole ring after him like a wounded snake. When his circle is completed, another takes its place, and so the curiously monotonous but not unimpressive dance goes on for hours. Lieutenant Tricoupis, who had been detached to accompany me, sprang into the ring, took his place at the head, led off a fine old song, and showed them what dancing ought to be. These were the real fighting men of Greece, and it was easy to see that they would follow such an officer as willingly in battle as across the green that pleasant Sunday morning. In fact, it was they, and almost they alone, who held the Melouna Pass for two days against Edhem Pacha's army.

The powers of Europe, in their wisdom, refusing to Greece the limits assigned her at the Berlin Congress, had conferred upon Greece a frontier preposterous in itself and impossible to defend. The line runs across mountains and valleys, disregarding all topographical proprieties, and at one point a wedge-shaped valley, through which a river passes, projects down into Greek territory, the Turks having secured this for the sole reason that the mother of a former Sultan had been born in the village at its apex, and therefore it would have been an intolerable indignity to allow that spot to pass under Christian control. Every mile or so along the frontier there are a pair of little stone blockhouses, one Greek, one Turkish, with the entrances arranged *en échelon* to prevent rifle-fire reaching the inmates. Sometimes these are not more than fifty yards apart, and each is held by a lieutenant and a score of men. The men are only allowed outside by twos and threes, and they are changed secretly at night, so that the enemy shall not be able to discover their numbers. The Greeks in the Melouna blockhouse numbered forty, and were Evzones, exactly like those I had left at Ligaria. I learned, through the indiscretion of a Turkish officer, that in eight Turkish blockhouses there were one hundred and twenty-six men. The contrast between the two opponents was astounding. The Turkish lieutenant was a gray-haired man of fifty; his fez was filthy, his trousers, which looked as if he had worn them all his life, were tucked into dirty socks, a pair of frowsy slippers were on his feet; his tunic would have offended the senses of an old-clothes man —its buttons were mostly gone, and the string with which it was held together showed an undershirt in an indescribable condition. The men under him were little better. Their uniforms were of all shapes and colors; most of them wore old slippers,

two were negroes, two were boys, and several had passed middle age. The sight of a man carrying my camera threw the lieutenant into a violent rage, for, naturally enough, he did not desire that any truthful pictorial record of his appearance should go out to the world. When it was sent back, however, we succeeded in pacifying him, and he hospitably entertained us with cigarettes and *raki*.

The summit of the Melouna Pass is eighteen hundred feet high, and beyond it lay, stretched out at our feet, the beautiful Macedonian plain, crossed by a straight road ten kilometres long. This led to the town of Elassona, the Turkish headquarters, whose minarets were plainly visible, and in front of which, through a powerful glass I could see Turkish artillery, cavalry, and infantry, drilling in large numbers. Of course no Greek, except an occasional spy at night, had crossed this line, and Elassona was an unknown place to them. For over two months the lieutenant in command of the Greek post had lived in that blockhouse watching the Turks, not knowing what moment might bring an attack, but knowing well that when the attack did come he and his men would be the first to fight, and in all human probability the first to fall. His face was white, his eyes were bright; he had contracted an impressive habit of silence. I was overcome with an irresistible curiosity to see for myself what lay beyond, and, after a little discussion with our Greek friends, my American companion — Mr. Hart O. Berg — and myself decided to risk the adventure. At first the Turkish lieutenant was horrified by our request that he would *viser* our passports; this he declared to be out of the question, but after much persuasion he consented to give us an official permission to proceed as far as the next village, Tsaritsani, where we could apply again for leave to go farther. He also gave us two of his men, one of them a young negro, ostensibly to show us the way, but really to keep us under observation. So we said good-by to the Greek officers, and, leading a couple of big artillery horses, made our way down the precipitous mountain-side.

Since then so much has been learned about the Turkish army, and so many war correspondents have passed through Elassona from the Turkish side, that all we discovered is now an old story. We got our additional permission, and at last, in a pouring rain, entered the Turkish headquarters town. Its smell positively disgusted our horses. It was packed with troops like a hive with bees, many of them no better clothed than those we had left at the frontier. Like all Turkish towns, half the houses were in ruins, the streets were devoid of pavement, filth was everywhere. Two bullocks harnessed to a kind of sledge, on which was a cannon, lay exhausted across the main road. In order to render our visit quite correct, we instructed our escort to take us to the officer commanding. They led us through the town and back again, asking for him at half a dozen points. Nobody knew where he was, and once more we traversed the town to its extreme limit, not finding the object of our search, but coming upon one hundred and twenty Krupp field-guns — twenty batteries — drawn up in a long line by the roadside. The Greeks, as we knew, had no suspicion that there was so much artillery here, and the discovery, from the point of view of their interests, was a painful one. But the afternoon was passing, we had a long ride and two stiff climbs before us; so we informed our escort that, being unable to find the commanding officer, we would return. This they promptly said was impossible, as they would suffer severely if they allowed us to leave. We therefore demanded to be taken to any officer of rank whom they could find, and at last they brought us to a tent which served as quarters for the officers in charge of the big barracks. Here the storm burst. They were exceedingly angry and suspicious; our escort were rated until they positively shook with terror, and our dragoman, when he tried to translate our remarks, was peremptorily told that he was a liar, and had better keep his mouth shut, lest worse should befall him. A crowd of soldiers had gathered around us so hostile in its demeanor that the guard was turned out to drive them away. Then we were sent, for the fourth time, across the town, but as prisoners, to the house of Memduk Pacha, who, in the absence of Edhem Pacha, was Military Governor of the district. He received us with bland courtesy, offered us cigarettes, listened to our expla-

nation, and after several minutes' reflection delivered himself as follows: "You say you are an English journalist and a private traveller. I do not know whether that is so or not. But I do know that you were accompanied to the frontier by a Greek military officer; that you did not come by the main road, where your papers would have been examined, and you would have either received or been refused permission to enter the town, but by the back way; that you have seen everything, and that you now desire to return to the Greek lines. I refuse to allow you to leave. You will have to await the return here of Edhem Pacha, the Governor-in-Chief, who will decide upon your case."

Now the situation was an exceedingly awkward one for all three of us. Mr. Berg was in Greece as the director of one of the largest arms-manufacturing firms in Europe, in negotiation with the Government for the supply of repeating rifles. Our dragoman Dimitri sank into such profound and obvious depression as to convince everybody who looked at him that we must be malefactors of the worst type. We begged him to at least smile, but he replied, with a catch of the breath, "Sir, how can I smile when I know that I have in my pocket two passports—one Greek and one Turkish, and that if they search me they will find them, and then I shall be made to serve in the Turkish army?" As for myself, my personality was for the moment unknown, but it was certain that if we were detained there a telegram would be sent to Constantinople reporting our names, and that there would be no little satisfaction at Yildiz to know that the author of certain letters about the Sultan, written in Constantinople a year before, had been arrested in a remote part of Macedonia with every appearance of being engaged in the pursuit of illicit information. If this once happened, we should assuredly not have been allowed to return to Greece, but the best that could have occurred to us would have been to be ordered to leave *via* Servia or *via* Salonica—that is, a fortnight's journey on foot, without an ounce of baggage, through the most fanatical and excited part of the Turkish Empire. The outcome of such a journey would be doubtful enough, even if the orders from Yildiz had not suggested that a rifle might perhaps accidentally explode behind us. For myself, at that moment I would gladly have given a considerable part of what little I possess to have been across the frontier again. After prolonged discussion, conducted by Memduk Pacha with extreme urbanity, our last step was to make a joint formal protest. We rose together, opened our passports, held them toward him, declared that while, if he wished it, we were, of course, his excellency's prisoners, we protested—as a British subject and an American citizen with their passports perfectly in order, with written official permission to cross the frontier, and coming with no improper intention into a Turkish town in time of peace—against being detained, and we added that we threw upon him the entire responsibility for his most unjustifiable action. We did not quite know what we meant by this last threat, but, to our intense relief, the shot told. Memduk sent for his chief of staff, and for a quarter of an hour they examined our passports and our private visiting cards, and then held a prolonged consultation. Then they returned, and the Pacha said: "You have acted in an improper manner, but as we have become convinced that you had no evil intention we have decided to allow you to leave. We shall therefore provide you with an escort of cavalry to the frontier."

Once upon those big horses, we did not draw rein until the Melouna Pass frowned once more above us. It was dark when we reached the top, and Lieutenant Tricoupis, wrapped in his cloak, field-glass in hand, was pacing the frontier in much anxiety. Curiously enough, the Turkish officer commanding our cavalry escort had been a fellow-student of his at a French military school. Therefore, in that high pass in the moonlight, strange recollections were exchanged between Greece and Turkey, and the bottle of *raki* supplied the wherewithal to toast such limited sentiments of good-will as could properly be expressed under the circumstances. The funniest part of the adventure was that on the brow-bands of the bridles of our horses were the two crossed cannon of the Greek artillery. Nobody in Elassona had been sharp enough to notice this, or the end of our adventure would have been of another kind, and one of the guns of No. 3 Bat-

tery of his Majesty King George's 1st Artillery Regiment would have been short of its equine complement.

VI

My second visit to the frontier was on a memorable occasion. For weeks the Crown Prince had vainly begged for permission to place himself at the head of the army he would have to command if war broke out. But the King and the Ministry refused to let him go, on the ground that in the eyes of Europe his departure for the front would be equivalent to a declaration of war. While admitting the justice of this from a political point of view, the Prince bitterly regretted it, for the sake of the welfare of the army and his own reputation. "I know very well what will happen," he said to me; "the troops are being concentrated, according to my view, in wrong positions, and in several places too near the frontier. A disaster to them where they are now would be fatal. At the last moment I shall be ordered to the front; it will be too late to make any changes, a disaster will happen, and I shall be blamed for it." His words have unhappily proved but too prophetic. I have no knowledge upon which to criticise the Prince's conduct of the campaign. I had many a long conversation with his Royal Highness, however, upon the situation before the outbreak of hostilities, and I formed a high opinion of his grasp of facts and directness of purpose. It is incredible to me that he should behave otherwise than as a brave officer and an honorable gentleman. From what I have said of the position of King George it will easily be understood how difficult has been the position of the Prince, and I am convinced that the Greek people have never understood how serious and capable a man their future ruler would show himself to be, if a possible opportunity were granted to him. It is his misfortune that his first chance of serving his native land should have been one in which success was supremely difficult, if not impossible of attainment, and in which failure was fraught with such awful results.

The order came at last for him to take actual command of the army of Thessaly. It is not generally known that the final reason for this was that the insurgent bands, urged forward by the unscrupulous and irresponsible *Ethnike Hetairia*, were getting beyond the control of any officer on the frontier, and that it was thought that the Prince alone could hold them in check. His first efforts were directed to this end. His first orders to the army emphasized the imperative need of obedience. His reply to addresses of welcome disappointed his hearers by their insistence upon the unpatriotic nature of independent action. As I have said, before he had been at Larissa two days he telegraphed orders to fire upon the insurgents if they persisted in crossing the frontier before a declaration of war. All in vain, however. The "National Society," which circulated falsehoods about its resources in men and arms, which defied the government and professed to have a higher ideal of Hellenic possibilities than other Hellenes, which refused to the King himself information about its membership and its plans, which administered secret oaths to officers wearing the Greek uniform, consummated its mad folly by launching the bands of irregulars across the frontier at points where they could not possibly succeed. Not only were the unfortunate men unable to hold their own against Turkish troops, and were slaughtered and driven back with sufferings which are even yet unknown to most people, but they precipitated hostilities at a moment when every day gained was a distinct advantage to the Greek side. The chief moving spirit of the *Ethnike Hetairia*, the manager of a bank in Cairo, went to Larissa and organized the advance. Having done this, he returned to his desk. It is to be hoped that he is satisfied with the result. Perhaps his country will have recovered from it by the time his grandchildren are gray-haired.

One Saturday morning I received confidential information that the Crown Prince would leave for the front that evening at midnight, but that, in order to avoid popular demonstrations, his departure would take place secretly. I was also honored with an invitation to accompany him upon the Royal yacht, Professor Charles Waldstein being the only other guest. The Crown Princess decided to go as far as

Larissa, both in order to be with her husband till the last moment, and to inspect the hospital arrangements. Princess Marie also went in order to see her brothers, from whom she had been separated for two months. The Duchess of Sparta bears no visible resemblance to her brother, the German Emperor. She is one of the most retiring of women—wise, gentle, a devoted mother and housewife, regarded by every Greek who is privileged to know her as a very model of what a wife and mother should be. Transplanted from the tonic North, the land of discipline and mechanical order, to this treeless, blazing, exhausting South, where every citizen is a law unto himself, where public order is disturbed by almost anybody's whim and restored with misgiving concerning the result, she is a pathetic figure, and the cup of her trials was filled to overflowing by the fact that her own brother was the chosen friend and helper of the enemies of her adopted country and the bitterest critic of her own husband and sovereign. The discoveries she made at the front were appalling, and she shed tears when she told me of them. The Greek soldiers should know that to her initiative they owed what comfort and nursing they received when wounded, and that the principal foreign effort of mercy, which raised £10,000 for Greece, was stirred not a little by her devoted example and the memory of her sorrow.

At Chalcis Prince George, the ideal figure of a sailor prince, came on board, and held long conferences with Prince Constantine. To me he told some of his plans, too, including his determination, if the fleet were prevented by the Powers from taking part in the war, to land at the head of all his sailors and fight with the land forces. It was a pathetic parting, as the brothers bade each other farewell, not knowing how or when they would meet again, and Prince George's boat rowed him round and round the yacht before he could make up his mind to wave a last good-by.

The two have never met since, and the fleet did little or nothing during the war. The reader will ask, Why? I wish I knew.

At Volo troops lined the streets and the venerable bishop prayed aloud at the railway station that God would lead their Prince to victory. At Larissa the scene may be judged from my photograph, on page 411, and the Royal party drove straight to the Cathedral, where again the sword and the Cross pointed the same way as during the old days when they had driven the Crescent from the land. Then the Prince was face to face with the task that awaited him. Nobody imagined that the result would be as it has been—nobody foresaw the abandonment of Tyrnavos and the retreat from Larissa, nobody dreamed that in Epirus whole regiments would march to the rear, "firmly determined not to meet the foe;" nobody, even in nightmare, dreaded such a rehabilitation of the Turk. But I will confess that I was sad and silent for awhile after I had taken leave of the Prince, and seen the nature of the task this soldier of eight and twenty was expected to accomplish, and the materials with which he was expected to accomplish it.

VII

What of the future? The Greek people went to war to strengthen the Hellenic race and help to fulfil the Hellenic ideal. Have they irrevocably weakened the one and destroyed the other? At a first glance it would seem so. The Turk is stronger than he has been for many years. He has learned that no power will coerce him. The millions of Greeks in Asia Minor have lost confidence in Athens. Crete is farther from union than ever. Financially, Greece is on the verge of ruin. She will now have to submit to the terrible indignity of placing her revenues under foreign control, for a time at least. The dynasty has been shaken, and the name of the heir to the throne indissolubly connected with an overwhelming national humiliation. The corruption of Greek politics, the miserable personal struggles which have usurped the place of party government, the "spoils system" at its very worst, have had their natural effect, and the Constitution is thoroughly discredited. The national vice of windy enthusiasm for great ends, combined with unwillingness to perform the solid labors by which alone these can be secured, has at last brought despair into the hearts of the best Greeks at home and abroad. A friend writes me from Athens to-day that there is little sign of the na-



Major Sontzo Examining Horses Requisitioned for Military Service in Athens.

tional disgrace being taken to heart. Is it the end ?

Possibly, but not certainly. The finances of Greece are not absolutely beyond repair. If there were good reason to think that the dishonesty and recklessness of the past would not be repeated, I believe that a personal appeal from King George to the Greeks of all the world would result in the subscription of a national loan sufficient to re-establish equilibrium, and such a loan would be regarded almost as a gift.

If the King is strong enough and the army supports him, the Constitution can be changed in the direction of substituting administration for oratory and work for intrigue. If the political officers can be weeded from the army, a smaller, but infinitely more compact and effective force, with modern weapons, can be formed, strong enough to enable Greece to take her share in the fight for existence which is surely coming upon the smaller nations of the Balkan Peninsula. By the testimony of all the experienced war correspondents who witnessed the late war, there is material in Greece to form a fighting force equal to that of any army in Europe, in proportion to its size. Her soldiers often fought heroically. Her artillery and engineer officers need to be no better than they are. Her fleet might become the most powerful navy of any little nation in the world.

Greece has been described as the spoiled child of Europe. There is this truth in the saying, that Europe, and indeed civilization, loves Greece. Let her but show that she is determined to be worthy of the traditions which she inherits, and which, whether her people are the blood-descendants of the heroes of Marathon and Thermopylæ or not, certainly inspire her people every day, and every civilized hand will be held out to aid her. Only those who know the southeast of Europe know how much the Greek element there is the most promising from the point of view of the English-speaking peoples. The faults of the Greek nation are many, and all conspicuous ones ; but they are of the head, and not of the heart, and the best and worst of national character is

so mingled that love for the race enters into every criticism that one passes upon it. Once more, as in Byron's day, is Greece "a nation whose very debasement makes it more honorable to be her friend." If the Greek will only say, like Paracelsus, "Festus, I plunge!" the world is ready to cry with Festus, "I wait you when you rise!"

Fatalism, as travellers know, is a form of hope. There is a modern Greek fatalistic saying singularly applicable to the present state of Greece: *καὶ αὐτὸ θά περάσῃ* —"And this, too, will pass." Hope for Greece need not die. She has as Prime Minister a strong man, an honest man, a determined man — will she support him?

> When will your trials teach you to be wise?
> —O prostrate Lands, consult your agonies!

Wordsworth's appeal was accompanied by a promise which Greece may still, though with difficulty, realize to-day:

> the guilt is banish'd,
> And, with the guilt, the shame is fled;
> And, with the guilt and shame, the Woe hath vanish'd,
> Shaking the dust and ashes from her head!

Hellas is wrecked to-day, but let us, for our own sake as well as hers, pray that she may remember who and what were the men whose name she bears—in the words of old George Sandys, "admirable in arts, and glorious in arms; famous for government, affectors of freedom, every way noble." Thus, and thus only, and that hardly, shall she fulfil the splendid prophecy of Shelley:

> If Greece must be
> A wreck, yet shall its fragments reassemble,
> And build themselves again impregnably
> In a diviner clime,
> To Amphionic music, on some Cape sublime,
> Which frowns above the idle foam of Time.



Crown Prince on the Royal Yacht.

THE WORKERS

AN EXPERIMENT IN REALITY

BY WALTER A. WYCKOFF

III—A HOTEL PORTER

THE HIGHLANDS, ORANGE COUNTY,
N. Y., Tuesday, 25 August, 1891.

I AM now a hotel porter. More strictly, I have just resigned my position, and with the net proceeds of three weeks' wages, which amount to four dollars and two cents, I am ready to make a fresh start in the early morning. The leisure of this last evening at the hotel I shall give to the task of summing up the fragmentary notes which I have made in such chance hours of rest as were to be had in a service which has kept me on duty from five o'clock in the morning until eleven at night.

Why I have lingered here so long I scarcely know. The time has flown with amazing swiftness. I soon found my new job easily within my powers, as compared with the last one, and I have felt a certain restful security which has held me here far longer than I meant to stay. But I am ready enough to set out now, and I feel again a "yearning for the large excitement" that comes of life upon the open highway, and the chances of a living earned by the work of my hands.

I am not twenty miles beyond my last station—at Highland Falls. It was raining when I left Mrs. Flaherty's home, and she pleaded with me to stay; but I had nothing with which to pay for further entertainment, and I certainly had not the courage to return to the job on the old Academic building. And so we parted, Mrs. Flaherty standing with arms akimbo in the open door of her cottage, a final protest against so rash a venture as her last word, while I lifted my hat to her and to Minnie, who peered at me from the shadow of the passage behind her mother.

It must be owned that the prospect was not encouraging to my new departure. At intervals of less than a mile, sometimes, I was driven to seek refuge from the rain. The mountain road was soft with mud, and a secure footing was a fruitless search. In the hot air the heavy dampness added to the discomfort of walking. Only in a general way I knew that the road would lead me eventually over the Highlands to Middletown, which lies in my westward course. The beauty of the country was lost upon me, for the mountain was cloaked in a heavy fog, and all that rose visible were short, succeeding sections of muddy road, bordered with forests of oak and hickory-nut and chestnut, with matted weeds growing thick to the wagon tracks, and clumps of blackberry bushes standing here and there along the lines of tottering stone walls and wooden fences.

In the middle of the noon hour I reached Forest-of-Dean Mines. A general supply store stands on the roadside. It was thronged with Italian laborers. I waited in its shelter until the one o'clock whistle recalled the men to their work, and then I made terms with an Italian boy, who was left in charge, for a five-cent dinner. The child spoke English with perfect readiness. Almost concealed behind the counter, he looked wonderfully important and business-like as he reached up to apply the weights and fixed his great black eyes shrewdly upon the oscillations of the balance. For five cents he agreed to give me two ounces of cheese and six soda-crackers.

This proved a hopelessly inadequate dinner, and by the middle of the afternoon I was painfully hungry. It must have been between the hours of three and four when, on a stretch of level road, I met a tall, overgrown negro youth with a bucket of sour milk in each hand, which was plainly destined for a pig-pen that I had passed but a few yards back. Looming dimly in the fog behind him, I could see the outlines of a large frame structure with lightly built

NOTE.—As "The Workers" has been mistaken by some of its readers for a piece of imaginative writing the publishers wish to reiterate that it is the narrative of an actual experience: every detail is accurate.



I held my peace, and respectfully touched my cap, inwardly calling her the beauty that she was.—Page 432.

verandas engirding it. I asked the youth what it was, and learned that it was a hotel, the "—— House."

"Did he think that I could get a job there?" He was doubtful of that, but advised my seeing the "boss," whom I should find in the office. The office was deserted when I entered it. Some men were playing billiards in the larger room beyond, which, with the office, forms the ground floor of a building detached from the main hotel, but joined by a veranda on the upper story.

I sat down, and began to dry my feet at a slow fire which burned in an iron stove. Presently there came in a tall man, straight of figure, with black eyes and hair and mustache and an uncommonly dark complexion. I rose with an inquiry for the proprietor, and he sat down with the assurance that he was the man. There were two definite requests in my mind. I meant to apply first for a job; but, expecting nothing of a permanent character, I resolved to ask work for the remaining afternoon for the sake of food and a night's shelter from the rain. To my surprise, instead of the negative I expected to my first request, I found some encouragement in the proprietor's manner. He owned to the need of a porter until the arrival, in a few days, of the man who had been engaged for that position. I declared my willingness to serve and to begin work on the moment. He pointed out that he did not know me, and that he was not in the habit of engaging servants whom he did not know. "Besides, there was not much for the porter to do, and for his services he was paid at the rate of eight dollars a month and his board." I was ready with a plea for a trial, if only for a single day, and presently the proprietor consented.

He rose, and at once began to instruct me in my duty. Standing on the threshold between the office and billiard-room, he pointed to the bare floors, and explained that they must be scrubbed every morning. He then indicated the score or more of oil-lamps with which the rooms were lighted, and said that these must be kept clean and filled. Next he opened a door from the office into a small room in which was a cot. That was to be my sleeping-place, and he showed me, in one corner, buckets and a mop and a broom, which were intended for the porter's use. Quite abruptly he asked to see my hat, and, wondering at the request, I showed him the stained black felt with ragged holes in the crown. "That won't do," he said, and with the word he took down from a peg a porter's cloth cap with a patent-leather visor, and bade me wear it at my work. It was much too small, but by dint of holding my head with care I could keep it on; thus balancing the cap as best I could, and with the broom in hand, I followed my employer for further instructions. He led the way to the verandas, and explained that they must be swept each morning before the guests are up, and again in the afternoon, at the hour when they are least in use. They were nearly deserted now, and the proprietor told me to begin my work by sweeping them, and then he left me.

I could have danced with sheer delight. Not if I had deliberately planned it could I have effected a better arrangement. It fitted my needs exactly. A change to lighter work for a time was almost a necessity; for my hands were much blistered and torn, and they refused to heal under the friction of my last employment. And then—and my spirits rose buoyantly to this idea—here was a chance to see something of domestic service, and such another, under conditions so favorable, might not offer in all my journey across the continent.

"This morning," I thought to myself, "I was a roving laborer in search of work and with but ten cents in my pocket; now I am a hotel porter, with bed and board assured and an open field for observation, and some certainty of a surplus, regardless of the weather, when I quit the job, although, at its present rate, my daily wage is a fraction less than twenty-seven cents."

As I swept the verandas my plans began to form themselves with exciting interest. "Here is clearly a splendid opportunity. I have been frankly told that a porter is already engaged, and is on his way, and that my occupancy of office is simply for the interregnum. Plainly, if I can give evidence, in the meantime, of usefulness such that, when the regular porter comes, I shall be continued in some employment about the hotel, that will be a distinct achievement; and it will not be without a bearing upon the practical question as to what a penniless man may do

for himself in the way of winning permanent employment that offers chances of promotion." I resolved to bend all my energies to that.

When the verandas were swept, I returned to the office and billiard-room, and began to study the field. The floors were sadly in need of scrubbing; many of the lamp chimneys were smoked, and all were far from clean; the windows of both rooms were much weather-stained; and the paint on the woodwork could be improved by a thorough washing. I then went over the grounds, and found the walks in disorder, and the lawns matted and strewn with litter.

I lit the lamps at nightfall, and awaited a summons to supper. While in the region of the kitchen, I noticed that an extra hand might often prove of service there. Back in my own domain for the evening, I found my offices in demand in attendance upon the billiard and pool tables.

By eleven o'clock the house was still, and I was at liberty to go to bed. Among the furniture in the office was an alarm clock. This I wound up, and set for a quarter to five.

The morning was splendidly bright. When I stepped out upon the veranda the sun had already cleared the tops of the wooded highlands, and, with the radiance reflected from infinite rain-drops in the forests, there rolled from their "gorgeous gloom" the "sweet after-showers, ambrosial air." In no direction was the outlook wide; but the air gleamed in the sunlight with the crystal clearness which gives its peculiar quality to our autumn, and which so early as August can be had only at considerable altitudes.

But the scrubbing awaited me, and was a task of much uncertainty. In the kitchen I filled my buckets with water—cold water, I am sorry to say. I threw wide open the doors and windows, and first sprinkled the floors, as I had seen shopkeepers do, and then swept them thoroughly. I tried to apply the water by means of a mop with a long wooden handle; but failing completely in that, I detached the handle, and getting down on my knees, I went carefully over the surface with the mop in hand. Frequently I changed the water, and when the scrubbing was done I looked the damp floors over with immense satisfaction.

Until I was called to breakfast, I spent the time in sweeping the verandas and clearing from the walks the twigs and dead leaves with which they were strewn after the rain. In no way was I prepared for the alarming surprise which was in store for me. When I returned to the office, I stood aghast at the sight of the newly scrubbed floors. They were dry now, and were covered with fantastic designs. Every final movement of the mop was distinctly traceable in streaks of unmistakable dirt. And there was the proprietor at work at his desk, and he faintly noticed me as I entered. I stood, expecting my discharge, with what fortitude I could summon, but receiving no further attention from my employer I hurried back to the work on the walks and drives. During the dinner-hour I brought a broom to bear upon the coiling traceries on the floor, and succeeded in softening their bolder outlines.

But scrubbing proved a peculiarly difficult art. On the second morning I did all that I had done before, and then got buckets of clean hot water and a fresh mop; and on hands and knees, I went over the floors, wiping them up with scrupulous care. The result was no better, once dry, and the designs in daubs of dirt were as fantastic as ever. On the third morning I tried still a new plan, but only with the result of effecting a change in the designs. I was learning to scrub by an empirical process, and the fourth venture approached success. Hot water and soap, and a scrub-brush vigorously applied, and then a final swabbing, left the floors comparatively clean, and free from the persistent mop-stains.

Only one more of my duties I found difficult of mastery. Like scrubbing the floors, washing the windows was full of surprises. From one of the house-maids I learned that clean, hot, soapy water was the prime necessity. I was delighted with the first result, for after the washing within and without, I had visions of the glass in a high state of clean transparency. But the sun had absorbed the water, and left stains of tenacious soap, when I came to polishing, and after hours of labor I almost despaired of ever bringing the panes to a reasonably untarnished condition.

The work has varied so little in detail

that the history of a single day is an epitome of the three weeks' service :

I am up at a little before five in the morning. The floors of the office and billiard-room are my first concern ; and by the time these are scrubbed it is six o'clock. The *chef* early noticed my willingness to lend a hand in the kitchen, and he rewards me with a liberal supply of hot water every morning, and a cup of coffee and a slice of bread at six o'clock when he takes his own. Fortified in this way, I sweep the verandas and walks, and rake the drives and lawns until breakfast.

There is a curious, horizontal, social cleavage among the "help." I belong to the lower stratum. I first noticed the distinction at our meals. The negro head-waiter, and the pastry-cook, and the head gardener, and the company of Irish maids, who do double duty as waitresses and house maids, take their meals in the dining-room after the guests are served. The remnants of these two servings are then heaped upon a table in a long, low, dimly lighted room which intervenes between the kitchen and dining-room, and there we of the lowest class help ourselves. Our coterie consists of an English maid, a recent arrival from Liverpool, who serves as a dishwasher, three negro laundresses, two negro stable-boys and myself, with a varying element in two or three hired men, who drop in irregularly from the region of the barns.

Martha, the English maid, is chiefly in charge here, and she bravely tries to serve, and to bring some order out of the chaos ; but the task is beyond her. We take places as we find them vacant, and each helps himself from what remains to be eaten of the fragments of the meal just ended. There is always a towering supply, but an abundance of a sort that deadens your appetite, like the blow of a sandbag.

I reproached myself with fastidiousness at first, and imagined that to the other servants, who shared it, the fare was entirely palatable ; and so I was surprised when, at a dinner early in my stay, one of the negro laundresses seized a plate heaped with scraps of meat, from which we had all been helping ourselves, and carried it out with the indignant remark that it was fit only for the dogs, adding, sententiously, as she disappeared through the door : "We are not dogs *yet*; we are supposed to be human." And back to her afternoon's work she went, although she had eaten only a morsel.

These meals were curiously solemn functions ; scarcely a word was ever spoken. Martha was "cumbered about much serving," and very heroically she tried to impart some decent order to the meal, and a cheerfuller tone to the company. I never knew the cause of the sullen unsociability which possessed us, whether it was ill-humor born of the physical weariness from which all the servants seemed constantly to suffer as a result of the high pressure of work at the height of the season, or the revolting fare which often sent us unrested and unfed from our meals.

It is the vision of supper that will linger clearest in my memory. The long, reeking room seen faintly in the yellow light of one begrimed oil-lamp ; the ceiling so low that I can easily reach it with my upstretched hand, and dotted over with innumerable flies. The room is a paradise for flies, which swarm most in our food that lies in ill-assorted heaps down the middle of a rough wooden table. Here we sit in chance order, black and white faces often alternating ; the white ones livid in their vivid contrast with the background of the room's deep shadows, and the others ghastly visible in the general blackness from which gleam the whites of eyes. Sometimes the two stable boys find seats together ; and then they bid defiance to the general gloom, and are soon bubbling over with musical laughter, that rolls responsive to the least remark from either. It is interesting at such times to watch Martha's face. The nervous energy which is always struggling there against a look of utter weariness shines victorious now, in the light of a new hope that a better cheer has come at last to her table.

From breakfast I hurry back to the work of putting the grounds in order. The walks I sweep every morning, and then rake the drives and the lawns.

It was at this work that I early found convincing proof of the completeness of my social change. The lawns at certain hours are in the possession of nurse-maids and infants. I have never calculated the number of children in the hotel, but their

ages apparently mark every stage of advance from a few weeks to as many years. My liking for children amounts to reverent devotion, and it gave me a shock, from which I have not recovered, to find that, unshaven and uncouth in workmen's clothes, I had become for them a bogey with whom their nurses frighten them into obedience, warning them in excited tones with "Here comes the man to take you away!"

It was at this work, too, that I once incurred the avowed displeasure of a guest. She was a beautiful Philistine, with a keenly penetrating twang and turns of speech that bespoke the regions of Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street. But she was remarkably handsome, tall and graceful, and of high-bred bearing and of a thoroughly aristocratic type. It must be confessed that whenever she was visible from my regions the section of the grounds which commanded a view of her, and was yet fairly beyond the sound of her voice, received assiduous attention from me; for she was highly remunerative to look at. I was sweeping a section of the walk immediately in front of the hotel. Unlike the work at West Point, a porter's duties do not preclude mental effort. Absorbed in thought and quite unconscious of my surroundings, I was suddenly recalled to them and to my station in life by nasal accents raised in strong reproof. I looked up in bewilderment, and saw confronting me the beautiful Philistine, holding a little child by each hand. Very straight she stood and bright-eyed, with her head thrown back, and an exquisite flush over her face, and her beautiful lips curled in anger, as she scolded me roundly for raising so much dust. I was unfamiliar with the etiquette of the situation, so I held my peace, and respectfully touched my cap, inwardly calling her the beauty that she was as she stood there, and ardently hoping that she would scold me more.

From the lawns I go to the kitchen, and offer my services to the *chef*. Usually he has ready for me a basket of potatoes to peel. In a little shed by the kitchen door I sit and peel endlessly. The servants are flocking in and out through the open door in the fetid air. The heat is of the suffocating kind, in which the heavy air lies dead. It is nearing the dinner hour, and every one must work with almost a frenzy of effort. The high tension communicates itself to us all, and we feel the nervous strain upon our tempers. The hundred and one petty annoyances which cause the friction of household service prove too much, and the tension bursts into a furious quarrel between the Irish pastry-cook and the negro head-waiter. No one has time to heed them, but his storming oaths and her plaintive, whining key, maintained with provoking tenacity, whatever relief they bring to them, are far from soothing to the rest of us.

The maids are gathered from all parts of the hotel. Most of them have been on duty since six o'clock, and after the morning's work there now awaits them the rush of serving dinner. Want of sufficient sleep and utter physical weariness have drawn deep lines in their faces. Presently one of them, a slender young girl, sinks exhausted into a seat, and we hear her notion of the *summum bonum*: "Oh, I wish I was rich, and could swing all day in a hammock!" I follow the direction of her eyes. Across a wide stretch of lawn and in the shade of some clustered maples I see the gleam of a white dress rocking gently in a hammock, and I catch the flutter of a fan and the light on an open page.

Sometimes I am in the region of the kitchen during the dinner hour itself. As an experience, I fancy that it is not unlike that of being behind the scenes in the course of the play. The kitchen and pantry are ill-ventilated, and are hot to suffocation. About a counter-like partition which separates the two rooms crowd the eager waitresses, rehearsing in shrill tones their orders to the *chef* and his assistant. There is a babel of voices striving to be heard, and a ceaseless clatter of dishes, and a hurrying to and fro. The *chef* is not a bad fellow, but his temper is rarely proof against the harassing annoyances incident upon serving a dinner, and he loses it in a torrent of oaths. The volume of noise increases until the height of dinner is reached and passed, and then it subsides, quite like a thunder-storm.

The afternoon's work keeps me, for the most part, in my own regions. The lamps must first be cleaned and filled, and then the billiard-tables brushed for the evening play, and there may remain unfinished work on the grounds, which claims me

until it is time to sweep the verandas again.

When I am out of the office, I must be careful that the doors and the windows are open, and my ears attentive to the bell; for I am porter and bell-boy in one.

A bell-boy is sometimes at a disadvantage. He is not supposed to explain, and circumstances may wrong him.

The bell rings. I run to the indicator, and then climb to the door that bears the corresponding number. A lady asks for a pitcher of ice-water. Unluckily the ice-chest is locked, and the key, I learn, is in the keeping of the head-waiter. After hasty search, I find that official seated on a rock in the shade behind the barn, conversing with some of the hands. He tells me that there is no ice in the chest, and advises my going to the ice-house. I do so, with all possible speed, and am fortunate enough to find a piece of loose ice not far below the surface of saw-dust. Back to the kitchen I run with it, wash it, and chop it into fragments. But all this has taken time; it is very hot and the lady, no doubt, is very thirsty. As I hand her the pitcher of water, her caustic acknowledgment expresses anything but gratitude.

The verandas are no sooner swept for the afternoon than the stage appears from the station. I must be in attendance to relieve the newly arrived guests of their lighter luggage and, with the help of one of the stable-boys, to carry their trunks to their rooms.

It was in such services as these that I met with an insuperable difficulty. Before I launched upon the enterprise of earning my living by manual labor, I settled it with myself that I should shrink from no honest work, however menial, that might fall within the range of my experiment. I confess that, in my present avocation, when it came to the necessity of cleaning the cuspidors used by a tobacco-eating gentry, the task was accomplished only after hard setting of teeth, and much involuntary contraction of muscles. But I hasten to let fall a veil already too widely drawn from the hidden rites of a porter's service. The difficulty in point was of another kind, and had to do with tips. I was not unprepared for the emergency, for the proprietor had hinted, in our first conversation, with every mark of embarrassment, and with a tone of apology for the eight dollars a month, that that amount was sure to be supplemented by gratuities. It might have been different under other circumstances; but when I had seen the guests and noted the unmistakable marks of residence in cheap flats and low-rent suburban cottages, and realized the careful husbanding of funds, and the close calculation which made a summer outing possible to them, their fees were some degrees beyond the possible to me.

In the case of the luggage, it was easy to bow acknowledgment and to decline in favor of Sam, the stable-boy, who, beaming with delight, stood ready to receive gifts to any amount, and who loved me warmly. But when I was alone with some guest in the act of a personal service, the situation created by a proffered fee proved embarrassing to us both, and was not to be relieved by bows and expressions of sincere appreciation.

The evening's duties are usually the lighting of the lamps at night-fall, and assorting the mail that comes in after supper, and attending the billiard and pool tables, and answering the bell-calls. Saturday afternoons and evenings are varied with industrious preparations for extra guests. This makes added demands upon us all, and the servants dread Sunday as bringing always the severest strain of the week. My own share of extra work is confined to Saturday afternoon and evening, when I put up cots, and carry bed-linen and blankets about, under the orders of the housekeeper, usually until midnight. And when I go to sleep at last it is on the hay in the barn, for my room is swept and garnished on Saturday and given up to a guest. It is no hardship to sleep on the hay, but, through knowledge gained from the scale of prices posted in the office, I cannot but understand what an admirable business arrangement it is for the proprietor to so utilize my room over Sunday. The added revenue which is thus yielded during my stay amounts to fifteen dollars, and as the total sum of my wages for the three weeks is five dollars and sixty-seven cents, the net returns to the proprietor in service and profit speak well for his management.

But there is other evidence of good management, and in a quarter that ap-

peals to me more. His treatment of the "help" is so uniformly fair. I do not like him; but, so far as I know, I am alone in my dislike among all the servants of the house; and I cannot fail to see that a feeling of personal loyalty is behind much of the patient, enduring service to which I have been witness. Only once was there an approach to a collision between us, and certainly I emerged from that in rather a ridiculous light.

It was but two or three evenings ago. Usually I have been able to eat at our table enough at least to deaden appetite, but on that evening I could eat nothing. As I passed through the pastry kitchen on my way back to the office, I saw a few pieces of corn-bread which were apparently to be thrown away. I asked the cook for some, and she readily told me to help myself. On a flagging near the kitchen door, I sat down to eat the bread, and the proprietor must have seen me there in the dim light. I had not finished when the negro head-waiter came upon me in much excitement. I belong to a lower order of service than he, but he treats me civilly, and there was nothing more than nervousness in his manner now.

"You mustn't get cheese from the pantry without leave," he was saying in high agitation.

I thought that he had gone mad, but he presently made clear that the proprietor had come to him with the complaint that I was eating cheese, which is kept in the pantry, and is not intended for the lower servants. The supper-table had upset me, and the corn-bread which caused the present trouble had been cold comfort. I was furiously angry now, hot and aglow with a passion of rage which at that moment was a splendid sensation. With great civility I thanked the head-waiter, and explained the mistake, and showed him a fragment of bread still in my hand, and then asked where I should find the proprietor. He had gone to the office, and I followed him there, scarcely conscious of touching the ground. It was close upon the mail hour, and the office was crowded with guests. Near the stove stood the proprietor, and he saw me as I approached him. I was looking him full in the eyes when I told him, without introductory remarks, that if he had any further criticisms to offer upon my conduct he was at liberty to bring them directly to me. If I had had any sense of humor left I should have laughed then at his appearance, and have forestalled the ridiculous scene, in which, with a look of distressed embarrassment, he edged toward the door, and I followed, with my eyes on his, as I treated him to the most cynically patronizing sentences which I could frame, while the guests looked on in silence.

Once in the quiet of the veranda, he explained to me that, since he holds the head-waiter responsible in such matters, he had naturally complained to him, and added that he was sorry if any mistake had been made. I pointed out the mistake, and felt the fool that I was, and spent the evening in a long walk over the hills, returning only in time to lock up and put out the lights.

As a basis of comparison I have now the two short terms of service at West Point and here. I received employment at both places as almost any laborer might have done, and I found in them both the means of livelihood. But as a servant, I have found more than that. The man who had been engaged as porter appeared about a week after my arrival. He proved to be Martha's brother, and a newly landed immigrant. There was no mistaking the last fact. His peaked countenance, with surviving traces of ruddy color; his queer pot-hat, that rested on his ears; his bright woollen tippet, defying the heat; his baggy suit, which had doubtless served for day and night through all the voyage; his heavy boots—all proclaimed him the raw material of a new citizen. Nor could there be a doubt of his kinship with Martha. She stood with me awaiting the stage, directing eager glances down the carriage-drive and excitedly asking questions about its coming. She was the first to see it, and to recognize her brother on the seat with Sam, and she fluttered about in the unconcealed delight of affection, perfectly unconscious of every one, until her arms were about her brother's neck, and she was leading him away to the kitchen.

Nothing was said to me about leaving; Martha's brother became her assistant as a dish-washer, and learned to lend a generally useful hand in the kitchen.

And so I had fairly won my place, and

had open before me a way of promotion. Experience alone could disclose the value of the opening; but the "—— House" is a winter as well as a summer resort, and a porter's services are therefore in demand through the year. If efficient, intelligent labor could not eventually win higher and more responsible position in such an enterprise, and possibly gain, at last, an interest in the business, the case is surely exceptional.

It is the change in external conditions and its bearing upon me as a human worker which have most impressed me, in contrast with my first experience.

I worked for nine hours and a quarter at West Point; and had, at the end of the day's labor, if the weather had been good, eighty-five cents above actual living expenses. Here I have usually worked from five o'clock in the morning until eleven at night, at all manner of menial drudgery, and have gone to bed in the comfortable assurance that, in addition to food and shelter, I have earned twenty-six cents and a fraction. And yet, as a matter of choice, purely with reference to the conditions under which the work is done, I should infinitely prefer a week of my present duties to a single day at such labor as that at West Point.

The work here is specific, and it is mine, to be done as I best can. Responsibility and initiative and personal pride enter here, and render the eighteen hours of this work incomparably shorter than the nine hours of my last. It is true that it partakes of the character of much household service, in that it is ever doing and is never done; but there is a feeling of accomplishment in the fact of getting my quarters clean and the grounds in order, and in keeping them so, although it be at the cost of labor always repeated and never ended.

Perhaps it is because I am still haunted by the thought of the cruel bondage of unskilled labor, under which men exhaust their powers of body and mind and soul at work that, in the very conditions of its doing, seems to harden them into slaves, instead of strengthening them into men, that I fail to feel keenly the want of time that I can call my own. I have an independence of vastly better sort in having work which I can call my own, and which I can do with some human pleasure and interest and profit in its performance, however hard it may be.

Slender as is my acquaintance with either, I yet see, with perfect certainty, that the standard of character is higher in this company of servants than among the gang of unskilled laborers. Other causes may have a share in this result, but the efficient cause is clear in the better moral atmosphere in which the work is done. I do not know how conscious is the feeling of unity of interest with their employer, or of copartnery with one another in labor, or of personal responsibility; but all these motives must play a part in effecting the successful accomplishment of the housework, with its intricacies and interdependences which render constant personal oversight impossible. Of course the proprietor has much trouble with the "help," and there are frequent changes among them; but the body of the company remains the same, and some of the servants have been here for several seasons.

Certainly one is obliged to look elsewhere than to wages for a cause of better work as showing a finer moral fibre, if I may judge from my twenty-six cents a day. I dare say that mine is the minimum wage. The *chef* told me that he gets sixty dollars a month, and I fancy that his is the maximum sum. It is purely a guess, but I venture it, that the average among us would not exceed five dollars a week. Five dollars a week above the necessaries of life will buy much among the commonest proletariat. Under certain conditions that, or even a less sum, might buy industrious and almost continuous effort for fourteen or eighteen hours a day, but not, I fancy, in the present economic condition of household servants in this country. There must be other causes to account for that.

The want of time which is at one's own command is the commonest objection urged against domestic service as accounting for the ready choice of harder work with far less of creature comfort, but with definite limits and entire disposing of the rest of one's day. Stronger than this, I fancy, as an objection, is a social disability which attaches to service, and under the sway of which a house-maid has not the prospect of so good a marriage, socially considered, as a factory girl, who earns

a scanty living, but is subject to no one's commands outside of the factory gates.

The strength of social conventions is a force to be reckoned with among the working classes. It may seem that below the standing of folk gentle by birth and breeding there are no social standards or social barriers of serious strength. I begin to suspect that distinctions are as clearly made on one side of that line as the other. Very certain I am that the upper servants here and the nurses and house-maids are removed from us of the clothes-washing and dish-washing and floor-scrubbing fraternity by a very considerable social gulf.

A course of eighteen hours of continuous daily duty soon gives one a surprising relish for the pleasure of doing as you please. I know now something of the delight of a "Sunday off." I got my first leave of absence one afternoon when I was allowed to go to the village of Central Valley to have my boots mended. Not since I was a small boy at boarding-school have I felt the same vivid pleasure in going freely forth, knowing that, for the time, I was my own master; and when I returned to the hotel, it was very much with the school-boy's feeling of passing again under the yoke.

(To be continued.)

WE TOO SHALL SLEEP

By Archibald Lampman

Ah not for thee,
Beloved child, the burning grasp of life
Shall bruise the tender soul. The noise and strife
And clamor of midday thou shalt not see;
But wrapped forever in thy quiet grave,
Too little to have known the earthly lot,
Time's clashing hosts above thine innocent head,
Wave upon wave,
Shall break, or pass as with an army's tread,
And harm thee not.

A few short years,
We of the living flesh and restless brain
Shall plumb the deeps of life and know the strain,
The fleeting gleams of joy, the fruitless tears;
And then at last when all is touched and tried,
Our own immutable night shall fall, and deep
In the same silent plot, O little friend,
Side by thy side,
In peace that changeth not, nor knoweth end,
We too shall sleep.



SOME GOLF PICTURES

BY

A B FROST



ORSON LOWELL



Dummy Two.



"Fore!!"



In a Bunker.



Just Missed It.



Stymie.



A Foursome.

CARLTON T. CHAPMAN



'TIS THE GHOST OF IRONSIDES,
COME BACK FROM THE TAMELESS TIDES.

THE FRIGATE-GHOST

By Helen Gray Cone

YES, you may build her again
As she was when she sailed the sea;
She may bear the brave old name,
And the harbors hail her the same;
'Tis her semblance, it is not she!
She is gone from our mortal ken.

I know not how or when,
But her spirit escaped away
From the dock and the dull decay,
From the uses of unprized age
And the changes wrought of men;
Like a wild sea-bird from a cage,
Her soul took flight from the form
To the tides that none can tame,
To the restless fields of her fame,
To the wet salt wind and the storm!

Somewhere she ranges free,
Stately, a shape of light,
Revisiting leagues of sea
Illumined with glorious fight.
She hangs like a lucent cloud
On the coast where her guns spoke loud,
In the gates of the Moslem proud,
Till the Crescent grew faint with fright.
Exultant she bounds on the brine,
Tracing the course of the race
When the Æolus held her in chase,
And the Belvidere and the Shannon,
And the Africa, ship-o'-the-line,
With another, doomed to her cannon,
To be blazoned in flame at the last,
When the grim sea-duel was done:
God rest the souls that passed
Ere the Guerrière's leeward gun!
Ere the noblest flag on the sea
Came down to the Stripes and Stars!
Oh, the frigate-ghost, as she ranges free,
Thrills yet through her spectral spars!

Aye, the old pride stirs her still
As she sails and sails at will;
In her cross-trees memories nestle,
Though she walks the wave a ghost.
Well she minds the wary wrestle
When her shot poured hot as lava
On the shattered, stubborn Java,
Off the dim Brazilian coast;

And she haunts the moonlit seas
Where her crashing broadsides broke
Through the drift of silvered smoke
While she waged a double battle
In the waters Portuguese.
Still the ghostly muskets rattle,
And the old drums beat, beat, beat,
Like a heart that will not die;
And the old fife whistles high,
And the powder-scent is rank,
And she feels on her hollow plank
The old, dead heroes' feet!

Ah, never sailor-man
Has seen her where she ranges,
Escaped from time and changes
As only spirits can,
Clear, absolute, and free!
Yet, some stern hour to be,
When a fight is fought at sea,
And the right of the fight is ours,
And the cause of the right is failing,
There shall rise a frigate sailing,
A luminous presence paling
Through the powder-cloud where it lowers;
Pale smoke from her side shall break,
Pale faces over her railing
Shall frown, till the foemen shake
With fear and bewildered passion,
Marking her old-time fashion,
In the turrets of hostile powers;
And then shall the rumor run
Like a lightning from lip to lip,
And shall leap from ship to ship,
While the wounded gunner reels
Again to his reeking gun,
Touched with a magic that heals,
Feeling this vision remind him
That the strong Dead fight behind him:
"'Tis the ghost of IRONSIDES,
Come back from the tameless tides,
From the ocean-fields unbounded,
Complete with her scattered spars,
Manned with the shades of her tars,
With the smoke of her guns surrounded,
To succor the Stripes and Stars!"



"Old Ironsides"—launched October 21, 1797.

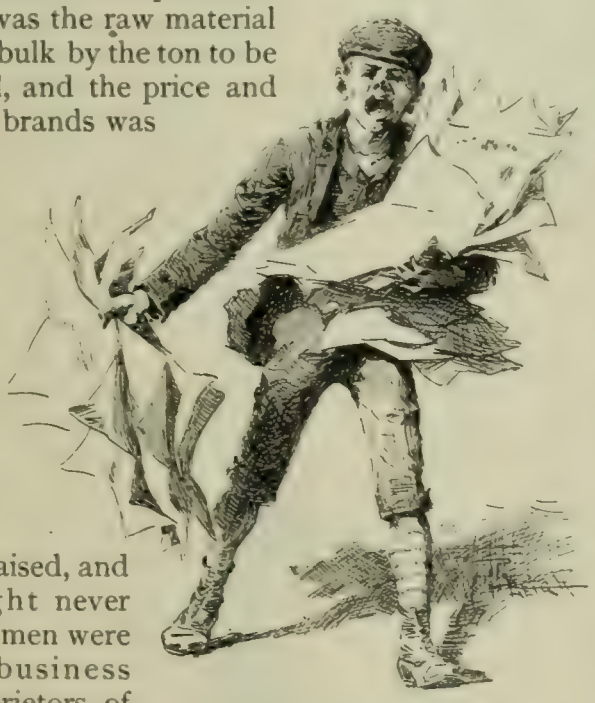
THE BUSINESS OF A NEWSPAPER

(THE CONDUCT OF GREAT BUSINESSES—SIXTH PAPER)

By J. Lincoln Steffens

With Illustrations by W. R. Leigh

THE executive heads of some two-score of the great newspapers in America, "talking shop" on a railway train last spring, spoke of their properties as factories, and when the editorial department was mentioned discussed "their traffic in news," and likened the management of it to that of a department store. White paper was the raw material which was bought in bulk by the ton to be sold at a profit retail, and the price and quality of the several brands was the favorite topic of conversation. The machinery by which it was prepared for the market was interesting; circulation and advertising were fascinating subjects, too delicate and dangerous, however, for easy chat. Public questions were not once raised, and editorial policies might never have existed. These men were the publishers and business managers and proprietors of newspapers, not editors and writers, but they "ran" their papers; they represented "the press." Journalism to-day is a business. To write of it as such is to write of it as it is.



"Extr', extree! just out."

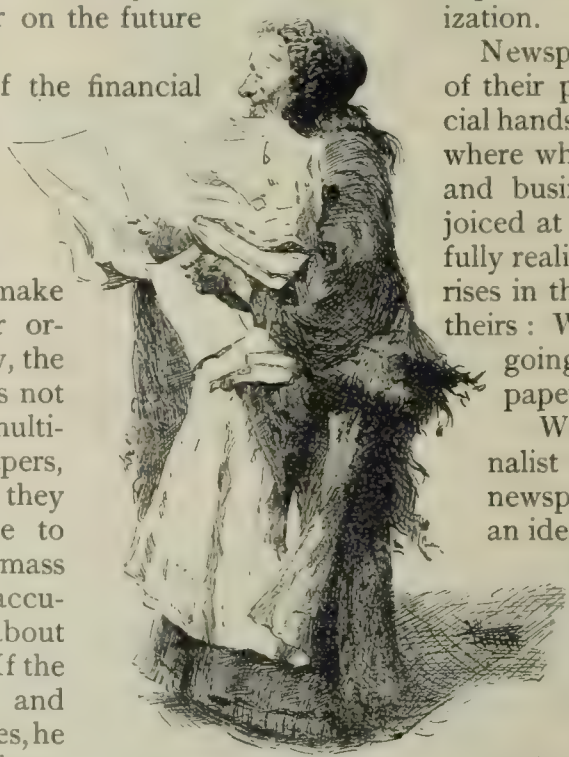
This may seem to the "constant reader" a rather brutal conception of the fourth estate, but it is the inside view, and Mr. Leigh, who has taken it for his illustrations, partly accounts for, if he does not wholly justify, it. His pictures of the press, composing, and stereotyping rooms, with their immense, complicated, delicate machinery look like glimpses of a factory plant. The paper on which the news is printed is the heaviest single item of expense; the manager of a New York newspaper who used 337,558 miles of it last year, said his bill was $617,000. The mechanical apparatus and processes have been as potent a factor in the growth of the newspaper as the enterprise of men or the price of white paper. And in the editorial-rooms the comparison with the department store is borne out in principle and method. The managing editor aims to supply all the wants of all sorts of people, and the variety of interests handled there is divided into departments, each with a sub-editor: the foreign news, with a cable editor; the national and state news with a telegraph editor; the local news, with a city editor; and so on through the dramatic, the financial, the society, the exchange, the art, the literary, the sporting departments, with their expert managers and corps of assistants.

The man who paid the paper bill of $617,000 expended altogether that year more than two millions of dollars. He has a morning and an evening paper, and he employs 1,300 men and women every day in the year, besides twice that number who serve him at occasional critical moments. His stock in trade, the news, is collected from all over the world. The course of his business affects and is affected by every interest in the civilized world, and he has

connections in two or three, often conflicting, capacities with all the businesses in the community where his paper is published. To conduct such a business requires expert skill. The methodical expenditure of so much money is difficult enough, while to do it and make a profit is a financial operation of the first magnitude. It means that a multitude of complex problems have been solved, that all sorts of intricate, delicate transactions have been carried through in accordance with a well-studied plan and carefully defined principles. It means brains and character, such as were found in all the other businesses described in this series of articles.

Now this whole article might be written to show this in detail. But the truth of the proposition is quite obvious in this case, and in the course of my preparation of material I came upon something better. I talked with the editors, proprietors, and managers of nearly a hundred newspapers, representative journals of New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Richmond, Baltimore, Washington, and of many cities, towns, and villages in between, and while they related their experiences, described their methods, and showed their plants, they disclosed, often unconsciously (which was best), their point of view and the direction they are taking. These bear on the future of journalism.

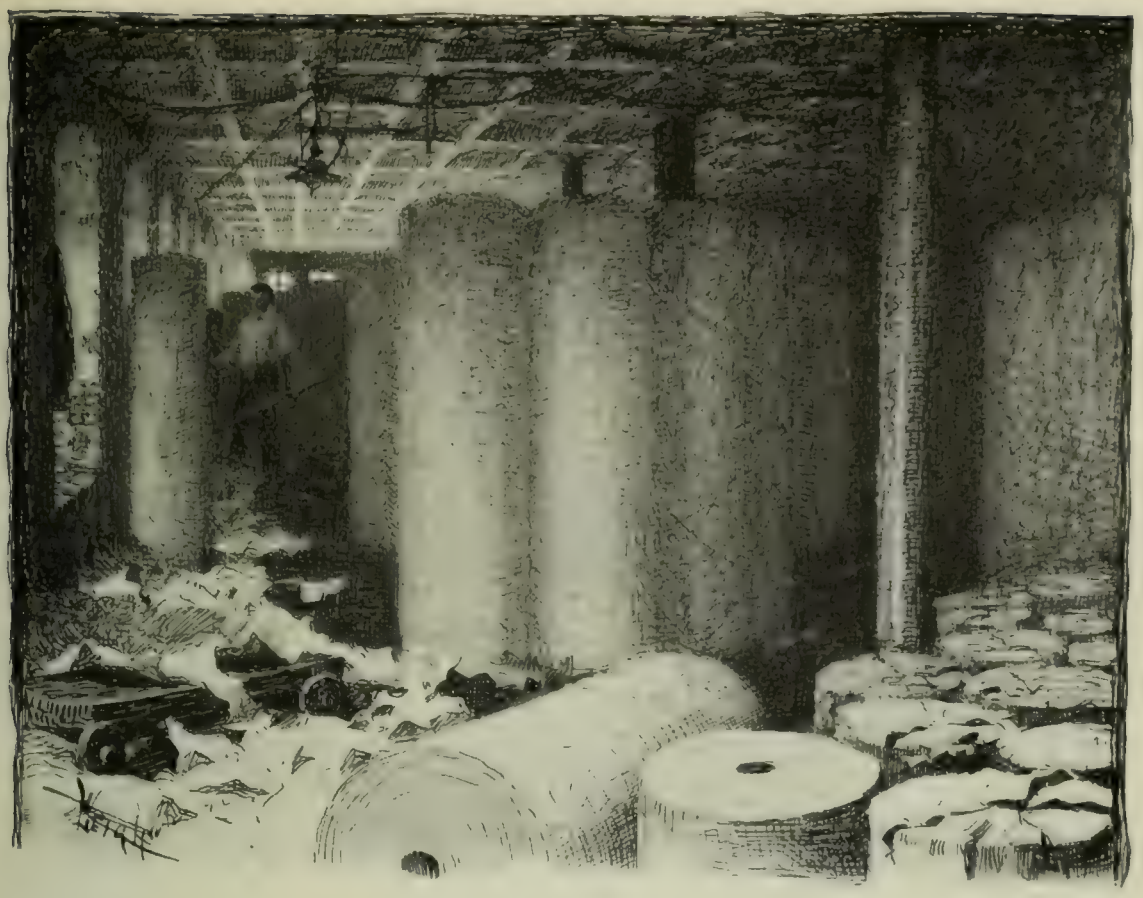
The magnitude of the financial operations of the newspaper is turning journalism upside down. There are still great editors whose personalities make the success of their organs, but, always few, the number of them has not increased with the multiplication of newspapers, and even where they dominate they have to leave to others the mass of detail that has accumulated under and about the editorial chair. If the editor is the owner and has business capacities, he is attracted downstairs to the counting-room. If he is deficient in executive ability he has to engage a man who has it, and the requirements are such that the business manager, if fit, is likely to have a personality of his own so strong, indeed, that he will demand a share in the property and the profits and the policy. Then, too, the old editors die. Their heirs, seldom inheriting the brains with the business, turn it over to a financial manager to maintain it for the income he can produce. If there is no heir and the property is sold, the price is so high that business men who have become capitalists in other businesses, not writers, are best able to acquire control. The most common mode of transition heretofore, however, has been through the news department. The expansion there has been the characteristic development of modern journalism, till now the news service is a tremendous piece of machinery. The managing editor, who engineers it, is a man who seldom puts pen to paper. He may have been a writer; he is always a trained journalist; but he has risen to his place because of his executive ability, not because his style was good. Having to do so much that was business, having cultivated the news instinct, which is merely a sense of a market, it was natural that he should reach out from the principal to the dependent branches of the organization.



"What paper, sir?"

Newspaper men see the drift of their profession into commercial hands. I found editors everywhere who deplored it as a fact, and business managers who rejoiced at it as a hope yet to be fully realized. The question that rises in the layman's mind was in theirs: What is the business man going to do with the newspaper?

When a commercial journalist sets out to build up a newspaper, he does not have an ideal before him. He does not say to himself that modern journalism is bad, that there is no paper in the world that is perfect, and that the way it ought to be is thus and so. I met a dozen men who had begun with their pa-



WHITE PAPER.

The raw material of the business. It is bought in bulk, by the ton. Delivered as shown in the picture it is unrolled, then rolled again on the press cylinder to be reeled off in newspapers in shape to sell.

pers during the last fifteen years, some who had succeeded within five years, and their stories were all alike in essentials. They had picked up the business in the news or business departments. While they were doing that they were studying the field. Just as a thrifty grocer's clerk goes around, not with ideas of the sweetest butter and the purest sugar in his head, but with savings in his pocket, and a clear notion of the peculiarities of neighborhoods, and picks out a vacant corner in a residence district, so the would-be newspaper publisher seeks a place. If there is a chance to open a store in Fifth Avenue, the young grocer may undertake to stock up with fine goods, otherwise he will be content to supply the Third Avenue trade.

One of the most recent journalistic successes I inquired about closely was a one-cent evening newspaper in Philadelphia which was established by a man who had gone to that city as the head of a subordinate department on a high-priced paper. He spent two or three years surveying the field. There were high-class morning and evening papers, more than enough morning papers to satisfy all tastes, but among all the evening papers there was only one for a penny and that had no news. It had absolutely no telegraph service, and the local matter was cheap gossip. There was a vacant corner, he thought. He analyzed the demand he believed existed, talking with people he met wherever he went and reading the penny papers that were succeeding in other large cities. Then he bought a moribund two-cent evening paper. Feeling his way cautiously, he altered the sheet to conform to his empirical ideas and reduced the price to one cent. From 6,000 a day the circulation increased in a month to 28,000, in a year to over 50,000. In three years his paper was a paying property.

Every city of the first rank has some such example of quick success, and the most recent are evening papers, showing that there has been a movement in that direction. The field has been neglected till the rise of the commercial spirit and the fall of the price of white paper opened it. The old journalist, though he valued his



THE PRESS-ROOM

Taking the finished newspapers to the elevators that lift them to the mail-room. An eight-page paper is the standard of measurement of the capacity of a press, though ten, twelve, and more pages can be printed, cut, pasted, folded, in short turned out ready for sale on a standard machine. A single press completes 12,000 an hour, but the great newspapers have from two to ten quadruple or sextuple presses which deliver respectively 48,000 and 72,000 an hour each. When papers of more pages, like the Sunday editions, are run off, they are printed in parts or sections, sometimes a day or two in advance of the date of issue, and are put together in the folding-room or, sometimes by the dealer who has been getting the paper in sections by several mails.

dividend, aimed primarily at power. He strove to make a great organ, so he preferred the daily which has all day and half the night to grow big and complete in, and plenty of time (on comparatively slow presses) to be printed. The old evening paper was high in price, small in size and circulation, and its influence, often very powerful, was not popular. It had no attractions for editors with an ambition for democratic power. It was the commercial journalist who saw the possibility of a popular evening paper. That it had to be cheap meant, as he saw it first, that he could not afford able writers, nor could he print very much news, but both these drawbacks were economies to him. The readers existed. More people have time to read in the evening than in the morning, and, what was still more vital, papers bought on the way home were carried into the family. That insured him advertisers, business. It is



RECEIVING THE PAPERS FROM THE ELEVATORS.

One for each press and for each squad in the mail-room.

not to be wondered at that the evening newspaper field has been oversown with penny papers, or that they are, when successful, the most profitable ventures in journalism.

All the "extras" are not successful, however. To pick an opening is not all that has to be done. The publisher must satisfy the demand he has perceived, which requires that his perceptions shall be definite and numerous, or some more thorough man without his initiative will surpass him in imitation. The executive and organizing faculties must second the powers of observation.

The only sound sources of income for a newspaper are from the sales of it and from the letting of space to advertisers. Journals that have special features in the way of news or of judgment (like an expert financial column), sometimes have a revenue from the sale of them to papers in other cities. But this is comparatively small. The circulation is the measure of the earning power ordinarily, for that brings in the wholesale price and is the basis both of the amount and the charge for advertisements. The publisher's most constant care, therefore, is the circulation. The ideal would be universality within the limits of daily delivery. Since no paper in a place of any size has ever approached it, however, the first thing to be defined is the character of the circulation to be sought. If the publisher has an established paper with a field that he proposes merely to extend, the lines



THE MAIL-ROOM.

Here sections are put together and the papers are enclosed in wrappers or bundles, addressed long ahead to the dealer, marked with the number ordered or sent, and parcelled out in routes for the wagons to deliver. From forty to sixty-seven men are employed in this department on all the great dailies.



LOADING MAIL AND DELIVERY WAGONS.

Thirty-two wagons, carts, or trucks, eight with teams of horses, are used regularly by one New York paper, and on Saturday night big dealers call for their own papers, and the superintendent of delivery often goes out to hire wagons to handle his papers. Each wagon or group of wagons serves a route or a train. The laborers who carry out the papers go from tables that supply their routes to the wagons that haul them.



INTERIOR OF A NEWSPAPER TRAIN.

This is one of three cars on the "South train," chartered by the New York newspapers, to run without other cars to Philadelphia, thence to Baltimore on another fast train, to Washington, and so on South. It makes no stop between New York and Philadelphia, and often goes over a mile a minute. Another later train serves the way-places. North and east are other trains like the south. Boston has a somewhat similar service.

along which he can work are laid out for him, and he studies the class of readers he has in order to reach out for more of the same general kind without losing those that he has. This is a very delicate undertaking. For our purpose, however, it will be more satisfactory to follow the man who is founding a paper or turning an old one into a new sphere, his problem being more difficult and more typical.

It is pretty generally recognized now that a newspaper has to print the news. The commercial journalists may not have an editorial page. I have heard them complain of the cost of very cheap ones, and they select reporters with more care than



WAGONS DISTRIBUTING EVENING PAPERS AT UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

A wagon, driven at high speed, stops at a dozen established stations on its route, to sell wholesale to the newsboys, girls, women, and dealers, their papers for which cash is paid. At such an important point as the one in the picture the struggle for first papers is not only physical; there is wire-pulling, gang politics, and even bribery at work to secure the advantage. A minute of time makes a difference of ten cents or more to a boy; to the paper a minute of delay reduces the sale of an afternoon edition from one to five thousand.

they do editorial writers. But even the old organs of class and political prejudices, which rely for their standing upon their editorial and literary articles, find it necessary to keep up a news service. They did not always do so. Papers with a small clientèle could not afford to spend what it cost to get much news till the development of the wholesale news collecting business made a good service comparatively inexpensive. Now the poorest country paper can have all the important news of the world every day in as little or as much space as it cares to order and pay for.

The organization that makes this possible is so commercial in form that it is often called "the newspaper trust." It is the Associated Press, which, to use its own description of itself, "is a mutual organization of newspapers having for its object the collection and distribution of the important news of the world." The origin of this



AN OLD-FASHIONED COMPOSING-ROOM.

"Frames," with hand compositors at work setting up type, at the rate of ten to twelve hundred "ems" an hour, still the prevailing method in over ninety-eight per cent. of all printing-offices, and used for fine work even in the composing-rooms equipped with the more modern machinery.

great machine was the combination in the forties of two keen New York newspaper proprietors for the purpose of extending their news service in directions that were very expensive. They could hire one boat instead of two to go out to sea to meet the ships from foreign ports, and sift the news and prepare it for the press by the time they got ashore. But from that it grew along the line of routine news, the papers in the agreement supporting one reporter at a point where intelligence that was best when colorless was constantly forthcoming and where competition was costly and not at all showy. Commercial, law, and shipping news were of this class, and while these arrangements were never altogether satisfactory and were constantly supplemented, as they are even to this day, by individual effort, the combination grew, taking in other papers, breaking up frequently in quarrels, but spreading till now nearly all the newspapers in the country are included in the Associated Press, which, by the failure of a rival, the United Press, is at its strongest.

At the last annual meeting in Chicago, April 21, 1897, there were 684 members, and the number of papers served was about 2,400. Each of these papers is a source of news for all the others, and covering as they do nearly every place that is large enough to support a newspaper, the country is pretty carefully watched and very little that happens escapes the press. To handle this system the central body, an executive committee of five, elected by the members, has divided the United States into four parts, the Eastern, the Central, the Western and the Southern divisions, each with a central office and a division superintendent. When there is an event of more than local interest in a town, the newspaper there notifies the division superintendent, who, after considering the probable value of it for the other members, and the time of day or night, telegraphs back the amount he wants and the moment when



A MODERN COMPOSING-ROOM.

Instead of type set from a case by hand there is now used the linotype machine, so-called because it casts a line of type at a time. A good operator can set up six to seven thousand ems an hour on these machines. The office in the picture has fifty. Only about three hundred and fifty out of the twenty thousand composing-rooms have any. One operator on such a machine can do the work of five or six hand compositors.

the wire will be free for it. As it comes in the superintendent transmits it over all the circuits in his territory and to the other division superintendents, who in turn send it out through their parts of the country. If it was late at night when the news started the first agent will ask for a condensed account so as to get the essential facts into the eastern division before the papers there go to press, and after that is on the wire he will ask for more for the nearer and the western papers. News that is worth a column in the West may be of less value elsewhere, and the superintendent of each division has a staff of condensers who judge of the amount to be forwarded, so that as a piece of news travels it is reduced to a half column in the central division, a paragraph in the east and a line in the south. Similarly the papers that cannot take the "full service" are put in a less expensive class, and have the news condensed for them. All the papers of a class in a division are on what is called a circuit, a wire that is connected with their offices and from which as the news passes they take it off on a typewriter. The whole system has 6,869 miles of leased wire by day and 16,365 miles by night.

Besides this mutual service, the Associated Press has correspondents to send out to any point where there is news but no newspaper, and agents all over the world. It is connected with the European news associations, has agreements for the news of certain foreign newspapers, like the *Times* in London, and has a division office in London with a large staff of correspondents. In such out-of-the-way places as Adelaide, N. S. W., Fez, Morocco, Teheran, Persia, there are agents. And recently, by an arrangement with the Navy Department, some officer on every United States war vessel is a correspondent for the Associated Press. Though this system is mutual, and brings the news by free exchange, the newspapers are assessed at regular intervals, the total last year being $1,700,000.



ARRIVAL OF THE SUNDAY PAPERS AT THE DEPOT IN A MARYLAND VILLAGE.

Serving as it does newspapers of all classes, creeds, and political and sectional opinions and prejudices, it is absolutely necessary that the news sent out by the Associated Press shall be colorless statements of facts, and for that reason the existence of such an organization is a public good. That it furnishes almost all the news that most newspapers print, and is the foundation of the service of nearly every paper in the country compensates somewhat for the tremendous influence the organization wields against the establishment of any more papers. It is the beginning of a monopoly; under the circumstances, a beneficial rather than a harmful one, for it tends to restrict the "individuality" and the bias of opinion and taste to other than the news pages. And if there were space to go into the organizations that supply in bulk "special" reading matter, anecdotes, descriptive articles, stories and serials, the sameness of third and fourth rate papers everywhere would be accounted for, but the improvement with financial success of the matter distributed would show commercialism bearing another boon to the commonplace man.

That, however, is not the view of the enterprising individual publisher. To him the improving quality of the output of the "literary syndicates" is no inducement to depend upon them, for the equality with other papers is deadly to competition, and the matter-of-fact monotony of the "A. P.," as he calls the Associated Press reports, though indispensable, are only the basis of his news service. His object is not to inform the world. Neither is that what his readers expect of him. The theory which underlies the methods of conducting the business (especially, though not exclusively, at the beginning of an enterprise) is that most people buy a newspaper for a sensation, and the reward for gratifying this demand is advertisement which increases circulation. When a man opens his paper on his way down-town after breakfast, or on his way home after a day's work, he wants a surprise—shocks, laughter, tears. If it were something to think about that he wanted, the best commodity to offer for sale might be editorials, essays, and important facts. But the commercial journalist, after studying and testing his market, is convinced that his customers prefer something to talk about. There are some who do not, but they are quickly disposed of.

"What good does it do me," said a successful manager, "to send a man off in a day dream? I might as well put him to sleep. What I want is the reader who likes



CALLING FOR ANSWERS TO "WANT ADS."

One of the most remunerative branches of the business, not only because "wants" bring in a large, sure income directly, but on account of the circulation they give the paper. Some one paper in a town has nearly all this business. That becomes known and people buy the paper to see these announcements, where they ordinarily read the news columns in some other journal.

to talk, and then I want to set him talking; to make him turn to the next man and ask him if he has read something in my paper. That advertises the paper and sells it, which is the thing I am after. I have no mission, you know."

So the expenditure of a newspaper that is operated on a large scale, was as follows last year: Editorial and literary matter, $220,000; local news, $290,000; illustrations, $180,000; correspondents, $125,000; telegraph, $65,000; cable, $27,000; mechanical department, $410,500; paper, $617,000; business office, ink, rent, light, etc., $219,000. This paper has a very expensive staff of editorial writers, but the



REPORTERS WORKING UP A MURDER STORY.

$220,000 is largely for special articles of a very miscellaneous character. Most papers of the same class—the cheap "great daily"—put about two per cent. of their total expenditure on this item.

And this apportionment and the paper that results from it are not to be attributed to the intellectual make-up of the publisher. In this very case, he intended, when he was looking about for an opening in New York, to establish the highest class newspaper that the city ever had. It was only when he found that field closed to him that he turned, like the Philadelphia man, to the cheap journal. The commercial journalist's newspaper is very seldom to his taste. He usually reads and would prefer to conduct some other paper than his own. He might not be able to. That the finished product of his efforts is not utterly unsatisfactory to him shows limitations of mind. But the day of the personal organ is waning, and the new journalism is the result of a strictly commercial exploitation of a market.

"Why do you go into crime in this city?"

"Because," answered the Boston newspaper manager, to whom the question was put, "the Boston people like it as well as New Yorkers do."

"But you seem to avoid scandal?"

"We have to be pretty careful about that, for while it would increase the circulation it would lose me a small class of readers who are worth a good deal to some of our advertisers."

The only instance encountered (out of Chicago) of moral restraint in a typical newspaper business man, except where the talk was obviously for publication, was in a New York circulation manager. He was lauding sensationalism to an extreme when a protest checked him.

"Of course," said he, "when I speak of sensationalism I don't mean extra sensationalism."

"Extra sensationalism? What do you mean by that?"

"I'll give you an example. One day as I was looking over the 'cases' I saw an article that told how to crack a safe. I kicked to the proprietor about it, and he killed it. That article would have a tendency to teach something immoral, and I call that extra sensationalism."

From the point of view of science the neglect of the ethics and æsthetics of the business is offset in a measure by the keen regard for psychology. The more intelligent publishers had the relation of effect and means down almost to formal statement, but the plainest and truest expression came from those who acted by intui-

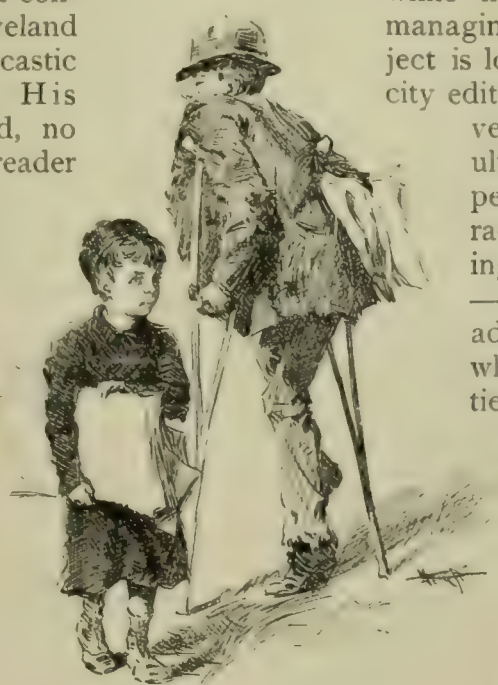
tion ; they were never secretive or apologetic when their first suspicions were lulled. They liked the tricks of the trade.

One of the commonest and most offensive of these tricks is the use of the "scare head," large, heavily inked headlines, that set forth as in bulletins the salient facts of a news article. A business manager who was enlightened enough to admit that this device was in bad taste found psychological justification for it in the profound sensation produced by the simultaneous impression upon the mind of all the striking features. There was art in that, he said. It told the news, moreover, as an excited messenger would who came running breathless from the scene ; and that was the way news was brought in ancient times. A franker man in the same town said :

"The beauty of the scare head is that it scares. And, besides, it catches the eye on a news-stand or over the shoulder of the man who has bought the paper."

It is the managing editor who wields this instrument of the trade, and in his hands it is one of the means by which the paper is colored to reach and hold the kind of readers the publisher conceives to be of his field. If he aims at political partisans the manager sees that the colorless reports of political news that come into the office from the Associated Press are interpreted in the headings. Thus an anti-administration paper in New York printed over a brief, plain statement that a congress under President Cleveland convened that day, the sarcastic phrase, "Congress on His Hands," which determined, no doubt, the mood of the reader throughout the article. If the publisher is planning simply for the largest possible number of customers, sensationalism is the motive of the headings. Another means of attaining either end is to "edit" the Press despatches, and the managing editor of a metropolitan journal has a staff of "copy readers" and telegraph editors who do this work, along with the correcting of bad English and the condensing which are absolutely necessary. These skilful men also "cut down" or "spread" a piece of news according to its value for the particular purposes of the paper. A suicide which in a staid paper would be worth no more than three lines on an inside page might occupy a column on the front page of a strictly commercial sheet, while a bit of political news that is unpleasant reading for a Democrat would be short in the paper made up to catch his custom, and for the opposite reason expanded by the Republican organ. The facts are rarely twisted. That is utterly unnecessary, and when it is done it is due rather to lack of skill than to dishonesty. The business manager will not readily risk being discredited by his rivals, for that loses him circulation. He has tried it and has found that a "fake" does not pay.

The most approved method of getting news suited to the assumed predilection of the readers is to have it collected by the paper's own correspondents and reporters, of whom the enterprising publishers have large and expensive staffs. They are men trained in the methods, and sometimes filled with the spirit of their chief, the managing editor, who selects and directs them. They know what facts to take and what to leave or subordinate, so that the accounts of the same event by writers for different papers may both be correct while not at all alike. The managing editor, or, if the subject is local, his lieutenant, the city editor, studies his staff, developing the peculiar faculties — for description, perception, speed, accuracy, shrewd understanding, imagination, humor —of each man, and then, adding men from elsewhere who possess abilities lacking in those at hand, he is in a position to assign without very obvious instruction just the right man to any given piece of work. They do independently many of the subjects "covered"



The Newspaper's Best Charity.

by the "flimsy," as the press reports are called. Through them also the managing editor reaches out for news that no other paper has, for "beats," which are believed to be one of the most effective expedients for increasing the circulation and prestige of a newspaper. An exclusive story is supposed to cause talk, to suggest purchasing to the man who has it not, to mix up generally in discussion the paper and its "beat," and, best of all, perhaps, to instil in the reader interest and pride in "his paper's" triumph. It is to the new journalism what common opinion was to the old, a good shared by the reader and his paper. A business manager told me that the publication every day of the circulation had the same effect, and he went on to explain that this was natural because it played on the gambling passion, which was stronger than love.

Another device of the managing editor for the advertisement of his paper is "featuring," which is to distend and print conspicuously under scare heads accounts of any subject that is supposed to be interesting. In a city like New York, for instance, where crimes are committed every day, a managing editor can make an "epidemic of crime" at almost any time by ordering the thefts, burglaries, highway robberies, and murders which would be reported ordinarily in small paragraphs and distributed about in the corners of the paper, to be spread out at length in the writing and then grouped with pictures on one page. Care must be exercised not to overdo one subject, for the theory of sensationalism includes the belief that the average newspaper reader's mind is as fickle as it is shallow, so the managing editor has to be always on the lookout for fresh material or novel ideas. This is the most difficult duty he has, and the few fertile journalistic minds are very highly prized. An editorial writer in Chicago said that a New York newspaper proprietor had offered him $10,000 a year to submit each day an "original idea." But originality is not indispensable. Old schemes that have not been used for a long time are revived. Trust agitation is always effective, but charity is the best; the newspaper finds and describes distress, then tells how it brought relief to the suffering. The "constant reader" can have a share in this "featuring," for subscription lists are opened to all, full acknowledgment being made in print. It does not matter much what the paper uses in this way, and sometimes the agitation takes the form of an exposure of some political or other public corruption, when the community is served and the newspaper advertised as well. One business manager said a campaign against such an evil paid best in the end, because it was a practical demonstration of the power of the press.

Not one managing editor in a hundred directs his department to his taste. Besides the limitations set by his own conception of the market, he has to regard the notions others have of it and of the best means of supplying it, for he is a subordinate. He is the agent of some master-mind that may be in any person, on or off the paper. There is one case of a managing editor, acting as the representative of an absentee proprietor, but even this fortunate man is said to hold his position by his delicate sense of the desires of the owner, who keeps him under constant secret supervision by telegraph. Other owners let their business managers represent them to the heads of the other departments, sometimes to the subordinates as well. But there has to be a publisher who is legally responsible, for libel, for instance, and though he may be the editor-in-chief, the business manager, or the managing editor, I have used that title to designate the central power which carries out in all branches of the business of newspaper-making the general policy that gives unity to them all and individuality to their printed product.

While the managing editor, thus controlled, is organizing his various departments, the publisher goes to work upon the business office, beginning by selecting a chief who is to superintend downstairs, just as the managing editor does above. He appoints a business manager, whose duties are not only, as in the old days of journalism, to reap what the editorial staffs have sown, but to push the business of the paper in all directions. The work is divided into departments here also: the composing, press, and stereotyping rooms, with foremen in charge; the delivery department, with a superintendent of delivery and his lieutenant, the superintendent of the mailing-

room ; the counting-room ; the advertising department ; and the circulation department, with the circulation manager. All of these are important and interesting, for they show how necessary is perfect co-operation. The superintendent of delivery has to know exactly when he must have the first papers in order to catch the first mail ; the foreman of the press-room must say how little time he needs to run off the first thousand copies ; the foreman of the stereotyping-room times his process to a second ; and so on back to the news department, which has to be ready for the night editor's "make-up" in season to "go to press" at the moment determined by the closest reckoning of each chief of staff. And once set, the man who delays is held responsible if a driver misses a train and starts the distant subscribers writing complaints. To go into these departments one by one is impossible in my space, and it will be sufficient, I think, to take up the two, circulation and advertising, which affect more than the others the news and editorial policy of the paper.

The circulation manager of to-day is so new that not much is known about him, and on some papers he is not distinctly differentiated from the superintendent of delivery, out of whom he evolves. He embodies that phase of the spirit of commercialism that is called "push," for he came into journalism as the solicitor or drummer did into other businesses. As the manager of a high office-building goes forth in search of tenants, and as the bank president, in more dignified mien, invites depositors to patronize his institution, so the circulation man in the newspaper business sends out his agents to "drum up" readers. It is slow business to let the worth of the paper win readers on its merits. The managing editor might put out a sensation a day without many people being aware of it. A modern circulation has to be worked up by artificial means, and so important is this function that the man who does it is paid the salary of an editor, and one such manager I met had been promoted to his position from the managing editorship. He said his "advancement, though unusual, was natural, for," he explained, "first, you've got to make a paper that will sell, then you've got to sell it, and, to do that, you have to let people know you're alive." In short, he advertises his paper.

When the paper is a new one, his work is general. He placards the town with posters, runs out his brightly painted delivery wagons, and offers premiums to the newsdealers to dispose of the paper, even if it has to be given away. Copies are sent free to any address the manager can procure, and sometimes he is able to buy the subscription lists of his rivals. It is not enough, however, to drop free papers at a man's front door. The householder's attention should first be called to it, so a small army of solicitors is despatched to a neighborhood to go from house to house telling people about the features of the paper, which any shrewd man or woman can see will be attractive to the individual addressed. Then when a promise has been exacted to try the paper, it is delivered by the news dealer at the manager's expense for a week. The results of this method are always satisfactory. Circulars sent by mail are not so good, but they are less expensive, and are by no means useless, especially when they are supported by guessing, luck and lottery schemes, mystery stories, chromos and other such devices, described in the announcements distributed and carried on in the columns of the paper. More enterprising are offerings of trips around the world, and a very telling advertisement is a bicycle-parade with prizes for the "best lady's costume," the most comical, the best riders of each sex, etc. It is necessary, as in the news department, that new schemes shall be planned, for the old ones lose their effect by repetition. The "chromo with every number" is one that a circulation manager said had been done till people seemed to have lost the taste for such pictures. The mystery story had failed because it required a discrimination in favor of the intelligent few, to guess how the plot would turn out. The art-poster was merely a fad, a manager said who stopped using it as an advertisement, and he preferred something more striking and insistent, like the circus-bill. But all these methods are crude, and are resorted to chiefly to start the paper.

The finer work comes with the increase

of circulation, when a fair sale is assured and the manager is endeavoring to attract the readers he has missed in the first rush of business. He studies his subscription lists, talks to the delivery superintendent and canvasses among the newsdealers, to find out where his sales are small. If one suburb or neighborhood is behind the others, he reports to the managing editor, who sends there a correspondent to write it up. When a sensational story is secured in the place the circulation manager is notified, and he arranges with the delivery department to have a score of boys go there with great bundles of the paper and cry it about the street, calling especially the "scare heads" of the local piece of news. Before them, if there is time, the solicitors have spread the reports of the "great story," and after them subscriptions are drummed up or the news dealers are induced to make extraordinary efforts to continue the sales. In much the same way the population of a town is analyzed in comparison with the subscription list, to ascertain what classes have been untouched by the general canvass. If the sporting men have not been buying the paper, the sporting department is improved, perhaps reorganized with a new sporting editor taken from the paper that has the most readers of that class, and the circulation manager has to find a way to let the change be known on the race-track.

The limit to all these expedients of the circulation manager is in the advertising department. A business manager whose circulation man set out to secure for him the readers of sporting news in New York City, gave a page to the subject which had formerly had only half a page. He succeeded. But when he reckoned the gains he found that he had added not more than 10,000 to his circulation, which was not enough to pay for the increase of space. It was out of proportion to the space allotted to "Woman's Realm," for example, and brought in very little revenue from advertisers. The merchants who deal in sporting goods are one in fifty of those who trade with women, and the latter are the most lavish of advertisers. This manager let the sporting men go and cut their department down to the original size. The advertising manager objects also to the use of many of the circulation manager's schemes as bad examples to his clients, who say that if bill-posters and circulars are good for a newspaper they should be good for soap. The two departments clash sharply on the Sunday paper, which has been a strong factor in increasing the circulation. It became possible to publish an edition of great bulk when the price of white paper declined under improved processes of manufacture and the Sunday paper was developed as a means of advertising the business. The managing editor was able to concentrate upon one day's issue the numerous and various features that he had not time for during the week, and the circulating manager saw in it an opportunity to make an entering wedge for increasing the total number of readers. To him it was a medium of advertisement for the daily. The manager of the advertising department rejoiced at first with the rest, for his clients, the advertising shopkeepers and professions, saw quickly the value of the Sunday paper with its leisurely readers, and their patronage was tremendously profitable. But the circulation grew so far beyond that of the daily, and was so much more effective for business announcements, that the revenue of the daily fell off more in many cases than the Sunday paper had gained. The advertisers concentrated their resources, in disastrous imitation of the news, circulation, and business managers of the papers, and the curtailment of the Sunday edition is a step very seriously considered in all advertising departments. Competition may preserve it from violent, sudden attack, but if the advertising manager makes up his mind that the Sunday paper is a bad thing it will have to go, since his department is the final court for the settlement of all business questions.

No newspaper can live without the revenue from advertisements. A circulation of 100,000, which in a one-cent paper that is sold to dealers at fifty or sixty cents a hundred, brings in $500 or $600 a day, pays only for the white paper, the press and composing room expenses, and part of the cost of delivery. All the other charges and the profits have to be earned by space-letting to other businesses. Anything that touches this spot, therefore, reaches the quick. And everything touches it. In commercial journalism it is the very soul

of the concern. So well understood is this by laymen and journalists that the degeneration of the profession is ascribed to it, and it is believed to be an insurmountable obstacle to future improvement. I did not find any reason to despair. On the contrary it was when my inquiry took me into this department that I came first upon business considerations that are bound in time to check the excesses of sensationalism. The character of the circulation begins to be looked to there. The space let to advertisers is charged for on the basis of so much a line for a thousand readers. But the papers with the largest circulation do not receive the highest rate per line, because the merchant knows that the readers of sensationalism are not the best class of customers; that is to say, they are not the people who are able to pay the best prices for goods, or to buy the best and most profitable qualities of his stock. The paper with a small circulation may be the most remunerative to the advertising trades. The manager of the advertising department of a newspaper opposes any features that are likely to keep the paper out of homes, unless he has turned deliberately, as some of them do, to a class of advertising as low as the worst journalism.

More significant for the future, however, are the principles that govern advertising in its relation to news space and editorial independence. The advertiser is a shrewd, selfish man, who realizes his power over the press, and he is insatiable in his demands for concessions. When he comes into a newspaper office he wants to stick the name of his bicycle or his patent medicine into the middle of some important news. If he is not permitted to do that, he would like to have it next to reading matter or at the head of a column. That granted, he asks for the most conspicuous place on the first page, covering preferably two or three columns across the top. Then he wishes to insert a "reading notice," an article printed without any mark to distinguish it from news. When he runs for office he expects to be "puffed." If he were allowed to have his way he would deflect the editorial page and make the news pages of all papers like those of Boston, which are the worst in appearance in the country. They let out half the first page to the highest bidder, keeping for their own scare heads only the part that lies uppermost on the news-stand; they break the news articles for advertisements and make the reader follow a story through three and four disorderly pages over shoes and under tooth-powder; they print "reading notices," give "puffs," and permit a firm to make up a page recommending its wares in typographical imitation of the editorial page. It is a curious fact that the other extreme, good taste and high business principles in dealing with advertisers, is in the business offices of the Chicago newspapers.

The temptation to let the advertisers have their way is hard for a business manager to resist, as they are always willing to pay well for an unusual concession. But he does resist it, and the tendency to restrict them is growing with every year of the experience of the business man in journalism, and with every step he takes toward complete control. The progress is more marked in this department than in the others, perhaps because here his experience as the master has been long. He has had time to move past the crudely experimental period in which the circulation manager is struggling. The good has been separated from the bad by the test of profits, and it is acknowledged that the best paying papers are those that are the strictest with their advertisers. The fact that the basis of his right ethical conclusions is commercial is all the better as an assurance of permanency and of their value for the other departments which he will take more and more actively in hand. I met a few business men who were guided in part by other considerations than money-making, and I heard of two or three more I did not have a chance to interview. Vanity, love of power, social ambition, religious prejudices often crossed mercenary motives and, at some risk of error, I should say in general that the weaker of these entered more powerfully into the management of the rich purchasers of newspapers than high principles did or do into the policies of most of the great editors who seem to disregard business considerations altogether. Men reared in the business department, recalling times I could not know, and incidents I could not possibly verify, declared that the editors often fell, that their position proved a pose which broke

down when confronted with hard facts. And the facts were such that a business man, accustomed to their threatening aspect, was better able to dare and beat them down. It is perfectly true that some business men have risked and stood tremendous losses for principles that to them were purely moral. There is a man in Chicago who has bought, and is conducting personally, an influential newspaper, and he is known to have rejected a sum much greater than his valuation of his organ because he knew the purpose of the bidders was to reverse his editorial policy. Another business man refused, at considerable cost, to make to one of the principal advertising agencies in the country a concession that was technical (in his opinion), harmless to the paper, and of no consequence to its readers, and his reply to an inquiry for his reason indicated that it was pride in business principles and a wilful spirit. But the comment with which his contemporaries dismissed my citation of the Chicago man as an example was that his paper did not pay. It is important to know that there are such men and such motives in the business of newspaper-making, but since they are not typical and their example is not influential, except where, as in the case of the man who defied the big advertiser, it happened to pay, I need not say much more about them than I do about the few editors who conduct newspapers for the ideal satisfaction of seeing them powerful forces for the right. It is a surer ground for optimism regarding the future of journalism that the worst examples of the "new journalism" to-day are not so fundamentally bad as were the beginnings of some of the papers that are respectable in their later prosperity. The growth of commercialism pure and simple has been toward improvement, and the betterment, though attributed by a most estimable publisher to skill—to the knowledge and use of a greater variety of methods—is instructive to the more unscrupulous and less expert managers or publishers. Success along lines chosen for business reasons appeal to business men. A hustling proprietor who said he had tried all the "Boston methods," and failed because another fellow came along and started a decent paper which got all the readers away from him, held the attention of his fellow-publishers for an hour one night, and when he finished talking they said that he was right, "only just a little ahead of the procession." This man was understood. His motives are common; his ideas will be pondered, and whatever he does will be watched, with a chance of imitation. Should he succeed, his influence would affect newspapers all over the country.

He maintained that it paid in the long run to conduct every part of the paper for the readers. The advertising columns must be a directory. No announcement should have a "preferred position" of any sort. The dry-goods advertisements should be together by themselves; the boots and shoes should be grouped; and so on with each trade and want. This classified arrangement was right not because it was orderly and a protection of the reading-matter from distasteful foreign subjects, but, as this manager said, to make his paper an effective advertising medium, a paper in which a man who sought something could find the address of the shop that sold it. That this was good business he illustrated by recounting how he inserted for a dealer one day a special sale of a particular kind of chair and then on his way home stopped himself to buy one. They were sold out. The announcement had been put simply and briefly in its class, yet 1,700 of the chairs had been bought by readers who had seen that one notice. If he had allowed his advertisers to break up his pages in their eagerness for conspicuousness, more unwilling eyes would have caught sight of the advertisement, but not so many readers would run over his business directory every day. The same principle has been followed by a small one-cent evening newspaper in Chicago which makes a profit of half a million dollars a year, and, though the plant of this paper cost half a million, it was all paid for out of profits; the original investment was only a few hundred dollars. The most profitable newspaper in the country is a three-cent daily that has made itself so effective as an advertising medium that thousands of people who do not read it use no other paper for that purpose.

When a newspaper has reached this point it is past the stage where it is a mere business. It is spoken of as a property by the rivals who are striving to establish themselves on a similarly firm footing, and

the word is full of meaning to them and to everybody interested in journalism. It contains the commercial ideal of a newspaper.

The basis of this ideal is, strange to say, the old newspapers built up by the editors of earlier days, who, by their forceful personalities, gained a hold on their readers that death cannot shake off. The children of the readers cling to the paper of the children of the founder. This makes the old organ a property. Its earning power may be comparatively small, but it is sure, the expenses are low, and the "good name" can be sold at a moment's notice. Many men would bid for the honor of owning it, whereas very few would seek the proprietorship of a sensational newspaper. Few businesses are quite so precarious as journalism, for there is nothing tangible about it. The plant of a newspaper that is earning a good dividend on ten million dollars, is actually worth not half a million, and its value may be reduced to this by the competition of a younger, more energetic rival.

But what the new journalist covets in this old property is its field, the foundation of an intelligent class of readers upon which to build a still greater newspaper. The old editors neglected the news and the business departments. Their footing was in opinion and prejudice, which, though solid, is not broad enough. The new journalist has no prejudices that interfere with his business ends. The founder of his school was the first man to make an absolutely non-partisan paper, and the successful men I talked with declared that the best way commercially to make an editorial page was to turn it over to some man with mind and character who would direct its policy independently and in good faith in the interests of the community as a whole, regardless of parties, cliques, advertisers, or any other interests, however powerful. But while this is being done the business man who proposes to conduct the enterprise would have an equally independent news department and, having the most intelligent readers to begin with, he would broaden the news policy from their point of view, spending as much as sensationalism costs for more important, better written news. In short, the commercial ideal contains distinct appreciation of the power of opinion, but it prizes just as highly the value of the authoritative statement of all the news.

"There's not room for many such newspapers, but that's the kind that would live and pay forever," said my new, commercial journalist.

THE MAN WITH THE BACON RIND

By William Henry Shelton

IT was plain to every officer on the staff that young Highchester would take care of himself in this world, and secure some of the choicest billets in the next, without any fatiguing exertion on his part beyond the exercise of an overpowering politeness and a tact which was absolutely unique in its originality. It was the General himself who said that if "Babe" (that was the name they gave him in playful recognition of his bulk and of his guileless ways), were shipwrecked on a desert island, he would find some way to make the sand fleas spin for him.

It was not that Highchester was given to idleness or that he shirked his duty; but just a sort of compelling influence that surrounded him and surprised other people into doing things for him. Babe was a sort of mild giant at twenty-three, standing six feet two in his boots and charmingly deliberate of speech. It took a good horse to carry him, but in the long raid after Morgan Babe was always in the van and easily the most popular man in the mess, for the luxuries of the country seemed to find him out and hide themselves in his saddle pockets.

The morning after the cavalry corps went into camp in the outskirts of Cov-

ington Babe turned out as fresh and natty as if he had been a month in camp, instead of two on the road.

"Come, Major," he said, linking his arm through the arm of the Topographical officer, "let's go into the town and get a good breakfast."

Somehow, there was no refusing the boy, and so into the town they went, the jaunty aide and the Maker of Maps, electing their bill of fare as they walked, and rioting in a spicy dream of food and drink.

The first restaurant they came to was packed with soldiers clamoring and jostling each other, and go where they would the thirsty and hungry soldier was before them. The hotels were in a like stage of siege by the outside mob, which chafed and chaffed as it waited for the inside mob to dribble out.

The Major was in despair.

Babe was amused.

Presently they turned into a wide, shaded avenue in view of an imposing mansion standing well back on an emerald lawn.

"Major," said Babe, deliberately stopping to admire the grounds, "that's a very attractive place. We'll take our breakfast there."

"Impossible!" cried the Major. "How can we impose ourselves upon these highly respectable people!"

"I've never met any people too respectable to be agreeable to me," said Babe, settling his neck in his woollen shirt-collar. "Come along."

The Major refused firmly. The very proposition was appalling, and, regardless of his keen appetite and the entreaties of his friend, he turned sadly in the direction of camp. Babe looked regretfully for a moment at the Major's retreating back, and, then turning, he walked briskly up to the house, between the borders of box, and rang the bell.

Babe smiled blandly on the colored man who opened the door. "Present my compliments to your mistress," he said, "and say to her that Lieutenant Highchester, of Boston, will be pleased to take breakfast with her."

It was the last the two officers saw of each other for more than a year, for the maker of maps, in the discharge of his official duties, was ignominiously gobbled that very day, and so it fell out that while Lieutenant Highchester breakfasted in luxury, the Major went away hungry, and fell straightway into a captivity where cumulative hunger was the rule.

The Major was conservative and accepted the conditions of imprisonment with a bad grace. A year and more in which he never once rose superior to his environment told on the Major's health. He lacked the faculty of making friends, and led a solitary life in the midst of a multitude. It was the same wherever the prisoners went. In the new camp there was more room for isolation, and the Major lived alone under a ragged blanket, cooking his poor ration in a borrowed frying pan, and making sorry maps with a stick in the thin ashes on the burnt-out turf before his tent. In fair weather, he dragged himself about in a listless way, and wondered at the levity and high spirits of fellows as ragged and destitute as himself. Sometimes he contemplated at a respectful distance the wealth of the three colonels who owned a soapstone griddle. He withdrew, however, as soon as he perceived that he was in a crowd, while the crowd itself stood fast and even grew in size as it followed the soapstone griddle from mess to mess of officers in the high set of the three colonels.

The six naval officers who had been captured by cavalry in the narrow windings of the Rappahannock, and graciously permitted to retain their gold-laced coats and white duck trousers, and who breakfasted late, as became their dignity, were the last to use the soapstone griddle in the presence of the largest crowd of the forenoon. The Major was hopelessly outside of the high circle of the soapstone griddle, which in Camp Sorghum was the "Order of the Garter," the "Yellow Jacket," and the "Iron Cross" rolled into one.

In a year and more, the Maker of Maps had grown thin and old before his time. His coat was shabby, his beard was long and tangled, and his feet were bare. The monotony of the ration had begun to tell on his digestion. As he expressed it, it was burning his heart out. His eyes were glassy and his movements listless, and on a certain morning in October, after he had drawn his allowance for the day, he crept back under his blanket with an increased

loathing for such food. The double handful of corn-meal lay on an old handkerchief, and the poultice of molasses was red in the bottom of his battered tin cup. It made him ill to look at these things, and he left them outside to be dealt with respectively by the wind and the flies.

Elsewhere small fires were starting up in every direction, and a thin odor of resinous smoke drifted hazily in the sunshine across the old field. Officers in shabby and faded uniforms, mostly without any insignia of rank, were bending over their fires, while others equally picturesque and uncombed were bringing water in cups and canteens—now that the guard line had been extended by an extra loop which included a hairy cart track down to the ford where it crossed the branch in the hollow. On either side of the grass-grown ruts dusty paths flanked the old road, worn by the incessant tread of water-carriers with bare feet and broken shoes. All about where the Major lay hovels of earth and shelters of blanket blotched the ground like mud-colored warts, broken here and there by the foundation walls of a log hut, or the beginning of a stick chimney. He was nearest to the southern border of the camp, where some pyramids of dark cedar overhung the dead line and the forlorn guards beyond tramping ceaselessly.

The Major could shut his eyes on these unpleasant objects, but it was not so easy to close his nose to the odor of smoke and scorched meal, or exclude from his ears the hum of many voices.

Away across camp, in the direction of the official entrance, there was an unusual clamor, and the faint cry of "fresh fish" reached the Major where he lay. He was not disturbed by this or by the idle officers hurrying past toward the geographical point called the gate. An hour passed. An unwilling line was forming through the centre of the camp. A guard in a gray uniform prodded the Major out of his shelter, and ordered him into the ranks to be counted. Men were driven up from the fires only to steal back to their cooking as soon as the guard's back was turned. Others slipped down the line and were counted twice. To the exasperated confederates, the prisoners were sixteen hundred—more or less.

The Major was inclined to return to his bed uncounted, but his attention was drawn to a crowd of officers surging about a tall figure. The smiling face beaming over the heads about it electrified the Major. One of the six naval heroes was holding the new-comer in conversation, and the three colonels of the soapstone griddle stood at a little distance, anxiously awaiting the news from the outside world.

The vigor of the Major's progress surprised himself, and before he had quite reached the rim of the crowd he swung his old cap and screamed the one word, "Babe!" The "fresh fish" dropped the naval officer. The crowd parted like the waves before Pharaoh, and the Major fell into the arms of the young giant. The Major's mind must have been on breakfasts in "God's country," for presently he murmured an inquiry as to how Babe had fared that last morning in Covington. Between weakness and excitement the old fellow was on the border of fainting. Something Babe replied about waffles revived him for an instant, and then he collapsed altogether in the embrace of his friend.

Not many knew him, but one went forward to show the way, and Babe followed, with the Major like an infant in arms, down to his poor quarters. The Major was himself again before they got there, and sat by while Babe unslung a well-filled haversack and spread his own blankets for a better bed. The Major lay down with the contentment of pampered weakness, and Babe stood up to take an inventory of his surroundings.

The double handful of meal lay on the old rag, and the flies were swarming over the poultice of molasses.

"What are these things?" asked Babe in his innocence.

"That's the Major's ration," replied the officer who had shown the way. "It doesn't appear that he has eaten anything this morning."

"Bah!" said Babe, with an indescribable accent of contempt as he scattered the meal with his boot and overturned the battered tin cup. "What he wants is toast."

It was marvellous where the things came from, but before the eyes of the Major, and in the presence of the admiring crowd, the toast was browned and buttered and the tea was steeped.

It was all new and strange to Babe, and it puzzled and flattered him not a little that the barefooted officers persisted in calling him Captain. It might be a measure of deference paid to his cleaner clothing. He was certainly smarter in appearance than the majority of the prisoners, and for the moment it did not occur to him that his blouse was innocent of shoulder-straps.

The next morning Babe drew their joint ration from a mild-eyed young man with a red beard and two rows of buttons on the breast of his faded blue coat.

"Good-morning, Colonel," said Babe, with that tentative courtesy which was an unwritten law of the camp where two rows were in evidence.

He had learned some things about prison etiquette in an incredibly short space of time.

"Good-morning, Captain," returned the other, glancing at the one row on Babe's front. Neither had any shoulder-straps, and each was fencing against underestimating the other's rank.

"Is this chicken feed all, Colonel?"

"There is nothing more to come, Captain."

"Not any salt?"

"Not a pinch."

"Nor any meat?"

"It's three dollars a pound, Captain. Those fellows on the guard line don't get a smell of it."

"Colonel," said Babe, thoughtfully, "what do you do with these things?"

The possible Colonel said that it was the prevailing custom to make the meal into flapjacks and help them down with the molasses.

For that morning Babe borrowed a frying-pan, and the next day he cast his canteen into the fire and watched the cloth cover shrivel up and the solder melt, and the two concave halves of tin fall apart. To one of these he fitted a handle made of a split stick. This was also the prevailing custom.

Babe had on his person a few blue bills which he spent recklessly for the Major's betterment. At the time of his capture he had dismembered his field-glass and distributed it over his person, leaving only the empty leather case at his back. Now that he had arrived safely in Camp Sorghum, he reassembled the parts and bartered the glass at the geographical gate for a pair of stout leather shoes. The shoes certainly added to the Major's dignity, but they were not the pair that Babe had at first selected, and so, in the final exchange, he had retained the leather case which otherwise would have gone with the binoculars. This open-handed generosity of Babe rapidly dissipated his capital for barter and exchange, and he and the Major were soon reduced to the common level of corn-meal and molasses. In the process, however, the Major's health had improved wonderfully. His color and his good spirits had returned in the society of his resourceful companion. The two slept in warm blankets under a roof of tent cloth, which had taken the place of the old, tattered rag.

In the meantime, however, the three colonels had built for themselves a log-house, with a roof of pine shingles and a chimney of sticks and mud. The six naval officers, too, were constructing a sort of sea bungalow, between a cook's galley and a first-class cabin, and thus, in two messes, the passing of the soapstone griddle was already secluded from the rude gaze of the rabble. Other squads were engaged in building, for it was not difficult to get an axe at headquarters and a parole to go outside into the timber.

With all his improvement, the Major was not yet in condition to carry logs, and Babe's strength, single handed, was not sufficient to begin the work of construction. Perhaps there might be some better way to compass their needs. Whatever may have passed through Babe's mind at this time, he observed the progress of the improvements with an unruffled brow. He had been used to moving in the very upper crust of society and to the enjoyment, even there, of more than his share of popularity, and to be outside the Order of the Soapstone Griddle evidently piqued him. The Major went so far as to hint that his young friend had, at last, arrived in an atmosphere where his usual tactics would not avail him. It looked as if the Major was right, for although Babe's superior address enabled him to borrow almost anything else in camp, the coveted griddle was beyond the charm of his diplomacy. He had applied three times, in his very best manner, successively to Colonel Black,

Colonel White and Colonel Green. Colonel Black had refused his appeal politely but firmly. Colonel White had been more crisp and short in his refusal, and Colonel Green had treated the young man with such scant courtesy as he thought his persistence merited. Each of the colonels called him Mister Babe, as if he were addressing one of his own subalterns of the line.

One night the Major and Babe sat before their small fire of sticks. It was November now, and the evenings were chilly. At a little distance in front of them, the mass of the house of the Colonels rose against the low horizon, its chimney wreathed in smoke, and the cheerful firelight streaming through the chinks in the logs. The Major looked on the house with something of the feeling with which a poor man regards the palace of a millionnaire, and with an additional chagrin which came of a passing acquaintance with the owners.

"That's a very attractive looking place," drawled Babe. "I wish we could induce Their Shoulder Straps to build one for us."

This speech and the manner of its delivery whirled the Major back to Covington in a cloud and left him there, so far as any reply was concerned. The Major retired first and lay for a long time in his blanket, comfortably blinking at the fire and at the tall figure of Babe sitting over it.

The very next day Lieutenant Highchester was missing. The fact concerned no one but the Major, who was worried in the afternoon and in distress before nightfall. His agitation was redoubled when the great storm broke over the camp. As near as he could learn, by diligent inquiry, Babe had been last seen just before high noon, carrying bundles of fagots from the guard line as they were thrown across by a party of officers out on parole. This was a favorite ruse of uneasy spirits when they meditated escape.

The guards had grown amiable of late, and even sociable during the day. Under the new system of parole they had come to talk more and shoot less. Their condition was scarcely more desirable than that of the prisoners. Their fare was no better, and their duties were onerous. Some were exceedingly old ; some were surprisingly young ; and all were credulous and easily duped by the superior intelligence of the prisoners, some of whom escaped almost daily in the confusion of carrying wood across the dead line.

The Major found one officer who thought he had seen Babe outside in the timber. Ordinarily the Major would have rejoiced at Babe's escape, but it hurt him to think that his friend had left him so cavalierly, and a sadder man than the Maker of Maps was not to be found within the circle of the tramping guards that night.

In the morning the meal and molasses had suddenly grown hateful to him again, and he left his uncooked ration outside his quarters, very much as he had done on a certain occasion before. This time, however, instead of lying down in despair, he threaded his way between the shelters and hovels to the opposite side of the camp, to discuss the situation with a friend. It was just nine o'clock when the Major started, and the new guard line had already been established to include the cart-track and the heaps of pine-boughs which lay on the slope between the camp and the water. The inner guard had not been withdrawn, for the usual morning crowd of officers with cups and canteens was still held in check on the road by the wood-pile. The Major had advanced slowly, as became his gloomy mood, and in his deliberate progress he had disposed of twenty minutes of heavy time, so that he had barely reached his destination when he heard cheering from his own side of camp. Cheering for this or that idle reason, or for nothing ascertainable, was a daily occurrence ; but in this case the shouting increased in volume with startling rapidity. Half the camp was running and cheering, and the other half was streaming in that direction to learn the cause of the excitement. It must be the news of exchange, at last. Even the Major ran as he returned. It was a clear, cool morning, and the current of air, drifting across the field, met the Major as he ran. Presently, as he inhaled the crisp breeze, his nostrils detected a familiar salt odor. It was faint, but pungent, and the first sniff of it filled him with a longing for broiled ham. Many times he had lain, with closed eyes, and imagined what he would order if ever he should have the opportunity to despoil the menu of a

first-class hotel, but he had never attained before to such a frenzy of desire for fatty and highly seasoned food. There was bacon in the air—where was it? The excitement was in the vicinity of his quarters. As he came nearer, he noticed that the crowd engulfed and surrounded his own tent.

The three Colonels had mounted to the roof of their house, where they sat, large-eyed and wistful, astride the ridge-pole. The naval officers, for want of rope-ladders to go higher, had stopped on the taffrail of their uncompleted structure, staring, wide-legged, as if they sighted a wreck in a storm. When the Major could advance no farther, he began to cheer with the rest—he hardly knew why. It was a generous jubilation on his part over some unknown comrade's good luck; or had bacon possibly been added to the ration? Everybody about him was shouting and guying. Nobody would tell him anything coherent. He inhaled and was silent.

Then it was that the calm face of Babe appeared above the centre of the throng, wreathed in smoke from the spluttering half canteen on the end of the forked stick. From him and from his cooking rose the incense that intoxicated. An oyster couldn't have looked more cool and unconcerned than Babe, with his cap pushed back from his forehead, and his woollen shirt gaping at the throat. He turned a deaf ear to such cries as "Where did you get it, sonny?" "Shake the spider," and "What's the matter with the leather case?"—and ranged his eyes over the heads about him in search of his messmate.

When the Major had first caught sight of Babe he had forgotten for an instant his craving for bacon in the great joy he felt at having him back again. The crowd parted to let the Major in, and never began to disperse or cease its good-natured banter until the Maker of Maps had devoured the last crumb of the flapjack, crisply browned on the half canteen, and well saturated with ham fat.

II

On the morning before, Babe had busied himself carrying up wood from the guard line, just as the Major had heard. For some time he continued to lug away the bundles of fagots which the paroled officers outside threw past the sentry. In this work he mingled with a crowd of men similarly engaged, and presently he made himself agreeable to the verdant young soldier on post, whom he easily convinced that he belonged outside, having only stepped across to secure the wood he and his party had been gathering.

And so, with the consent of the soldier, Babe crossed the line and pushed his way into the scrubby forest over the pine-needles, with the comforting sense that he was his own master. When he had got beyond the sound of the axes, and found himself quite alone in the forest, he crept under a heap of boughs in the top of a fallen tree, and prepared to wait for the darkness.

No other officer had ever come out with seemingly so trivial a purpose. All who had escaped before him had taken their way toward the sea-coast, or in the direction of the western mountains. If the Major had been in condition to travel, Babe would gladly have taken the same course.

The afternoon was clear and warm for November, with an unseasonable heat which proved a weather breeder, for the wind was already backing into the east and muttering ominously in the tops of the tall pines. Night fell a full half hour before its time, and, with the first gloom in the forest, tiny lances of sleet clattered on the dead leaves and rebounded from the scaly armor of the trees. The great limbs tossed and creaked in the blast, and the sleet turned to sheeted rain which froze as it fell. It beat through the shelter of boughs, wetting Babe to the skin, and then stiffened his clothing where he lay. Great trees uprooted by the tempest fell with a resounding crash in the forest. Inaction was almost unendurable to the strong man half frozen under the shelter of boughs, and the time seemed interminable before the the storm had spent its fury.

When at last he did emerge from his hiding place, and stretch his stiffened limbs, the rain was falling at a milder angle.

It was tedious groping his way through the wind-tossed woods, but once on the high road he ran for a long distance, with

the sleeping camp behind him and the rain beating on his back. His blood warmed as he ran, and he might have sped on indefinitely, even to the defeat of his plan to return, but for a very little thing that checked his progress—only a few sparks drifting along the ground at a rise in the road before him. To his cavalry instinct it indicated the presence of a picket. It mattered little in which direction he turned. He was coated with ice like a frosted cake, and fairly crackled as he walked away from the high road through the brush of an old cotton field. A dog howled in the distance, and following this sound Babe came in good time to a low cabin in a lonely field within sound of the flowing waters of the Congaree.

Red firelight glimmered mistily through the cracks of the stone chimney. Babe knocked at the door as confidently as he had rung the bell of the fine house in Covington. It was an old negro that opened it—just a crack—and peered out into the darkness.

"Afo' I 'vite yo' in, Marsta, dese wah times," said the old man, "yo done 'bliged to tell me who yo' is."

"I'm Lieutenant Highchester, from Boston," said Babe.

"Never year o' dat place befo', Sa. What is it yo' want, Marsta?"

Such ignorance struck through the coat of ice that enveloped Babe with an additional chill, and froze the words on his lips.

"Is yo a Yankee 'scaped from Camp Sorghum," said the old man. "Is yo dat?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Babe.

"Lord love yo', Honey," cried the old darky, swinging the door wide, "come right in yer, an' set down close to de fiah. Is I got any meat, Honey? No, Sa, 'fo God I aint, Sa. I'se a hones' Nigga, but I allus has plenty o' 'tatahs in de ashes. Jes help yo'sef, Marsta," he continued, as he turned a heap of yams into view in the corner of the chimney. "Lord, Honey, look lak yo clean starved, an' yo' one o' Marsa Lincom's officas benedictionizin' Unc' Bijah's pore cabin an' 'similatin' dry yams lak a ordinary buck nigga."

Unc' Bijah shook his head and shifted his position on the stool so that he could the better observe his distinguished guest.

"Lord, Honey," he exclaimed, getting up and shuffling over to Babe, "yams that dry I reckon yo' wouldn't tell on a ole man. I is got a ham-bone in de cupboard, Honey. Sh — If dis yer storm hadn't come up, I 'lowed to bury hit in de 'tatah patch dis night. Might be a bite round de shank," continued Unc' Bijah, as he brought out the ham-bone, with the black skin flapping from the loop of twine by which it had hung in the white man's smoke-house.

There were some scraps of meat still clinging to the bone, with a flavor of salt such as had not tickled Babe's palate for many a day, and when he had satisfied his hunger he rolled up the black skin, which but for the storm would have been buried deep in the sand, and put the roll in his pocket.

The two men sat together before the cabin fire well into the night, until Babe's clothing had become quite dry and comfortable. The sleet had ceased to beat on the roof when he took leave of Unc' Bijah, but the night was still cloudy and dark.

As Babe made his way back to the big road, which he knew ran close by the camp at the point where the extra guard loop would be thrown out at nine o'clock in the morning to take in the water, a new idea came to him, by which he could avoid giving the authorities the satisfaction of knowing that he had been at large. Before he came to the ford, which was near the guard line, he dropped down the stream to a safer crossing, and felt his way cautiously on to the ground which he knew would be a part of the camp after guard mounting. He could see the sentries before him against the first gray of the coming day, and all about him dark mounds which were heaps of pine-boughs. He crawled forward on his hands and knees, and worked his way under one of these mounds, where, after his fatigue and exposure, he fell asleep, only to be awakened by the glimmer of sunlight through the needles and the voices of the new guard behind him.

No one saw Babe when he emerged from the brush-heap and trotted over to the miserable shelter where the Major should have been, but was not. As soon as he had concealed himself under the wet tent he unrolled his prize and cut it

into small rectangles, which he packed in layers in the leather case that had held his field-glass.

III

THE mystery that surrounded the appearance of the bacon rind in camp engaged the gossips, to the exclusion of every other topic. Officers discussed the subject over their fires and in groups about the old field, and almost nightly in solemn conclave on the wood-pile by the road leading to the water. The rumor that Babe had been seen outside was laughed at. Once at large, he was not the man to come back voluntarily, and then it was known that his clothes were quite dry in the morning.

The bacon rind had come to him somehow out of the great storm, but how or whence no man knew. There were some ignorant and superstitious officers who attached to it a supernatural origin, and these were confirmed in their belief as the weeks passed and the bit of rind proved inexhaustible, like the widow's cruse of oil. In fact, Babe took good care to sustain this view by using first one piece and then another, never permitting any to lose its power to anoint a frying-pan. He broke in the new rinds on his own half-canteen.

His popularity sprang into existence full-fledged the morning after the storm. Representatives of the three colonels and of the six naval officers called and congratulated him that very day. Colonel Green came over in the evening and offered the use of the soapstone griddle, without stipulating any favor in return. This neighborly politeness Babe declined to accept for deep and crafty reasons, leaving these high officers to enjoy the smell of his cooking while each morning he greased the frying-pan of some poor fellow who was unable to make any possible return for this favor. The vessels so treated retained for days a taste of salt and a flavor of bacon, and their use was bought and sold in the market. Babe was not above accepting a bonus or a favor in return for his office of greaser in general, and many a comfort for the Major and not a few small pieces of property came into his possession.

The three colonels and the naval officers were old prisoners. The Major had seen the latter peeling ripe tomatoes in the old fair building at Macon, and their white duck trousers went out regularly, in those days, to be laundered. But now their blue money had been spent and they ate meal and molasses with the others and washed their own clothes. For more than a week the aroma of Babe's cooking ascended into the nostrils of these higher officers, while the polished surface of the soapstone griddle was still a stranger to the bacon rind which had greased many an inferior pan.

Since Babe had declined the use of that coveted piece of plate, tendered by Colonel Green, the members of the two exclusive messes had made no further direct overtures, but they lost no opportunity to court Babe or show politeness to the Major. The practice of such a dignified reserve touched the owner of the bacon rind, but he restrained his charitable inclinations, for certain diplomatic reasons, yet a little longer. He knew his power. In a camp where meat or salt had not been tasted for months, and where eating was the one compensation in life, the service of the bacon rind was a favor which no well-fed person can possibly comprehend.

Meanwhile Babe's popularity grew and fed on the mystery which surrounded its origin. Every prisoner in camp knew him by sight. He was commonly spoken of as "the Man with the Bacon Rind." He was otherwise known as Captain Babe, although some said that was not his real name. No information could be pumped from the Major. It was ascertained with certainty that there was no such name as "Babe" on the books at headquarters.

Who was this man and where had he come from? Some believed that he was a spy sent inside to discover plots among the prisoners, and these avoided him accordingly. The Major had always been a mystery; his comrade with the unchristian name was a riddle. The belief, however, that the two were in collusion with the authorities was short-lived. There was something about the tall young fellow that won the confidence of the prisoners and compelled them to like him.

Babe enjoyed the distinction and the mystery which surrounded his personality. It amused him to hear the remarks at

night as his tall figure caught the light of a camp-fire in passing or crossed the disc of the moon.

Human nature yielded at last in the breasts of the three colonels, or, rather, in the region below their diaphragms, and Colonel Black himself came over to make some arrangement by which his mess could enjoy the taste of that which it had heretofore been their rapture only to smell. He was the bearer of the compliments of Colonel White and Colonel Green, in due military form, to Mr. Babe and the Major. The Colonel was blunt and to the point.

"Mr. Babe," he said, "I'll be d——d if we can resist the smell of that bacon rind any longer."

"My dear Colonel," replied Babe, "I'll grease your griddle with pleasure. I've only been waiting for you to ask me."

"Not out of charity, my boy," said the Colonel. "My instructions are to ascertain if there is any service we can render to your mess in return for—ahem—the daily use of the rind."

"I'll talk it over with the Major," said Babe, hitching the leather case around on his back. "He's a great admirer of your comfortable house. You see we are exposed to the cold and the wet ourselves, and the Major is not strong."

"The Devil!" cried the Colonel. "You don't propose to demand our house for your services?"

"Certainly not," said Babe, "but we should like to have one like it."

"No doubt you would," gasped the Colonel.

"That's the point," continued Babe, "and I think, Colonel, I may venture to make you a business proposition without consulting the Major."

The Colonel looked at the young fellow blankly, without opening his mouth in reply.

"If you gentlemen," drawled Babe, in his most deliberate manner, "and the six naval officers will club together and build us a house, we will grease the soapstone griddle for a month."

"Young man," cried the Colonel, drawing himself up to his full height, "your assurance is something sublime. Good-morning, sir."

The Colonel turned on his heel and marched back to his quarters, where the morning smoke was just beginning to curl out of the chimney of sticks. Babe knew that they were about to begin their miserable cooking. He felt that he had been a trifle hard in his terms with the Colonel and he longed to make some amends, so he walked over to the house and into the presence of the three colonels. The soapstone griddle was hot on the fire, and Babe held in his hand the tempting juicy rind.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you really must allow me—the Major's compliments and mine;" and before the colonels could refuse or accept his services, he swept the bacon rind back and forth across the heated surface of the griddle, and retired bowing from the room, which was filled with the most seductive and appetizing odor.

The soapstone griddle went its accustomed round that day, sowing the seeds of desire as it passed. So well had Babe performed his office that the seductive flavor attended the progress of the griddle even into the bungalow of the six naval officers.

Some inkling of Babe's astounding proposition to Colonel Black had evidently passed along the line, for several intermediate two-button messes volunteered to accept the terms which had been scorned by the Colonel. In his own mind, however, Babe had chosen his architects and builders, and he put off these eager applicants with a serene confidence that he should not be disappointed in his first choice.

Later in the day when he glanced furtively in the direction of the Naval Bungalow, he observed Colonel Black in earnest conversation with the Lieutenant-Commander. The latter was washing his duck trousers in a pail, clad only in his gold-lace coat which was not so resplendent as it formerly had been. The bullion was dingy and frayed, and the stars were breaking away from their moorings. It was a conference between the heads of the two official families, in which the Colonel appeared to be earnest and persuasive and the Lieutenant-Commander interested and as dignified as was consistent under the circumstances. The legs of the naval officer were planted firmly at first, as if he were rooted on his own quarterdeck and master of the situation. Gradually, however, under the attacks of the Colonel, he began to shift his weight from one foot to the other. He

was evidently in a choppy sea, for his expressive legs showed signs of weakening.

The Lieutenant-Commander wrung out his vestments, and hung them over a pole to dry. Then he wiped his right hand on the skirt of his coat, and yielded it to the Colonel. Babe observed the firm grip and assenting nod which marked the end of the conference between the two officers.

So eager had other messes become to secure the contract for building the house for the two mysterious prisoners, that the three colonels and the naval officers lost no time in settling the terms. The latter suspended work on their own bungalow, which was without a roof, and on the very next morning the new job of construction was begun with a will. The nine high officers piled up their uniform coats and fell to chopping and scoring and digging and levelling in a way that was highly entertaining to the prisoners who came to look on. To the Major the spectacle was embarrassing. It pained him to witness what he regarded as the humiliation of his superior officers. He absented himself at first, until he could get used to the change in his position.

Babe, on the other hand, superintended the work without any disturbing sense of the exalted rank of his workmen. He was always polite and considerate in giving his orders, but firm in his adherence to his own plans. He would condescend to relieve the Lieutenant-Commander, whose duty it was to mix the mortar, or lend a hand to the colonels in placing a log in position; but when the foundation of the chimney was not to his liking the construction stopped until the error was remedied.

None of these things escaped the observation of the prisoners, who came to admire Babe more and more. The romance and the mystery surrounding the Man with the Bacon Rind increased with the evidence of his power.

The most distinguished officers from the highest set in camp were his servants. As the work progressed, Babe fulfilled his part of the contract to the letter, greasing the soapstone griddle generously at each end of the line. The colonels and the naval officers were more than satisfied, but as the days passed it became a cause of secret anxiety to Babe and the Major that the bacon rinds were fast losing their virtue.

The house was just a month in building before the last shingle was in place and the wood laid for the first fire in the chimney.

During all this time Babe and the Major had slept under the shelter of tent cloth, and cooked over an open fire on the burnt-out turf. The Major was no longer an invalid, having fully recovered his health and spirits; but during the last week before the house was finished the half canteen had never once been greased. The very last rind had been used up on the soapstone griddle, and its fellows had come to rattle like dry husks in the leather case.

Babe and the Major looked ruefully at each other. They were far from happy on that great day which saw the completion of the house. They were gloomy, like the weather, and restless as the dark clouds trooping before the wind over the old field.

The night that followed was cold. A scurry of snow, the first of the coming winter, whitened the ground between the poor shelters like a hoar frost. Prisoners shivered and cowered together in their tattered blankets. Some, who had no covering at all, sat up and coaxed the embers left from the evening fire into a blaze, which they fed with sticks. Crooning over these fires and lying awake in the tents and hovels, they marvelled at the cleverness of the Man with the Bacon Rind, and forgot to discuss the last rumors of exchange.

The colonels and the naval officers awoke to regret that their work was at an end, for their pay ended with it. They had no idea that they had broken the bank. The Lieutenant-Commander planned some additional comforts for the interior of the new house, and turned out at an unseasonable hour to offer his suggestions to Babe. When he came to the new house he found it empty. The fire had not been lighted on the hearth. It was sunrise now, yet scarcely a man was stirring on the old field. The Lieutenant-Commander turned from the house and came down to the canvas shelter. The blankets were gone and the leather case. The half canteen, whose handle was a forked stick, lay in the ashes on the burnt-out turf.

The Man with the Bacon Rind had disappeared with his secret, and he had taken along with him the Maker of Maps.



Portrait of Dr. Grier.

CECILIA BEAUX

By William Walton

CONCERNING the work of any good painter there is much to be said, but the commentator's methods should be the reverse of the painter's. The artist's creations have distinction as they reveal his individuality, whilst the writer had better set forth his subject without any ego at all. It is more politic for him not to consider that his personal sympathies and impressions have peculiar value; that he is entitled to cherish his moods as the artist is *his*. It is safer to assume that the general reader will not care for any putting forward of B when he wishes facts concerning A. This being so, a collection of intelligent statements respecting the painter's art may be a more useful contribution than any single one; and it sometimes happens, as in the case of the present artist, that the variety of renderings of the same general conclusions have that finer interest of subtle variations—much finer than that which attaches to gross contradictions. The distinguishing characteristics of Miss Beaux's portrait

work appear to be so obvious that her various commentators, native and foreign, set them down much in the same way. "She paints slightly as an impressionist might," says an American critic, "but she is a fairer parallel to him and raises his principle to a higher power in her feeling, in her quick sensitiveness to the imaginative, spiritual significance of her model and her accurate rendering of what she has seen in that momentary process of insight. . . . The conspicuous facts of Miss Beaux's portraits—their refined realism, their imagination, their poetic grasp of character which ordinarily eludes the analyst, their beauty and their individuality." "Few artists have the fresh touch which the child needs," says another, "and the firm and rapid execution which allows the painter to catch the fleeting expression and the half-forms which make child portraits at once the longing and despair of portrait painters. . . . Miss Beaux's individuality has triumphed over all suggestions of her foreign masters, and the combination of refinement and strength is altogether her own." So good a painter as Mr. Chase, in his running discourse to his Philadelphia pupils in the galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy, calling their attention to Miss Beaux's pictures, spoke of her as, in his opinion, the greatest living woman painter. Of her portraits he said that not only were they painted well, but they were also characterized by all the finer qualities of artistic feeling everywhere appreciated. "You were voted in," as Associée of the new Salon, wrote Alexander Harrison, "with a hatful of ballots to spare—and entirely upon the merits of your handsome panel of portraits."



Pencil Sketch from Life.

As to the intelligent foreigner—Monsieur Philippe Gill in his very condensed review of the Salon of 1896 stopped to observe, "They are also excellent portraits, those exhibited by Madame Cecilia Beaux; that of the little 'Ernesta' because of its charm, that of 'Doctor Grier' because of the simplicity of the attitude and the solid execution of the details." "They are so many American types," said the *Journal des Arts*, "faithfully rendered in both their general and individual features. As to the technical methods, there is a careful search for whites accompanied by pink and violet tones." "This Philadelphia lady," wrote M. Arsène Alexandre in the *Figaro*, "will certainly attract much attention from the artists this year by her fine series of portraits, very skilfully painted in a very fresh gamut of whites, and with a clearly defined sentiment of race. Among others, the portrait of an elderly lady in a morning negligé, white and lilac, is a work of intimate observation and a piece of good painting." "After the manner of certain old masters," says another, "this artist seems to have rendered the haunting quality of the human eye. In each of her faces the eyeballs have a strange acuteness of vision. And this look, constantly pursuing us, varies nevertheless with the age and the sex—surprised and delighted in the children, strange and with a deep troubling fixity in the portrait of the young girl in a reverie, it becomes harder, of a lesser radiation, but singularly sharp and piercing in the masculine model whose features Mlle. Beaux has so firmly designed. The brush of the American artist has a fine fulness of touch. The whites, of which she



Mother and Son.



Portrait.

is fond, are soberly and vigorously treated." M. Henri Rochefort, summing up his impressions of the Salon of 1896 for the Paris *Herald*, felt himself obliged to admit, "not without regret, that not one of our women painters in France—including Mlle. Abbéma—is of sufficient strength to compare with her who gives us this year the portrait of Doctor Grier. The composition, the transparency of the flesh tones, the solidity of the design, everything is without trickery and without any searching for fireworks."

Occasionally, in these discriminating eulogies, there appear glimpses of that somewhat unwilling respect for the Anglo-Saxon characteristics which may be found from time to time in French speech. The slowness toward "fireworks," the disposition toward self-concentration, introspection and silence as contrasted with Gallic posturing and oratory, have been discovered again by some of these French critics in the modern Anglo-Saxon school of portraiture. With their fixed determination to find some personal leader for every



Ernesta.

movement in art, they usually credit all these manifestations to the influence of Mr. Whistler. In the best of the American painters exhibiting in Paris, in those of Great Britain, and in one or two of the French, this rendering of certain sitters of something more than usual distinction in a complete absence of ostentation, in "mental attitudes, so to speak," has been accepted as another evidence of that inward application which has rendered the English-speaking race the "élite" of contemporary humanity, to quote M. Paul Adam in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*. "The apotheosis of meditative silence prevails in a whole school of American portrait painters at the Champ de Mars." And he proceeds to draw a comparison with the evidences of Gallic "outwardness" as manifested in such portraits as those of Jean Béraud and Carolus-Duran. These latter present visages that are of the crowd, not of inward character, sitters that laugh, exclaim, express the commonplace

sentiments, " or endeavor to win the applause of the servants." They are not sufficient to themselves, they offer themselves for examination, they wish to be seen, they live only for others, they belong to the mob !

The interest which is always found in familiar things seen from a new point of view may give importance to this opinion of Miss Beaux's sitters, set forth with Parisian freedom of speech in a friendly letter to another artist, an American, himself not without prejudices in favor of his fair compatriot. The writer, recently deceased, kindly and philosophical, has been walking through the galleries of the Champ de Mars and amusing himself and his friend by " some considerations upon originality in art " until he comes to the *aimable nom* of Madame Cecilia Beaux, " around which the laurel twines readily : " " This is, then, what she has to tell us—that all the American girls have not the assurance—I would not venture to say the impudence—to thrust themselves before the world that they might laugh in its face, . . . no, they do not all chatter like a flock of parrakeets ; the bicycle and the tandem, which perhaps are not of their invention, are not their sole delights. Madame Cecilia Beaux demonstrates to us that they have, among themselves, thoughtful moments—the most natural and the most graceful, something almost like timidity, even when they are not before the world, and with this a surrounding atmosphere of gayety, freshness, and smiling, just like a ray of sunlight coming through the window. Pretty as plums on the tree, Madame Cecilia Beaux presents them to us as ' fruits of the garden '—is not that it ? truly American."

The work of this artist, thus appreciated by her contemporaries, is all of comparatively recent date. She is Philadelphian apparently only by accident of birth, her family name being Provençal, but her first beginnings in art were made in that city—drawings on stone of fossils for the United States Geological Reports, executed with scientific accuracy of detail. Her first instructions in art were received from Miss Catherine A. Drinker, who is now Mrs. Thomas A. Janvier. They were continued in the school of Professor Adolf van der Wielen, and in a class presided over by William Sartain she received her first lessons in painting. In Paris, where she spent the winters of 1889 and '90, she entered the life classes in the Academy Julien, under Tony Robert-Fleury, Bouguereau and Constant, and afterward at Colarossi's she received criticisms from Courtois and Dagnan-Bouveret. But much of the best influence by which she profited abroad she found in a summer at Concarneau with Alexander Harrison and Charles Lasar.

The safety that was gathered from this multitude of counsellors was, however, scarcely of their contributing; from them she did not receive definite instructions in the technique of painting, but of design only, and her capacity for color work seems to have developed itself from the very earliest commissions, for children's portraits, mostly from photographs, executed on porcelain. It was another demonstration of Delacroix's dictum—*On sait son métier tout de suite ou on ne le sait jamais.* The painter's trade thus readily learned bore fruit in professional reward almost immediately. From Mr. Sartain's class she proceeded to paint her first successful picture, "The Last Days of Infancy," which received the Mary Smith Prize at the Philadelphia Academy in 1885, and was exhibited also in New York and at the Paris Salon. While abroad she visited Italy and England, receiving several commissions for portraits during a visit to Cambridge; and her second exhibit at the Paris Salon was also hung with honor. Her demonstration at the new Salon of the Champ de Mars in 1896, as we have seen, was highly appreciated. Of this critical Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts she is one of the very few women Associées. In her native city she has been four times awarded the Mary Smith prize, for the best painting by a resident woman artist, at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, in 1885, 1887, 1891 and 1892, and in 1893 the gold medal of the Philadelphia Art Club. In the same year, 1893, she received the Dodge Prize at the New York National Academy of Design, and was elected a member of the Society of American Artists ; in the following year she was made Associate of the National Academy. At the notable international exhibition of



Sister and Brother.



Portrait (pastel).

paintings at the Carnegie Art Galleries in Pittsburg in the late summer of 1896 she received one of the three medals awarded —and this list probably awaits only the lapse of time to be duly lengthened.

Her portraits, very nearly all guarded on the walls of private houses, have yet been exhibited in public sufficiently to make many of the more important generally known. To Paris, in 1896, she sent "A New England Woman," "Sita and Sarita," "Cynthia," "Ernesta," "The Dreamer" and the portrait of Doctor Grier. The first-named is owned by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and was seen in the exhibition of the Society of American Artists in New York in the spring of 1897; "Sita and Sarita" is the mystical study of a young girl with a black cat on her shoulder—the one supplementing the other. "Cynthia" is a portrait of the little daughter of Mrs. Rosina Emmet Sherwood, a study in crimson, lilac, and white. "Reverie," now "The Dreamer," was seen in New York at the Academy exhibition in 1894, and also in

1897 at that of the Ohio Society; the little girl, Ernesta, and her section of a big nurse, at the Society of American Artists in 1894, and it was this canvas which was awarded the Pittsburg medal. The portrait of Doctor Grier, one of the comparatively few studies of masculine individuality which Miss Beaux has executed, was painted in 1892, and won her the medal of the Philadelphia Art Club.

In this canvas the portrait painter's breadth of vision and of comprehension is combined with an admirable detail, the modelling of the head being carried out with the utmost care and accuracy, and everywhere with a surprising truthfulness of local color. In some of her later heads the painter—possibly surer of herself and more courageous—has put in the shadows of the flesh occasionally in much more hardy complementary colors that give greater vibration. At times also no considerations of conventional grace have been allowed to hamper the frank rendering of character when the sought-for individuality was best expressed by breaking these timid bonds. But the color is always suave, harmonious, beautiful, rich and deep through all the changing rendering of texture and local values. Miss Beaux has the true painter's affection for white, which, as she says, contains all the colors, and most of the fairer younger women and the small children with whom she so sympathizes are appropriately presented in subtle variations of this most difficult and brilliant combination of nature's changing light. It is even toned down into soft grays, "veils of thinnest lawn," in one or two of those studies of the quietness that comes with advancing years which the painter thinks are among her best works—softening, as nothing else can, the lines around the gentle face and the folded hands of peaceful living.

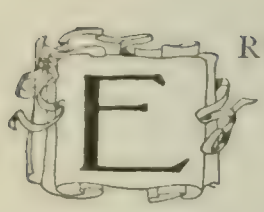
The lack of necessary connection between technical artistic skill and the portrait painter's sixth sense, the perception of the inner character, is abundantly demonstrated by the usual work seen in galleries. Even when the two, after wandering aimlessly about in the ether, as it were, come together in the endowment of some lucky painter or sculptor, his fortune as an artist is not yet made. Unless the truthful rendering of the thing that is be supplemented by a certain way of perceiving even the fact, a gift of seeing it as it was intended to be, without accidental flaws, a little fuller and more beautiful, illumined in the atmosphere of sympathy and right feeling, this rendering may be defined as merely scientific. The detective work of the true realist is only extremely good photography. But when the right way of knowing things takes the place of the narrow way of knowing them, when the artist's light for his camera renderings is that beautiful one which we call spiritual, then is his work glorified. That to a woman's hand should be given this power to portray sympathetically the souls of her neighbors, their strength, their intelligence, their charm, is most fit and admirable, and fortunate even are the bystanders who see it done. It would even seem as though the painter herself had been truly fortunate in one or two of the sitters thus rendered by her brush, and that nothing smaller than her talent would have sufficed to have shown us the beauty of these thoughtful human visions which are realities.

THE UNQUIET SEX

SECOND PAPER—WOMEN'S CLUBS

By Helen Watterson Moody

I



ERNESTA tells me much of what I know about women's clubs. Ernesta is my intellectual other half, who, as to her own sex, hopeth all things, believeth all things, and as to myself certainly rounds out the Scripture by bearing all things, and enduring all things. She and I never really agree on any subject whatever of intellectual import, but each seems always about to convince the other. This lends continual enchantment to an otherwise hopeless situation. Ernesta is particularly fond of women's clubs, and belongs to many. One club meets to read papers, on Tuesdays at noon, and another meets on Fridays at four. She is a member of a woman's political league, a college association, a health club, is chairman of two philanthropic societies, is raising money for a hotel for working-women, and holds a class for the study of Bach's fugues every Saturday, in her own drawing-room. I belong to no clubs whatever; from which it is readily to be seen that her opinions on the subject are much more valuable than my own. I asked Ernesta the other day to define a woman's club, to give the club idea feminine, in as few words as possible. She thought profoundly for some minutes, then said, "A woman's club is an association for the purposes of mutual helpfulness and self-improvement."

"But you have luncheon, don't you?" I asked.

"Not always," she answered, and her voice had a deprecating note. "But then, you know, we should have to eat anyway; if we eat then, there is just so much time saved, and we can keep on with the discussion."

Then she went on to tell me about a certain club called the "Luncheon Club," whose inspiring purpose it is to combine the pleasures of the intellect with the duties of the palate by meeting once a fortnight at luncheon for the discussion of questions of the day—political, scientific, sociological, religious, revolutionary—whatever is exciting the alert public mind at the hour—nay, at the moment. The purpose of the Luncheon Club is entirely ambitious; the luncheon merely a concession to human weakness, ingeniously contrived so as to yield a maximum of return in knowledge—and dyspepsia. Ernesta regretted that she was unable to join this club, by reason of a non-lunching club which met on the same day — through no mean desire of the luncheon, mind you, but merely because the scheme recommended itself to her as converting a lowering but necessary function into a higher intellectual force—lunch-power into thought-power, as it were.

Then I asked a man to define a man's club. "Well," he said, upon reflection, "a club is something you join in order that you may stay away from it when you like."

"*I?*" said I. "Oh, no, I don't, dear sir. I am a woman, if you please. I should be fined if I stayed away."

"From a woman's club, do you mean?" he asked. "Well, that's very queer. Fancy a man's being fined for not coming to his club!" And this seemed both to amuse and instruct him so deeply that he forgot all about me, and smoked two pipefuls before he got around to saying again, "Fancy a man's being fined for not coming to his club!"

II

ERNESTA tells me that one million women in this country are members of clubs, and that these million women are joined in one gigantic association called the General Federation, composed of nearly

five hundred individual clubs, representing nearly every State, and that each State has also its smaller organization known as the State Federation. Both Federations have regular meetings, the smaller ones annually and the large one biennially. This federating movement is, she tells me, seven years old, and began, as did the club idea among women, with Sorosis of New York City. The purpose of all these clubs is earnest. Some of them are for study, some for action, but all are for making of woman "a practical power in the great movements that are directing the world" and for giving her the ability to serve "the highly developed and complex civilization that is awaiting her influence and stands sorely in need of her assistance," to quote the words of the honored president of the General Federation.

Well, unrepressed mental activity with a purpose is better than unrepressed activity without any purpose at all, and certainly here is a high aim and a generous intent with which it seems ungracious enough to quarrel. But it would appear to be the part of ordinary prudence that, before undertaking so large a mission as is outlined here, the one million women who are pledged to it should sit down together and talk it over, with some idea of finding out what it is going to cost them to "serve this highly developed and complex civilization," and where they are likely to be landed when the work is done.

I am taking for granted here certain premises which I think might fairly be disputed. There seems to be a unanimous opinion among women to-day that the influence of their sex has never before been so potent and so needed. This much is certainly true, that never before has so much been said about woman's place and mission in the universe, but then, it has recently been declared that the present century has "discovered Woman," which probably accounts for it. Yet there are some of us who believe that modern research—historical, scientific, and sociological—has set forth no one set of facts with more seriousness and emphasis than that the contribution of the women of all past time to the culture and civilization of the race has been equal in importance and dignity to that of men. Indeed, there are not wanting those who say that it has been greater, and that all the social, and nearly all the religious, fabrics of the world are built around women.

Mr. Robert Grant has recently said that women "fancy themselves very much at present," and "spend considerable time in studying the set of their minds in the glass." And, to be honest, I fear we are in no position to resent the charge. I fear we are in great danger, just at present, of taking ourselves and our achievements with more seriousness than their value warrants. No doubt we are doing well as a sex, if ambition and ambulation and heroism and hurry count for anything, and there is certainly no doubt that we are doing too much. But there are still a few conservatives left among us, who are by no means sure that the aspirations of the leaders among women, to-day, coincide with the highest interests of the sex and the greatest general good.

III

All this, I have said, is fair ground for dispute; but let us assume that women are really exerting a wider and a higher influence just now than ever before, and that the world still needs and calls for more. Then the reason for this tremendous organizing impulse appears at once. Given a Work to do, or only the Idea of a Work to do, and organization of some kind is inevitable. This is the hour of the convention, the congress, the mass-meeting. We think in by-laws and act in resolutions. Man or woman, there is no way but that of unanimity, even to the accomplishment of the most personal and private virtues. That women should resolve themselves into clubs and declare themselves in constitutions upon the slightest provocation is only to be expected. And if women were intended ultimately to play the title-rôles in the big drama of civilization I suppose the grave, earnest, strenuous note of the woman's club is the necessary prelude. But this seems to me very sad, because it clearly indicates that women are likely to have a no easier time of it in the future than they claim to have had in the past. One of the indictments oftenest brought up by

women out of that anthropological past which is little enough to their credit is that men have persistently taken unto themselves most of the good things of life, leaving to women the particularly unpleasing and obscure and unrewarded labors. No doubt there is some truth in this, and there would be something to reprobate in it, if men had misbehaved themselves with conscious intent instead of being, like women themselves, the somewhat helpless creatures of civilizing forces that were stronger than they. Be that as it may, the curious thing is that, directly women get the chance to carry out to any extent their own idea of the privileges of life, they develop none of that taste for ease and irresponsibility which characterizes the normal man. Instead, they manifest a desire for self-expression, for relations with every interest and enterprise of the present, for all kinds of responsibilities and hardihoods, even up to the supreme hardihood of earning their own living (often without necessity). Therefore, if a man's club fairly expresses his idea of fun, and a woman's club stands for hers, it appears at once how vast and how melancholy is the superiority of the man in the gentle art of enjoying himself.

There are, to be sure, associations of men whose purpose is utilitarian, such as political clubs, or business or professional organizations, but no man befogs himself into thinking any recreation is to be sought or found in them. They fit into the general serious purpose of his life in some way, and he takes them as he does other duties, and makes as much or as little of them as possible. But a man's social club is another matter. It is a privilege and a pleasure, or it is nothing. It is based on the principle of exemption. A member goes to it or not as he likes, and if he goes he carries no burden of duties with him. He has something to drink or to smoke, or a game of billiards, if he wants them. He talks gossip, in a highly elevated and impersonal way, of course, or he thrusts his hands deep in his pockets and whistles at the window. If he stays away for three hundred and sixty-four days (and you may be sure he does stay away if he wants to), and comes back on the three hundred and sixty-fifth, he expects to find his chair just where he left it, with the ash-tray and afternoon paper at its side, and he betrays an immediate sense of injury if he does not. He considers that one of the things he pays for is to have the club go on in his absence so that he may feel no jar on his return. He demands of it that it shall stand for that permanency and unbroken hospitality which make it as grateful to him in memory and suggestion as in the hour of enjoyment. Therefore he is likely to misbehave sadly toward the new man at the door (who is, no doubt, a vastly better servant than the old one), until the new face gets into his recollection, and ceases to look strange. In short, a man is disposed to take his clubs as he takes other good things in life—as easily as possible—feeling that they are quite his right, and that his enjoyment is sufficient reason for their existence.

IV

But the forces of the woman's club are largely centrifugal, and have a higher aim than mere enjoyment. They are for the enrichment of the individual largely as a means to the assistance and improvement of others. Ernesta herself has said it better than I should have dared—"A club is an association for self-improvement and mutual helpfulness." Under "self-improvement" are to be included, I suppose, all those ambitions by reason of which ladies read and discuss papers, or listen to endless lectures upon endless subjects; while the "helpfulness" sums up all those benevolences, from cleaning our public highways to cleaning our private morals, for which women have developed so remarkable a taste within the past few years. All this is very noble, no doubt, and public-spirited, and quite in keeping with the ideas set forth thirty years ago by the first woman's club in the country, when gentle Alice Cary, sitting in the president's chair, pleaded for the club as a means to the wider and fuller development of women—"to teach them to think for themselves and get their opinions at first hand, . . . to open out new avenues of employment for them, to make them less dependent and less burdensome, to lift them out of unwomanly self-distrust and

disqualifying diffidence into womanly self-respect and self-knowledge ; to teach each one to make all work honorable by doing the share that falls to her, or that she may work out to herself agreeably to her own special aptitude cheerfully and faithfully, not going down to it, but bringing it up to her."

"Now," says Ernesta, triumphant, at my shoulder, "you must acknowledge that when that was written, there was room for mutual helpfulness among women. They had few amusements of an improving kind, and almost no stimulus to intellectual advancement ; they were self-distrustful, incapable, dependent. The woman's club has done more than any other one thing to lift them out of all this, and now you want to cast discredit upon it ! "

Upon my soul I do not. I only want to extend the usefulness of the woman's club ; to suggest to it, since its impelling motives have always been missionary, a new and serious mission—the mission of being less serious.

Much of what Ernesta says is true. Allowing something for a fashion of thought and phrase set at that time by the earnest followers of Mr. Mill and his question-begging book, these words of Alice Cary are sadly reminiscent of the need of that "emancipation," which enthusiastic believers declare to be the special and triumphant movement of this "Woman's Century." But it may be well to admit to ourselves with candor that we seem to have arrived. The average American woman is to-day hardly to be suspected of "unwomanly self-distrust and disqualifying diffidence." She has no legal disabilities, she may enter any trade or profession she likes, have a college education, travel alone, ride a horse or a bicycle astride, and influence legislation greatly, if she cannot do it directly.

"Yes," admits Ernesta, "women have got a great many things they wanted and ought to have had long ago, and, whether you admit it or not, the club has been of great assistance to them. Perhaps it is true that part of the purpose of the woman's club is accomplished, but you make no account of one of its most important and gratifying uses still—that of intellectual stimulation and culture."

Well, to blurt out the awful truth at once, I have never thought so highly of intellectual stimulation as I have of some other things in life. It is by no means clear, as yet, that the power of intellect upon life is of the greatest value ; just as the history of human nature does not go to show that seeing clearly and doing well have been invariably associated. One man or one woman, with that extended and clarifying vision which is occasionally the flower of a well-informed mind, but is oftener the fruit of a beautiful spirit, is a greater power for all right-mindedness than the most active intellect, under the most conscientious stimulation. And as to the opportunity for culture offered in the woman's clubs, it seems to me that in a last analysis true culture eludes any conscious effort to acquire it. I have liked to think that culture, like all other graces of the mind and soul, is not attained by being too consciously sought. It droppeth like the gentle rain from Heaven, and in solitude and self-dependence. It is a "quiet, fireside thing," which neither needs nor desires the contribution of the exchange place. One gets it, as one gets grace from above, in the seclusion of one's closet, and as the guest of one's own soul. So far from ministering to real culture and scholarship, I make so bold as to say that no club, social or technical, male or female, bond or free, can do more than to receive the results of individual scholarship and culture, or offer more than mere stimulation. This of itself is good, if one does not make too much of it, and in small towns, where the wheels of life go slowly, where books are scarce and the resources of the individual are not abundantly developed, a woman's club is, no doubt, a necessary means to growth and diversion, even though the work undertaken be solemn enough to make a German university professor laugh. But—that was a profound truth of Margaret Fuller's ! "The soul that lives too much in relations becomes at last a stranger to its own resources."

V

To go back to that *cum hoc, propter hoc* assertion of Ernesta as to the efficiency of clubs in the advancement of women.

Something has certainly been going on among us women for the last sixty years, and at a galloping rate, too. Whether we have ever been in subjection or not, we are out of it now (greatly instigated and assisted thereto by a sex we have despised and arraigned), and we have got our heads. There seems to be little enough left for the women of the next century to accomplish in the way of mere emancipation, and to the glory of themselves and their sex. No wonder this has been called the Woman's Century! But it is well to remember that it has also been a marked century for a good many other persons. In it one race has almost disappeared from the face of the earth, another has been led out of slavery, and the blood of a dozen others has passed into our veins. It has been the century of democracy, of steam, of electricity, of the public schools, of the growth of big cities, of the mower and reaper, of the Hoe press. If it had not also been the century of woman's advancement, that fact would be really worth mentioning. The invention of machinery alone has affected women more than it has men, both by its substitution for handwork in the home and by drawing them at once from the safety and dignity of their own firesides into the factories and the great whirl of industrial life, thus making of them an economic problem whose value is still uncertain. It would be pleasant and self-satisfying to agree with Ernesta that we women and our clubs have done our own emancipating, but when we can sit down and think out this same conclusion in terms of half a dozen other agencies, I fear we shall have to regard the assumption as one of those fine but undigested ideas which seem to have a special attraction for our sex. The truth seems to be that, to the wonderful and wide opportunities of this century, women have responded with an eagerness, an insistence, and a disposition to carry things to extremes that causes some of the more conservative of us to stop and ask seriously whether this restless activity among women is not hectic rather than natural. For it must not be forgotten that there is an eagerness of disease as well as of health. I know two women who have nervous prostration at the present hour. One of them has insomnia, and because she cannot sleep, writes innumerable papers for her club. She now has several pounds of wisdom, on widely varying subjects, locked up in her desk—all of which she regards as so much clear gain. The other explains that she is so restless as not to be able to sit still long enough to "do" her back hair; therefore she has learned how to carry on this enterprise while walking up and down the room, and the doctor threatens her with the horrors of the rest cure. Let us devoutly hope that the next century may not be Woman's also, lest it bring us even greater earnestness than this!

VI

For one of the special confusions of the situation is that we seem to have got what we want without knowing exactly what to do with it. We are still on nervous tiptoe; we make duties even of our pleasures, and we lack conspicuously in that sense of proportion—of the real values of things—which, if it be not essential to one's salvation in the next world, is certainly essential to one's salvation in this. We sow hurry, and reap indigestion; we cultivate our aspirations, and are landed in a typical case of neurasthenia; we tipple all kinds of intellectual stimulants—not to say intoxicants — and then we wonder that our knowledge is not steadier and more serviceable. I sometimes wonder if there are not plenty of women to-day, conscientiously weighted down with the burdens of progress, who would gladly exchange all the privileges of "emancipation" for the exemptions of a lesser liberty. It was with no smile of self-gratulation that I came upon this passage not long ago in one of Hannah More's letters: "Women are from their domestic habits in possession of more leisure and tranquillity for religious pursuits, as well as secured from those difficulties and strong temptations to which men are exposed in the tumult of a bustling world. Their lives are more regular and uniform, less agitated by the passions, the businesses, the contentions, the shocks of opinions, and the opposition

of interests which divide society and convulse the world." If the average intelligent American woman with a family and a house to look after, one or two clubs to attend, a moderate interest in public affairs, and a reasonable social ambition, leads a life "less agitated by the passions, the businesses, the contentions, the shocks of opinions, and the opposition of interests," either my observation must be most defective or my experience most unfortunate.

Truly, to strike a brave and generous average between duty to one's self and desire for others is the highest task of wisdom. One wishes, of course, to be neither a shirk nor a parasite. Yet, surely, there should be somewhere in life, occasional garden-spots wherein one may walk lightly, and with ease of heart concerning one's self and one's neighbor, without deliberate and selfish purpose of self-improvement or any impertinence of bestowal upon others. And if, in the unambitious intercourse of friends, with sympathy and a happy certainty of response, there be not such a green and shady spot, I know not, indeed, where to look for one. Moreover, it is just this ease in intercourse of which women stand most in need. If our doctrine of life must be heroic, then the tension must be the oftener relaxed. If we women needed stimulation and opportunity forty years ago, we need to-day strength more than stimulation, and capacity rather than opportunity. We need repose, leisure, and that sense of ample self-possession which comes from the habit of staying at home in one's mind.

Here is the higher mission of the woman's club—to give women the occasional chance to rest, both in mind and body. For such a club as this, developed along the lines of ease, of relaxation, of pure vacuity if one wished, with exemption, and not responsibility, as its first privilege, above all, with abundant inclination in the souls of its members toward nothing but that profitable idleness which, as Mr. Stevenson says, consists not so much in doing nothing as in doing a great deal that is not usually recognized as work—for such a club I would be almost willing to become a propagandist! For here no insidious desire for work would be allowed to masquerade under the guise of recreation, and no amount of recreation would serve to carry any ulterior purpose of self-improvement. There would be luncheon for luncheon's sake, and women would sit down to eat it, greedy and unashamed. And you may be sure there would be no papers read, and no members fined because they were not there to listen to them. Thus a normal and natural intercourse would be promoted in which the self-improvement, though incidental and half unconscious, would be real and permanent, because developed upon the plane on which one customarily dwells. Ernesta tells me that there is a growing desire among the wealthy and influential women's clubs to build club-houses for themselves, and when I hail this as special cause for congratulation, since all these higher uses of the club will begin with permanency in residence, she says that none of the club-houses she knows anything about are especially designed for the frivolous purposes I have outlined. "There isn't a restaurant," she explains, "or such lounging-rooms as men enjoy and as you seem to consider the only things worth having about a club. There are rooms for meetings of different kinds, from a large auditorium to small committee-rooms. There is a writing-room, usually, and a library, and sometimes a free kindergarten or a working-girls' club has quarters under its roof."

Well, I am sorry to see so much money only half spent, and I still hope for the day when some woman's club shall rise to a new declaration of dependence and confess that it is tired of being instructed and wants to be amused; when my dear, hurried, clubbed sisters may be willing to take their "little gift of being clean from God, not haggling for a better;" content even in their limitations; satisfied to know less and be more; glad to let the savor of happy intercourse (though without profit) have its rightful place in that complete living which would not be complete without it.

"THE DURKET SPERRET"

By Sarah Barnwell Elliott

Author of "Jerry"

VI

Is she wronged? To the rescue of her honor,
My heart!
Is she poor?—What costs it to become a donor?
Merely an earth to cleave—a sea to part.
But that fortune should have thrust all this upon her!

"Dock Wilson!" Mrs. Wilson stood in the open door of her small log-house. Dock turned and looked from where he sat on the wood-pile whittling, but did not answer, and she raised her voice, "Dinner's done, an' I wish you'd come!"

Dock went on with the whittling, whistling softly. He was tall and fair, with a grave, kind face, and his eyes were true. His stepmother, Lizer Wilson, ruled him "to the last notch," people said, but Dock had his own code and went his quiet way, with few words or friends. He had not been in the Cove long. When old man Wilson was dying, he sent for this son; and since his father's death Dock had worked faithfully for his stepmother and her two boys.

In Mrs. Warren's eyes he was contemptible. "Any man that kin stan' Lizer Wilson must hev cotton insides," she would say, conclusively, and Hannah began to think of Dock with sympathy.

Just now he took his own time about obeying Mrs. Wilson's call. He was in deep thought that he seemed to work into the butter-paddle he was fashioning, whistling softly. He regarded it with some satisfaction, as he shut his knife and dropped it into his cavernous pocket.

"A piece o' glass 'll make hit smooth." He put it away in the hollow of a tree near by, and went into the house.

"'Pears like you ain't much honggry," was Mrs. Wilson's greeting.

"I dunno," Dock answered, "I'll try an' see." For a few moments there was silence; then, eying Dock closely, Mrs. Wilson asked:

"What did Hannah Warren want?"

"She wanted to hire some ploughin'."

Mrs. Wilson grunted. "Hirin' ploughin', an' been up twicest this week a-peddlin'. *She* to set up to run the place on hired han's; she'd better tuck Si Durket an' be done."

Dock shook his broad shoulders a little.

"Is you agoin' to plough?"

"I am."

"An' I bet you aint made no trade, jest said you'd do hit."

"Jest so."

"An' what kinder trade is you a-goin' to make?"

"If Hannah Warren hes to peddle to pay me, she kin pay what she hes a mind to pay. Hannah is a Sunday gal!"

"An' me an' the boys 'thout rags to ourn backs," rising, as if to keep up with her voice; "an' you eatin' like a horse! I ain't a-goin' to stand hit, Dock Wilson, I tell you I ain't! An' thet dratted Hannah Warren thinkin' herself too good to go alonger me. You're a fool—a dead-gone fool! I ain't a-goin' to stand hit!"

Dock drew his shirt-sleeve slowly across his bearded lips as he rose. Mrs. Wilson seized his arm. "Is you deef?" she cried, shrilly. Dock looked down on her.

"No," he answered, deliberately, "I ain't deef; an' I b'lieve you could raise the dead, Lizer, much less make the deef hear."

The woman swung away from him. "I sw'ar you'll wish yerseff dead if you don't make a good trade," she said; "I sw'ar you will."

"Thet won't be nothin' new." Then Dock went to a little shanty he had built for himself, where Lizer was denied entrance. He pushed up the fire, and, sitting down, lighted his pipe. Hannah Warren! Her worth had dawned on him gradually. He was first struck by the difference between her and the other women he knew. She reminded him of a pool of water deep under the rocks, where there was no sound of trickling stream—no rip-

ple. In the evening, when the sun was setting and all was still, the purple light on the mountain-side seemed like her. He could not put it into words, but when he saw these things he would whisper, "Hit 'minds me o' her." He did not dream of lifting his eyes to Hannah, he had scarcely ever spoken to her; but this far-off influence had changed his life. Now she had sought him. She had called him, softly, "Dock!" and when he stood beside her horse and looked up, the fair face seemed doubly fair, shining from the depths of her long bonnet. Drive a bargain with Hannah! he would see Lizer dead and buried first. It hurt him to think of her going about Sewanee peddling. It was very well for Lizer and the like, but Hannah was different. He had heard enough to make him sure that she was peddling to save herself from Si Durket, and that she peddled against her grandmother's will. He had seen her cutting wood and hauling it, too. Already he had carried wood there in the night, not enough to attract attention, but enough to help her. He must help her against Si, or he would have to kill Si. A quarrel was "easy picked."

Presently Mrs. Wilson's voice, ordering the boys to bring in wood, reminded him that the more wood he cut to-day, the more time he would have to help Hannah next week. He put down his pipe, and soon the quick, sharp strokes of the axe rang through the stillness, until Hannah could hear them between her own less powerful blows.

She listened, and wondered what wages he would demand. Speaking to him, she had become sure of his goodness, and felt that if he knew how hardly she was bestead, he would not push her.

"But I can't tell him, if his heart *is* kind."

Si would come over the next day, it being Sunday, and she longed for snow or rain, even to the detriment of the ploughing, to keep him at home. But before evening the clouds were swept away before a stinging northwest wind, and the morning dawned brilliantly clear.

"You'll hev a good week a'-ploughin," Mr. Warren said, as he ate his breakfast.

"But we'll hev Si to-day," Hannah answered, "an' Granny will r'ar an' pitch if he riles her 'bout the peddlin'."

"Mebbe he won't say nothin', an' you kin keep him pleased."

Hannah looked up quickly. "If I makes b'lieve to favor him, I kin," she said; "but that's a big lie, Gramper, an' surely you don't mean hit, kase if you goes against me I'll go and hire out."

"Lord! youun's Granny'll die!"

"Well, she'll hev to die 'fore I'll tuk Si." She felt strong now that she had a little money laid by; nevertheless her heart quailed a little when she saw Si dismount at the gate. She heard him come into her grandfather's room, and she longed to run away; instead, she emptied the water from the buckets, and, when the dishes were put away, sat with buckets on either side and her bonnet on. Presently a chair was moved, and Hannah was gone. Si found the kitchen empty. But, lengthen it as she would, the work was done at last, and when Mrs. Warren called her she had to go. She took her seat close to her grandfather, who laid his hand on hers, that rested on the arm of his chair.

Si was giving a grand description of a visit he had made lately to Chattanooga. It was something to have travelled on the railway, but a visit to Chattanooga was a thing to date from. He had brought back some "*see*gyars," one of which he now smoked with much ostentation.

Mrs. Warren looked and listened to her nephew with undisguised admiration, every now and then putting in an encouraging exclamation. This great man was a Durket—the Warrens could not have produced him. She had tried her best to make her boys Durkets. She had showed them the "Durket sperret" faithfully; but each son as he married chose the quietest woman he could find. And now her granddaughter, who had this golden opportunity of mating with the flower of the Durkets, refused—and stood to her refusal with a strength in which Mrs. Warren might have seen a strain of "Durket sperret," if she had not been convinced that it was Warren obstinacy.

Presently Hannah was sent to see after dinner, then Si said: "We'll walk a piece after grub, Hannah."

"I dunno——"

"Yes, you do!" Mrs. Warren struck in; "I'll clean up—go 'long."

Hannah was tempted to hide, but the

storm would then fall on her grandfather, who was bound to his chair, and always at the mercy of that merciless tongue. She must go with Si, and if there was a battle to be fought she must fight it.

"If there's a bad place in the road, pick up youun's foot an' cross it quick," she said to herself as she put the dinner on table—"thar' ain't no use in doubtin'—git over." Then she helped her grandfather, and went back into the room as Mrs. Warren and Si left it.

She found that as yet nothing had been said about the peddling, and Si seemed in a good humor.

"But he hes hearn," Hannah thought, and took as long as she could to eat her own dinner.

At last the time came, and she passed quickly through the gate that Si held open, and turned into the public road going down the Cove. The bare trees along the mountain-tops seemed to be cut in ebony against the brilliant blue. The buds were swelling—the moss and lichens on the gray bowlders looked a brighter hue, the fields spread brown and ready for work, the birds were flying about busily, and through the stillness came the sound of falling water. The winter was done, and all nature was glad for the warm, soft wind that touched it into life again. The feeling swept over Hannah, too—a thrill of health and strength. The young year called to her youth that sprang forward to meet it. How happy she could have been! Si was still telling of the glories of Chattanooga, and Hannah had begun to hope that the walk would terminate peacefully, when he turned and said:

"Would you like to live to Chattynoogy?"

Hannah started, and answered, more sharply than was wise: "No, I wouldn't."

"An' why not?"

"Kase I ain't heard you tell 'bout nothin' thar 'ceppen cursin' an' whiskey, an' I hates both."

Si laughed and pulled a flat bottle out of his pocket. "Thet's the best friend in the country," he said, "an' you'd soon larn to like hit—hit's good. Why, gal, thet cost nigh onter *two* dollars a gallon! But Si Durket ain't feared o' spendin'."

Hannah was silent, hoping that Si would go on talking as he had done before, but he had other intentions.

"Would you like to live 'cross the mountain?" he asked, stooping to look under her bonnet.

Hannah drew back quickly. "No, I wouldn't;" and the tone of disgust in her voice cut her cousin like a lash.

"Damn it, then, you needn't," he answered, viciously, kicking a stone into the fields that lay below them. "An' peddlin' is what you likes—peddlin' alonger Lizer Wilson an' Jane Harner an' sich—sittin' round folks' back do's alonger the niggers till the fine ladies come to buy; you likes thet."

"Peddlin' is hones'," Hannah answered, and turned toward the house. She was afraid to go farther away with Si in this humor.

"Whar's you agoin'?"

"To milk the cows."

"Damn the cows!" But Hannah walked on, and he had to follow her or be left. He made a long step. "Hannah!" and he caught her sleeve. She stopped and looked at him quietly. "Is you agoin' to marry me?"

Hannah turned her head away and moved forward as if deliberating; but Si still held her sleeve.

"Is you?" drawing nearer. Hannah took off her bonnet and turned it about in her hands.

"Weuns don't suit, Si," dropping the bonnet, and Si, stooping for it, let go her sleeve.

"Hit suits me, an' hit suits Aunt Tildy; you is the only one that can't be satisfy."

"Well, I'm the main one," her voice growing firmer, as she caught sight of Dock Wilson in a field near by. But Si went on with a patience that surprised her.

"An' what about me don't please you?" he asked.

Hannah shook her head. "Fire don't suit water," she answered. "An' corn won't grow outer 'tater eyes, but I dunno why."

"An' you won't?"

"I can't."

"An' who's agoin' to run this place an' feed the old folks?"

"I is."

"Peddlin'? Not if I knows hit. None o' my women folks ain't agoin' to do thet, an' I'll show Aunt Tildy why. I knowed you were up to some trick when I hearn Jane Harner a-tellin', but you'll not go agin. If you do, thar'll be sicher talk raised as'll compel you to tuck anybody that axes you. An' everybody knows thet whoever comes nighst Hannah Warren is got Si Durket to fight."

Hannah walked on, silent.

"Does you onderstan'?" Si repeated, his head seeming to flatten in his anger like the head of a snake.

"I do—an' I tell you right now, Si, thet Hannah Warren 'll stay Hannah Warren furever," her eyes burning ominously into his. "You ner Granny can't skeer me; an' you kin tell all the lies you wants to 'bout me, kase if lies grows fast, truth grows strong."

Si uttered a great oath and raised his arm. Hannah smiled.

"You knocked youun's mammy, but ——" then she paused, for at her words a livid hue overspread his face, and his arm dropped. For a moment she watched him, then walked away; and Dock, out in the fields, kept her well in sight.

The cows were gathered round the gate, and, letting them in, she went for the pails and food. Mrs. Warren met her.

"Whar's Si?" she asked. Hannah pointed to an elevated part of the road, where Si could be seen leaning against a tree, and Mrs. Warren let her go. She was trembling with excitement, and longed to warn her grandfather of the gathering storm. She led the cows to a position that her grandfather could see from the window, and Si coming in would not pass near. She heard a cheerful whistle, and saw Dock leaning on the fence, looking over the fields they would plough the next day. She took no notice, but was glad he was near.

Steadily she went on with the milking, wondering why Si did not come. It was possible that he was emptying the bottle he had shown her; if so, anything might happen. At last he came, and, passing without a word, went into the house. She saw that he still had her bonnet in his hand; perhaps he was not very drunk, but she shivered a little. She was milking the last cow when voices reached her. Her grandmother's voice, rising higher and higher, and Mr. Warren's weaker tones calling out—"Mertildy—Mertildy!" Dock's whistle rose with the voices, and she saw that he had climbed the fence and was sitting on the wood-pile. He nodded as she looked, and she nodded in return.

"Hannah Warren!" She started—her grandmother was standing in the open lobby. She took up the pails and went in. There was no fear or nervousness in her demeanor, except that her hands trembled a little as she strained the milk; but even that had ceased by the time she washed them, and, pulling down her sleeves, turned to face her grandmother.

Mrs. Warren did not understand the expression on the young face that looked so full in hers; an expression of cold hardness mixed with a little contempt; a look the old woman had never met before. For the moment she was disconcerted and turned toward her room, then, the spell of the look being broken, her voice rose sharp and clear. "This away!" she called; "come right in; I'll hev the truth o' this dratted business or die—come in!" But Hannah felt secure; her grandmother had flinched before her look, and instantly she felt a pity for what was weaker than herself. She would explain and keep the peace if possible, and she took her seat near her grandfather, just opposite Si.

"An' now, Hannah Warren, jest say what you mean by alyin' 'bout apples as were promised; jest tell the truth if you kin, fur I'll hev it outer you or die!" and Mrs. Warren's voice was rasping in its bitterness as she stood with arms akimbo, glaring at the two who sat so close together.

"Hit worn't no lie; I did tuck up apples I hed promised to Miss Agnes Wellin' an' Mrs. Skinner."

"An' the meat an' the taters, whar'd you sell them?" stamping her foot as she came near. A faint color came in Hannah's face, but she answered, quietly still:

"I dunno what thet woman were named."

"No, thet you don't!" coming nearer still, and working herself up to a pitch of anger that would soon be beyond control; "but Si knows, he's 'cute as you, stealin' fust an' lyin' atterwards. How dar' you tuck them things—how dar' you go a-peddlin' 'thout axin' me—how dar' you—how dar' you do hit!"

"I never lied, an' I never stole, Granny," the girl answered, rising to her feet, "an' if you're a-goin' to keep Si Durket to crawl round an' spy on me, I'm a-goin'." She had risen because she expected now, what had always come with any burst of anger, quick, hard blows. And as she finished speaking the brown, sinewy old fist flashed up, but as quickly the girl caught it in her strong young hand—an action that was more to Mrs. Warren than a return blow would have been, for it meant not war, but victory.

"Granny"—the low voice trembled, and the dark eyes flashed—"I've done tuk my last orders, an' I've done tuck my last blow. I'm a woman now, an' you must larn to 'member hit." A silence fell that seemed the silence of death, as the anger on the old face changed to terror, and a gray hue spread from lips to brow—a deadly gray hue as the fierce old eyes grew dim, and a slight foam came on the parched lips. It was an awful change, scarcely realized by the girl until a low cry from her grandfather made her spring forward and catch the reeling figure.

"Help me, Si!" she called, and between them they laid Mrs. Warren on the bed. "Open the winders an' fetch some water—" and while Si, half dazed with liquor, clumsily obeyed her, Hannah loosened the old woman's clothes, and Mr. Warren, unable to move, wrung his hands.

"She's hed hit afore!" he wailed, "an' they said not to make her mad no mo'—an' we never did—oh, Lord! hev mussy—hev mussy! I oughter hev tole Hannah, an' I never did. I never hed no 'casion, she were such a peaceable chile—an' now—Lord, hev mussy—hev mussy!"

No, they had never told her. With the old man's words there came to Hannah the memory of the years through which all had bowed to the relentless will of this old woman. She had thought there *was* some truth in her grandmother's scorn for the weakness of the Warrens that yielded so quietly to the "Durket sperret," and she had determined to vindicate the Warrens—alas! Those strong men submitted because they were strong, and the old woman ruled because she was weak. And now in her pride she had made all those years of sacrifice of no avail! There came a weak sigh. "Hesh, Gramper," she said, softly, to still the old man's wail, and motioned Si from the room. The sight of him would recall too much.

Dock watched him go, then walked away slowly.

"I'll help her agin Si to the tune of a bullet, if thar's a needcessity," he said to himself, "an' never feel myseff no sinner, nuther." And Hannah missed the friendly whistle that had helped her.

VII

Yet, ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The nightingale that in the branches sang—
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

Would but some winged Angel ere too late
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister or quite obliterate!

MONDAY was bright, and only cold enough to remind people that frost might still come to harass them. An exquisite morning, with that "sense of tears in mortal things" that seems ever to veil the glory of the spring.

Agnes Welling always declared that she liked Sewanee much better in winter than in the rush of summer gaiety. Question her, and it would be found that by "winter" she meant from the end of August to the first of July. From the crisply cool days of September, when the first touch of crimson is on the tall black gums, and the blue gentian bells bloom by the clear, brown streams; when the white shell flowers, like fallen stars, look up from among the shadowy ferns, it is as a dream—a dream where the air is sweeter than life; where the sky melts into illimitable depths of blue, and the purple haze, like the shadow of light, spreads over all the land. Then, in the great, still forests, the leaves float down softly, tenderly to death; the nuts fall—the squirrels drop from limb to limb—the brilliant lizards bask in the last warm sun, and the partridges whirr up and away from their hiding in the dry, brown leaves. Through the long white winter, when the trees bend with the weight of ice, and the snow hushes all to the silence of death—when the pulse of

nature beats so slow, and only the cold winds cry and move; through all the sweet waking of the flowers, and the fresh budding of the trees—through the glory of June to the glare of July—all this Agnes called "winter." And leaning on the gate this Monday morning, she thought, "Only to live is enough."

"A penny for your thoughts!" and Max Dudley joined her.

"I am mooning over the seasons, wondering which I like best."

"Which is the saddest? Tell me that, and I will tell you which you like best. Young people, ignorant of sorrow, have usually a leaning toward the melancholy."

"You being very old."

"Measuring by experience, yes. But about the seasons?"

"The saddest season in life must be when we have outlived our longings."

Max gave her a quick look. It was not often that she showed herself, yet now she had turned deliberately from the lighter side of the subject. Was it confidence in him? And he answered:

"That we cannot do. In youth we long for the future; after that, we look back with longing."

"And when is 'that'?"

"I do not know. In the turmoil we do not seem to see the line; then we look up, and all is behind us, save our longings."

"And regrets? They seem immortal."

"'Oh, last regret, regret can die!'"

"Poetry scarcely counts for proof."

"True poets are prophets," Max answered. "They glorify common things, purify all things, and interpret the universe."

"Does 'common things' include people?" Agnes questioned. "And does he make *them* glorious, or only cast a glory about them?"

"Yes, to both questions," looking at her with a smile, "because I have that great liking and respect for the lower classes which you say you cannot understand. I like them, even if they be moles and our favored selves squirrels."

"That is a very good simile," Agnes maintained, "for their lives are passed in the blackness of intellectual darkness."

"And ours in the high tree-tops of culture. Even so, but to what better purpose? The mole makes a living; what more does the squirrel? And what difference does it make to the mole so long as he does not know what it is to be a squirrel? Of course I am thankful that I am a squirrel; still, if I were a mole, I hope that I should be in this same state of mind, and burrow diligently into the best potato-patch I could find."

"And you do not think you would want to rise if, for instance, you were a Covite?"

Max shook his head. "If you should ask a Covite that question," he answered, "he would very soon show you that he did not consider your condition any better than his own. And if you changed his environment, he would not thank you any more than the mole would thank you if you should take him from his burrow and put him up a tree. Yet this is what you aim at in your educational crusade. I object to it. I like these people through this country, who have the habits and even the thoughts of eighty years ago, and with it a sturdy independence of opinion."

"And you do not think that Hannah Warren, for instance, would be better for an education and a little civilization? Think how charming she would be if well dressed and speaking good English."

"But not moulded by a free school. From that she would return, probably, with frizzed bangs and a great love for chewing-gum."

"Horrid! But here she comes now; see how pretty she is."

Max turned and saw Hannah leading her horse. She was walking very slowly, with her bare head drooped, and in her hand her bonnet and a tin bucket.

"She is almost beautiful," Max answered, "but do you think that drapings and a fantastical hat would improve her?"

"I think a simple white frock and a big white hat would make her altogether beautiful; and the mole would not be 'up a tree,' but developed into an ideal squirrel, for it would have the corn-bread training of the mole and the graces of the squirrel. She would be *your* ideal. Shall we civilize her?"

Max looked at her questioningly for a moment, then laughing, he answered, "By all means."

Hannah was about to fasten her horse, when she became aware of their presence, and a wave of color swept over her face,

while her soft eyes looked from one to the other.

"How do you do, Hannah?" and Agnes stretched her hand over the fence in greeting. Hannah looked puzzled, then Max taking her bonnet and bucket, she gave him a grateful glance and took Agnes's outstretched hand.

"I'm well as common, Miss Agnes, but granny's sick. She were tuck bad yisterday; she's deep in the bed this mornin'."

"And you have brought some butter?" Agnes went on, holding out her hand for the bucket.

"Let me bring it in for you!" Max said. But Agnes shook her head and walked away. Max watched her a moment, then turned to Hannah, who looked so wearily dispirited. "What ails your grandmother?" he asked.

"She got mad fust, an' then she hed a fit, tell I 'llowed she were dead."

Here Agnes came back. "Your bucket will come in a moment," she said; "won't you come in and rest?"

"I'm obleeged to you, Miss Agnes, but I'm after the doctor; I'll stop back fur the bucket." As she turned away she looked up at Max. "Gramper 'members you, Mr. Dudley, and wants to see you an' Miss Agnes powerful; but when you comes," looking pleadingly from one to the other, "for the mussy sake don't say nothin' 'bout peddlin'."

"Of course not; and if there is anything I can do for you, Hannah, you will promise to let me know?"

"Yes, sir." The low voice was tremulous, and the dark eyes full of tears. "I'm in a dark trouble, Mr. Dudley; far'well."

"That was a picturesque expression," Agnes said; "some love-affair, I suppose. They are usually the dark troubles of youth."

"It seems to be her grandmother, not a likely hero for a love-affair; and she begged us not to mention peddling."

"Here comes Mrs. Wilson," Agnes said; "let us ask her."

"But not betray Hannah."

"Of course not," looking at him curiously for a moment.

"Good-mornin', Miss Agnes; is you hearty?"

"Yes, thank you, Mrs. Wilson; what is it this morning?"

"Jest a few aigs. I coulder sold 'em, but I allers brings 'em here fust."

"I do not think I want them. Is Mrs. Warren very ill?"

"Nothin' but tantrums," grunting contemptuously. "She's sot on Hannah amarryin' her cousin Si Durket, and Hannah's sot agin hit. An' Hannah slips off an' peddles for money to run the place, an' ole Mrs. Warren 'llowed that Hannah couldn't run the place, an' would jest hev to tuck Si, an' she's mad tell she's sick; an' thet's the jig they're dancin' to now."

Max looked indignant. "Poor girl!" he said.

"Hannah'll not git hurt," Mrs. Wilson sneered, and went her way. "A 'mole romance' for you, Mr. Dudley," Agnes said. "I suppose there is a 'true love' somewhere to whom Hannah is faithful."

"And you laugh at true love? Give me time and I will prove it to you," a betraying earnestness creeping into his voice.

"As much as you like," and Agnes turned away.

VIII

> Alas! shall hope be nursed
> On life's all-succoring breast in vain,
> And made so perfect only to be slain?

Mrs. Warren's attack seemed to have taken all hope out of Hannah's life, for opposition to the old woman's will might mean death. She longed to go away and work, and send the money back, but she could not. For years her father and grandfather had led lives of purest self-abnegation, and as they had borne so she must wait and bear; and some words her father used to say seemed now to have been the keynote of his life. "Hit's easier to hurt than to heal," he would say, and leave the house to smoke his pipe outside. And now, as she rode through the glancing lights and shadows of the sweet spring day, she had a great longing to tell her father that she understood him now, and would follow in his footsteps. "I'll do jist what he done, kase if I kills granny, all he done is gone fur nuthin', an' what he planted shell be gethered." She had been taught by example, and the lesson had gone very deep.

Mrs. Warren had refused to talk the

night before, and this morning had spoken only to find fault and to order the doctor. This would diminish Hannah's savings sorely, and there was an unacknowledged suspicion in her mind that the physician had been called on purpose to absorb this money. In this, however, Hannah was mistaken, and this demand for medical attention was a pledge of safety. Mrs. Warren was far more afraid of having another fit than Hannah was of causing it. The thought of death coming in this sudden way terrified her, and she was pitifully eager to avoid it. All her life she had been superstitious about the number three, and now saw death in the third fit.

She had dressed herself and put things to rights as usual; then, taking her knitting, sat down near the window, watching, with miserable but silent anxiety, for Hannah. She was feverishly anxious that things should seem as at other times, and the deprecating tenderness of her husband was dreadful to her. "For the Lord's sake, John Warren, quit awhinin'!" she cried, nervously; "you needn't be afeared that I'm agoin' to hev any mo' fits. But Hannah's got mo' sperret 'an any Warren I ever seen. Hit's better to git mud on you by prancin' 'an by crawlin', but she ain't agoin' to prance on me."

Hannah found things so much as usual on her return that Sunday began to seem like a bad dream. "The doctor's acomin'," she said; then, as Mrs. Warren neither looked up nor answered, she turned to leave the room.

"Ain't thar nothin' mo' to tell?" Mrs. Warren said, sharply. She was anxious to be diverted, and angry because she knew that in her absence Hannah would have much to tell Mr. Warren. Hannah came back and knelt in front of the fire. "Miss Agnes were leanin' on the gate, an' Mr. Dudley," she began; "an' I tole 'em I come fur the doctor kase you were sick, an' they were mighty sorry; an' Mr. Dudley says if thar were anything he could do, jest to let him know."

"I'd be rayly proud to see Mr. Dudley," Mr. Warren said, as Hannah paused, "when he talks I think I'm hearin' the paper read."

"An' the doctor axed amany a question," she went on, "an' he prophesied thet you'd be up 'ginst I got home, an' you is." The old woman listened eagerly; if the doctor could tell that much from questions, perhaps he could cure her entirely. She felt much happier, and answered Hannah's next question amiably.

"Yes, you kin make a few biscuit, an' make some rale strong cawfee; I reckon the doctor'll tuck a swaller."

Hannah went out to the fence after this, and as she waited for Dock's slow plough she wondered what had happened to sweeten her grandmother's mood.

"You hev done a heap," she said, as Dock paused and drew his shirt-sleeve across his forehead; "I'll bet you ain't rested."

"I ain't tired yit," Dock answered; then looking away, "the doctor don't tuk no pay from po' folks," he said, "but he'll tuck pay from you."

"I know hit," wondering how much Dock knew of her difficulties, "an' I've got hit, an' for you, too, Dock."

"Hit don't make no difference 'bout me," seizing his plough-handles as if for instant departure, "I kin wait—or never," he added after a moment's pause. Hannah looked at him curiously. She remembered his waiting until Si left, and how this morning he had come at the first streak of dawn and cut a great pile of wood; and as she watched him standing there with averted face, her eyes filled with tears of gratitude.

"I'm 'bleeged to you all the same, Dock," she said, "but I've got the money." After dinner Hannah "geared up" old Bess and joined Dock in the fields, and when the evening fell she thought she had never seen such an honest day's work. And while her grandmother and Dock were eating their supper in the kitchen, Mrs. Warren talking so affably about the doctor's visit that she astonished Dock into a brisk conversation, Hannah told her grandfather all Dock's goodness and gave him the money to pay Dock. "I can't do hit, Grandpa," she said, "kase thar's a heap that money can't pay fur, an' I 'llow he'd ruther git hit from you."

Tuesday rose clear, and Hannah hurried through her housework, for, in spite of all Dock's exertions, her absence the day before had made a difference. If her grandmother would only get dinner as usual; but she did not suggest it. While she

ploughed her thoughts wandered off to Agnes Welling—so fair and delicate. The white clouds brought Agnes back to her; so did the soft, fresh wind as it swept by. A sense of coarseness came over her. She was like the clods her plough turned: she was clumsy, like her own heavy shoes that she had silently compared with Agnes's dainty slipper. What made the difference? Her thoughts glanced from Si Durket, as lowest in the scale, to Max Dudley, and to the other young man she had seen first with Agnes. That first day she had decided that he was Agnes's "sweetheart," but she was doubtful about it now, for Max Dudley was with her so much oftener. She tried to think of Agnes as mated with Si, and blushed at the thought. What was it made the difference? Until she had gone to Sewanee, she had thought herself the best—her grandmother had taught her this; but now she knew her grandmother had been mistaken. And the valley people who had laughed at the Sewanee people as "fools, 'llowin' they wuz extry fine kase o' book larnin'"—they were mistaken, too. She saw at once that there was a difference in favor of the Sewanee people, and if books made this difference, they were right to care for books. Had any one observed this before? She would ask her grandfather; he would know.

Suddenly the sound of the horn blown sharply, roused her, and seeing her shadow gathered close about her feet, she hoped that Mrs. Warren had prepared dinner. She was loosing her horse from the plough when another sharp blast made her drop everything and run. Reaching the yard, she saw Mrs. Warren hurrying about, and felt relieved.

"Fur mussy sake hurry!" the old woman cried. "Youun's Uncle Durket's adyin', an' Si hes sent fur me. Git me sumpen to eat quick, while I gits my things"—her voice was tremulous—"My po' brether; an' I ain't seen him so long. Po' Dave—po' Dave!—jest to think!" and while she talked, walking back and forth, putting things together in a bundle, Hannah prepared dinner, and Mr. Warren watched his wife uneasily. She ought not to go, but, in her present state of nervousness, opposition might do more harm than the ride and the tumult she would find "over the mountain;" so he said nothing except "Po' Dave—who would hev thought it?" This monotonous little refrain seemed to please Mrs. Warren, for she paused sometimes to hear it, at last she said—"Sure enough, who would hev thought hit? But when the Durkets start to do anything, they don't mind what folks think." She became less nervous after this, for her own speech reminded her that she had the Durket name to sustain, and a little accident like death must not upset her. At last all was arranged, and Hannah went with her to the gate.

"I'll stop tell atter the buryin'," she said, "an' see how things is left; I most knows hit'll all come to Si, kase young Dave ain't got good sense, if he is oldern Si. An' if I sends fur you to come to the buryin', Hannah, leff Dock alonger youun's Gramper an' come."

"All right, Granny," and as the little procession moved away, she hurried to the kitchen, shutting her grandfather's door as she passed, and carrying with her the picture of him so helpless, so patient. The old man's mind was back in the days when he was courting Matilda Durket, the handsomest, richest, tartest girl in the county; with one brother David, who managed afterward to get all the property.

"If I hed amarried Mertildy fur her money, I woulder made some fuss 'bout Dave gittin' everything, kase half were rightly Mertildy's. But I hed enough, an' mebbe I'm adoin' Dave a onjestice, an' him adyin'. Mebbe hisn's par give hit to him fa'r an' squar'; but he's got white eyes, an' thet ain't a good color fur a hones' man." Then he sat silent, gone back into days that had come to seem like dreams; and started with a cry when Hannah came with his dinner.

IX

An eye to everything—keen eyes like gimlets:
And a tongue—there are no words for that!
So bitter, sharp, so hard, so swift to probe
Into the heart of things; and for excuse—
For making black look white—no tongue like hers.

FROM inertia solely, Mrs. Warren had fallen into the habit of staying at home, until at last she looked upon it as a virtue.

From this she came to rail mercilessly on those whose habits were different, calling them "slip arounds" and "light heels," and other unpleasant names that made her own going impossible, except in cases of necessity. But this journey was such a necessity, and Mrs. Warren enjoyed it in spite of its occasion, or, rather, *because* of its occasion, for nothing makes people so important as affliction. The Warrens and the Durkets stood on the same social level, and as the two aristocratic lines met in Mrs. John Warren, she was regarded as a very important person, indeed; and, assisted by her temper and tongue, she kept people greater than Lizer Wilson in much awe. Of course it would be noised abroad that Mrs. John Warren was coming, and this would insure a gathering of the "upper ten" from all the valleys. People would come even from the "Beech settlement." The Budds would be there: not as rich as the Durkets, but more travelled, for they had been not only to Nashville and Chattanooga, but one member of the family had penetrated as far as Atlanta on the one side and Memphis on the other. Thus, although without the blood of the Durkets, the Budds had achieved a position that in some respects rivalled theirs. Then Dave Durket, Jr., had married Minerva Budd.

Mrs. Warren knew that she was going where she would be treated with distinction, and was pleasantly excited. She shuddered once or twice when she remembered that Jane Harner had probably spread the report of Hannah's peddling, and as the exploit could not be denied, she must tell them that Hannah had gone to visit a friend in the University. It was true that Mrs. Warren had a contempt for Sewanee, and so far had ignored it; but the Sewanee people could not be despised save for their thriftlessness, born of love of books; for no one could prove that they were not as well born as any family in the valley. They behaved as if they were above their neighbors, but this mistake, she felt, came of that same pride of knowledge. Young Mrs. David Durket, Mrs. Warren's dearest foe, was a graduate of a country college, and thought herself learned, but she knew no Sewanee people, and if Mrs. Warren could emphasize the fact that Hannah had friends among these new people, who ate and drank books, it would be pain to Mrs. Dave. Further, she could say that one combining Durket and Warren blood could do what she pleased. She went so far as to acknowledge to herself that she had made a mistake in railing at the girl, and in not presenting this view of things to Si; for Mrs. Warren still clung to the thought of the Durket alliance. This visit could be turned to good account, if used properly, and enable her to rectify many things. She had never been able to *prove* that her brother had cheated her out of her share of the property, but she knew that it had happened only because of her absence. Her brother had taken the position that his father did not want the property divided, and that he, David Durket, would, in his turn, leave the land intact to one son. And Si thought, and the community thought, and Mrs. Warren was sure, that the heir would be Si; for the other son, David, was weak-minded.

But David had married a woman, Minerva Budd, who was far from weak-minded. She never resented the opinion that Si should be the heir; instead, she made much of Si; almost as much as she made of the old man, who never before had received such flattering attentions.

It was a long, rough ride across the mountains, and Mrs. Warren was tired before her horse began to bog along the red clay valley, and was thankful when at last she arrived.

Nothing seemed changed since her girlhood. The fences seemed the same, with about the same number of rotten and of missing rails. She seemed to see the same cows and horses—the same stumps. She could swear to the stumps—for who ever wasted time on a stump? The enclosures about the house were absolutely unchanged, only that the apple-trees looked a little older. The branch was full, as always in the spring, and she could have declared that the geese had not changed even a feather.

Si came out and helped her down, looking supernaturally solemn. Mrs. Dave waited in the doorway. Her front hair painfully frizzed, long earrings in her ears, her stumpy fingers much beringed—and her jaws working patiently and doggedly on a piece of "chewing gum," for, in spite

of her travels and mental attainments, she had retained that barbarism.

"How sweet *too* welcome those we love, Aunt Warren!" she said. "And are you well?"

"Well as common," Mrs. Warren answered.

"An' had you an enjoyable ride *too*-day?"

"No, hit were dratted rough, Minervy Budd, an' you knows hit. How's my po' brether?"

"My dear papa is weakenin' sadly," leading the way upstairs. "You'll want *too* remove your ridin' skirt, dear Aunt," opening the door into a gaudily papered but fireless bedroom. "My dear papa's apart*ment* is on the right as you descend; an' I must return *too* my dooties;" and, waiting for no reply, she left the room.

Mrs. Warren's ire was rising. "Hit's enough to make a hog sick," she muttered, "to hear that fool go on, an' she as ugly as a pot o' home-made soap. *Her* dear 'pup-par'—Lord! what is we acomin' to? A Budd as much as callin' a Durket daddy—let alone 'pup-par!' An' her 'dooties,' an' 'too-day!' Work is good enough fur anybody, an' *ter*-day is too good fur a Budd. But when a man marries a parry-toed, whinin' fool like my po' brether done, they must speck to hev chilluns like young Dave; an' only God knows who them chilluns'll marry. But this *is* rale purty paper," regretfully; putting her spectacles in place, "an' the beds is right well dressed, but I'd ruther hev a fire 'an all them frizzled papers asetting in thet ole pitcher." She looked about a little longer, then unbuttoned the ginger-colored skirt that had protected her during the long ride, and shook out her frock. This frock was black, and a good piece of stuff, and the handkerchief about her throat was silk, and fastened with a large gold brooch, in which was set a ghastly picture of her husband. Her earrings had been put on before she left home, for she had not kept straws in the "bores" of her ears all these years for nothing. Her hair was screwed on top her head with a high comb brought from "North Calliny" by her mother. It had made her sun-bonnet rather uncomfortable, and the big hoop-earrings had felt very heavy, but she "hed to put on good clothes to down Minervy Budd." She smoothed her knitted mittens up over her wrists, and extracting a large white handkerchief from her bundle, she folded it up as small as possible and, holding it tightly in her hands, began a stately descent on the lower regions.

"I wonder who's gethered," she muttered. "Thar's nothin' like a rale good sickness fur getherin' folks. I reckon Minervy Budd is got too much larnin' to hev anything to eat; I reckon she specks us to chaw newspapers. Hardy, Dave!" to her nephew who stood in the barren, bleak hall that was checkered from end to end with a mosaic of red clay foot-tracks.

"Hardy, Aunt Tildy, is you well?"

"Well as common. Minervy looks as biggitty as a settin' hen," shaking hands carelessly, "how's youun's Par?"

"Dad's agoin'. This do', Aunt Tildy," holding one open.

Mrs. Warren paused a moment, then entered with the dignity she thought due to herself, and saw that she made an impression. Mrs. Dave Durket saw it, too, and wondered, but stood aside, with her eyes cast down. Besides the sick skeleton propped up on the bed, there was quite a number of people sitting in the room, waiting, with solemn faces and folded hands, to see their friend die.

As Mrs. Warren had expected, the Budds were there; also Dr. Slocum, the family physician, and his wife; and Mrs. Billingsly and her husband, Preacher Billingsly, who was a lawyer as well. He was a friend of long standing, and when Si returned on Sunday he had found Preacher Billingsly there, and from that time he had never left the sick man.

As Mrs. Warren entered, the preacher and the doctor rose. Others rose, too, and all watched the meeting.

"Hardy, brether Dave, does you know me?" approaching the bed and taking in hers the bony hand that lay on the quilt. The hollow eyes opened. "Yes, Tildy," then drawing her down he whispered, "I've done right 'bout the lan', an' John Warren were mighty good never to make no fuss."

As Mrs. Warren had but one idea of right in regard to the land, this puzzled her, but she answered so as to be heard, "The Warrens hed plenty, Dave." Away from the Warrens she was loyal.

"An' as Hannah's agoin to tuck Si, she'll

git youun's shar', Tildy." Then his breath failed him, and the doctor put some whiskey to his lips, while the spectators watched breathlessly, and none so breathless as Mrs. Dave. Si came in and leaned over his father, but the old man shook his head.

"Tildy, come close," he muttered, and again Mrs. Warren bent over him. "I keeps on aseein' Dad, Tildy," he whispered. "He ain't never leff me since Sunday. He keeps on aholdin' up hisn's han's like I wuz agoin' to knock him." A pallor crept over Mrs. Warren's face, that seemed to spread to Si's as they looked at each other, and she whispered, "Did you do it, Dave?"

"Yes, oh, Lord! yes!" he wailed, "won't my sins git no forgiveness?"

"Yes—yes! Brother Durket," struck in Preacher Billingsly, who had caught only this last wail, "jest hev faith, Brother Durket."

The hollow eyes seemed on fire. "But my ole Dad ain't *never* rested," he cried aloud, and the company shivered. "Day ner night—day ner night—he ain't never left me. He comes an' goes. I've seen him amany a time apeepin' in thet do'—an' arockin' in the cheer by the fire — an' acropin' up an' down the sta'rs—an' *thar* he is! Go 'way, Dad! go 'way! I've done jestice — jestice!" and while he stared and pointed he fell back dead. The women screamed, but the men, looking in each other's eyes, were still. Mrs. Warren stood there for one moment, then turned and went out like one in a dream. Her brother *had* intimidated her father—had stolen her share of the property, and had been haunted! All these years her father had never rested; had roamed and wandered, following up the thief; had come even when his son lay dying. She paused in the hall, trembling and uncertain. Si came up to her hurriedly with a glass of whiskey; he had been drinking and made her finish his potations. "Drink hit an' furgit all thet damned foolishness. Come git a bite," and taking her arm he led her into the long, low kitchen, where the family also ate. Jane Harner was serving, assisted by a friend, and their solemn greetings restored to Mrs. Warren some of her lost composure.

Si seated his aunt at the narrow table and helped her vigorously. Presently he went away, and when he returned, smelling more strongly of whiskey, he was supporting Minerva, and followed by Dave. "Eat, Aunt Tildy, eat!" he cried. "Eat, Minervy; hit were sickness made Dad crazy. Jane Harner, go call the folks. I'll sen' fur Hannah 'fore day, Aunt Tildy," helping himself. "She must git here 'fore the buryin'. Hit'll be ter-morrer evenin'. All's ready 'ceppen the grave, an' thet's easy dug now the ground is soft. Hit'll be over in the new graveyard whar Mar is buried; an' youun's Par, Aunt Tildy."

"Silas, my dear," snuffled Minerva, "graves is too much for my nerves. Will Cousin Hannah have a black dress, Aunt Warren?"

"Hannah Warren's got as much as you, Minervy Budd, an' she ain't made skimpy, nuther;" Mrs. Warren answered, her spirit was returning. "*She* don't look like no pickled cucumber. She's got good hones' eyes thet don't wink an' blink liker sore-eye dog alayin' in the sun; an' when she talks she says hit out like the best kinder folks is usin' to hear hit said, an' don't keep on awhistlin' hit liker pattridge in the springtime."

"True as Scriptur!" Si cried.

"An' if I send her word or no, she mout not put on all she's got; kase Hannah's got the Durket sperret if she *is* a Warren."

"She's got hit sho!" Si cried; and David blinked his foolish, big eyes and repeated, "Sho."

"I wants *too* see my Cousin Hannah," Minerva said. "I were away *too* cawlidge for so long a period, thet I hev not made her acquaintance, but, through Silas's speakin', I love her like a sister."

"Well, jest keep on," Mrs. Warren answered, "but don't look to see no fool from cawlidge. Hannah Warren's got good horse sense, an' don't need no cawlidge. God never made womens fur no cawlidge; an' jest so a woman kin wash, an' cook, an' sew, an' raise her chilluns, that's all the needcissity God is got fur her."

Minerva's little black eyes flashed, then were quickly cast down again. "I hope my Cousin Hannah'll like me, any how," she said, with a toss of her head.

"She mout, an' she mout not," Mrs.

Warren answered, "but Hannah don't like many folks; an' if Si wuz not astuffin' hisself, an' hisn's po' daddy abein' laid out, he'd sesso."

"Hannah peddles to Sewanee, don't she?" Minerva asked.

There was a little flutter in the audience, then a deadly pause while Mrs. Warren eyed Mrs. Dave, who answered her enemy's gaze with malice in her eyes that did not waver until Mrs. Warren answered, with apparent frankness, "Yes, she did go apeddlin'—leastways, she tuck Lizer Wilson 'long to do the peddlin' an' lead the nag. An' Lizer never hed no better sense 'an to tuck Hannah to the back do'; but Hannah knowed thet no Warren ner no Durket wornt made fur stannin' 'round back do's an' tradin' alonger niggers. So the nex' house whar Hannah knowed the woman, she sont Lizer to the kitchen, an' she went to the settin' room alonger Miss Agnes Wellin' an' Mr. Dudley; an' soon's he hearn her title he knowed her, an' were mightily pleased to git acquainted," nodding and smiling, while Minerva stared in astonishment. "An' Mr. Dudley an' Miss Wellin' is acomin' down to see Hannah. Yes, she peddled, but thet's the way she done hit. An' you'd peddle day an' night, Minervy Budd, to git to know them folks to Sewanee. But, Lord! them folks come from fur places, an' knows what's what, an' seen thet Hannah Warren air the right sort. An' talk 'bout book-larnin'—mussy! Them folks never stirs 'thout books in they uns' han's; but fur all thet some is rale nice. I tole Hannah, says I, 'Jane Harner 'll surely tell hit thet you peddles,' says I. Says she, proud-like, 'A Warren or a Durket kin do anything,' says she. I tell you, Hannah Warren is got the Durket sperret."

Here the door opened and Brother Billingsly came in. "My dearly beloved friends," said he, "will you please to walk in where our departed brother is layin' at ease, his sins forgiven and his soul at peace." The company rose, then waited for Mrs. Warren and Minerva to lead the way. Minerva took her aunt's arm, and drooped her head lovingly on her shoulder. Mrs. Warren did not seem to observe her, for now the awful scene of the death rushed back on her, and she trembled and turned pale. Family pride made her glad that none but Si and herself had heard the confession; and though the whole company had heard the last pitiful cry, they would think, and truly, that the justice that had been done was to herself, for everyone knew that her brother had kept the whole property.

Arrayed in his best clothes, with a large white handkerchief over his face, the dead man lay, stiff and stark, in the coffin that rested on two chairs. On either side of the empty fireplace sat Si and Dave. Dr. Slocum was close by the coffin. The bed was 'fresh dressed;' lighted lamps and candles stood about, for the day was closing, and a row of men were seated against the wall. As Mrs. Warren and Minerva approached the coffin, Dr. Slocum turned the handkerchief back with a gesture of resigned despair and looked away. Minerva fell on her knees and wailed aloud. Others began to groan and shake their heads with short, staccato grunts; but after one look Mrs. Warren walked away. The doctor had told her that excitement was bad for her, and she was afraid. She left the room where the people were now crowding about the coffin, shaking their heads and groaning as if in the profoundest woe. Nobody really cared, but it showed a gratifying family influence that so many pretended. It was going to be a "good buryin'," but she had done enough for one day, and needed rest and a smoke. She went to the kitchen, where Jane Harner and her friend were taking the first cups of the fresh coffee, made ostensibly for the 'watchers.' Jane had made it early in order to secure the grounds of former pots of coffee. If she waited, Mrs. Dave would herself secure the grounds. As cook, Jane had for two days provided with a lavish hand; and Mrs. Dave had not dared to watch or to object, for any shadow of carefulness on such an occasion would be the blackest disgrace. Jane's basket under the back steps had in it much cold pork, fried chicken, sausage, pies, cake, pickles and sugar; and Jane now hoped to arrange for more sugar.

At the moment of Mrs. Warren's entrance Jane was saying that Mrs. Dave was so "skimpin'," that even scraps were scarce, for Minerva was not "a rale Durket who wuz free-handed." She said this very loudly as she saw Mrs. Warren.

Mrs. Warren nodded. "That's true, Jane," she said, "an' I wish you'd kindle a fire upstairs; and I don't much keer if you burns up them dratted papers in the fireplace."

This was a golden opportunity, and Jane whipped off a sugar dish, saying, as she went, "everybody knows the Budds."

Mrs. Warren drew her pipe and tobacco from her pocket and, pulling a chair close to the fire, sat down. She filled her pipe, lighting it with a coal, then tucking in her frock between her knees and ankles to keep it from scorching, she leaned forward, with her arms crossed on her knees, and smoked vigorously. She drove her thoughts from the present to the rearrangements that would come about when Si took possession, with Hannah as his wife and herself as general director. She saw Minerva, vanishing. She saw Jane Harner installed as cook and general servant. She saw Hannah, very fine, rocking with idle hands, playing lady. She saw roaring fires—eternal cooking and company—she saw herself ruling all, the great woman of the county! Suddenly she remembered the lonely old man across the mountain. She shook her shoulders. A young man was needed to work that place; Jim and his wife could come, and if the old man was such a fool as to prefer that "Warren hole" to this "Durket paradise," he could stay. She was tired of the "lonesomeness an' po'-ness."

"Thar's a good Durket fire aburnin', Mrs. Warren." Jane startled the old woman as she flourished in with the emptied and refilled sugar dish. "Hit's good and big, like youuns is usen to."

Mrs. Warren knocked out her pipe. "You're mighty right, Jane Harner," she said. "The Durkets is usen to plentifulness; but some folks will eat a hog down to hits yeers an' tail—Lord!" and she walked to the door followed by applauding giggles. At the door she paused. "Did Si tell thet nigger to go fur Hannah Warren?" she asked.

"Mussy, yes! tole him fust thing."

"An' whar's the nigger? I wanter send a word to Hannah."

Jane glanced at her companion, then said: "He's gone, Mrs. Warren, he tuk the nags to ole black Judy's—" she hesitated, then blurted out, "he were feared; he said he dar'sent stay here kase o' the hant."

Mrs. Warren looked at her sternly. "Looker h'ar, Jane Harner, you is got mo' sense 'an to listen to sich foolishness. You know thet a dyin' man ain't 'sponsible fur all he says."

"Mussy, Miss Warren!" cried Jane, "I jest tole you what thet fool nigger said. Me an' Mincy never b'lieved nothin' like thet. But he *did* say that Si Durket couldn't git no nigger to stay, kase o' hisn's par adyin' so hard."

"Well, Si'll settle *thet* nigger," and Mrs. Warren left the room.

X

Of different clay? Not so, but with a soul
Pure-fibred through and through.

When Hannah arrived, everybody who could be expected was at the Durkets. Eating and drinking were going on briskly in the kitchen; and Jane Harner and her friend Mincy had become so confidential as to assist each other in filling the baskets under the back steps. Mrs. Warren greeted Hannah affably, Minerva gushingly, and Si, though flushed and excited by the morning's potations, was a little timid in his welcome. Minerva saw instantly that, as far as material went, Hannah's black frock surpassed her own, and, though strangely straight, it was not unbecoming to the tall, fair girl. She saw too that the brown hair rippled without any frizzing—that her skin was as smooth as ivory, and Minerva felt herself at a great disadvantage in the presence of this girl from "over the mountain." Nor could she account for the way in which people treated Hannah. Even Jane Harner, who had told scornful tales of the peddling, waited on her obsequiously; and when they entered the room where Brother Billingsly waited to "preach the funeral" Minerva saw that Hannah drew all eyes as she sat close beside her grandmother. Mrs. Warren saw it, too.

Preacher Billingsly did not make the sermon long, but he drew it very strong. He wound up with, "He was a dootiful son to his aged parents, a lovin' brother to his only sister, a devoted husband to

his departed wife, a true father to his children. An' when his call came, his sins and justice was his cry. 'Justice—justice!' he cried. An', now havin' done justice, he is at rest aplayin' on his golden harp, wavin' his silver wings an' asingin' hallelujah! Not for him do we weep, but for his sister an' his niece asettin' here, for his sons an' daughter-in-law astandin' here, for his brother-in-law over in the Cove. For these we weep. Yea, we shed tears, yea, we mourn an' beat our breasts; yea, we cry and plead for help for these bereaved ones. Help me to cry—help me—help me!" Immediately moans and groans began, and Minerva fell down in hysterics.

Then, one by one, the family approached and took farewell of the corpse, all kissing it except Hannah. With folded hands she stood a moment, then moved away, and Si swore a silent, mighty oath that some day he would "break that sperret." The people filed slowly round the coffin and out the door into the yard. The top was laid on the coffin, and the coffin put into a farm wagon. Dave drove, with Preacher Billingsly beside him. Si and Dr. Slocum took their seats on the coffin. Then the procession moved, Mrs. Warren and Mrs. Slocum in Dr. Slocum's lopsided old buggy; Minerva and Hannah following in the Durkets's equally old vehicle, whose back curtain, the top being down, hung almost to the ground, Mrs. Billingsly and Mrs. Budd in Preacher Billingsly's buggy, which had many points in common with the others. After that people came as best they could on foot, on horseback, and in wagons, winding down the muddy lane to where, on the edge of the woods, on the first swell of the mountains, was the new graveyard of the Durkets.

The coffin was put on two boards laid across the open grave, the top removed, and amid groans and cries the strange ceremony of the "last far'well" began. Minerva, Mrs. Budd, and Jane Harner yelled; Mrs. Slocum and Mrs. Billingsly groaned and rocked. Mrs. Warren, being afraid of excitement, wiped her eyes and blew her nose, and scolded Hannah under her breath. "You kin holler jest as good as Minervy Budd," she said, "an' ain't adoin' hit—hit's scannalous—jest scannalous!" But Hannah stood unmoved. The drawn, dead face looking so cold under the gray sky; the wind making strange noises in the bare trees as it swept down the mountain; the screams and cries—all brought back her father's funeral, that had been terrible to her. She only shivered a little when her grandmother spoke.

The coffin lid was screwed on, and during this operation Hannah saw Si retire to the wagon and seek comfort in his bottle. After this she watched him with some anxiety. She knew what would come next, and longed to draw her shawl up over her face, but she was afraid of what might happen if she did not watch, so she only pulled her long bonnet on a little farther, and watched Si.

The lowering of the coffin into the grave, and the beginning of a hymn by Preacher Billingsly, was the signal for a general row. Si jumped down on the coffin, yelling like a maniac. Minerva fell on Dr. Slocum in hysterics, while Dave and Mrs. Billingsly and Mrs. Budd mingled their tears and groans. On rolled the hymn, and in was shovelled the earth until Si stood ankle deep; then the Budd brothers pulled him out and laid him in the wagon dead drunk. At last it was over. The crowd dispersed, save the Slocums and Billingslys and Budds, who went back for another night at the Durkets.

The next morning an early beginning was made. Mrs. Dave seemed to be in a state of suppressed excitement that made her silly, for at breakfast she asked Mrs. Warren how soon she would leave. It was a most unusual question. Mrs. Warren listened in contemptuous astonishment, then made answer to the company at large. "Minervy Budd had better larn her place." Minerva giggled with what seemed pronounced insanity, and answered, "Too the best of my knowledge Durket farm *is* my place." Si looked up angrily. "Mind youun's eye, Minervy," he said. Minerva giggled again, but, Preacher Billingsly shaking his head, she said no more.

After breakfast Mrs. Warren desired to know how things were left. Si said that Preacher Billingsly should read the will, he having drawn it up. They gathered about the fire with the will. It was soon read, and left everything to his son, Silas Durket. Mrs. Warren nodded, saying, "Hit's bad Dave ain't got a rich gal." Minerva smiled. Si looked expectant, but

no one congratulated him, and Jane Harner in the background thought that things looked strange. Presently Brother Billingsly cleared his throat and began an exhortation on the vanity of riches. Mrs. Budd and her sons, Mrs. Slocum and Mrs. Billingsly, moved their chairs, making a sort of circle about Minerva and Dave. Mrs. Warren smoked. Si watched for a pause in which to go for another drink. Hannah longed to be gone. After a preamble, Brother Billingsly made the direct statement that Grandfather Durket had been unjust to his daughter, Sister Warren.

Mrs. Warren took her pipe from her lips and turned her face to the speaker, but Brother Billingsly was looking at Si. He went on to say that he had never held the old man responsible for the injustice ; that he and many others had suspected that his son, Mr. David Durket, had compelled him to do this. On Sunday these suspicions had been verified, for Mr. Durket had confessed that he had used violence to compel his father to leave him the property, and that ever since he had been followed by his father's spirit, which could be proved by all who had witnessed his death.

Brother Billingsly paused to wipe his lips. Jane Harner drew nearer—Hannah leaned forward—Mrs. Warren's face grew stern—Si, rising, leaned against the mantelpiece with a terrible expression in his eyes, and Minerva's silly smile gave place to a look of apprehension. Brother Billingsly smoothed down his back hair, then proceeded with what seemed a narrative.

He had come over on Sunday, he said, to see Brother Durket concerning his spiritual condition. He had found Dr. Slocum, Mr. Reub and Sam Budd, and their mother. In the mercy of Providence it seemed to be arranged that these witnesses should be there. Before them all Brother Durket had confessed his sins, telling the means he had used to intimidate his old father and get all the property ; that long ago he had repented, and now wanted justice done; that as his father had been treated so he had been treated, and driven by his son into making an unjust will ; and that before it was too late, and while he was supported by these dear friends, who were not to reveal it, nor to leave him until he was buried—he would make a just will.

Reub Budd changed his position so as to be between Brother Billingsly and Si, and put his hand back under his coat.

Billingsly now produced a paper which he explained was a certified copy of the last will, which had been deposited with the Clerk of the County Court for safety. This will read that the tract of land known as Durket Farm was to be divided into two parts ; the line to be drawn from the "big gum" that marked the limit on one side to the "mile-stone corner" which abutted on the public road ; that this line leaving the buildings and the spring on one half, making it the most valuable half, his sons must draw lots for it. All stock and tools must be divided by arbitration. That he had not left anything to his sister, as she seemed satisfied and as her granddaughter, Hannah, marrying Si, would get her share.

There was a deadly pause, and Hannah, moving her chair, seemed to touch a spring. Everyone sprang up, and Mrs. Warren, dashing her pipe into the fire, said, hoarsely : "Hit's a damned lie, Joe Billingsly —a lie, an' you know hit!"

"A lie!—a lie!" Si screamed, and raised a chair ; but Reub Budd covered him with a pistol, and the chair fell with a crash. Reub's action seemed to quiet things, and let Brother Billingsly's voice be heard insisting that they were Christians and this a Christian will, and the sooner the lots were drawn the better. This suggestion relieved the tension. Si realized that half the farm was gone ; still, he might draw the most valuable part, and if he could stay in the old house and kick the Budds out, he would not feel that he had fallen so far. He longed to begin the kicking, and agreed to draw lots immediately. Two broom straws stuck in cracks of the wall would be the method and Jane Harner be the tool, she being uninterested. She was not allowed to approach the company, and received her orders from Dr. Slocum, who said, in a loud voice :

"Break two straws from the broom—one long and one short ; stick them in two cracks, one each side the fireplace in Brother Durket's room ; then go out and slam the front door after you, and wait in the yard." Jane, looking half out of her wits, went her way, breaking up more than one straw on the journey. The awfulness of going alone into the room where the

"hant" had rocked in the chairs, and where all day yesterday the corpse had lain—and the more mundane terror of having a hand in the division of the Durket property shook her being to its foundations, for the Durkets were fierce and reckless. Hurriedly she stuck the straws in cracks so far apart that if one projected a little more it could not be detected. Then she scurried out, giving the door a great jerk. What a hollow, reverberating, awful sound it was!

Si started with an oath. Why had he let them put the straws in his father's room! It was there he had struck his mother—it was there he had intimidated his old father. He shivered as he remembered. How could he have any luck in there? All seemed spellbound until Dave rose. "I'm feared," he said. This broke the spell, and they moved toward the door in a body. Along the narrow hall they jostled, none wanting to be first or last, and at the open door of the dead man's room they paused in silence. Then again Dave said, "I'm feared"—and Minerva pushed him in. Si pushed his way through the group and, following the reluctant David, marched up to the fireplace. He paused; he could not touch the straws; he asked Dave, "Which hand?" and Dave, being left-handed, held up that member, causing his wife to snarl—"Don't he know thet han's unlucky—don't he know nothin'?"

Si knew it, and turned quickly to the right. He put his fingers on the straw, but did not draw it out until Dave did. One second Si stood still.

"Measure—measure!" came from the group in the doorway. Dave held up his straw, with a smile on his idiot face. It was at least three times as long as Si's!

Reub Budd strode into the room. From one to the other Si glanced, covered with Reub's pistol, then turned. He dashed his heavy heel against a window, driving out frame and glass. One wrench of the wreck with his hand, and he sprang through into the yard and was gone.

XI

The old heart sighs and waiteth patiently,
For Time is sure, and Truth is very strong.

"If you had seen Si lip outer thet winder, Gramper, you'd abeen feared he'd kill hisseff." Hannah was telling the story of the will, for Mrs. Warren had stated only the bare facts. She had watched Si's violent exit, then had ordered the horses. She had not said one word of farewell, nor had she spoken during the ride home. Arriving, she had given Mr. Warren an outline, had changed her dress, then sat knitting until supper, as silent as the dead.

The maltreatment of her father, and the defrauding of herself by her brother, were bad, but could be borne, because in her estimation they had aggrandized the Durkets. But that this evil should work for an enemy was intolerable.

When Hannah finished, Mr. Warren shook his head. "Si ain't agoin to kill hisseff," he said, "ner do nothin' to nobody what kin hurt him, 'ceppen when he's drunk. Big talkin' don't make big doin'; hit's these still tongue folks what's dangerous. An' now I know why Dave Durket ain't hed no luck. Mertildy's daddy were a hard man, but I never 'llowed Dave'd beat him when he got too weak to do nothin'. The Lord'll wipe the Durkets out if they ain't keerful. I've seen amany a name go out for the lack o' the Lord's blessin'. Peaceful folks what tries to do right don't make much stirrin', mebbe, but they spreads an' multiplies. But when folks gits biggitty an' tucks all they can git, then if you'll watch you'll see 'em fadin' outer the land. An' folks says mournful 'Thet's the last one'—they never 'llows thet God done hit kase the folks wornt wuth nothin' by hisn's count. If folks is fine, folks 'llows they oughter live."

"Minervy's mighty biggitty," Hannah said.

"But them Budds is mighty keerful; they allers cropes tell they're sure they kin walk. Now they've done crope inter Durket's farm, I reckon they'll start to stomp. But thar's no luck ner blessin' thar, an' I'm glad we ain't never hed a stick ner a straw frum thar."

Hannah looked up. "Si ain't got much now," she said; "won't Granny let me 'lone?"

"Thar ain't no tellin', Honey; Si's a Durket yit. Mertildy is asteddyin' 'bout sumpen, asettin' thar so still; but soon she can't hold hit, an' then I'll know. I never pesters her tell she gits done asteddyin'; then I 'grees tell I works her round. But

sayin' no at fust settles her fur ever-an-dever, an' she'll grind tell she gits what she wants. She gits sorry, too, but she'll die 'fore she'll sesso. Po' Mertildy! I wonder whar Si is?" looking up as Mrs. Warren entered.

"I ain't pestered 'bout Si," she answered, quickly, "an' if money an' Lawyer Blogs kin get them Budds out Si's house, they'd better start; for I'll hev my right now, sure."

"You didn't sure*ly* git youun's shar', Mertildy, but we hed plenty."

"John Warren," looking at her husband, severely, "you knows I ain't greedy ner gredgin'; but young Dave is a fool, an' no pusson gainsays hit; an' as fur Minervy Budd," slapping her hands together, "if I jest could box her jaws oncest, she'd not chaw none fur awhile. Gosh!" and taking a piece of corn-cob and a knife from her pocket, she began to hollow out a pipe-bowl. "An' them two fools *shent* hev the ole place."

"Ain't you got no pipe, Mertildy?"

"Pipe? I were that mad when Joe Billingsly — I ain't again' to call *him* 'preacher' ner brether, nuther—when he were areadin' thet paper thet I busted my pipe 'ginst the chimbly back. Gosh! I wish I hed abusted hit 'ginst Joe Billingsly's head. I wisht I hed! An' when I 'members how I jawed Hannah," looking down at the girl who kneeled in front of the fire, "kase she wouldn't holler at the buryin', I'm mad. If I'd aknowed what my brether Dave hed wrote in thet paper, I'd never hev gone nighst the buryin', much less hollered." Screwing a piece of cane into the hole she had made for the pipe-stem, "But I will say thet Hannah Warren never put me to no shame 'ceppen as a moaner, an' now I'm glad 'bout thet. An' when I seen Hannah astannin' 'longsider Minervy Budd, I says to Betty Slocum, says I, 'If hit ain't fur all the worl' liker horse an' a mule,' says I. But Betty knowed thet the mule were agoin' in the horse's stable, an' she never said nothin'. But I'll git my shar' if I hes to gie hit to ole Blogs."

"Gie Durket land to a Blogs?" her husband said, in surprise.

"I'd ruther the Blogs hev hit as the Budds."

"But the Budds ain't got hit—hit b'longs to the Durkets yit; an' if you tuck hit, hit'll be Warren land or Blogs land one; but leff hit, an' hit's Durket land yit. An' if Si'll do what I say, he'll build him a nice house. If I 'members, thar's a good grove o' trees on Si's side o' the place."

"You 'members," Mrs. Warren answered, "but them trees is in the ole graveyard. A lot o' Si's land is in thet graveyard, an' thar's heaps o' onjestice in the line drawed across the farm."

"I 'grees to thet, Mertildy, but Dave might hev hed the bad side jest like Si done. An' then sperrets walks in the old house. Thet nigger what come to tuck the nags back, says Dave'll not git no niggers to stay on hisn's place."

Mrs. Warren was silent. Perhaps Minerva had not gained so much after all.

"An' if Si'll jest do as I say," Mr. Warren went on, "he'll build him a house like them houses to Sewanee. Then thar'll be two Durket places." Hannah rose. She had to go; this soothing method did not seem honest to her, and yet she saw the wisdom. A difficult point had been rounded, and Si reinstated, as it were. But did not her grandfather realize that if once Mrs. Warren undertook the uplifting of Si, she would insist on Hannah's marrying him? A new house—new furniture—and then a wife? She raised her hand in a silent vow.

Si did not kill himself, but appeared in Lost Cove the next day in a vile temper; and Mrs. Warren became so much interested in persuading him to a quiet course of action, that she forgot the lawsuit she had threatened. She built and furnished Si's new house several times that morning, while Mr. Warren showed Si that if he chose the arbitrators wisely, and let them hear no complaint, that they would give him every advantage in the division of the stock and movable stuff. People knew that Dave had more than his share, and public feeling would turn to Si. By dinner Si was quiet, and he and Mrs. Warren took Dock into their confidence; while from her grandfather Hannah heard the morning's talk, and found that his sympathies were stirred for Si. Her uncle's belated justice was working against her.

While "gearing up" the animals Dock watched her furtively, and, putting the lines into her hands, said, "Youun's Gram-

per seems like he thinks more o' Si; an' youun's Granny is agoin' to stay in Si's fine new house. Will *you* go, Hannah?"

"*That* I won't."

"An' if youun's Gramper goes?"

The girl's face was white and set. "I'll hire out, or kill myself," she said.

Si went away pacified, and surprised Minerva so much by his quiet demeanor, that she insisted on his returning to his old quarters. And Si speaking of his new house, Reub Budd said that Dr. Slocum had a book of plans which he would get for Si. And the Budds, who had remained to keep the peace, rode away, feeling that things were safe. But Minerva's feelings were mixed. All the talk was for Si; all the plans were for Si—and she saw Hannah ruling over a much finer house, and Mrs. Warren playing the great lady. She began to think that she would rather have the new place.

The spring was turning out unusually bad. Rain and premature warmth that set all the fruit-trees blooming. "Thar'll be no fruit this year," Mrs. Warren said, "kase thar's 'bleeged to be a late frost." Hannah was troubled. Still, she had been lucky of late. The hens were doing well, and there were two litters of pigs, and the calf born lately was a heifer; so that there were some cheerful things. But the weather was bad, and she seemed to see the seed rotting in the ground.

Meanwhile Si came often. His house had been contracted for, and the lumber was on the spot near the old graveyard, where some trees had grown out of the burying limits, and made a pleasant shade.

Mrs. Warren had spent a night at Minerva's to look after Si's plans and the site, and when she came away she left Minerva feeling that the worst luck of her life was Dave's drawing the best half of the farm. The division of the movables and stock was now at hand, however, and Minerva determined to strike for her own advantage.

XII

I love thee with the breath.
Smiles, tears of all my life!—and if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

It had been a desperate night, the rain coming down in straight, relentless streams, and the soft, cloudy morning did not promise much for clearing. Hannah looked after the young creatures to see that none had been drowned; looked hopelessly at the fields, and thought anxiously of the big spring. This was a strange formation in the side of the mountain. A steep path climbed up to it, then climbed down again into a great basin of rock where lay the pool. It had no inlet or outlet—an underground lake, and tradition said that it had no bottom.

This morning when Hannah went for water she climbed up as usual, and, as the path was slippery, made a long step to put her over the top of the basin. The day before she had had to go down several feet to dip up the water—to-day she grasped the rock to regain her balance; for the water brimmed up to the top. She stood still in anxious astonishment. She had never seen it so high. She had heard her grandfather say that once or twice it had come over; the creek had backed up at the same time from the end of the Cove, the outlet not being large enough, and together they had flooded the little valley. Would there be a flood now? There was not much hope in the soft, gray sky; and she filled her buckets quickly. She must get the pigs and calves to a safe place. She must get Dock to help her. It was early, and her grandmother was just stirring when she went to tell the news. "Lord, Lord!" she heard her grandfather say, then groan as he realized his helplessness. She kindled the kitchen fire, and put on the kettle, then, mounting old Bess bare backed, she rode off to the Wilsons. Lizer stood in the door of the house, and Dock was at the wood-pile.

"Dock!" she called, "Dock, come quick!" and, dropping the axe, Dock ran. Lizer came forward, too, but Hannah had already turned, and, with Dock trotting alongside, was on the way home.

"The spring's clean up to the top," she explained, "an' yisterday I went down an' seen that the creek was abackin' up, an' I wants to git the stock to the mountain. Hit'll be awful, Dock."

"Mebbe hit won't; mebbe hit won't rain no mo'."

"But all what's done rained ain't riz yit," Hannah said, "an' the varmints 'll git the young pigs, sure."

"No they won't," Dock answered,

looking up, his kind face flushed with the quick time he was making, "kase I'll make a pen fur 'em an' kivver hit with rails; an' 'ginst night comes I'll build a fire nighst hit an' put my dog Buck in the pen, an' I reckon no varmints 'll come thar. An' we'll shet the calves in thar, too. "Jest don't you fret, Hannah."

"I won't; an' we'll put the chickens in the loft an' the wood in the house; but the crap, Dock?"

"You've got mo' seed, an' 'twon't tuck long to plant agin—not long."

Hannah never forgot that day, gray and chilly, and raining at intervals. Fortunately it was not far they had to go to build the pen, and the part of the rail-fence that was nearest the spot was quickly taken down and put into proper shape. Then Dock enticed the pigs and Hannah drove the calves, and, grunting and bleating, they were put away. The sitting-hens were the next difficulty. To move one is almost fatal, and Hannah was tempted to take the risk of the water; but an extra shower made her change her mind, and in tubs and baskets, the hens, unmoved from their nests, were transported to the loft, and left covered until they should quiet down.

At last the day was done, and Hannah, kneeling in front of the fire, looked very tired. But she felt more hopeful. The rain might put out Dock's watchfire, but the dog was in the pen, and the evil from the water was sure, while the evil from "varmints" was only possible.

"Hit seems to me like I hearn the water apourin' over at the spring," Mrs. Warren said, coming in suddenly. "Hit's bad; an' Dock's gone to turn the stock out, so they kin find a high place. Hit's bad to be shet up in a hole."

Hannah went outside quickly to listen. She could hear Dock's voice and the stumbling footsteps of the cattle; and the calves, hearing their mothers, began to bleat.

The rain had ceased, and in the pause she listened. She heard a dim sound like falling water; she could not be sure it was the spring, for any stream would sound on a night like this. She looked for Dock's fire. It was a good thought putting it into that hollow gum-trunk where the rain could not reach it. The trunk was big enough to burn all night, and if it fell it could not hurt anything. Dock was at the fire now, stirring it until a great cloud of red, wild sparks flurried about him; and silhouetted against the lurid light he looked double his real size. The dog was barking with delight, and Hannah could see the cows passing in front of the fire. She drew her little shawl closer about her; it was not raining, and she remembered some wood they had not brought in. She found it quite easily, and, gathering up an armful, went back into the house. The next turn she let fall a log, and water splashed into her face. A rain-pool, she thought. The third turn she made she met Dock. "I'm totin' in mo' wood," she said, and he turned to help her. This time she seemed to get into the water. She filled her arms and turned away, when an exclamation from Dock stopped her.

"Water! Hit's backed up, Hannah, an' don't come out no mo'." Hannah's heart failed her.

She staggered a little with her heavy load, then Dock came up.

"Hit's all right," he said, cheerily; "hit'll soon clear up."

But Hannah walked beside him, silent. The darkness, the rising wind, the creeping water—seemed living enemies.

She was chilly, and her feet and clothes were wet, and there seemed nothing to do now and she went into the kitchen. Dock looked down on her for a moment as she sat, all drooped together, then, pushing up the fire in the stove, he went out, shutting the door.

Hannah did not move. She was tired out, and it seemed useless to fight any longer now that the water had backed up. The kettle began to sing. Since dawn she had worked like a man—now she must work like a woman. If her father had lived, it would have been better. His patient face came up before her. She had never heard him complain. The kettle sang louder, and the steam shot from the spout. She got up slowly. "Po' daddy, hit's youun's work I'm doin'," she said; "an' I'll do hit tell I draps."

The dishes were soon put away, and she pulled down her sleeves, put out the fire, then paused to tell the old people that all was safe, saying nothing of the rising water.

She wondered if she needed to make a fire for herself ; she was *so* tired. She saw a line of light under her door. She opened it—a bright fire burned in the chimney, the hearth was swept, and a pile of wood was in the corner.

"Dock done hit," she said, "an' him so wet an' tired. I'd ruther been beat!" She shut the door softly and walked to the fire, while the slow tears filled her eyes. "He seen I were clean down, an' he done hit to hope me up—an' me grumblin' in a good house an' everything handy. God knows I ain't no 'count. Po' Dock!"

And out on the hillside Dock minded the cattle, and at intervals stole down to watch the creeping water ; quite happy through all the wild, wet night tending the fire and keeping guard. In the dim gray hour before day he went home and slipped into his little hut. Lizer must not know of his vigil—nor must Hannah know.

(To be concluded in November.)

THE LIFE OF A COLLEGE PROFESSOR

By Bliss Perry

IT is an impertinence to ask a man still in the game whether the game be worth the candle. He thought so once, no doubt, or he would not have begun playing; and the courteous presumption is that he persists in his opinion. Whatever may be his secret guesses as to the value of the stake, your true sportsman will play out the game, and as long as he is playing his best he makes but an indifferent philosopher. No man absorbed in a profession can assess critically that profession's claims and its rewards, but he can at least recall some of his anticipations upon entering it and compare them with the realities of his actual experience.

To a young man with some taste for the things of the mind, the life of a college professor offers manifold points of attraction. The candidates for the profession have usually won some distinction as undergraduates, so that from the first moment of post-graduate study one has the feeling of association and rivalry with picked men. The days when the valedictorian was invariably called back to his Alma Mater as a tutor, to be used in any department that was short of tutors that year, or when the Rev. Mr. Blinker of Mudville, famous in college as a mighty handler of the lexicon, but quite unappreciated in Mudville, was on that account tolerably sure of getting a professorship, are indeed rapidly receding. Sometimes men drift into college work from other callings, or are drafted from among the teachers in preparatory schools, but the conventional road to promotion is some form of specialized graduate study. The experience of foreign life thus comes to many an American in the years when he is most impressionable to its stimulus and charm. Berlin and Leipsic, it is true, send back young doctors who are delightfully unconscious how much they must unlearn, but most of them get their bearings again long before they secure their coveted chairs. The years of preliminary training as tutor or assistant are likely to be happy years, too, in spite of drudgery and jealousies and hope deferred. There is the excitement of meeting one's first classes; the first curious glimpse, it may be, into faculty meetings; the first letter addressed to you as "Professor"—you bless the kindly error; the notice of your first paper; the companionship of other young fellows like yourself, already infinitely removed from undergraduate sympathies, and not yet admitted to the inner circle of professorial intimacies. Lucky years, when spurs are to be had for the winning, and when many a teacher, without ever suspecting it, does the best work of his life!

At last, on the red-lettered day of all, comes the professorship, the solid-built chair that is warranted to last, instead of the temporary affair which you now turn over to the next man behind you. You are secure. Barring incapacitating illness, and

flagrant violation of the Decalogue, it is a life-appointment. The salary is small, but what there is of it is tolerably certain to be paid; one can marry on it if he has the courage to live plainly. Your life-long associates will be gentlemen. Your chosen field of work, in science or philosophy or literature, stretches before you in tempting vistas. One-third of the year will be vacation time, and hence all your own—for labor, if your ambition holds; for rest, if you find it flagging. You have the opportunity to impress the best there is in yourself upon a perpetually renewed stream of youthful and more or less ardent minds, and in this thought what satisfaction for the didactic instinct, for the ineradicable schoolmaster that is lurking in us all! Can any profession offer a programme half so certain, under normal conditions, of a fair fulfilment? Surely, the candle burns brightly at the beginning of the game.

As the years go by, does the college professor regret his choice? I know a few who would gladly change their calling, but only a few, and these are mainly men of energetic, practical cast, who now recognize that by entering another profession they might have quadrupled their income. Men of strong literary and scholarly bent are less likely to question the wisdom of their choice; and, indeed, of those outside the college circle, it seems to be the "literary fellows" who speak with most envy of the professor's lot. Aside from lazy midsummer guesses at what one might have been—and who does not hazard these at times?—I find college teachers peculiarly contented.

To turn to the material side of things, the assurance of a fixed income is a source of permanent satisfaction, however disproportionate the income to the service that is rendered. To be sure, the salary of a full professor, the country over, is little if at all in excess of $2,000. In the larger universities it may rise to $3,000 or something more, but the men who receive above $4,000 are so few as scarcely to affect the general average. Aside from the bare possibility of a call to a richer institution, the college professor is not likely to be earning more at fifty than at thirty. Unlike most other professions, there is here no gradual increase of income, to give tangible evidence of a man's growth in power. Unless one has taken the Northern Farmer's thrifty advice, and "gone where money is" when he married, his outlook as he faces old age is not reassuring. Pensions are extremely rare; college trustees are forced in most cases to be as ungrateful as republics. The cost of living has steadily risen in college towns, keeping pace with the general increase of luxury throughout the older communities. Here and there, particularly in the West, there are exceptions, but upon the whole the scale of necessary expenditure for a man fulfilling the various social duties required by his position is constantly growing greater. The professor's incidental income from books and lectures is ordinarily insignificant. When he has paid his bills he finds no margin left for champagne and terrapin. If he smokes at all, he invents ingenious reasons for preferring a pipe. He sees the light-hearted tutors sail for Europe every summer, but as for himself he decides annually that it will be wiser to wait just one year more. Once in awhile he will yield to the temptation to pick up a first edition or a good print, but Aldines and Rembrandt proofs are toys he may not dally with. In short, his tastes are cultivated beyond his income, and his sole comfort is in the Pharisaical reflection that this is better, after all, than to have more income than taste. If his meditations upon quaternions or Descartes or the lyric cry are liable to be interrupted by an insulting cook, striking for another dollar that he can ill spare, it is doubtless a device of Providence to keep him in healthy touch with actualities. It were a pity that in the colleges, of all places, high thinking and plain living should be quite divorced, and that the men whose duty it is to train American boys in citizenship as well as in letters should themselves have no need to practise the stern virtues of industry and thrift.

No man's satisfaction or dissatisfaction with his salary, however, affords a complete indication of his attitude toward his work. A more subtle arithmetic makes up the sum of failure or success. After ten, twenty, or thirty years of experience, the college professor may be analyst enough to pass verdict upon the result of his own efforts, but an outsider's estimate may even then be more accurate than his own. Besides, many a man's point of view be-

comes insensibly but increasingly modified after he has entered upon his vocation, so that it is difficult for him to decide whether his early ambitions have been realized.

There are two professional types, assuredly, that are admirably adjusted to their environment: the born investigator and the born teacher. Men belonging to the first of these classes find in research itself a sufficient recompense; their happiness is in widening the bounds of knowledge, and undermining stoutly intrenched stupidities, and adding to the effectiveness of human energy. Almost every college has one or more of these men. The larger institutions have many of them, and the college community is their rightful place. They deserve their bed and board—and their cakes and ale besides—even if they are too absent-minded to remember their lecture hours, or too feebly magnetic to hold the attention of undergraduates. An unerring process of differentiation is constantly at work, marking out the born scholars and scientists from those of their colleagues who possess scholarly and scientific tastes, but who learn by the time they are forty that they are never likely to produce anything. These latter men often make noteworthy drill-masters. Their respect for original scholarship grows as they come to recognize that it is beyond their own reach. Though they discover the futility of "doing something for" science or literature themselves, they touch elbows daily with men who can, and they reflect something of the glory of it, and impart to their pupils a regard for sound learning.

Not every teacher, of course, is an investigator *manqué*. Your born teacher is as rare as a poet, and as likely to die young. Once in awhile a college gets hold of one. It does not always know that it has him, and proceeds to ruin him by over-driving the moment he shows power, or to let another college lure him away for a few hundred dollars more a year. But while he lasts, and sometimes, fortunately, he lasts till the end of a long life, he transforms the lecture-hall as by enchantment. Lucky is the alumnus who can call the roll of his old instructors, and among the martinets and the pedants and the piously inane can here and there come suddenly upon a man—a man who taught him to think or helped him to feel, and thrilled him with a new horizon!

Sometimes it happens that the great teacher is also a great investigator, but that is a miracle. For a man to be either one or the other—not to speak of being both—requires singular vitality. Outsiders usually underestimate the obstacles to successful professorial work. With regard to one's own scholarly ambitions, particularly, the steady term-time strain, the thankless and idle sessions of committees, the variety of demands upon one's time and energy, combine to make one pay a heavy price for winning distinction. You must do, upon the average, as much teaching as your colleagues, and the time for your *magnum opus* must either be stolen from that due your classes, or you must accomplish two days' work in one. It is true that the number of hours of class-room instruction required of the professor varies greatly in different institutions. Sometimes a schedule of four hours per week is considered sufficient, in the case of men who have earned the right to devote themselves to advanced research. In the smaller colleges, and for the younger men in the larger ones, the schedule is often sixteen or twenty hours. Perhaps twelve would be a fair average for colleges and universities the country over. To teach college boys for two hours a day does not seem like a very severe task to one who has never tried it, but I have observed that most professors who have taught or lectured for two hours thoroughly well, putting their best powers into the task, are ready to quit. Few men can rivet the attention of fifty or a hundred students for one hour without feeling, five minutes after the end of it, that vitality has gone out of them. The emery-wheel that wears out fastest cuts the diamond best, and when a man boasts that he teaches without effort and weariness he has sufficiently described his teaching. Every college town has its own pitiful or tragic stories of professors who have broken down; they are usually the men whom the college could least afford to lose. It is no wonder that in the face of all this many professors cease trying to ride two horses at once; they either do their duty by their classes and let the dust gather on the leaves of the *magnum opus*, or else they get over their class work with

as little expenditure of energy as possible and give to the *magnum opus* their real strength. And the college would not be the microcosm it is if there were not some professors who abandon both ambitions after a little, becoming quite incurable though often very charming dead-beats; and this, I confess, is the most interesting type of all.

It is a pity that Mark Pattison, whose *Memoirs* throw so terribly frank a light upon the intellectual side of university life, did not leave behind him an essay upon Academic Sterility. He may have thought that Amiel's *Journal* pictured the malady for once and all, and certainly Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose Langham is an attempted personification of the class, has succeeded only in clothing with an English garb the self-distrust and impotence of will of the lonely Genevese professor. There can be no reasonable doubt that the academic atmosphere is unfavorable to creative vigor. Few vital books come out of the universities. One cause, beyond question, is the prevalence of the critical spirit.

"*Our knowledge petrifies our rhymes.*"

A sophisticated sense that everything has been written, and better than it is likely to be written again, is not the stuff from which literature is bred. It may be that a mere over-accumulation of material prevents the scholar from ever turning his treasures to account; the monumental treatise becomes arrested, like Mr. Casaubon's, in the pigeon-hole stage. Often, too, he outlives his former intellectual interests, and his drawers are crammed with various half-completed pieces of work, melancholy reminders of enthusiasms that have now grown cold and long years that have been wasted. In morbid self-depreciation or well-grounded despair of making any contribution to the world's thought, and disgusted with class-room routine, many a gifted man, unwilling or unable to resign his chair, turns tramp. Careless of public opinion, he adopts some pet avocation for his vocation henceforth, makes an opiate out of a hobby, and settles down for the rest of his days into a fly-fisherman, or amateur photographer, or cross-country saunterer, or novel reader. It is then that he is worth knowing. "May God forgive me," cried Sir Walter Scott to his Journal, "for thinking that anything can be made out of a schoolmaster!" Ah, shade of Sir Walter, out of a schoolmaster who has survived his illusions and is cheerfully planting his cabbages there may be made the most delightful companion in the world!

It is because a college faculty exhibits this surprising range of types, illustrative, in little, of almost every variety of success and failure known to the greater world, that it furnishes so perpetually interesting a spectacle. No man who has returned to his own Alma Mater to teach is likely to forget the impressions received at those first faculty meetings, where he has met, on terms of absolute equality, the gentlemen whose corporate action decided so many vital issues—as it then seemed—in his own undergraduate life. What a revelation to find that "the faculty" are very much like other men; with prejudices and favorite animosities; capable of being much confused by a motion to amend an amendment, and much relieved by a proposition to refer to a committee; the younger ones rigid and the older ones lenient in enforcing the letter of the law; all of them glad to adjourn, and retire to their own toil or their own decorous beer and skittles! But what mastery of parliamentary fence on the part of old gentlemen who have been making and withdrawing motions for half a century! What deep wrath among the disciplinarians over that vote to restore the erring half-back (needed in November) to full standing in his class! What subtle argumentation, pro and con, over Smith's petition to be excused from chapel on the ground of his physician's written statement that Smith's eyelids are liable to inflammation upon sudden exposure to the morning air! What passionate denunciation of the faculty's past injustice in the famous Robinson case, pronounced by some sunny-tempered philosopher who has just persuaded himself that whenever the student body differs with the faculty on a moral question the students are surely in the right! And is it not singular that over that question of Jones's rank, which any man in the room could settle satisfactorily enough in two minutes if left to himself, two or three dozen educated and experienced gentlemen should sit in futile misery for half an hour, only at the end of it to follow, sheep-like, some obstinate motion that takes them

through precisely the wrong hole in the wall? Until the psychology of mobs gets written, there will be no understanding the ways of "faculty action." Even when we shall have learned that the normal powers of the two or three dozen men are under some strange, paralyzing inhibition, shall we be able to explain why the inhibition should proceed from the most thick-headed man in the room?

To those gentlemen who grow old in the sheltered academic life a thousand whimsicalities and petty formalities attach themselves, like barnacles to the bottom of a ship long at anchor. No man can teach ten years without escaping them. Unbeknown to himself, he is already on the way to becoming a "character," and people are smiling at him in their sleeves. If he finds himself at a reception, he buttonholes a colleague and talks shop. The habit of addressing boys without contradiction leaves him often impotent in the sharp give-and-take of talk with men, and many a professor who is eloquent in his class-room is helpless on the street or in the club or across the dinner-table. Sometimes he perceives this, and makes pathetic efforts to grow worldly. Faculty circles have been known to experience strange obsessions of frivolity, and to plunge desperately into dancing lessons or duplicate whist. Both the remedy and the disease have their comic aspects, and yet I know of no circles where the twilight hour of familiar talk is more delightful, where common instincts and training and old associations touch the ordinary courtesies of life with a more peculiar charm, where mutual pride is so little spoiled by familiarity, and where life-long friendships, undisturbed by the accidents frequent in the greater world, grow so intimate and touching as the evil days draw nigh.

A professor's attitude toward the undergraduates is a good test of his personality, but a still better one may be found in their attitude toward him. They are shrewd judges of character, intolerant of shams, and demoniacally ingenious in finding the weak places in a man's armor. If he is a shirk or an ignoramus, they know it as soon as he—perhaps sooner. Your college student is a strange compound of reverence and irreverence, conservative and anarchist, man and boy. If you decide to treat him as a youngster, he straightway astonishes you by his maturity; if you thereupon make up your mind to consider him henceforth as a man, he will be guilty of prompt and enthusiastic lapses into juvenility. An American college is half public school, half university. Toward professors whom they like, students are finely loyal, though the curious alternations of popularity which fall to some teachers at the hands of successive classes are quite beyond the reach of analysis. If they do not like a professor, and can get the whip hand over him, undergraduates know how to demonstrate that twenty is the age of perfect cruelty. In few college recitation rooms, nowadays, is there anything said about the whip hand, but it is always there, on one side or the other. Every lecture-hall witnesses a daily though possibly unconscious struggle of talent, training, and character against the crowd. The lecturer usually wins, because he knows he must, but many a one who has never experienced defeat invariably rises, like Gough, with knees that tremble. Laboratory and seminary methods of instruction alter these conditions, of course, and bring the professor at once into informal and even intimate relation with his pupils. Upon the whole the contact with college classes is agreeable to a man of friendly temperament. He learns to make allowance for undergraduate conventionalities, and does not expect enthusiasm where enthusiasm would be bad form. On their part, students generously overlook the whims and crotchets of a favorite professor; they even pardon his amazement at the ways of intercollegiate diplomacy, or his radical scepticism as to the intellectual discipline involved in foot-ball.

In one sense, indeed, he is supposed to know very little about the men whom he teaches. The *in loco parentis* theory has long been doomed—at least, in the larger institutions—and so far as direct observation is concerned the professor is as ignorant of what is going on in a student's room as if it were in the South Seas. But for all that he can make skilful guesses from a hundred signs, and when the seniors file upon the Commencement platform for their degrees that silent circle of professors often know them better than their mothers. It is pleasant to meet these fellows after-

ward, either on the old campus, or at some remote railway junction, or at midnight in a foreign city, and pick up for a moment the dropped threads of acquaintance. Sometimes one learns in these accidental ways that his instruction counted for more than was apparent at the time; he makes the discovery that someone has taken pains to remember words that he himself has long forgotten. Herein lies half the zest of teaching. One blazes away into the underbrush, left barrel and right barrel, vaguely enough as it seems, but some of the shots are sure to tell. Young men are, after all, so susceptible to impression, so responsive to right feeling, that though the fine reserve of youth may not betray it at the moment, they nevertheless bear away from their instructor the best he has to give them. This may be poor enough, but it is something.

When a professor grows tired of moralizing about his colleagues or his pupils, he always has the president to fall back upon. So have the undergraduates, for that matter, and their parents, and the alumni, and the trustees, and the general public—and the newspaper reporters. The college president who can conduct himself to the satisfaction of this varied body of critics, and enjoy at the same time the approval of his own conscience, is a gifted man. A president must have many qualifications for his office—I have heard a cautious observer say—but his first need is a thick skin. Undoubtedly, by some wise provision of Nature, the skin grows thicker with exposure, but there is a curiously prevalent impression that a president's conscience is liable to a corresponding induration. A cynical-minded friend of mine, of large discourse in these matters, avers that such are the temptations peculiar to the office, that of all the college presidents he has known, only two remained Christians. These two—if I may be permitted to say so without discourtesy to the others—are both dead.

Whatever be the foundation for such impious generalizations, no one will deny that an American college president has a task of extraordinary difficulty. His problems have been met, upon the whole, with consummate skill. Every type of president has done something to advance the cause of higher education in America: the sleek "promoter," the sectarian fanatic, the close-mouthed business manager, the far-sighted educator, the blameless clergyman. These types appear and disappear and blend, but meantime the great cause itself goes lumbering steadily forward.

Two generations ago, the place held by the college professor in the community must have vastly tickled his vanity. Those rules in vogue in New England, requiring students to doff their hats when four rods from a professor (two rods only for a tutor, alas!) were emblematic of the universal homage paid him in a college town. I suppose there is no man of us so great nowadays, even on great occasions, as those old fellows were continuously. Town and college had then a solidarity of interest that is now unknown, except in a few instances of fortunate survival. The commanding position of the professor in the community was often a deserved recognition of his services to the local public. Here and there may still be found a man of the old type, an agitator for all good causes, an orator in town meeting, a politician within the bounds of dignity; but I find it a common complaint among the townspeople in academic communities that your modern professor is a Gallio. He may turn out occasionally to manifest his interest in some crisis of the church or school or state, but in general he sticks to his library. This criticism is often short-sighted, particularly in reference to politics. The professor who patiently teaches his classes, week in and week out, to think straight, to see that two and two make four on either side of the Atlantic, and that "stealing will continue stealing," serves his country better than a hundred "spell-binders" in the last frantic days of a campaign. But upon the whole there is ground for the current complaint as to the college teacher's unconcern for public questions. He remains in one sense a leading figure in his community; there are certain things he may not do without losing caste; the butcher, with a vague feeling of his importance, charges him a couple of extra cents per pound, and the suave Armenian refugee, noting the real Bokhara on his floor, pockets the professorial two dollars, and thinks in his Oriental heart that it ought to have been five. Yet in

these respects he may be a marked man unluckily!—without possessing any of the old real leadership of influence and character. Plausible as may be his excuses of preoccupation with wider intellectual interests, the tone of American civic life has already suffered from his indifference.

There are indications, however, of a reaction against this indolent exclusiveness. A distinguished academic audience was reminded, not long since, by the President of the United States, that the work of educated men in purifying and steadying political sentiment would be easier and more useful if it were less spasmodic and occasional. The response which those thoughtful words evoked from the representatives of American colleges seemed to betoken a new consciousness of the relation of the academic world to American life. It may be that the hour of selfish acquisition and ungenerous rivalry between the colleges is passing, and that, side by side, they are to strive once more, and more effectively than ever, for the common welfare. Some such aspiration is certain to thrill, sooner or later, the loneliest scholar in the most secluded corner of the college world; for even the inveterate pedant may possess a "most public soul."

After all is said, the life of a college professor presents, under curious disguises, the old, universal issues. It is a noble profession for the noble-hearted, and but a petty calling for a man of petty mind.

MOTHER EARTH

By Marguerite Merington

GRATEFUL it is on the warm earth to lie
  While purple shadows o'er the far hills pass,
  Watching the light-shod wind bear down the grass,
Watching the clouds—the pilgrims of the sky.
The breath comes sweet from fields of melilot,
  And now the soul of Siegfried's magic note
  Rings full and clear from a wood-thrush's throat,
And life's sad stress and burden are forgot.
O, mother, genesitic mother! When
  I shall have lived my little human space
So take me to your nourice lap again
  And spread your homely apron o'er my face.
As sleep, not dying, to my thought it seems,
With dreamless waking in the dream of dreams.

THE POINT OF VIEW

Religion in Hard Times.

IT is noted by the *Christian Intelligencer*, a periodical which represents the Dutch Reformed Church, that the recent hard times have not been as conducive as such times usually are, to the spread of religion. In former periods of commercial depression, the *Intelligencer* says, the loss of material effects has made men more solicitous for spiritual gains, but this time it seems not to have worked that way. The *Intelligencer* regrets that the opportunity of the churches "to contrast the temporary nature of worldly prosperity and the permanency of spiritual acquisitions" has not been better improved. Perhaps one trouble has been that the churches have themselves been too much entangled with commercial concerns to grasp their spiritual opportunity with the requisite ardor.

Almost every church, small or great, has longed for better times to bring money into its treasury and help out its running expenses. The churches have not suffered as much as the clubs, but they have suffered in much the same way and from the same causes. They have felt the hard times, and have squirmed and worried like the rest of us, and it may be that they have been too busy computing interest and trying to tide over the long season of discipline to appreciate fully the nothingness of earthly possessions as compared with the priceless treasures of faith.

But probably the churches are not especially to blame for not turning the hard times to better account; and, indeed, if there has not been such a special increase of piety during the last four years as the *Intelligencer* would have liked to see, there has been a growth in some things very nearly akin to it. There has been a good deal of repentance, a great deal of self-denial, and much serious resolve to lead better lives hereafter. Of course our notion of leading a better life is a little mixed up with the desire so earnest and all but universal to have a little more available income to lead it on, but we need not blame ourselves overmuch for that. Money is a convenient measure for almost every sort of endeavor, and to want more money wherewith to discharge our obligations and to help the needy and promote good works, as well as to increase our personal comfort, comes very near being a pious desire. Thrift and honesty come near, in the eyes of contemporary thinkers, to godliness. We have certainly made a great gain in thrift, and there is no reason to think that, as a people, we have retrograded in honesty. We of this generation, when we get into a scrape, are not so much disposed to insist that it was God's will as to reason together and try to find out what stupid thing we have done, or what wise thing we have neglected, that has resulted so disastrously. This we do, not necessarily because we are less religious than our forebears, but perhaps because we are somewhat more reasonable than they. It does not seem certain that this increased sense of our own responsibility is a development that is to be regretted.

However, if any of our friends who are solicitous for our welfare have been disappointed in some of the effects, or lack of effect, of adversity upon us, let us hope that they will be disappointed again, and more agreeably, in the spiritual results of any prosperity that may be vouchsafed to us.

The chief basis of our present hopes of better times is in the richness of the harvests. There is nothing in contemporary philosophy to hinder us from being grateful for good crops. We can't make them grow; we can only make ready for them, and when they come it is reasonable enough for us to regard them with pious minds, and show our appre-

ciation with a grateful spirit. Perhaps religion will revive with business. If we have not aspired to be saints merely because we were sick, there is the less reason to expect that we shall backslide when we feel better.

AN art always loses its individuality, we are told, when it discards its own peculiar means of exciting interest and borrows those of another art. Story-telling pictures like those of Hogarth and Delaroche and David, while possessing a charm of their own, leave one wishing that the same subjects might have been treated by Fielding, or Scott, or Dickens. Colored sculpture, however authenticated by Etruscan or Greek precedent, seems to trench upon the domain of the painter; and no "study in white" can compass the *nuances* of the glistening purity of Pentelic or Carraran marbles. Whether one recall Wordsworth realizing his own definition of poetry as "emotion remembered in tranquillity," or the vision of a Shelley or Burns crooning poems to himself in a mild poetic frenzy, one is pretty sure to admit that poetry has Feeling for its peculiar province. Just as plain is it, abstractly speaking, that acting is not Feeling but Representation.

Ineffectual Reserve on the Stage.

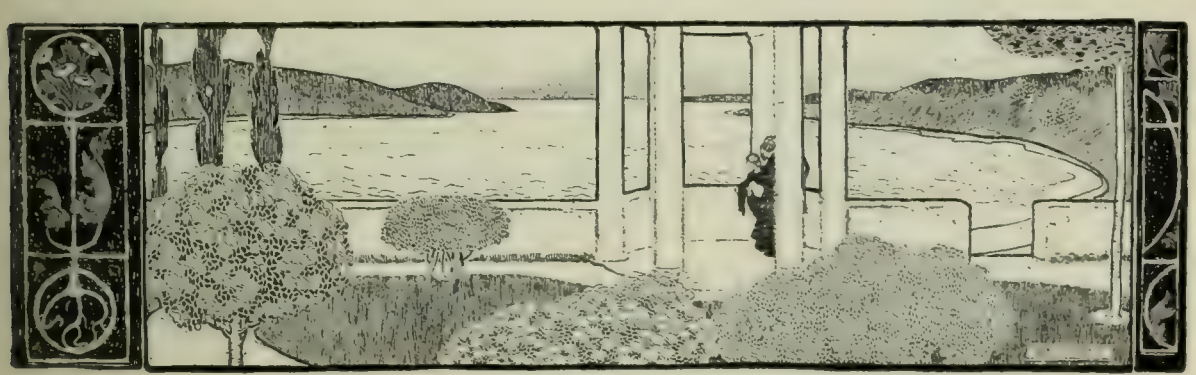
Hitherto the limits of histrionic art have been well defined. Almost all of our players have overacted and underfelt. They have carefully studied the degree of exaggeration which is necessary to impart an appropriate theatrical value to their performance. They have not only sought by tone of voice and facial expression, by costume and gesture, to perfect the illusion, but they have given modern sentiment an antique investiture by suiting the action to the optical demands of the theatre. Indeed, it would require only the huge masks and thick-soled buskins of the Athenian make-up to show us that their acting, so far from being "natural," in the ordinary sense, has been a species of statuesque posing. Beginning thus from the outside of the characters impersonated and striving principally for effects, the actor has concerned himself not so much with the question, how he shall express what he feels, as with the reverse: how deeply should he feel what he expresses. This point of view has given rise to some peculiar conceptions, which, reacting upon the actor's technique, have affected audiences strangely. "To a nunnery go," the sad, wistful admonition of a heart-broken lover, has been delivered to *Ophelia* like a military command by many a *Hamlet*. *Shylock* has been rejuvenated by the roar and bustle of the romantic player, and other gray-bearded dignitaries have ambled across the stage with a nimbleness only consonant with the turgidity of their speech. In one generation Brutus is grandly reticent, in another he rants and mouths his words like the town-crier. Whether one errs by falling below or rising above the true measure of his part, every detail is deliberated and every inaccuracy proceeds from nice calculation. The advent of the "robustious, periwig-pated fellow" may be viewed as the denotement of a national vigor and health, just as the ruddy veins and unrestrained gestures of a Rubens embody the joyousness and exuberance that distinguish the generation of the Flemish master from the preceding period of Spanish persecution, with its waste and dissipation of energy, and from the placid low content of the years that followed.

Without necessarily implying that the stage is degenerating, it may be said with some degree of fairness that there has been recently developed a tendency to underact and overfeel. The exponents of the New Reserve assert that dramatic art is primarily symbolic, and that it is therefore inartistic to squander one's resources upon what can just as well be suggested. Economy of line and color is the main desideratum of the actor as well as of the painter. Time was when Greek met Greek in Olympian and Nemæan games and gained an ascendency by sheer display of his athletic figure; when the body had a dignity of its own and was not the instrument and vehicle of an over-cultured mind. But in a fuller development and higher civilization, after a long and strenuous effort "to keep the body under," the soul is perched inextinguishably on top, and now all physical manifestations are relegated to a secondary place, and dramatic art is occupied with a profound elaboration of the mind. Exaggeration, the adaptation of acting to the visual requirements of the theatre, is decried. The aim is to feel prodigiously, and, like a good engine, consume one's own smoke. If the audience, in turn, "feels prodigiously" and is duly inflated with the inexpressible, the circuit is complete. The only danger will be that of spontaneous combustion, which can be easily averted, of course, by a

judicious application of scenic and pictorial rags to individual hot-journals. Where the suppressed emotion of the actor fails to awaken answering throbs and thrills, it is hinted that the fault is with the audience, whose artistic sense is inchoate and untrained.

In place of a minutely intellectual delineation of "Tess," such as has been aimed at by Mrs. Maddern Fiske, one can easily imagine a sensuous, melodramatic representation, in which the heart-rending words of the heroine should be graven on our very souls, and we should behold, no less than feel, a ground-swell of revolt against the existing injustices of society. Do not the majority of playgoers crave visible and audible emotionalism? Are they content to imagine all themselves, or is their fancy so inert that they wish all imagined for them upon the stage? May they not be counted upon, generally, to overlook subtleties? Will they not mistake silent intensity and undemonstrative repression for Quaker quietism and Dutch sluggishness? Must not the anger of an Othello hiss like a serpent, and the hate of the bastard son Edmund snarl and gnash its teeth in rage; and must not the languorously seductive love of a Cleopatra be portrayed rather than suggested? Where can the frostlike traceries and super-refinements of the veritist's art end but in the sublimation of all human passions to a pure intelligence? It has been said that painters and sculptors are physiologists, as writers are psychologists. Is not the actor, like the former, obliged to approach humanity from a physical standpoint, and not only to feel what humanity feels but to express that feeling in easily appreciable terms and symbols? And, however well-grounded in psychology, must not he, as well as the writer, carefully avoid the exposure of the nerves of thought, and body forth, in full-rounded action, characters that are universally recognizable? Above all, should he not be quick to perceive the fatuity of all acting that is a feast of cleverness merely, from which one goes away celebrating the actor's praises instead of the truthfulness of his impersonation? Whether a tragedienne's voice is penetrating or tearful or suggestive of a state wherein she has "inly wept," whether her face be rigid or contorted, is a small matter compared with the obligation she is under to merge her personality in the rôle she essays, and imaginatively to identify herself with her emotion. It has been said that the spectator should leave the theatre thinking, not "Oh, how she has suffered!"—but "Oh, what suffering!"

As there is a mentality that is not of the imagination, there is a physical self-exploitation that, while not devoid of sensuous charm, only proclaims its limitations. In either case, spontaneity exhausts itself on trivialities. The New Reserve is likely to become, when it is consummated, an affectation and a subterfuge. In the hands of anyone but a genius, it signifies a short line rather than deep soundings, and fails to touch the heart.



THE FIELD OF ART

A NEWLY DISCOVERED VENUS

THE Editor, wishing to have the opinion of an expert archæologist on a supposed antique statue, referred the matter to Professor Allan Marquand, of Princeton, and received the reply that is herewith published:

In a storehouse, in the city of New York there is a statue, at present buried from public view. It is the property of a gentleman residing in the far West. Should he remove it to his home the statue might again be buried from the centre of population for many years to come. Hence we are fortunate in having a passing glimpse of so interesting, in many respects so puzzling, a work of sculpture.

An examination of the very excellent photographs taken by Rockwood, enables us to see at once that the statue belongs to the class of which the Venus de' Medici is the typical example. The very fact that at the first glance the Venus de' Medici is so distinctly suggested, arouses our interest, and perhaps also our suspicions. A more attentive study of the photographs increases this interest. The type of face is less coquettish, nobler in character, nearer the best standards of Greek art than the face of her celebrated sister. Again, the dolphin at her side lacks the *amoretti* which in the Medici statue clamber on the dolphin's back. This seems to us a second indication that our statue represents an earlier type, less picturesque, less Alexandrian in character, and nearer the artist's original conception when he placed a dolphin alongside of Venus to indicate that she was born of the sea. The *amoretti* form certainly a modification of the original type.

As we continue our examination a still more interesting fact attracts our attention, the *motif* of the statue. In the Medici statue, on the upper portion of the left arm are lines of indentation, where an armlet seems to have been originally worn. I do not know whether anyone has observed whether an actual armlet, perhaps of bronze, was ever fastened to this spot or not. Other marble statues have marble armlets actually in place, while the sculptor of the Medici statue has represented the place for the armlet, but no armlet. The new statue explains this in a most interesting way. Venus has removed her armlet and is dangling it on her right hand. This explanation is certainly a possible one, for the entire right arm of the Medici statue, and the left arm, from the elbow down, are restorations.

When I had reached this point in my study of the new statue, I felt like proclaiming it to the world as an important discovery, but an opportunity was then afforded me to see the statue, when my sense of security was somewhat shaken. The superficial coloring, which is reflected in the photograph, and which I had interpreted as due to weathering, I discovered to be the result of some other cause. The statue presents a brownish appearance, almost greasy in some places, and in others so ingrained into the marble as to make one imagine that a new kind of brown marble had come to light. It could hardly be that a Greek sculptor would have used a brown marble for a statue of Venus; some other explanation is demanded. Can it be that this is an unsuccessful effort on the part of a modern forger to imitate ancient weathering? Or shall we believe the story of the antiquity dealer that the statue, when found, had been for a long time buried in the stable-yard? The coloring certainly arouses suspicion.

There are also other circumstances made apparent by an observation of the statue it-



A Newly Discovered Venus.



self. The marble of which it is made is not opaque, as is the case with Greek marbles, but translucent, almost like alabaster. The statue is said to have been found in Sicily. Where did the marble come from? The statue, like the Venus de' Medici, is under life size; but unlike it in being carved from a single block. How far this is a suspicious circumstance I am not prepared to say. Very many ancient statues, including the Medici Venus, were composed of several pieces of marble. The arms were usually separately made and attached. Here arms, legs, and dolphins were carved from the same block as the body of the statue. If I am not mistaken, only a fragment of the dolphin's tail was affixed; perhaps also the little finger of the left hand.

An examination of the technique of the new statue should be made by an expert. The treatment of the hair is quite different from that of the Medici Venus. This, however, is

not an indication of its being more modern, for it resembles too closely the hair of the Venus of the Capitol and that of the Venus Callipygos of the Naples Museum. But the treatment of the base on which the statue rests is more suspicious. This may be described as rough-tooled, but the tooling is so regularly done as to suggest an imitation of methods no longer in vogue. Since seeing the statue I have observed in the British Museum, and in the Louvre, the bases of a number of statues of the period to which the Venus de' Medici is usually assigned. These are sometimes dressed to a smooth finish and sometimes tooled roughly, but less regularly than in the case of the present statue.

When in the British Museum I consulted with Mr. Murray and Mr. Smith, curators of ancient sculpture, with regard to the *motif* of our statue. I had no photograph to show then, but the *motif* struck them as modern. But to me it seems not necessarily modern. Other Venuses with the dolphin exist, in which the goddess holds something in her hand. Clarac (*Musée de Sculpture*, Pl. 615) publishes three such statues from the Giustiniani Collection, in which Venus holds a flower, a sea-shell, or a vase. What is more natural than that a sculptor, when executing one of a series of statues in which an armlet is worn, should vary the theme by making the goddess carry the armlet, instead of a shell or a vase?

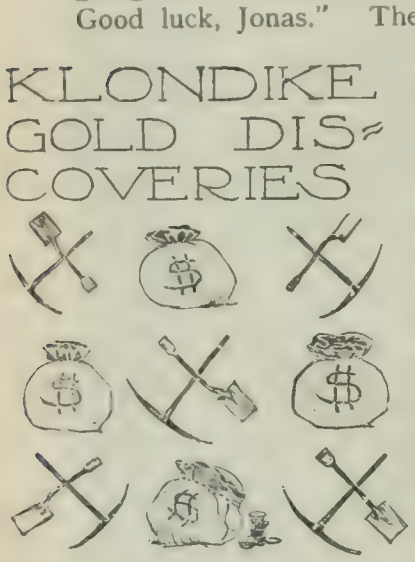
When I examined the armlet I must confess that suggestions of Byzantine, rather than Greek design, were aroused by the rectangles containing globules and nail-heads. It seemed as if the sculptor had drawn his inspiration from the bronze doors of a Mediæval cathedral or from the ornamentation of a Mediæval book-cover. But here again I am not so sure that the design in question may not date as early as the Alexandrian epoch. The Greek and Roman jewelry of the British Museum and the Louvre, and the bracelet of the Venus of Cnidus at Munich seem to show that the bracelet of our Venus is not an impossibility in antiquity.

A well-known sculptor and a painter, who have seen the statue, have been so charmed with its beauty as to care little whether it be ancient or not. Nor are we ready to answer positively or negatively the question raised in regard to its antiquity. We can only say, at the present time, that if ancient this statue is the most important of the series to which it belongs, and that if modern, the cleverness of the forger is of an unusually high order.

Since writing the above, I have visited the National Museum of Florence, and was impressed by the fact that a number of busts and reliefs were disfigured by similar brown stains. A well known expert, Signor Bardini, suggested that these were caused by the effort of Renaissance sculptors to tone the whiteness of the marble by applying heated wax mixed with other ingredients. These brown stains do not appear on ancient marbles in the rest of Italy, and, even in Florence, seem to be limited to works of the Renaissance period. It seems strange that the Romanesque sculptors, who executed the choir screen and pulpit at San Miniato, should have been able to tone marble to a beautiful ivory finish, and that the accomplished Renaissance sculptors should have made such blundering mistakes. It is more probable that these stains date from the sixteenth century, when classical methods were more systematically imitated. They represent, then, an unsuccessful attempt to reproduce the classic *ganosis*. The question still remains: Are the brown stains in the present instance Renaissance stains, or those of an accomplished modern forger?

ABOUT THE WORLD

ALL the good old signs of gold times and a big boom out West are with us again. The *Pigwacket Post*, of Pigwacket Centre, Mass., announces that "Jonas Mead has sold his cow and his furniture and is going to the Klondike to prospect for gold. Good luck, Jonas." The more accessible newspapers have gaudy displays of companies that will dig out this Alaskan gold, and of a great many millions of stock shares for sale at the small price of one dollar each. Away off under the Arctic circle, 8,000 miles from New York by the usual route, where the ground is frozen all the year round and the sternest winter lasts for eight months, Dawson City has sprung up as if by magic. Last autumn the junction of the Klondike and the Yukon was in the Arctic wilderness—a good place to hunt for the bones of mammoths, perhaps, but so extremely difficult of access that such a motive was ineffectual. Now there is a city there, with thousands of inhabitants—the experienced say there will soon be 20,000—newspaper offices, stores, faro banks, and all the other necessaries of a mining civilization. The little band of hardened adventurers who returned from the wilderness carrying gold dust and nuggets in deerskin sacks, tomato-cans, milk-cans—anything that wouldn't leak—brought back the tangible evidences that there is a great deal of gold in the small gulches of the Klondike—a creek flowing into the Yukon 1,850 miles from the mouth—and its tributaries. Some of these men had panned out fortunes of $200,000 in a short time and considered their claims worth millions. Their appearance has begun what is well called, in popular parlance, a fever. It is all the better named a fever, because there is no rationality in it at all—a rule to which there are exceptions, but in a very small ratio. The people like Mr. Mulhall, who deal with great masses of figures, have shown the extraordinary fact that the gold mined from the earth in modern times actually has not paid for the work put in the mining; in other words, the race of miners are unconsciously a sort of martyrs, who give up their lives and efforts to furnish the rest of the world with a useful and ornamental commodity—another truth which admits of some very distinguished exceptions. Further, the mining adventurers who went to California in '49, counting in the bonanza kings, the Lucky Baldwin class and all, earned an average of $300 a year, which, with boots at $20 per pair, and flour at fifty cents a pound, is scarcely worth calling an income.

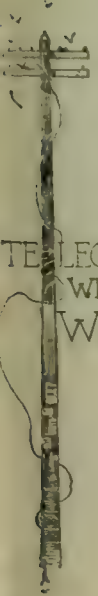


And although California may have seemed a rough land and far away to the roving Yankee of '49, it was vastly more comfortable than this Upper Yukon country. There were things to be done other than mining, and a sunny land of fruit and flowers lay around the mountains for the use of the disheartened prospectors. The Klondike district is 4,500 miles from San Francisco by the water-route across the Pacific to the mouth of the Yukon, and then up that mightiest of rivers; and navigation is impossible for eight months, and unsafe for another month, out of the year. The more direct route is 2,000 miles shorter—by the Pacific to Juneau in southeastern Alaska—across the moun-

tains by one of three difficult and even dangerous passes, then by a chain of lakes and the Lewis River to the Yukon, and down the Yukon to Dawson City. The difficulties of the Chilkoot Pass route were graphically described in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for November, 1896. The authorities are becoming alarmed at the blockade of men and luggage on the hither side of the mountain passes. Even the earlier or more fortunate adventurers who get to the Klondike this fall, will have to be well equipped to stand the Arctic winter, and they can do no mining until next summer. The summer sun, indeed, melts only a few inches of the soil, and great bonfires must be built to thaw out the ground, in the middle of July, before the paying gravel can be dug up for the pan. All the mining of this region is of the placer variety, in which the gravel is mixed with water and whirled in a pan until the few grains of gold settle on the bottom. No huge nuggets are found to be compared with the bonanza strikes of the Californian and Australian gold fields, but a remarkably large percentage of the claims shows paying results.

The experienced say that no one with less than $750 in hand can hope to get through without trouble. Hundreds of others have insisted on beginning the journey too late in the year. None have succeeded in persuading the life insurance companies to share the risk.

IN these days the layman is apt to protect himself in a cloak of *blasé* acquiescence from the ever-fresh demands upon his mental powers made by mechanical wonders. But the most fatigued and agnostic intelligence will scarcely fail to respond to the proposal of the electrical "wizards" to telegraph from one part of the earth's surface to another without the use of wires. In Europe, a young electrician named Marconi has actually succeeded in transmitting and receiving messages through a distance of nine miles, with no connection between the sending and receiving instruments save that furnished by the circumambient ether. Marconi has found that when a transmitting instrument—which is so simple in its elements that one is tempted to describe it in detail—is made to utter electrical vibrations on the Herz radiator principle, with a rapidity of 225,000,000 vibrations per second, these waves seem to be carried through the ether, if unobstructed by material obstacles, equally in all directions, and his delicate receiver has no difficulty in receiving and recording them across the Bristol Channel. The feat is possible only in places where an unobstructed expanse of ether interposes between the transmitting and receiving instruments.



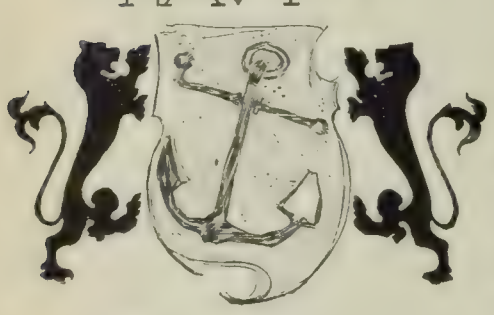
The idea of wireless telegraphy is no new one. Men have been thinking of it almost ever since the Morse inventions came to the world. The astonishing Mr. Edison had his try, and abandoned the attempt for more immediately promising work. Aside from the young Italian, Marconi, Nikola Tesla has the most ambitious projects in this direction and, indeed, Mr. Tesla contemplates the possibility of an even vaster feat, for he believes he can transmit electrical power without wires. Should he accomplish such a thing, the bounds of electrical utility will be extended more radically than by any other discovery the world has seen. Mr. Tesla is not yet ready to publish the details of his experiments, but he has explained to interviewers that it is the static electricity of the earth which he will exploit in furnishing the power necessary for his wireless transmission. He has already sent signals via the earth current to and fro through a distance of twenty miles, and announces unhesitatingly that he shall in time be able to telegraph without wires to any part of the earth's surface.

Tesla used a striking and simple simile in explaining how he intended to disturb and capture the earth's electricity. He said to his interviewer: "Suppose the whole earth to be like a hollow rubber ball filled with water, and at one place I have a tube attached to this, with a plunger in the tube. If I press upon the plunger the water in the tube will be driven into the rubber ball, and as the water is practically incompressible, every part of the surface of the ball will be expanded. If I withdraw the plunger, the water follows it and every part of the ball will contract. Now, if I pierce the surface of the ball several times and set tubes and plungers at each place, the plungers in these will vibrate up and down in answer to every movement which I may produce in the plunger of the first tube. If I were to produce an explosion in the centre of the body of water in the ball, this would set up a

series of vibrations in the whole body. If I could then set the plunger in one of the tubes to vibrating in consonance with the vibrations of the water, in a little while and with the use of a very little energy, I could burst the whole thing asunder."

In the same way, Mr. Tesla proposes, with a comparatively small power uttered in vibrations of marvellous rapidity, to urge into action the terrestrial current. The inventor thinks it possible that his machine when perfected may be set up, one in each great centre of civilization, to flash the news of the day's or hour's history immediately to all the other cities of the world; and stepping for a sentence out of the realms of the workaday world, he offers a prophecy that any communication we may have with other stars will certainly be by such a method—a prophecy which has all the picturesque and imaginative charm to be desired, together with an unusual quality of prudence and safety.

THE BRITISH NAVY



THE great naval review at Spithead, which was the last important feature of the Diamond Jubilee Celebration, had a significance for the British nation astonishing to Americans, who as a rule considered only its ornamental features. It awakens one afresh to the dependence of Great Britain on her "wooden walls," and her frank recognition of the dependent condition. Few of the foreign visitors realized when they looked on the thirty or forty miles of warships anchored in gala array off Spithead that the British had been straining every nerve in a conscious effort to strike the world dumb with astonishment at her overwhelming naval strength, and to make the demonstration without subtracting one unit from her fleets in foreign waters at a juncture when continental editors were raising a hue and cry over the "rotten British navy." This review at Spithead was remarkable in showing undoubtedly the most powerful fleet that ever has been concentrated at one point. Of the one hundred and sixty-five pennants that swung at Spithead no less than one hundred and thirty-three were fitted for immediate active service—to fight an enemy within a few hours. So strongly are the English convinced of the importance of sea-going qualities, that practically the whole of this fleet could reach Gibraltar in four days, and the Channel Squadron could be at Halifax in nine days after sailing orders had been received. When it is remembered that England's naval resources in foreign and colonial waters, amounting to one hundred and twenty-five effective fighting vessels, were not touched in showing this unprecedented strength, one understands the bubbling self-felicitation which has made the *Times's* account of the event almost incoherently joyful.

Aside from its effect in impressing the Powers, such an occasion as the Spithead review has its instructive phase in the comparison furnished with earlier periods of naval construction. The progress which has been made during the reign of the Queen is of course fairly revolutionary. In the first fleet reviewed by the Queen there was not even a screw propeller, and every vessel was built of wood. In the first steam-vessels the Queen saw, the engineers got along with three pounds of steam pressure, and for every horse-power about half a ton of machinery was required, while at present the crack vessels use one hundred and fifty-five pounds of steam, and one and three-quarter hundredweight suffices for one horse-power. The fuel burnt per horse-power has been reduced from seven pounds to two pounds—indeed one might continue almost indefinitely to enumerate the remarkable changes which illustrate the curiously rapid progress of naval architecture.



THE WORKERS.

We breathe the hot air, heavy with the smell of fresh soil, and the sweat drips from our faces upon the damp clay.—Page 551.

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THE BUSINESS OF A WHEAT FARM

(THE CONDUCT OF GREAT BUSINESSES—SEVENTH PAPER)

By William Allen White

With Illustrations by W. R. Leigh

WHEN one is cataloguing the callings of men one says "the business man, and the farmer," never "the business man and farmer" or the "business man engaged in farming." In daily speech modern men and women pay unconscious tribute to the ghost of the old order—the order which seemed to decree that the farmer's existence depended upon brawn and not upon brain. This thoughtless slighting of the farmer's vocation—which is made manifest in a score of forms in all departments of art, and in the conduct of material affairs—seems curious when one pauses to observe how deeply the farmer of to-day is involved in the meshes of commerce. The successful farmer of this generation must be a business man first, and a tiller of the soil afterward. In him must be combined many talents. He must be a capitalist, cautious and crafty; he must be an operator of industrial affairs, daring and resourceful, and he must play labor's part, with patience and humility. He is in busi-

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ness as certainly as the banker. And henceforth until the order changes, the farmer's success in business will quadrate with the kind and quantity of brains he uses, and with the number of fertile acres under his plough.

Out in the West—where until lately land might be secured for the asking—farms of many acres are found. In the Dakotas and in California and in the far northwestern States of the Union, these large farms are devoted almost exclusively to wheat-growing. In the vernacular of the wheat belt, these farms are called "bonanza" farms. The best examples of such farms may be found in the valley of the Red River of the North, where the stream flows through North Dakota. Oddly enough when the river crosses the Canadian border, the bonanza farms are not found in its valleys, and even smaller farms have not been established universally upon the rich soil, as they have been a few score of miles south in Yankeedom. In the valley upon the American side there is not a barren acre. Wheat stretches away from the car-window to the horizon, over a land flat as a floor. The monotonous exactness of the level makes one long for the undulating prairies of the middle west. Yet the very evenness of the plain has a commercial value, and makes the location here of the great wheat-farms possible. For in a rolling country there is waste land — here an "eighty" on a hill-top, there a "forty" in a swamp. But in bonanza farming every foot of land must be productive with the expenditure of the least possible amount of human labor upon it. In the lexicon of the Dakota farmer there is no such word as "hoe."

The smallest implement upon a big wheat farm is a plough. And from the plough to the elevator—from the first operation in wheat-farming to the last—one is forced to realize how the spirit of the age has made itself felt here, and has reduced the amount of human labor to the minimum. The man who ploughs uses his muscle only incidentally in guiding the machine. The man who operates the harrow has half a dozen levers to lighten his labor. The "sower who goeth forth to sow," walks leisurely behind a drill and works brakes. The reaper needs a quick brain and a quick hand—but not necessarily a strong arm, nor a powerful back. He works sitting down. The threshers are merely assistants to a machine, and the men who heave the wheat into the bins only press buttons. The most desirable farm-hand is not the fellow who can pound the "mauling machine" most lustily at the county fair. He is the man with the cunning brain who can get the most work out of a machine without breaking it. The farm laborer in the West to-day, where machinery is employed, finds himself advanced to the ranks of skilled labor, and enjoys a position not widely different from that of the mill-hand in the East. Each is a tender of a machine.

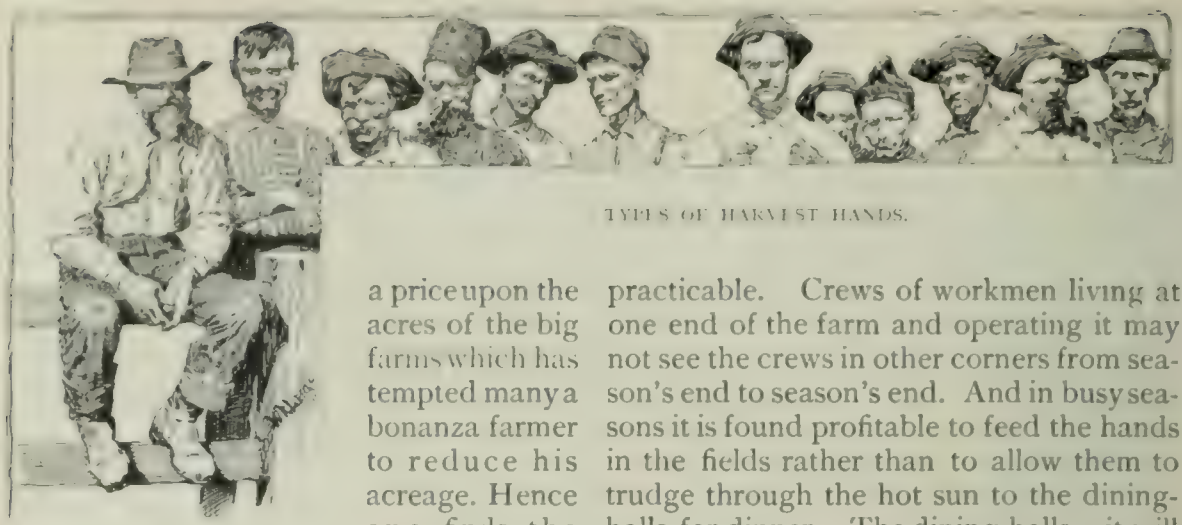


PLOUGHING.*

This much concerning the industrial side of Western farm life seems to be a necessary introduction to the elaboration of the scheme under which the financial business of the great wheat-growing plantation is conducted. From this brief explanation it may be seen that the problem which confronts the business man entering upon the extensive production of wheat is not entirely different from that which confronts him in any considerable producing enterprise. In the wheat-farm the investor has the use of labor-saving machinery to increase the output of his establishment ; his profits are large or small according to the caprices of his market. Here the parallel between the manufacturer and the bonanza farmer ends, for the farmer must produce to the full capacity every year. And he cannot estimate with much accuracy what his cost of production is going to be at any season. The rain, the hail, or the drought may cut his crop short fifty per cent. within a fortnight of the harvest. The weather, as an element of expense, finds a more important place in the ledger of the big wheat farm than is accorded to it in the books of any industrial enterprise. It happens that in the valley of the Red River of the North the weather during any given month is about the same year after year. This also is true of California. For that reason probably, more than for any other, capital has been bold enough to venture out of its beaten path to those favored regions. It may interest the reader to know that the season last past has been an exceptional one in the Dakotas, and that hundreds of thousands of acres of wheat in the bonanza country were damaged by rains just before harvest-time. But usually the rains are sent to these fields with beneficent timeliness.

The big farms have been operating in the Red River Valley for twenty years. The history of their early development has little economic or sociological interest. They did not grow as a snowball grows, by accumulation, the big farms swallowing up the little ones. The land came to its present owners generally by direct purchase from the railroad corporations. It became the property of the railroads through government grants—a bonus for the construction and operation of the line. The railroad people interested capitalists, and the establishment of the farms came naturally. The "wheat-kings" purchased their land at low prices. The improvements that have been made upon it—after the first breaking, have consisted largely of machinery. Only a small per cent. of the land is under fence, and the houses upon a farm are not at all expensive. Yet as the land of the nation has become occupied in the last quarter of a century, the price of land has increased. This rise of land values has put

* Two furrows are made by each plough. There are twenty or thirty ploughs in a gang, each drawn by five horses. They travel an average of twenty miles a day. An overseer follows every gang.



TYPES OF HARVEST HANDS.

a price upon the acres of the big farms which has tempted many a bonanza farmer to reduce his acreage. Hence one finds the large farms gradually crumbling. In another generation, if land continues to rise in the market, the big farmers may follow the "troubadours and the mound-builders." At present land in the Red River Valley is worth twenty-five dollars an acre. The improvements upon a first-class bonanza farm are worth about five dollars an acre. The average bonanza farmer operates from three to ten thousand acres. There are, of course, scores of small farmers who have one, two, and three sections under plough. They are not counted in the same breath with the more extensive wheat-growers. And it is with these latter only that there will be any concern in this paper, for they work upon a system of their own.

It is difficult to present the idea of the bigness of these farms to the person whose preconceived notion of a farm is a little checker-board lying upon a hillside or in a valley. Seven thousand acres present the average bonanza farm. Generally these tracts are not divided. Yet distances across fields are so great that horseback communication is impracticable. Crews of workmen living at one end of the farm and operating it may not see the crews in other corners from season's end to season's end. And in busy seasons it is found profitable to feed the hands in the fields rather than to allow them to trudge through the hot sun to the dining-halls for dinner. The dining-halls—it will be explained later—are scattered over the farm at convenient points. They are frequently five or six miles apart, and many a noon finds the harvesting crew two miles from its hall. This illustration may give one some sort of a rough conception of the bigness of these farms. Here is another point of view: Averaging twenty bushels to the acre—as many farms will this year—the total number of bushels in a crop on a bonanza farm would be 140,000; putting five hundred bushels of that crop in a freight-car, and allowing forty feet to the car, the train which would haul the crop from the farm would be two miles long, and if it were to come charging down Fifth Avenue and Broadway in New York, the "rear end" brakeman would be craning his neck from the caboose to catch sight of the Vanderbilt mansion while the engineer and fireman were enjoying themselves bumping the cable-car down by Union Square.



WATER TANK.

There are from three to four of these on large farms, fed by artesian wells.

And this train-load would be the product of but one farm. The money



SEEDING.

Each drill has four horses and travels from twenty to twenty-five miles a day.



REAPING WITH RIGHT-HAND BINDERS.

Usually with three horses, but in wet seasons like the recent harvest, four horses are used. The covers are necessary to protect the horses from the sun and mosquitoes.



SHOCKING A SEA OF WHEAT.



A Straw-pitcher.

value of this crop would be what the old-fashioned books used to call "a king's ransom." If this crop had to go to mill the old-fashioned way, in two bushel sacks on a mule, the procession would stretch more than halfway from Brooklyn to Buffalo, and would give every man, woman, and child in Oklahoma Territory a mule to ride and pay them $2 apiece for the work if the wheat should find a dollar market. This year's crop of the Red River valley would put all the people in New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts on muleback and make a procession clear around the globe and back to the Klondike country.

As a general thing the titles to these great farms lie in the names of individuals. The corporation is rarely found operating a farm. Frequently the private partnership exists. Sometimes one of the partners is manager of the farm. But more often the land owners live in the East. Many live in the smaller towns of Pennsylvania and New York. A well-known farm in North Dakota is owned by three brothers, living in seaboard States. They do not concern themselves with the active management of the farm, but hire a manager who is paid a salary equivalent to that of the superintendent of an important railway division, and upon this manager rests the actual business of the farm—the growing of the product and selling it.

This is his plant: First there is the land—about seven thousand acres of it. The raw land—if there were any raw land in this part of the world—would be worth about $175,000. The improvements are worth about $35,000. There are three divisions of the farm, each division having its division superintendent. Upon each division is a large white-washed dining hall and dormitory. In the front of this building is a smoking and loafing room for the men. The beds are clean—better than those in the average American farmhouse. The kitchen is not a large affair, but it is arranged with that nice economy of space which makes the dining-car kitchen on the Pullman train a delight to housewives' eyes. Every kitchen utensil has its place, and two men cooks prepare the meals in it. At each division house there are stables and implement barns. In each division-stable are about one hundred head of horses, and it may be noted in passing that stable hands are employed the year around to look after the horses, and the men who work the horses in the field are never allowed to feed the horses. In the machine-shed upon each division are ten four-horse ploughs, eight four-horse drills, half a dozen harrows, and seven binders of the new "right-hand-binding" pattern. There are three steam-motor threshing machines on the place, but except while they are in use they are kept at the division nearest the manager's house. This is all the big machinery. But of course there are wagons, carts, wheel-barrows, and small farm tools in proportion to the number of large machines on the place. A blacksmith's outfit, and a wood-worker's shop is maintained on the place the year round.



The Engineer.

Two elevators, one with a capacity of 40,000 bushels and the other with a capacity of 60,000, are located upon opposite corners of the farm by the railroad track which runs through the great field. A central office, wherein the book-keeper and the manager conduct the business of the farm, is connected with the three division houses and with other important points on the farm by telephone. A handsome modern home is provided for the book-keeper and a comfortable home of an older fashion



STEAM THRESHERS AT WORK.

These machines are fed from two wagons, one standing on either side, and two men on each load pitch as fast as they can. It cuts the binding twine and throws out the straw through the blower. Part of the straw is "bucked" pulled back on a gate like frame, to be burnt in the engine.



DINING HALL AND DORMITORY.

Of the largest farms houses are built for the use of the men during harvesting time.

shelters the manager and his family. A score and a half of cows furnish the milk for the workmen, and a half hundred pigs root in the feed-lot. A room containing over a carload of machinery repairs, and another room filled with staple groceries, purchased at wholesale, and a third room filled with harness, join the main office. A set of books, kept as carefully as the books of a bank are kept, and a telephone connecting the farm with a telegraph wire to the world's markets complete the list of articles which may properly be called the tools of the business—the plant.

The first step taken toward raising a wheat crop is the burning of the old straw of the previous year's crop. This is done on a still fair day in the early fall—just before the ploughing season. For all the wheat grown in this northern country is spring wheat—which being translated into English means that it is wheat planted in spring. Winter wheat is planted in the fall. Spring planting, however, requires fall ploughing, and during October the work begins. The plough that is used has a sixteen-inch shear. It turns two furrows and is drawn by four or five horses, according to the weight of the soil. Each plough is supposed to cover between two and three hundred acres a season, travelling a daily average of twenty miles. The season requires sometimes four weeks, sometimes six weeks, its duration depending upon the



A CAMP.

Where there are [illegible] camp in the open, and have a portable kitchen on wheels.

number of fair days that come after the ploughing begins. The men, however, are not paid by the day, but by the month, and they receive from twenty to twenty-five dollars, including their board and room and washing. They eat breakfast at five o'clock and supper at half-past seven. The men enjoy the usual noon hour. Upon each division, the ploughs work in "gangs," under the eye of the division superintendent, who rides along the row. If one stands a few rods ahead of the ploughs, or a few rods behind them, they seem to be following one another in a line, but when one stands to the right or to the left of the "gang," one sees that the line is broken, and that the second plough in the procession is a plough's-width further in the field than the leader is, and that the third plough is still another plough's-width farther in, and the fourth plough still another width, and so on. The line viewed from the right or the left of it, instead of being a file, forms a kind of stair-steps, from the first to the tenth. It costs about sixty-five cents an acre to plough a big farm.

During the ploughing season about fifty men are employed. At the end of the ploughing season these men are discharged —all but ten of them, who find work on the farm the year round. The discharged men go back to their homes in the pineries or in the cities farther south. The men who stay are kept busy during the fall and winter, getting wood from along the creek that runs through the place. They work the roads for the township, and incidentally drain the fields. When the weather keeps the men indoors they are put at repairing harness, and doing the score of "odd jobs" that every winter brings upon any farm. As spring opens, the men begin to overhaul the machinery and make lists of needed repairs. Those who are "handy" help the blacksmith and the woodworker. The others continue to do chores and "putter" around until the spring has advanced far enough to put the harrows in the field. Sometimes this is in early March. At other times it is May before the spring work begins.

Then the dormitories in the division houses fill up. Some seasons the men who are employed by the month find six weeks' work, with little to do but to sit in the division houses and watch the rain, while their pay goes on regularly. Last April,



HAULING TO THE ELEVATORS.

The grain is shipped by the car-load. Wagons are weighed before and after delivery of the grain. The elevators belong to the farmers, and are located near the railroads. Some of them have a capacity of 60,000 bushels, and the grain is often held in them for months to wait for a rising market.



A MANAGER'S HOME.

however, the harrowing and the seeding was done in seventeen days. Providence was on the side of the farmer that time. When the weather permits the work to go on it proceeds rapidly. One man can harrow sixty to seventy-five acres a day. He controls a twenty-five foot harrow, and an acre is pulverized in a few minutes. After the harrowing follows the seeding. The seeding is done with four-horse drills, that cover eleven feet. Occasionally after the seed is planted, the ground is "cross-harrowed"—but this is not the rule. It requires a bushel and a peck of wheat to the acre to seed the land well. This seed is reserved after harvest the year before, and the best graded wheat is selected from the crop, and thoroughly cleaned and then stored. The wheat most successfully grown in the Red River Valley is a variety with a smooth, flinty berry. It is known as Scotch-Fife wheat. Blue-stem wheat is also very popular. In twenty years of cultivation, evolution has produced a grain particularly adapted to the soil and the climate, and it has been found much more profitable to use native seed than seed from other countries, or even from neighboring States. Adding to the selling price of the seed-wheat in the spring the cost of labor at $15 a month, and one finds that it costs from seventy to ninety-five cents an acre to harrow the ground and plant the wheat. This estimate is accepted by the most successful operators in the Valley.

After the planting season the extra laborers leave the farm again and the regular "hands" put in the corn and oats, and the Hungarian grass grown for fodder. It should be said in passing that this Hungarian grass is a variety of millet. It is almost the only tame grass used in the Dakotas. It is relished by the horses, and they are the



SHEDS FOR STORING MACHINERY.

Only found on the best farms. It is considered cheaper to buy new machinery than to pay for delays and repairs of the old.



SCATTERING AND BURNING THE STRAW.

After reserving enough for the care of the stock in winter, the straw is spread in the autumn over wide areas and burned for fertilizing.

most important feature of the live stock. The Hungarian grass takes a deep root, and pulverizes the soil. Often the straw is also allowed to remain in the fields as a fertilizer. It seems to rejuvenate the earth, which has been debilitated by successive wheat crops. When the planting is out of the way, the work of repairing the binders and the threshing machines proceeds. There is a season between May and the middle of July during which the army of "hands" who work on these North Dakota wheat-farms wait for the crops to ripen. In fact except the half score of men who are regularly employed upon each place, all the men who are engaged upon the big farms—in ploughing season, at seeding-time, during harvest and when the season for threshing comes—the men who do the most important work—are transient laborers. Frequently they are birds of passage, whose faces are familiar to the foremen, but whose homes may be a thousand miles away. Men of this character are not "hoboes"—yet now and then a tramp does "rest from his loved employ" and work with the "harvest hands." A majority of the laborers comes from the South in harvest-time. These men are regular harvesters, who begin with the early June harvest in Oklahoma, working northward until the season closes in the Red River country. Men of this class never pay railroad fare. Thousands of them—perhaps fifteen men for every thousand acres in wheat—ride into the bonanza district on the "blind-baggage" on passenger trains. When they have leisure and a taste for scenery they jolt placidly across the continent homeward-bound in what the lingo of the cult calls "side-door sleepers." Many of these workmen live in the larger towns in the Middle West—in St. Louis, in Omaha, in St. Paul, in Chicago or in Milwaukee. And they bring home probably a million dollars in wages. They are steady, industrious men with no bad habits, and small ambitions. On the best farms there is no drinking, and card-playing is strictly prohibited. The foremen say that cards keep men out of bed at



A GIANT HARVESTER.

This new type of harvester has been used in the San Joaquin Valley, California. The cutting line of the machine is fifty feet wide. It cuts, threshes, and sacks the grain at the rate of 1,500 to 1,800 sacks a day, and covers an area in that time of one hundred acres.

night, and they have not their best strength to work during the day. There are no amusements on the farm, and at nine o'clock the fatigue usually drives the men to bed. Even in the summer the nights are cool. It is an uncommon thing to find a night so hot that it will drive the "harvest hands" from the dormitories to the straw stacks. In the old days, before the system of farming had been reduced to a business problem, no sleeping quarters were provided, and the men slept in tents and upon the straw. The cooking for the crews was done in the open. But this plan brought sickness to the farms in the harvest season, and the farmers found that it was more expensive than housing and caring for the men in the best possible manner. Therefore, in the business of wheat-growing, the food and the shelter for the workmen play leading parts. On smaller farms, farther south than the Red



BACK VIEW OF THE SAME.

Showing traction-engine used as motive power.

River country, it is no unusual thing to find farmers "skimping" the table at harvesting and threshing time. And many a landlord has found a strike on his hands in the midst of the harvest because of the quantity or the quality of the food he served. But the bonanza farmers—at least the better class of them—are as careful of the food set before the men as they are of the fodder that is put before their horses, and this is as far as agricultural generosity can go. Here is a sample bill of fare served for dinner in August at one of the division dining-halls of a Dakota farm: Corned-beef, boiled potatoes, salt pork, baked beans, stewed turnips, tea and coffee, milk, white sugar—and that is a point that has caused many a strike in the Mississippi Valley—syrup, hot and cold bread, cookies, doughnuts, pickles, two kinds of pie, and cheese. The book-keeper, who issues rations to the cooks from the grocery-room, says that it is a notable fact that the rations for the first week of the harvest are nearly a third more than the amount required to feed not only the same number of men, but the identical men afterward. The book-keeper's theory is that it takes a week to fill the hungry men up. It has been estimated that the cost of feeding a harvest army is thirty cents a day for each man. Upon many farms this means $2.50 a week. But by maintaining a good table the farmer has his choice of workmen, and the operators say that no money brings such sure returns as that put upon the tables, and in the bedrooms

The harvest usually begins about July 20th. This year it was a month late. The sweet-peas in the garden by the superintendents' houses were in the glory of their full bloom, when the men began to come to the bonanza farms. Many a farmer used one hundred extra men. A few farmers used more. The wet weather in July damaged the crops on other fields which usually gave work to harvesters by the score, so that they were employed this year only by the dozen. With the men came the new machinery. Train loads of it went into the valley this year. At Fargo they sell a few thousand dollars less than $3,000,000 worth of machinery annually. The item of machinery each year is almost as large as that of labor. City-folk, who know nothing of farming, have much fault to find with farmers, great and small, for leaving expensive machines to stand unsheltered in the fence corners. The Dakota farmers, who buy machinery by the car-load, say that many times it does not pay to take a machine to the shed after a hard season's wear and tear. They say that where one employs much labor, more money is lost in time repairing and tinkering with an old implement than would pay for two new ones. They who have figured it out say that if a man keeps repairing a machine long enough—not counting the lost time of his employees—he will have paid for just five machines and still have an old machine. And in farm machinery breaks are certain to occur. More breaks occur during harvest than in any other season because of the rush and confusion that comes with it. When ten or a dozen machines are eating through a field of wheat in a row, when the men who shock it are working like beavers behind the line of binders, when the hurrah and bustle of this scene is being duplicated three or four places on a farm, something is bound to break. During August the binders on one farm in the bonanza country used up one car-load of twine—enough to tie two New England States together and anchor them to Minots Ledge Light out in Boston Bay. In putting all that twine around wheat-sheafs, the wonder is that more levers and screws and bolts and nuts and bars and pivots are not broken than the records at the book-keeper's office show. Yet with all the ruinous waste of cast iron which must inevitably occur every season, it is by the use of machinery, and the careful use of it too, that the profits in wholesale wheat-growing come. The harvest hand earns from $9 to $12 a week. This he gets all over the nation. But in the small farming country the farmer generally has about half a man more than he needs; yet the farmer cannot economize. He needs a binding machine if he has forty acres of wheat, or if he has a quarter section planted. But the bonanza farmer figures that in a harvest one machine will cut exactly two hundred and fifty acres, and it will take exactly three men to two binders. This ratio will work the men and the machines to their limits. Yet the work is not too wearing on the men, for death from natural causes up-

on the big farms seldom occurs. For all this apparent systematizing of work, there is much that depends upon the generalship of the superintendent. A rain in the midst of harvest means a complete change of work. It means that the order must come from the general superintendent to each of the division superintendents, and that the men must either be allowed to loaf, or do such work as the weather will permit about the place. Even in fair weather orders to each division superintendent come from the chief's office the night before for each day's work.

It is to the credit of the better class of farm managers that they do not order work on Sunday. They say Sunday work does not pay from a business stand-point, as the men work so hard during week-days that a rest is necessary to obtain the best results from their labor. The harvest lasts about ten days. It has been estimated that under average conditions it costs the Red River operators forty-five cents an acre to harvest their wheat. This estimate includes labor, and the wear and tear of machinery.

The last day of the harvest is the first day of the threshing. It takes a day and a quarter to thresh wheat that it has taken a day to cut. Here again the farmer of many acres has the advantage over the farmer in a smaller way. The farmer who owns a threshing-machine must have the grain upon, at least, 1,300 acres before the machine may be said to be working upon its minimum capacity. Many farmers with one-third of this number of acres in grain are compelled to own threshing-machines. But the bonanza farmer can make one machine do the threshing for all the wheat ordinarily grown upon 2,400 acres. After the wheat-field passes the 2,500-acre point a second machine is needed, and a third machine is required after the field has covered 6,500 acres. Of course one separator in time would thresh all the grain that could grow on 2,500 acres or 6,000 acres or twice that much. But time is an important consideration. For while the single thresher was puffing away a rain might spoil enough grain in one night to buy half a dozen machines. This consideration of the time element is so vital that on most farms the noon hour is shortened, and the cooks come from the dining-halls with jars full of warm food, and the men eat near their work.

During the threshing season about thirty men are employed by the farm managers for each threshing-machine. These thirty men are supposed to thresh between two and three thousand bushels of wheat a day and store it in the elevators. The wheat is not stacked, but stands upright in shocks in the field. These shocks are hauled to the thresher. There the self-feeder takes the wheat. Account is kept of the product from each section on the farm, and when the grain flows from the spout of the thresher into the wheat tanks on wheels, standing ready to take it to the elevator, account is made of the section from which the grain comes. The book-keeper at the elevator enters this account in his book, and when the yield upon any section of the farm begins to decrease—when it is not up to that of other sections—the farmer knows that the soil needs strengthening. The next year the crop on that section is Hungarian grass.

In the meantime the men at the thresher are struggling with the accumulating straw. A little of it is used for fuel to keep the engine running, which furnishes the power for the separator. But most of the straw is dragged away by a large rack. This is called "bucking the straw." On many separators there is a device which chops the straw into bits and literally blows it away from the machine. But occasionally even then the straw-pile becomes awkwardly high, and the separator is moved from it.

From the time wheat-sheaves are tumbled into the wagon, until the flour reaches the cooks no human hand touches it. At the elevator, which is owned by the farmer, an unloosened bolt dumps the threshed grain into the bin, where it remains until a lever pitches it into the cars. Yet every ounce of it is weighed and accounted for, and appears on the books in the main office of the farm where it grew. And while it takes thirty men to thresh the wheat one man at the elevator stores it. It costs about $1.60 an acre to thresh the grain and put it in the elevator. That sum, added to the estimated cost of the other processes in wheat-farming, will make the total cost of growing an acre of grain about $3.75. This total will include the cost of labor, seed, and wear and tear of machinery.

But there are other accounts which en-

ter into the cost of the cultivation of the wheat aside from those just indicated. The taxes on the land amount to twenty cents an acre. A system of water-works, for fire protection to the sheds and elevators, is maintained. Some large farms own two, others three, large elevators, which must be repaired. The insurance on the wheat in the field and in the bins is another item, which must be added. The loss of horses, and the cost of growing fodder for the stock —which means the cultivation of a hundred acres or so—are not trifling items of expense which must be added to the cost of the wheat crop. Adding these items to the original estimate of $3.75 per acre—the primary cost of growing an acre of wheat—one finds it easy to justify the statement, agreed upon by the successful bonanza farmers, that it costs about $5.70 an acre to operate a wheat farm in the Red River Valley. In terms of bushels the cost is placed at thirty cents a bushel. This may well represent the expense account—the red side of the wheat farmer's ledger.

This cost per bushel of wheat is reached upon a basis of a yield of nineteen bushels to the acre. The books of the successful farms which have been kept for the past fifteen or twenty years will authorize this estimate in the long run. Here and there a year has come with a much smaller crop, occasionally a year has brought a yield much larger than the average. The profits upon a farm may not be estimated annually. Often one year's receipts pay for another year's deficits. To calculate the returns upon a given sum invested in farming upon any scale—large or small—one must figure upon a basis of a period of years. During the past seven years, the bonanza farmers have sold their wheat at an average price of fifty-five cents a bushel. Here again the wholesale wheat grower has the advantage of his retail competitor, for the grower of 100,000 bushels can store his product until the best market is made for the grain. The business office of every big wheat farm in the Red River Valley is connected by wire with the markets at Duluth, at Minneapolis, and at Buffalo. After the harvest, quotations from the price schedules of these markets arrive hourly at the farm. The superintendent keeps in the closest touch with his agents in the world's great wheat-pits. When the telegraph ticker indicates the arrival of a good price, the farm's agent—a commission merchant at some city board of trade—is instructed to sell. Ten days are allowed for delivery. That ten days represents a season of worry for the buyer. The farmer has his "nights devoid of ease" before he sells. Nothing could better illustrate the thoroughness with which commerce covers the farmer than the presence of the "ticker" on the farm. A rainfall in India or a hot wind in South America is felt upon the Dakota farm in a few hours. The nerves of trade thrill around the globe, and the wages of the harvester in the Red River Valley are fixed by conditions in the fields in Russia, or in Argentina, or in India. The distance between the fields has been lost. The world's wheat-crop might as well lie in one great field, for the scattered acres are wired together in the markets, and those markets are brought to the farmer's door. Indeed, it is whispered about in North Dakota that where the unsuccessful farmer is found, often more paint is worn from the chair by the "ticker" than from the threshing-machine in the fields. The owner of one of the largest farms in the world is about to lose it because he was not content to sell his own million bushels of wheat, but he had to buy and sell the product of mythical fields that hover in the air over the world's great wheat-pits. This man has but few imitators. Most of the bonanza farmers are content to let their operations in wheat end when the railroad company backs its cars upon the "siding" by the farm elevator, and a lever heaves the wheat into the car.

Much of the best wheat goes to Duluth, although the Minneapolis millers have all the first-grade grain they can handle. From Duluth it goes by water to its destination. There is a terrible story in vogue in the wheat-fields, that when this flinty wheat arrives at a certain lake port town many hundred miles east of the western prairie, it is deftly mixed with soft southern wheat and then it is reshipped to Liverpool as "No. 1 hard Dakota wheat." This, however, is probably a folk-tale, and is important only if true.

Accepting the cost of operating a bonanza wheat-farm at $5.70 an acre, and accepting the average selling price of the wheat at fifty-five cents a bushel on an av-

erage yield of nineteen bushels to the acre, one finds that the product of an acre is $10.45. This would seem to leave a net profit to the capitalist who maintains the field of about $4.75 an acre. From this gross sum there must be subtractions. The matter of interest must be considered. The returns from the year's business do not come in until the farm has been operated practically a year. It is not uncommon to hold the product for six months or a year after it has been harvested, waiting for a profitable market. Eighteen months is about the time that may be said to elapse between the first ploughing and the return of the cash for the crop. Eight per cent. is not an exorbitant rate for money in North Dakota. This eight per cent. should be charged for the operation expenses of the farm—that is upon $5.70 for each acre. The interest, therefore, on the operating expenses would be forty-five cents per acre. The final subtraction from this gross profit must be made in the form of interest on the capital invested in the farm. Accepting the estimated value of the land, improvements, and machinery to be $30 per acre, and conceding that for a sound investment six per cent. would be a fair interest return to capital, one comes to the real profit, which is not such an exorbitant profit after all. Subtracting from $4.75, the gross profits, forty-five cents the interest on the operating expenses, and $1.80 the interest on the capital invested, the real profits dwindle to $2.50, or less than eight per cent. profit on the capital invested in land, improvements, and all operating expenses. Figuring the items of interest with the profits — making the result a gross profit — the rate of profit is about doubled.

Thus the balance-sheet stands with the successful operators. Upon scores and scores of farms this balance is written in red ink. It represents assessments—not profits. The value of the wheat in the territory tributary to Fargo, N. D.—where the big farms are found—was estimated at $25,000,000 this year. The nearly $3,000,000 worth of machinery sold at Fargo this year does not include the machinery left over from last year's purchase. It is new machinery. Probably if one could know the amount of capital invested in bonanza farming in the valley of the Red River of the North, the profit in this $25,000,000 worth of wheat would shrink far below the profits which accrue to the few successful farmers in the valley. And if one were to include in his estimate of profit and loss the possibility of a soil giving out in half a score of years, after a generation of wheat-growing, the balance-sheet, even for the best-paying farms might need changing. Perhaps every business is conducted under some such dread possibility. The wheat farmer of to-day in the rich Red River Valley does not seem to be disturbed by thoughts about the failure of the soil. With him sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, and so long as crops continue fair he does not borrow trouble. He is much more interested in the shortage of the wheat crop abroad, and in the steady rise in the price of wheat than he is in the future failure of a soil which for twenty years has shown no "shadow of turning."



THE WORKERS

AN EXPERIMENT IN REALITY

BY WALTER A. WYCKOFF

IV—A FARM-HAND

WILKESBARRE, PA.,
Saturday, 19th September, 1891.



HAVE a wide sweep of country to cover from the "—— House" in the Highlands above the Hudson, where I served as a porter, and received with my wages a reference to the effect that my work was done "faithfully and well," to the coal regions of Pennsylvania in the valley of the Susquehanna.

My spirits rise at every recollection of the journey. For days I walked through the crisp autumn air, breathing its tingling freshness, and barely sensible of fatigue.

The way led me over the rich farm lands of Orange County, and across the Delaware, and through the lonely wilderness of the Pennsylvania border, until I emerged upon the hills above the Susquehanna, and caught sight of the splendid valley, with its native beauty hideously marred by the blackened trails of forest fires and the monstrous heaps of colm, that mark the mouths of the coal-pits.

So far work has not failed me, unless I mark as an exception the single case when I began a search, and brought it abruptly to an end by descending suddenly upon a camping party of friends.

Quietly and mysteriously, I fancy, to the other servants, I appeared among them at the "—— House," and with as little notice I tried to steal away. Instead of going to the kitchen at five o'clock on that Wednesday morning for scrubbing water, I took to the road with my pack, and left behind me the "—— House," awakening to life in the servants' quarters.

I had been a gang-laborer and a hotel porter, and now I wondered what my next rôle was to be. But the feeling was simply a genial curiosity, and was free from the timid shrinking with which I set out from the minister's home in Wilton, and my lodgings at Highland Falls. Then it was under the spur of self-compulsion that I launched afresh upon this fortuitous life. With strong animal instinct I clung to any haven where shelter and food were secure. Now I warmly welcomed a freer courage born of experience. Not too sure of newly gained powers, but like a boy learning to swim, I fancied that I felt the strength of some confidence in the novel element. Light-hearted in spite of my pack, which gained weight with every step, I walked briskly along the country roads, charmed with everything I saw, and feeling sure that my wages would see me through to another job. Was it a real acquisition, and had I learned to catch the strange pleasure of this fugitive life? Or did the difference lie in the bracing cool of the morning, and the beauty of the open country, and the sense of freedom after long restraint, and, most subtly of all, in that little hoarded balance in my purse?

It was nightfall when I entered Middletown, and too late to look for work. With my eye upon the rows of cottages which line the street, by which I entered the town, I soon found a boarding-house for workmen. A bed could be had for twenty cents. At a bakery near by, I got a loaf of bread and a quart of milk for a dime, and was thus supplied with a supper and breakfast.

Twelve hours of unbroken sleep fell to me that night, and in the cool of a threatening morning I set out to find work. The scaffolding about a brick building in process of erection drew my attention, and I applied for a job as a hod-carrier, but found no demand there for further unskilled labor. The boss in charge refused me, with some show of petulance, as though annoyed by repeated appeals. He was not

more cheerful, but was politely communicative enough when I asked after the likelihood of my finding work in the town.

"There is no business doing," he said. "The bottom has fallen out of this place. There's two men looking for every job here, and my advice to you is to go somewhere else."

At the head of the street I came upon the foundation-work of another building, which, I learned, was to be an armory. Here the boss instantly offered me a job, if I could lay brick or do the work of a mason, but of unskilled labor he said that he had an abundant supply.

"But yonder," he added, "is the Asylum, and much work is in progress on the grounds, and there, surely, is your best chance of employment."

The Asylum was a State Homœopathic Institution for the Insane. I could see the large brick buildings on the highest area of spacious grounds, which spread away in easy undulations, with their natural beauty heightened by the tasteful work of a landscape gardener.

Near the entrance to the grounds, I came upon a large force of laborers digging a ditch for a water-main. The boss refused me a place, but not without evident regret at the necessity, and he was at pains to explain to me that, already on that morning, he had been obliged to turn away half a dozen men.

It was with no great expectation of success at finding work there that I began walking somewhat aimlessly through the Asylum grounds. The first person whom I met was an old Irish gardener. He painfully stood erect as I questioned him as to whom I should apply to for a job, and supported himself with one hand on my shoulder, while he told me of the medical superintendent, and the overseer and the foreman, who are in charge of various departments of the work. Presently his face brightened with excitement as he pointed to a large man who was walking toward one of the buildings, and he pushed me in his direction with a pressing injunction to apply to him, for he was the overseer of the grounds.

The overseer listened to my request, and read in silence my reference from the "—— House," and looked me over for a moment; and then abruptly ordered me to report at seven o'clock on the next morning, adding, as he disappeared within the building, that he was paying his men a dollar and a half a day. The old Irish gardener showed the heartiest pleasure at my success, and directed me to a boarding-house near the Asylum grounds, where I was soon settled, and where, at noon, I ate a memorable dinner, the first square meal for thirty-six hours, and the first one which had about it the elements of decent comfort, since I left Mrs. Flaherty's table.

At seven o'clock on the next morning I was one of a gang of twenty laborers who were digging a sewer-ditch. The ditch had passed the farther edge of a meadow, and must cut its way through the field to the Asylum buildings, two hundred yards beyond. Its course was marked by a straight cut through the sod which was to furnish us a guide. Some of the men took their former places in unfinished portions of the work, and the rest of us fell apart, leaving intervals of about three yards from man to man. With the cut as a guide, and with the single instruction to keep the ditch two feet wide, we began to wield our picks and shovels.

A thick, unmoving fog lay damp upon the meadow already saturated with dew. The sun-rays, gathering penetrating power as they pierced the fog, were soon producing the effect of prickly heat. The atmosphere, surcharged with moisture, and lifeless in its sluggish weight, yet quick with stinging heat, was a medium in which the actual work done was out of proportion to its cost in potential energy. In the forceful Irishism of one of the laborers: "It was a muggy morning, and a man must do his work twice over to get it done."

By dint of strenuous industry and careful imitation of the methods of the other men, I managed to keep pace with them. I saw, from the first, that the work would be hard; and, in point of severity, it proved all that I had expected and more. To ply a pick and urge a shovel for five continuous hours calls for endurance. Down sweeps your pick with a mighty stroke upon what appears yielding, penetrable earth, only to come into contact with a rock concealed just below the surface—a contact which sends a violent jar through all your frame, causing vibrations which end in the sensation of an electric shock at your fin-

ger-tips. A few repetitions of this experience are distinctly disheartening in effect. Besides, the sun has cleared the fog, and is shining full upon us through the still air. The trench is well below the surface now, and we work with the sun beating on our aching backs, and our heads buried in the ditch, where we breathe the hot air, heavy with the smell of fresh soil, and the sweat drips from our faces upon the damp clay.

By nine o'clock, what strength and courage I have left seem oozing from every pore. The demoralization is complete, and I know that only "the shame of open shame" holds me to my work. I dig mechanically on, through another sluggish hour of torment, and then I come to, and find myself breathing deeply, with long, regular breaths, in the miracle of "second wind," with fresh energy flowing like a stream of new life through my body.

Through all the working hours of the day the foreman sat upon a pile of tools, silently watching us at the job. Now and then, he politely urged that the ditch be kept not less than two feet wide, and nothing could have been farther from his manner and speech than any approach to abusing the men. It was his evident purpose to treat us well, but the act of his oversight, under the conditions of our employment, involved the practical wasting of his day, and cast upon us the suspicion of dishonesty.

On the next day, which was Saturday, the foreman sent me down the ditch, where the pipe was already laid, and ordered me, with two other men, to fill in the earth. On Monday morning, he met me with an order for yet another change. At the barn I would find "Hunt," he said, and I was to report to him as his "help."

Hunt proved to be a good-looking, taciturn teamster, who had just hitched his horses to a "truck," and he told me to get aboard. The "truck" was a heavy, four-wheeled vehicle, without a box, but with, instead, a stout platform, suspended from the axle-trees, and resting but a few inches from the ground. Standing upon this, we drove all day, from point to point about the buildings and grounds, attending to manifold needs.

We carted the milk-cans from the dairy to the kitchen, and great bags of soiled clothes from the entries to the laundry, and huge cans of swill from the kitchen to the pig-sty at the edge of the wood below the meadow. Then we emptied the ash-barrels, and replaced them for a fresh supply; and carted several loads of vegetables from the garden to the kitchen; and spent most of the afternoon in filling the great refrigerators with ice.

With slight changes in detail, this continued the order of our work through the remaining days of my stay. I had reached my level, and I held the job long enough to find myself well ensconced at the asylum, and then I told the foreman that I wished to go. He looked at me in some surprise, and began to argue the point.

"You'd better stay by your job," he said. "It is not the best work, but we'll find better for you in time."

I thanked him heartily, and told him that I was interested to learn that, but that I felt obliged to go. He shook hands with me, and cordially "wished me luck," and told me to apply to him for work, if I happened again in those parts.

It was clear that a rate of progress which had carried me not even so far as the eastern border-line of Pennsylvania, during nearly two months of my expedition, would require a considerable portion of a lifetime in which to accomplish the three thousand miles before me. I resolved upon longer walks as a wiser policy for at least the immediate future.

A rough plan was soon formed. I had saved nearly six dollars. It was a Wednesday morning. I would give three days to uninterrupted walking, and by Friday evening I should reach Wilkesbarre. The whole of Saturday, if so much time were needed, could then be given to a search for employment; and the rest of Sunday would put me in trim to begin, on Monday morning, the work which would provide in a few days for present needs, and furnish a balance with which to begin the journey once more.

I cannot dwell here upon the details of that three days' tramp. At nightfall of the third evening, I entered Wilkesbarre, but I got so far in that time only by virtue of a long lift, which carried me, by a stroke of rare good fortune, over much the longest part of the last day's journey.

So far, my plan had been carried out. It was Friday evening, and I was safe in

Wilkesbarre, somewhat worn with a walk of rather over eighty miles, and with an increased dislike for my burdensome pack, but with every prospect of being fit for work so soon as I should find it.

My success, in this direction, had been so uniform that, instead of sleeping in the open, as I had done on the night before, I allowed myself the luxury of a supper and a bed in a cheap boarding-house, and a breakfast at its table, before beginning my search in the morning. Further good fortune awaited me, for Saturday lent itself with cheerful brightness to the enterprise. At an early hour, I stepped out into a busy street of the city, sore and stiff with walking, but high of hope, and not without a certain elevation of spirit, which might have warned me of a fall.

Work on the city sewers was being carried through the public square. I found the contractor, and applied for work as a digger. Very courteously, he took the pains to explain to me that he was obliged to keep on hand, and pay for full time, a force of men far larger than was demanded, except by certain exigencies, and that he could not increase their number. Not far from the square, another gang of workmen were laying the curbstones and repairing the street, but here I was again refused. I lifted my eyes to the sight of a stone building that was nearing completion, and there, too, no added hands were needed.

By this time, I had neared the post-office, and I found letters awaiting me there which claimed the next half-hour. But even more embarrassing, as a check to further search, was a "Free Reading Room," which now invited me to files of New York newspapers, in which I knew that I should find details of recent interesting political developments at Rochester and Saratoga, not to mention possible fresh complications in the more exciting game of politics abroad. I went in, and, like Charles Kingsley's young monk, Philemon, who, wandering one day, farther than ever before, from the monastery in the desert, chanced upon the ruins of an old Egyptian temple, and, mindful of a warning against such seductions, yet guiltily charmed by the rare beauty of the frescoes, prayed aloud, "Lord, turn away mine eyes, lest they behold vanity," but looked, nevertheless—I looked, too, and read on until mounting remorse robbed the reading of all pleasure, and drove me to my task again.

But I had fallen once, and by a sad fatality, scarcely had I renewed the search, with weakened powers of resistance, when I stumbled upon a fiercer temptation, in the form of a library, which announced in plain letters its freedom to the public until the hour of nine in the evening.

Forgetful of my character as a workman, miserably callous to the claim of duty to find employment, if possible, and in any case, to live honestly the life which I had assumed, I entered the wide-open, hospitable doors, and was soon lost to other thought, and even to the sense of shame, in the absorbing interest of favorite books.

In the lonely tramp across the mountains of Pike County, I walked sometimes for miles with no opportunity of quenching a growing thirst, when suddenly I came upon a mountain spring that trickled from the solid rock, and formed a pool in its shade, where I threw myself on the ground, and, with a glorious sense of relief, drank deeply of its cold water. The analogy is a weak one, for the physical relief and the momentary pleasure but faintly suggest the prolonged intellectual delight, after two months of unslackened thirst.

Here was an inexhaustible supply, and there were polite librarians, who responded cheerfully to your slightest wish; and, best of all, there was an inner door which disclosed a reading-room, where perfect quiet reigned, and comfortable chairs invited you to grateful ease, and shelves on shelves of books were free to your eager hand.

To pass from one writer to another among the volumes that lay on the table, lingering over long-loved passages, or dipping lightly here and there, absorbing pleasure from the very touch of the book and the sight of the well-printed page, charmed by some characteristic phrase, as when George Eliot describes a crucifix as "the image of a willing anguish for a great end," or in commenting, in passing, upon the quotation, "δεινὸν τὸ τίκτειν ἐστίν," she paraphrases it in her glowing English, "Mighty is the force of motherhood!"

> Ah, what delights can equal those
> That stir the spirit's inner deeps?

What indeed, unless it be to sink into the folds of an easy-chair, with a hitherto

unseen edition of Tennyson in six volumes, new and beautiful, a fit setting for the verse of that great master, whom Mr. Andrew Lang has lately called, with the glow of a true enthusiasm, "the sweetest and strongest, the most exquisite, the most learned, and the most Virgilian of all our modern poets." To catch once more the pure, rich melody of his music as he sings from "the midmost heart of grief," or mounts to the abounding ecstasy of the "hungry heart," to whom life piled on life were all too little! Old passages, worn by wont and use to little meaning, but returning now to my craving sense with the freshness of their first awakening power.

And last, and best of all, to reach an Iliad from its shelf and lose myself in strong delight in

> . . . matin songs that woke
> The darkness of the planet . . .

songs of rich, abundant life, when the world was young and men were heroes all, and knew their vital kinship with the gods, and with the living springs and fragrant flowers, and with the singing birds and snow-white sheep. And life moved forward in the strength of great passions that make men, and "in the glorious might of heaven-born freedom" men grew to nature's strength and beauty, and never knew the yoke of long tradition nor the load of custom that "lies upon us with a weight heavy as frost and deep almost as life."

And now the noise of battle rose in that incomparable hexameter, and "three times the bravest of the Greeks attacked the walls of Troy, there by the fig-tree near the Scaian gates where the city lies lowest, led on by Ajax and Idomeneus, by the two Atridæ and Tydeus's son, whether some cunning seer taught the craft or their own spirits stirred and drove them on!" And clanging in horrid discord with the clash of arms, there broke suddenly the sound of slamming shutters, which was the janitor's signal for nine o'clock, the hour of closing for the night.

Taking my hat and stick I walk out into the gas-lit street and into our modern world so different from the past, with its artificialities and its social and labor problems, and I remember that I am a proletaire out of a job, and that with shameless neglect of duty I have been idling through priceless hours. Crestfallen I hurry to my boarding-house, longing, like any conscience-stricken inebriate, to lose remorse in sleep.

As I walk to my lodgings a certain fellow-feeling warms me with fresh sympathy for my kind. I have met with my first reverse, not a serious one, but still the search for work, for the first time in my experience, has been fruitless through most of a morning. Instead of persevering industriously I yield weakly to the desire to forget my present lot and the duty it entails in the intoxication that beacons to me from free books. That happens to be my temptation, and I fall. Another workman of my class in precisely my position encounters, not one chance temptation which he might escape by taking another street, but at every corner open doors that invite him to the companionship of other men, who will help him to forget his discouragements so long as his savings last; and as we are both turned into the street at night, in what do we differ as regards our moral strength? He yielded to his temptation and I to mine.

The history of the next few days does not belong to the present story. A reference in church on the following morning to a sorrow which threatened the home of friends, and threatened me with the loss of a most honored teacher, drove me in anxious haste to a point in the mountains where I learned that his near kinsfolk were camping. For a time I forgot the exciting perplexities of a common laborer's life in the ease and comfort and delightful intercourse of a charming home.

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WILLIAMSPORT, LYCOMING COUNTY, PA.,
Saturday, 3d October, 1891.

FROM Wilkesbarre it was an easy day's march to the village of Pleasant Hill, which lies in the way to Williamsport. The only notable incident of the tramp was one which confirmed me in an early formed policy. I have avoided the railways, and have walked, in preference, along the country roads, as affording better opportunities of intercourse with people. But in going on that morning from Wilkesbarre to the ferry, which crosses the river to Plymouth, I took the advice of a gatekeeper at a railway-crossing and started

down the track on a long trestle as a short cut to the ferry. All went well until I was half way over, and then two coal-trains passed simultaneously in opposite directions, and I hung by my hands from the framework at one side, while the engineer and fireman on the locomotive nearest me laughed heartily at the figure that I cut, with the side of each car grazing my pack and my hold on the railing growing visibly slacker.

It was a little after nightfall when I reached the tavern at Pleasant Hill. Of my wages I had fifty cents left. I questioned the proprietor as to the demand for work in his community. He was quite encouraging. Only that afternoon, he said, one of the best farmers of the neighborhood had been inquiring in the village for a possible man, and to the best of his knowledge he had not found one. I said that I should apply at his farm in the morning, and then I broached the subject of entertainment. We soon struck a bargain for a supper and breakfast and the privilege of a bed on the hay, but when, after supper, I asked to be directed to the barn, the landlord silently led the way to a little room upstairs, and there wished me good-night.

In the early morning he pointed out for me the road to his neighbor's farm, which I followed with ready success. I was penniless now and had only an uncertain chance of work. And then, if the farmer should ask me, I should be obliged to own to inexperience, and the demand for farm hands, I supposed, must be limited at a date so far into the autumn. But the morning was exquisite, and the buoyancy that it bred was an easy match for misgivings, so that it was with a light heart that I turned from the road into a lane which leads to the house of a farmer, whom I shall call Mr. Hill.

All about me were the marks of thrift. The fences stood straight and stout, with an air of lasting security. On a rising ledge above the lane was the farm-house, a small, unpainted wooden cottage, bleached to the rich, deep brown of a well-colored meerschaum pipe, and as snug and tight as a pilot's schooner. Near it was a summer kitchen, that seemed fairly to glow with conscious pride in its cleanness, and the very foot-path from the gate to the cottage door was swept like a threshing-floor.

On the doorstep sat a girl in a calico dress of delicate pink, with a dark gingham apron concealing all its front. She was shelling peas into a milk-pan which rested on her lap, and the morning sunlight was in her flaxen hair, and showed you the delicate freshness of a pink and white complexion.

Sober hazel eyes were fixed on me as I walked up the footpath, and of us two I was the embarrassed one. I have not got over a certain timidity in asking for work, and each request is a sturdy effort of the will, with the rest of me in cowardly revolt, and a timid shrinking much in evidence, I fear.

"Is this Mr. Hill's farm?" I ask.

"Yes," says the young woman, with grave dignity, and the most natural self-possession in the world.

"Is he at home?" I am sweating freely now, as I stand with my hat crushed between my hands, and the pack feeling like a mountain on my back.

"He is down at the pond on the edge of the farm." And her serious eyes follow the line of the lane which sinks from the house with the downward slope of the land.

With her permission, I leave the pack behind, and then follow the indicated way. The barn is on my right, a large, unpainted structure, stained by weather to as dark a hue as the house, but there are no loose boards about it, nor any rifts among the shingles, and the doors hang true on their hinges, and meet in well-adjusted touch. The cow-yard and the pig-sty flank the lane, and the neatness of the yard and the tightness of the troughs make clear that there is no waste of fodder there. Farther down and on my left is the wagon-house, as good a building almost as the cottage, and with much the same clean, strong compactness. There are no ploughs nor other farming tools lying exposed to the weather, no signs of idle capital wasting with the wear of rust, but everywhere the active, thrifty strength of wise economy.

Two men are at work at the pond, and I pick my man at once. They are plainly brothers, but the Mr. Hill of whom I am in search is the stronger looking man, and is clearly in command of the job. I am

reminded of a certain type which one comes to know on "the street," a clean-cut vigorous man, who keeps his youth till sixty, and who, for many years, has had a masterful, compelling hand upon the conduct of affairs; has put railways through the West, and opened up mining regions, and knows the inner workings of legislatures, and of much else besides.

I wait for a pause in the work, and try to screw my courage to the sticking point, and then I tell Mr. Hill that the landlord at the tavern has sent me to him in the belief that he needs a man, and I add that I should be glad of the job. Without preliminary questions Mr. Hill engages me on the spot, and makes me an offer of board and lodging and seventy-five cents a day, which, he says, is the usual rate on the farms at that season. I close with the bargain, and ask to be set to work immediately. A minute later I am walking up the lane with a message for Mrs. Hill, to the effect that I am the new "hired man," and that she will please give me, to take to the pond, a certain "broad hoe" from the wagon-house.

Mrs. Hill understands the situation at once; she makes no comment, however, but goes with me to the wagon-house, where she points out the hoe among the other tools in a corner. She has said nothing so far, and I feel a little uncomfortable, but now she turns to me with a frank directness of manner that is very reassuring:

"I ain't got room for you in the house, but I guess you'll be comfortable sleeping out here. You can fetch your grip, and I'll show you your bed."

Pack in hand, I follow her up the steps to the loft of the wagon-house, and she points to a cot near the farther window, and a wooden chair beside it.

"Some time to-day I'll make up your bed, and if there's anything you want you can tell me." This is her final word, as she leaves me to return to the house. I slip on my overalls, and take note of my new quarters. Windows at both ends of the loft provide ample ventilation. The cot is covered with a corn-husk mattress, as clean and fresh as a cock of new hay. The very floor is free from dust. The rafters hang thick with bunches of seed-corn on the cob, with their outer husks removed and the inner husks drawn back and neatly interwoven, the whole effect suggesting stalactites in a cave. The air is fragrant with the perfume from slices of apples, that are closely threaded and hung up to dry in graceful festoons from rafter to rafter.

Five minutes later I am at work at the pond. The pond is an artificial one, created by a wooden dam. The water has been allowed to flow out and the old wood-work is to be renewed.

My immediate task is to dig a ditch along the outer side of the rotting planks, so that they can be removed and replaced by new ones. I am soon alone on the job, for the farmers' work calls them elsewhere. The experience in a sewer-ditch at Middletown is all to my credit, and my spirits rise with the discovery that I can handle my pick and shovel more effectively, and with less sense of exhaustion. And then the stint is my own, and no boss stands guard over me as a dishonest workman—at least I am conscious of none, and I am working on merrily, when, suddenly, I become aware of my employer bending over the ditch and watching me intently.

It is a face very red with the heat and much bespattered with mud, into which my tools sink gurglingly, that I turn up to him.

"How are you getting on?"

"Pretty well, thank you."

"You mustn't work too hard. All that I ask of a man is to work steady. Have an apple?"

He is gone in a moment, and I stand in the ditch eating the apple with immense relish, and thinking what a good sort that farmer is, and how thoroughly he understands the principle of getting his best work out of a man! He has appealed to my sense of honor by entrusting the job to me, and now he has won me completely to his interests by showing concern in mine.

The work is hard, and the morning hours are very long, but the labor achieves its own satisfaction as the task grows under one's self-directed effort, and there is no torture of body and soul in the surveillance of a slave-driving boss.

But I am thoroughly tired and very hungry when Mr. Hill calls to me from

across the pond that it is time to go to dinner. I join him in haste, and we walk up the lane together, while he drives his team before him, and points out, with evident pride, the young colts and other stock in the pasture.

On a bench near the door of the summer kitchen are two tin basins full of water, and there we wash ourselves, drawing, by means of a gourd-dipper from a brimming bucket near by, any fresh supply of water that we want. A coarse, clean towel hangs on a roller above the bench, and at this we take our turns.

The dinner is a quiet meal and tends to solemnity. Mrs. Hill and her daughter sit opposite the farmer and me. Little is said, but for me there is absorbing interest in the meal itself. It is worthy of the best traditions of country life. Clean in all its appointments to a degree of spotlessness, really elegant in its quiet simplicity, and appetizing, how was I ever to stop eating those potatoes that spread under the pressure of my fork into a mass of flaky deliciousness, or the ears of sweet corn fresh from a late field, or the green peas that swim in a sweet stew of their own brewing, or, best of all, the little pond pickerel that are grilled to a crisp brown turn !

In our more artificial forms of living we habitually eat when we are not hungry, and drink when we are not thirsty, and we know little of the sheer physical delight in meat and drink, when our natures seize joyously upon the means of life, and organs work in glad adaptation to function, and the organism, in full revival, responds to its environment !

The work moves uninterruptedly in the afternoon, and at six o'clock, as I wearily drag my feet along the lane by the farmer's side, I can see his daughter driving the cattle through the pasture to the cow-yard, and I wonder how I shall fare at the evening milking. But I am not put to that test, for the farmer declines my offer of help, with the explanation that, under our arrangement, my day's work is done at six o'clock, and that he is not entitled to further help, nor does he need it, he adds, for his wife and daughter always lend a hand at the chores.

Supper is almost a repetition of dinner, with a pitcher of rich milk kindly pressed upon me when I decline the tea, with apple-sauce and cake in the place of pumpkin pie. Soon after, I am lighting my way with a lantern through the dark to my cot in the loft, and for ten hours I sleep the sleep of a child, and wake at six in the morning to the farmer's call of "John, hey, John !" from under the window

All of that day, which was Wednesday, was given to completing the work on the dam. The necessary excavation was soon finished, and then we laid the timbers, and nailed the new planks into place, and filled in, and packed the earth behind them. Over the completed job the farmer expressed such a depth of satisfaction that I felt a glow of pride in the work, and a sense of proprietorship which was splendidly compensating for the effort which it had cost.

The remaining three days of the week we spent in picking apples. Behind the wagon-house was an orchard. Mr. Hill first selected a tree, and then we placed under it the number of empty barrels, which, in his judgment, corresponded to its yield, a judgment which was always singularly accurate. Then, each supplied with a half-bushel basket with a wooden hook attached to the handles, we next climbed among the branches, and, suspending our baskets, we carefully picked the apples with a quick upward turn of the fruit, which detached them at the point at which the stem was fast to the twig. Both baskets were usually full at about the same moment, and then we took turns in climbing down, and receiving the baskets from the tree, and emptying the apples into the barrels, with great caution against possible bruising.

All this was Arcadian in its joyous simplicity. All day we moved among the boughs, breathing the fragrance of ripened fruit and the mellow odor of apple-trees turning at the touch of frost, picking ceaselessly the full-juiced apples "sweetened with the summer light," while above us white clouds fled briskly before the northwest wind across the clear blue of the autumn sky, and below us lay the pasture, where the patient cattle grazed, and beyond stretched open country of field and forest, which in that crystal air met the horizon in a clean, sharp line.

Mr. Hill and I were growing very chummy. A faint, uncomfortable distrust

of me, which I suspected through the first two days, had wholly disappeared. We talked with perfect freedom now, and with a growing liking for each other, which, for me, added vastly to the charm of those six days on the farm.

I tried at first to lead the talk, and to draw Mr. Hill into expressions of his views of life, that I might learn his attitude toward modern progress, and catch glimpses of the growth of things from his point of view. But Mr. Hill was proof against such promptings. He was a shrewd, practical farmer with a masterful hold upon all details of his enterprise, and with a mind quickened by thrifty conduct of his own affairs to a catholic taste for information. His schooling had been limited, he said, but he must have meant his actual school training; for life itself had been his school, and admirably had he improved its advantages. He was a trained observer and a close student of actual events.

Instead of my getting him to talk, he made me talk, but with so natural a force as to rob it of all thought of compulsion. The talk drifted early into politics, and I soon found that my light-hearted generalizations would not pass muster. Back and back he would press me upon the data of each induction, until I was forced to tell what I knew, or was confronted with my ignorance.

And then he delighted in talk of other people than our own, and his knowledge of a somewhat general contemporaneous history was curiously varied and accurate. Stories of succeeding English ministries, and even of the short-lived French cabinets, were ready to his use, and he tactfully righted me in my errors.

But he held me closest to my memories of things among the common people, the agricultural laborers in England, and their relation to the farmers, and theirs in turn to the landed proprietors, and the promise which the land could give of continued support to three classes, under the changed conditions of modern life. All that I could remember of a typical laborer's home, and of its manner of life, and of the general aspect of an English farm, seemed only to whet his appetite, and to strengthen his demand for what I knew of the continental peasantry. His interest centred strongly in the French, and there was plainly a peculiar charm for him in every detail which I could give of the French farmers, with their small holdings and their inherited habits of thrift, and of the close culture of their lands. But he would even lead me on to speak of great cities, and of the life in them of the rich and poor, and of any signs of which I knew of growing social discontent.

And, with an interest that never flagged, he questioned me on works of art, and followed patiently, and with a zest that warmed one's own enthusiasm, through endless churches, and long dim galleries, and by the narrow, crooked streets of a modern city to the ruins of its distant past. And there we restored the crumbling piles, until there stood clear to his imagination a vision of Imperial Rome, and his eyes kindled to some great general's triumph moving through the Via Sacra, and "the people swarming to the very chimney-tops, their infants in their arms," and on the air the deep, rich, moving roar of high acclaim.

Sunday was the last day of my stay on the farm. When in the middle of the week, I found that Mr. Hill was likely to keep me, I was conscience-stricken, because I had not told him that my stay would be short. He said nothing at first in reply to my announcement, but presently remarked that it was very hard to get men in that part of the country.

"But surely," I said, "more men apply to you for work than you can possibly employ."

He looked at me with some wonder at my ignorance. "For a long time I have been looking for a man to help me," he said. "I'm growing old, and I can't do the work that I once did; and if I could find the right man, I'd keep him the year round, and pay him good wages. But the best young fellows go to the cities, and the rest are mostly a worthless lot. There's hardly a day in the year when I haven't a job for any decent man who'll ask for it. I have to go looking for men, and then I generally can't find one that's any account."

This was much the longest speech that he had made me so far, and a very interesting one I thought it, and I am only sorry that I cannot reproduce the exact phraseology, with its Anglo-Saxon words set, by an instinctive choice, into rugged sentences that admirably expressed the

man. I waited hopefully for further speech from him, and at last it came, quite of its own accord; for I had given up trying to draw him out.

We were sitting together on Sunday evening on the platform of the pump, in front of the farm-house. It had been a very restful Sunday. In the morning I went to the village church, where two services followed each other in quick succession. The first was a prayer-meeting, attended by a little company of farming people and village folk, who conscientiously parted company at the church door on the basis of sex, and sat on opposite sides of a central aisle.

The service was a simple one. The leader read a passage from the Bible and offered prayer, and then gave out a hymn. When the singing ceased, one after another, the older men, with nervous pauses between, rose to "testify," or sank to their knees and prayed aloud.

I chiefly remember one as a typical figure, an old man, whose thick, white hair mingled with a bushy beard that covered his face. I noticed him first in comfortable possession of a bench along which he stretched his legs. On his feet were loose carpet-slippers; and with his shoulders braced against the wall, and his head thrown back, and his eyes closed, he looked the vision of physical ease which matched the expression of deep contentment that he wore. There was no suspicion of sleep about him. Most evidently he followed with liveliest sympathy every word that was said or sung. I looked up presently at the sound of a new voice, and found the old man on his feet. He was adding his "testimony" to what had gone before, and was speaking rapidly in a deep, gruff voice with blunt articulation. There was a strong reminder in the performance of a schoolboy's "speaking his piece;" the monotonous, unnatural tone; the rapid flow of conventional, committed phrase; and the nervous tension which communicated itself to his hearers in a fear that he might forget.

But there came at length, without calamity, the final "pray for me that I may be kept faithful," and then he knelt in prayer. Invocations from the Prophets, and supplications from the Psalms, and glowing exhortations from the Epistles, were interwoven with strangest interpolations of his own, while his voice rose and fell in regular cadences, and he audibly caught his breath between. But he was losing himself in his devotion, and presently his voice fell to a natural tone, and his words grew plain and direct, as he held converse with the Almighty about our common life—of sin and its awful guilt, of temptation and its fateful trial, of suffering and its terrible reality, of sorrow and its cruel mystery. Then, as though quickened by the touch of truth, his faith rose on surer wings, and his prayer breathed the sense of sin forgiven, and of life made strong by a power not our own, and of hope exultant in the knowledge "of that new life when sin shall be no more!"

A solemn stillness held us when he rose, and made us feel the presence in our common lot of things divine, and that deep sacredness of life which awes us most.

A short preaching service followed. The preacher drove up on the hour from another parish, and started off at the meeting's end for yet a third appointment.

This is a long digression from Mr. Hill's talk of the evening, and I have said nothing yet of the afternoon. We took chairs out on the grass in front of the cottage after dinner, and sat in the shade. We soon had visitors. Mr. Hill's brother and his wife walked up from the lower farm, and a little later there came Mr. Hill's son and his young bride. The son is a physician, whose practice covers much of that country-side, and it was interesting to me to learn that his professional training was got at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York.

Fearful of disturbing the family gathering, I drew off a little, and gave my attention to a book. Later in the afternoon I was roused by the coming of another guest. He was an old neighboring farmer out in search of a heifer, which had broken through the pasture fence. As he joined us he was speaking so swiftly and incoherently about the heifer's escape, that I felt some doubt of his sanity. But he quieted down in a moment and threw himself on the grass, with the evident purpose of resting before resuming the search. He was lying flat upon his back, and his long bony fingers were clasped under his head.

He wore no hat or coat or waistcoat, and a dark gingham shirt lay close to the sharp outlines of his almost fleshless body. Braces that were patched with strings passed over his lean shoulders, and were made fast to faded blue jeans, whose extremities were tucked into an old pair of coarse, cowhide boots. A long white beard rested on his breast, reaching almost to his waist. Only a thin fringe of hair remained above his ears, and over the skull the bare skin was so tightly drawn that you could almost trace the zigzagging junctures of the frontal and cranial bones.

But skeleton as he was, he was marvellously alive. His eyes were aflame with life, and prone as he lay and resting, he impressed you as a man so vitalized, that, with a single movement, he could be upon his feet and in intense activity. He was talking on about the heifer, nervously repeating to us, again and again, the details of where he had seen her last, and the rift which he had found in the fence, and how he had sent his hired man in one direction and had gone in another himself.

He was a rich farmer, Mr. Hill told me afterward, and he lived alone, except for an occasional hired man, whom he could induce to stay with him for a season. But even in his old age, he worked on his farm with the strength and endurance of three men, laying aside, year by year, his store of gain.

Without a single human tie, he worked as though spurred by every claim of affection and the highest sense of responsibility to provide for those whom he loved; and all the while a vast misanthropy grew upon him, and he would see less and less of his fellow-men, and an almost life-long scepticism hardened into downright unbelief.

So far he had not noticed me, but now he turned my way, lifting himself upon his elbow, and fixing his sunken, burning eyes on mine, while the white hairs of his beard mingled with the blades of grass.

"You're hired out to Jim, ain't ye?" Jim was his designation of Mr. Hill.

"Yes," I said.

"What's he payin' you?"

I told him. Mr. Hill was squirming in nervous discomfort.

"What's your name?"

I gave it him.

"Where are you come from?"

"Connecticut."

"Connecticut? That's down South, ain't it?"

"No, that's down East."

"Was you raised there?"

I do not know into what particulars of my history and of my antecedents this process might have forced me, had not the heifer come to my relief. She was a beautiful creature, with a clean sorrel coat, and wide, liquid, mischievous eyes; and as she ran daintily over the turf at the side of the lane, saucily tossing her head, you knew that she was closely calculating every chance of dodging the gawky country boy who, breathing hard, lunged after her.

Without a word of parting, and as abruptly as he came, the old man was gone to head her off in the right direction at the mouth of the lane. And so he disappeared, as strange a human figure as the world holds, living tremendously a life of strenuous endeavor, yet Godless and hopeless and loveless in it all, except for the greedy love of gain, which holds him in miserable bondage, as he works his life away.

It was soon after supper that Mr. Hill and I sat down together on the platform of the pump. There was little movement in the air, and it was very mild for the 27th of September. As the stars appeared they shone upon us through a mellow warmth like that of summer, in which they seem magically near, and one feels their calm companionship in human things.

"And you've made up your mind to go in the morning?" Mr. Hill began.

"Yes," I said, "I must be off. I'm truly sorry to go. But you surprise me by what you tell me of the difficulty in the country of getting men to work. One hears so much about the unemployed that any demand for labor which remains unsupplied seems an anomalous condition."

"That's a big question," he said, with a deep sigh, as he leaned back against the pump, and looked at me out of blue eyes that were gray and keen in the starlight. And then for a long time, out of the fulness of his experience and of his patient thinking, he talked to me about the general business of agriculture, and the problem of the unemployed as it stands related to that form of production.

All that he said was so practical and human and sane, so full of insight into actual conditions, and so free from remedial measures in the form of theories of social reconstruction. It was not of another social order that he spoke at all, but of immediate, practicable improvement in the present order; it was not of the business of agriculture upon another than its present economic basis, but of more thrifty and enterprising farming under present conditions, as demanded by improvement in all forms of production, and urged as possible from his own long experience of facts.

I have not space here for what he said, and at best I can reproduce it but imperfectly; but I listened with absorbing interest, not simply to the succinct statement of his views, but to him as representative of a type.

Under the stars we sat talking until nearly midnight, and, quite inevitably, we launched upon the subject of religion. Mr. Hill appeared curiously apathetic, I thought, as I urged what seemed to me vital. And when, at the end, he narrowed it all to the single inquiry as to whether I believed in a real recognition in some future life, among those who have loved one another here, I found myself wondering, with a feeling of disappointment, at so wide a drift from essentials, on the part of a mind which had impressed me as so actively clear and strong. I looked up in my surprise. Even in the starlight I could see the tears, and from a single halting sentence I got the hint of a daughter dead in early childhood, and of a sorrow too deep for human speech, and of an eager questioning of the future that was the soul's one great desire.

"For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known," was all that I could say to him, and I went to bed pitying myself for my shallow judgment and my ignorance of life.

(To be continued.)

A PRAYER

By Charles Edwin Markham

Teach me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rock;
But my spirit, propt with power,
Make as simple as a flower.
Let the dry heart fill its cup,
Like a poppy looking up;
Let life lightly wear her crown,
Like a poppy looking down,
When its heart is filled with dew,
And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree.
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon:
Beetle, on his mission bent,
Tarries in that cooling tent.
Let me, also, cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden grot—
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way and be their best.


WITH
DOG AND GUN
BY
A. B. FROST.



Ruffed Grouse.



Ducks.



Snipe.



Woodcock.


B. Frost



English Pheasant.



CITY VISTAS

By Edith M. Thomas

Our city fronts the morning wave, and greets
Serene all comers; and, on either side,
The sailing pines of nations sundered wide
A stately river in its journey meets.
How I have loved our city's vistaed streets,
That like some Western cañon's walls divide,
To show the sunset's purple band, where ride
Those legend-haunted masts and storm-strained sheets!

But when the electric lamps their argent globes
Float in mid-air, and in the upper night
Some zenith star all solitary gleams,
Or when in morning mists our city robes,
She seems created by some wizard's sleight,
To vanish dream-like on the tide of dreams!

ROUGE-ET-NOIR

By Wolcott LeClear Beard

In the shade of the wickiup on the edge of the little plateau sat Wet Dog, gazing absently over the green valley which lay stretched at his feet. Not at all a good place for a camp, thought the patient squaws who had built it, for it was only a little, gravelly shelf on the parched, gray mountain which allowed the sun to beat full upon it while keeping off what breezes there were. Then the water must be carried all the way from the river, a hundred yards off horizontally and as many feet below; but what did Wet Dog care for that? He did not have to "pack" it—and, besides, there wasn't much to bring, for they used it only to boil things in—so he had decreed that there the camp should be, and Wet Dog's word was law. He had reasons of his own—liked the view, he said—so the squaws had made many weary journeys up the steep incline, bearing from the flat below armfuls of arrow-weed, which they wove into hurdles, securing them, edge to edge, on three sides of a square. Their lord had been impatient during this process, for the sun was hot, and he had hurried them with grunts, together with sundry pokes. When the walls were up he squatted contentedly in their shadow, and, leaving his womankind to put on the roof more at their leisure, gave himself up to a pleasant revery.

A happy retrospect it was, for things had prospered with Wet Dog. In his youth he had been sent to an Indian school under the control of the Federal Government, and situated in the East, far away from all degrading aboriginal influences. This is why Wet Dog ran away from it, but he learned much while there, learned to speak English and to read a little, together with many other things appertaining to the lore of the white man, but which are not included in the curriculum of that excellent governmental institution. On his return to the reservation, he had sold skins and baskets to the wives of the officers quartered there, and thereby obtained silver coins. This money he had invested in rifle cartridges, which he bartered with his brethren for the blankets served out to them by a paternal government. These he sold at a profit, so his wealth had grown and he had become a sub-chief of his tribe and the proprietor of many ponies. One reverse he had met with, to be sure, but he was not cast down, and turned it to his own advantage.

It was in this way. Racing, especially with horses, has always been a favorite sport with the Western Indian. The love of it was strong with Wet Dog, and so was the sentiment of tribal honor. When, for the great semi-annual races, the neighboring tribe of Papagos had entered their famous little cream-colored mare, two of Wet Dog's ponies, trained as carefully as his nature and knowledge permitted, ran against her, heavily backed. The mare added another victory to her unbroken score, and the Apaches lost heavily in blankets, ponies, and other valuable things. To lose them was bad enough, but that they should have gone to increase the wealth of the Papagos, the natural prey of the Apaches, a tribe that never fought nor killed anyone, and so was not esteemed even by the Government as worthy of rations, that was addicted to the wearing of hats, cultivation of the soil, and other unnatural and degrading practices, was unbearable, and even now Wet Dog grew indignant at the thought.

But Wet Dog was a man of resource, and on the evening of his defeat, having disinterred from under the floor of his residence the Springfield rifle which he had acquired from a deserter, and hidden, together with a bag containing sundry dollars and halves, he rounded up all his ponies—a goodly bunch—and departed Eastward. At Albuquerque he converted his horses into gold, which only an educated Indian will recognize as money, and boarded an East-bound freight train. For awhile his former haunts knew him

not, but when the time for the next race-meeting was nearly arrived, he returned, and on horseback.

He said nothing concerning his new mount, but, nevertheless, the tribe turned out in a body to inspect it. They knew the small, lean head with its pointed ears and long, thin neck, for the better run of their own cow-hocked ponies had these, but the well-ribbed barrel, powerful quarters, and thin, flat legs appealed to them with all the force of a novelty, and they marvelled greatly. Even the old Chief of the Three Sections grunted his approval, and called a council for that night, where a tax was voted by acclamation to buy barley for the new-comer, and hay, for grass he must not eat.

Then the next day Wet Dog bought a buggy-whip at the post-trader's, which he took, together with his eldest son and the horse, to a secluded valley near by, and the training commenced. As the animal stood with the boy on his back, Wet Dog would fire a pistol held in one hand; with the other, at the same time, bringing the whip sharply across the forelegs of the horse, which would rear and whirl; another cut over the haunches, and he would spring away in the direction opposite that in which he had been facing. Soon the whip became unnecessary, for he would turn and start at the sound of the shot, and the training was completed.

Then the great race-day, when Papagos and Apaches were gathered on opposite sides of the short, straight course, mingling only in the betting-place where they staked their possessions on the horses which carried the glory of the tribe, as well as nearly all its worldly goods. With what attention they watched the racers as they walked toward the starting-point! Not that Wet Dog showed any interest in the affair; that was proper only for squaws and Papagos and such things. But he felt it. It is a foolish practice, he thought, to post the horses with their tails to the finish. How quickly that mare turned! Much more readily than Wet Dog's horse, but that was the inherited instinct of the cow-pony. No training could equal that, and, truly, the mare ran fast; the Papagos were howling with joy. But soon their voices lowered, for the long stride of the thoroughbred was telling. The horse closed up; then his beautiful neck and shoulders appeared in the lead, and the Apache women broke into delirious shrieks as he won, hard held, by a length. The tribe was embarrassed with riches. Rifles and blankets were plenty, and the cartridges, hitherto treasured, were now used to shoot rabbits. To Wet Dog this was due, so his people honored him; his horses were three where there had before been one, and the bunch grew larger with each successive race, until no Indian would bet against this strange horse from the East. So he had come to Cactus City, where the white men were to hold a fiesta. There were to be races, and therefore wealth would result to him; to his kin as well.

Far below him the brown Gila crawled between its weed-fringed banks, dividing the two strips of rich pasture-land, the nearer one of which was dotted with the awkwardly moving forms of hobbled ponies. On a little rise, shaded by a cottonwood tree, the racer was standing, being rubbed down with bunches of grass by two of Wet Dog's squaws. Beyond the other strip of pasture was a spur of the opposite mesa, lower and broader than the one on which Wet Dog's camp was placed, and there the two canvas saloons and the store which constituted Cactus City showed glaringly white against the black basalt cliff as the sun fell full on their gable ends.

Three men came out of the larger saloon, the Triangle, and, mounting their horses, rode away down the river. Wet Dog knew them all. Daddy Gab, the big one, was the proprietor of the Triangle. He had much money, which he would bet, and which, therefore, would accrue to Wet Dog. Another was Greaser Pete, who kept the Black Cat, next door. He also had money, but the Chief reflected sadly that with him it was not well for an Indian to have dealings. He was not of a trustful nature, and his suspicions and six-shooter would generally be aroused together. The third was a cow-boy; a thing which Wet Dog hated, as an Apache should. The three rounded a point of cliff and passed at once from Wet Dog's sight and mind, for his heart was at the place, a little up the river, where the course of the morrow was being laid out.

A few miles below, another horseman

was riding up the river trail. The sun had passed the meridian, and the high cliff threw a grateful shade over the road which ran, at this point, half way up its face. A narrow shadow, for it was barely past noon—a shadow just broad enough to cover the slender path, making it appear almost in twilight when contrasted with the brilliant sunlight which lighted up the jagged masses of black rock littering the steep incline that broke down from its outer edge. The day was burning hot, even for Arizona. The horseman who moved slowly up the road did not seem to mind the heat—appeared rather to enjoy it. He would have attracted much attention had there been anyone there to look at him, for he was a negro, short of stature and thin of limb; his small, perfectly round body surmounted by a disproportionately large head, displaying a moon-face of a blackness seldom seen. Wearing a tall, well-worn silk hat, and clothed in a rusty black suit of clerical cut, the whole figure appeared like a travelling silhouette, the monotone being still further carried out by the black army saddle and the mare on which it rested. She undoubtedly would have drawn a horseman's attention, even from her rider. She was tall, in that land of ponies, and every line of her lithe body gave evidence of generations of breeding. That she had been long on the road was shown by her dusty coat, but she still snatched at her bit and fretted impatiently at the slow pace set for her by a tiny, pack-laden burro who plodded along in front. Every waggle of the donkey's enormous ears seemed to express his unalterable determination to go no faster, in spite of the prods and blows administered in measured cadence with a long stick by his master, who thus punctuated his rendering of a revival hymn, which he would interrupt from time to time in order to assail the unfortunate animal with epithets the most abusive his Virginia dialect could shape.

The trail made a turn and began to descend to the flat. At its foot the mesa divided, opening into a box cañon which extended far into the tableland. At its mouth, sitting on their horses, and evidently waiting for someone, were the three men from Cactus City. The song ended in a prolonged whoop, at which the largest of the trio waved his hand; then turning, he rode into the cañon, followed by his companions. The incline was steep; the donkey broke into a shambling trot as the easiest method of gaining the bottom, but was left to his own devices as the mare was given her head, and in a hand gallop she followed the other horses. The entrance was screened by a natural hedge of gnarled mesquit, and around the edge of this the negro rode, the flying tails of his long coat giving his mount somewhat the appearance of a shadow of Pegasus bearing a poet of more modern build than those who usually patronized that classic beast. The men had dismounted and stood in a row as he came up, looking at him in some astonishment.

"Are *you* the man we want?" asked one, a small man with a handsome, hard face.

"Yassir," replied the gentleman addressed. "Clay Randolph, suh, the Reverend Clay Randolph. Would a been soonah but fo' Balaam. He got contrairy. Dey is dat-a-way, mos'ly. Heah he comes now, lak he's got all nex' week. Ain't got no ambition, nohow."

"Never mind that now," said one of the others; "'twas I that sent fer you. Gabriel, me nem is, from the Triangle, above. It's the boss of a gang of Apaches that's got a horse that's fair cleaned out the country, and for the good of his soul he must be skun. Bad. Can ye do it, d'ye think?"

"Kin she do it? Dat mah'll lick dis ter'tory. Brought her fum de ol' place, an' I'se gwine ride her myself. Ain't rid no races sence I begun preachin', but I ain' fo'got de way."

He seemed particularly unjockeylike as he stood, hat in hand, rubbing the top of his polished, bald head with a big red bandanna handkerchief, and the others looked doubtful, while the Reverend Randolph shuffled uneasily, rubbing his head harder than ever in his embarrassment.

"Ye're sure then?" said Gabriel, at last. "Sure you'd best be, fer it's our money as well as yer carcass the mare'll carry."

"Yassah, jes' so," replied the negro, relieved. "I don' ride races no mo', an' I don' bet. Considah it inconsistant wiv my puhfession. But foh de present oc-

casion, suh, I'd be glad ef you could get a bet wiv dat Indian an' put dis on fo' me," taking, as he spoke, a heavy buckskin bag from his pocket. "Don' bet wiv no white man. Dat's sinful; but an Indian's one of de los' tribes, an' mus' be luhned not to steer heself 'gains' de Gospel."

Gabriel slapped him on the back, laughing and agreeing volubly, but his companion only smiled. He was a taciturn man. "We'd better go, Gabe," he said.

"Faith, we had," responded the other. "They might miss us. Ye'll stop here, yer revrince, fer now. It is best the mare should not be seen. After dark, Sam, here, will show you the way. So long." He swung himself on his horse, and was about to ride away when the darky stopped him.

"'Scuse me, suh, one moment," he said. "Should you have occasion to speak ov me in public kin'ly call me Jones, suh, John Jones, widout no Reveren'. It's on account of de ol' wo—of Mrs. Randolph, suh. Women don' understan' these affaiahs, an' it's as well she shouldn' know erbout it. Good-day, suh."

The morning of the fiesta broke clear and hot, as is the habit of mornings in that country, and that portion of Cactus City that had been in bed, rose with the dawn to finish the preparations. The Triangle and the Black Cat were swept and garnished; the quarters of beef which had been slowly roasting over the great trenches of mesquit coals, were turned for the last time by the smoke-grimed cooks, who then gave place to those who came to relieve them and, after refreshing themselves at the Triangle bar, went off to get some needed sleep before arraying their persons for the festivities.

Soon the spectators began to arrive. On horseback and on foot, from far up and down the river, they came. Great four or six horse wagons came creaking in along the sandy road, some of them containing women, the wives or daughters of the ranchers. Already the men had crowded to suffocation the big saloons, where extra hands were busily employed in shoving the black bottles and thick-bottomed glasses along the bar, from one to another of the crowd of customers who rested their elbows on them, disturbing the swarms of flies which were feasting on the smears made by the wet bottoms of the over-filled tumblers. Outside, knots of men stood about, talking or uncinching their saddles. Many cow-boys there were, with their leather leggings and big-belled spurs. Vaqueros, dressed in tight-fitting trousers and short jackets of copper red, their broad-brimmed, peaked-crowned sombreros heavy with a year's wages in silver. Prospectors, hoboes, ranchers, and all classes that go to make up the sum of frontier humanity were represented—all except the saloon man. He was busy inside.

The sports began. Chicken-pulling, shooting, and rough-riding followed each other, but few took much interest in them. Even the roping match, generally the principal event in these fiestas, attracted but little attention; everyone was waiting for the race. The Apache wonder was well known, and the possibilities of a dark winner had been talked of far and near.

A quarter of a mile below the settlement a course had been laid out. Though still short, it was longer than those generally used in that country, and was a curved one instead of the usual straightaway, in order that those who chose might ride down the chord of the arc and thus have an opportunity of seeing something of the whole race. Close by the ranging-poles, which showed where the finish was to be, a large tent had been pitched, and around this stood a few white men, but the vast majority of the crowd which swarmed the course from end to end were Indians—Indians of all degrees and from many tribes. Moquis, Maricopas, and Yavapais mingled freely with the Papagos, who wore the hats which were the scorn of their warlike neighbors, and talked together in garrulous groups. Among them stalked the Apaches, alone in the crowd, while the squaws, sitting in groups by themselves, showed their budding civilization by criticising their sisters of the other clans.

From the clearing in the thicket near the start, where his horse had been taken, rode Wet Dog, studying the course for the hundredth time. This was his first race against the whites, and he meant to take no unnecessary chances, though, in truth, everything seemed going his way, for the course was a long one, and did not his horse show to the best advantage where his long stride could tell? Farther, it had been asked of Wet Dog as a favor that the horses should

stand facing the finish instead of pointing the other way, and having to turn at the start as the custom was, and as a favor he had granted it, but he would rather have given his second best horse—the one he was riding—than not to have had it so. Then, the night before, a panther had sprung on a colt and had been shot by one of Wet Dog's sons ; there could be no more fortunate omen than this, as everyone knows. The horse of the white man must be in that tent, but why thus house the beast? he wondered, and sent his second son to find out, and the boy wriggled through the undergrowth in a manner really creditable to his training, but before he could raise the canvas to look inside, the heavy lash of a stock-whip had fallen across his back, raising a purple welt on the bronze skin. Still, it did not matter.

From the plaza of Cactus City, with a whoop, came a mob of horsemen, followed by men and women on foot, for the other sports were now ended. The afternoon was wearing on. The first races were quickly run ; then Indians and whites gathered about an open spot opposite the tent near the finish, forming a living ring around it. Into the middle of this space strode Wet Dog, followed by a squaw leading three ponies, their manes and tails gay with feathers. At her lord's feet she drove a picket pin, and securing the neck-ropes to it, retired. This signified that they were offered in wager, and a tall Papago placed a saddle by the pin, but Wet Dog regarded it scornfully. A bit was added ; then some rifle cartridges, and the Apache bowed in token of acceptance, moving away and signalling with his hand for more horses. Other ventures were offered, and soon the betting became fast and heavy, even white men staking silver against the ponies or Navajo blankets, and all without a word save when the whites bet among themselves.

When nearly all the movable property of those present had been wagered, they turned to the course, where the hope of the Apaches, his chestnut coat shining in the sun, was slowly led up and down. He wore a bridle instead of the single rein tied around the under jaw that Indians generally affect. Instead of a saddle a piece of cowhide rope was loosely tied around his body, just behind the withers. Wet Dog's son, his entire costume consisting of a very small breech-cloth and a two-tailed whip, sprang on to the horse's back and thrust his knees under the cowhide rope. Both were then ready and cantered toward the starting-point, followed by an admiring throng.

Wet Dog sat on his horse near the tent. Its flap was raised, and the black mare led forth by her reverend jockey. That morning Wet Dog had seen Clay Randolph, but now what a change ! As he noted the breeches, tops and silk jacket, the memory of other races, seen long ago, flashed across the Chief's mind. He observed that the faded purple and yellow blouse was wofully tight for its wearer, and had been clumsily let out at the waist, so that the weight would be to his disadvantage, but still the course was not long, and Wet Dog was harassed with doubts, for this costume was of the fashion of the East, where they know how. Many horsemen accompanied the stranger as he walked to the start. The Apache joined them, but stopped two-thirds of the way up the course and waited for the starting shot. Many things are thus started in Arizona. Some are ended so. At length it came, followed by a yell and the thunder of galloping hoofs, as the spectators pelted along the shorter path.

Wet Dog turned and cantered slowly back, looking over his shoulder. As the horses flashed into view his hand twitched once, for he could see that the chestnut was leading. Wet Dog's son, on the racer's back, gripping from thigh to ankle-joint, leaned forward with reins flying slack, and, urged by the sting of the double-lashed quirt, his mount was doing its utmost. Close behind strode the black mare, her chin on her breast, her rider sitting well back in the tiny saddle, which he more than filled. Could it be that the black was gaining ? Yes, she was ; gaining even with the jockey's weight on her bit, and Wet Dog pushed his pony into a run as the racers flew past. He could just see the poles of the finish now, with their background of faces, red, white, and yellow. As they neared the end, the horses came between him and the finish, and the dust screened them from his sight. The shouts which rang over the flat told him that the race was over, and that he had lost ; so, without drawing rein, he turned away from the course and, crossing the river, made his way to the wickiup on the shelf of the

mesa, and sat down in its shade, his head resting on his folded arms.

The squaws and his sons came, but departed; it was not well to disturb him, then. The racer was fed and cared for and the remaining ponies were hobbled and turned out to graze. Food was cooked, and the youngest squaw, taking her lord's portion, crept timidly up to where he sat. His head was raised, now, and as cheerful an expression as his dignity would allow played over his features. He ate the food and then called his sons, who sat at his feet as he talked to them far into the night.

Looking across the river, he could see that Cactus City was rejoicing. The canvas walls of the saloons, lighted from within, the camp-fires of the Indians and Mexicans, and the yells of the revellers, vaguely recalled to his mind the transparencies and torches of a political parade and the shouting crowds on the sidewalks where Wet Dog had stood in his school-days, years before.

The canvas houses continued their pearl-like glow, but one by one the fires faded to dull, red spots in the darkness, and the shouts grew fainter and finally ceased. Then, followed by their sire, the two boys departed into the gloom of the cliff-shadowed flat of the river. The crescent of the new moon climbed over the mesa opposite, filtering a faint light on the yellow sands below.

At the foot of the precipice a hole, a yard or so in diameter, led into a fissure in the rock. In front of this hole, and facing it, knelt Wet Dog. On a piece of board before him lay the severed legs of the panther shot the night before, and he was taking them, one after the other, and printing their feet in the sand, then shuffling backward, carefully obliterating, with the flat side of the board, the marks of his knees, and repeating the operation until the footprints reached the thick weeds which grew by the river. Then he gathered up his properties and vanished.

It was just at daybreak, and Cactus City was in its soundest sleep. The tents showed a ghastly gray in the gathering light, and the red eyes of the camp-fires had long since closed, when the black figures of men and horses silently crossed the ford. The camp of Wet Dog and his friends was breaking. They waited awhile until the squaws joined them, and all moved westward along the trail save a few, who, detaching themselves, rode toward the cliff. This was just the hour invariably chosen by the Apaches for their attacks, so when a chorus of shrill yells rent the air, to an accompaniment of dropping rifle-shots, Cactus City was roused in a moment. Men started from their blankets around the ashes of their dead fires, clutching hastily snatched weapons; they came pouring from the saloons and corrals, only to see an excited group of Indians pointing from the ground to the hole in the cliff and talking together in apparent alarm. Evidently no attack was intended, so they left the rocks and knolls behind which they had sought shelter from the expected fire, and joining the absorbed group of aborigines, inquired as to the cause of the excitement. It was an animal, they were told, something like a panther, but larger—much larger—and with long legs, so that it moved with exceeding swiftness. It had struck down a squaw and killed her. When they had fired, it had not minded the shots, but had struck down another squaw; then carried its first victim away with it. They had followed the tracks thus far, but now they were afraid to go farther. They, the Apaches, were afraid. The beast was not natural.

Greaser Pete had been among the first to arrive, and was now examining the tracks critically. "What's wrong with you fools, anyway?" he asked. "Leery of a puma? say!"

It was not a puma, they insisted. Somewhat like one, to be sure, but bigger and more fierce; behaving in such a manner that their hearts became as the heart of a squaw. If anyone disbelieved, there was the den. It was at home, and if it was a panther it might be shot. But no Indian would try it.

Then spake Wet Dog. The white men said that this was a puma. Very good. He, Wet Dog, said that it was not. If any man was foolish to prove what it was, he, Wet Dog, would back his opinion with a wager. He waved his hand and one of the squaws led out the Apache racer, dropping the picket-pin into the ground and pressing it home with her substantial foot.

Men looked askance at this. There must be a trick somewhere—the stakes were too high. Wet Dog, as they well knew, valued this horse more than the whole of his other possessions, squaws and all. It was a temptation, however, and several hesitated, until, at last, the Reverend Randolph stepped out of the shadow, placing at the Chief's feet a canvas shot-bag, partially filled. "Dar's de dust," he observed. "Does she go?"

Wet Dog stooped and lifted the bag. It weighed well, and he was glad, for of all men, he would rather despoil this one, and he signified that the wager held. But who was to carry out its terms? Not the Indians, for they had specifically declined doing so, and the reverend jockey seemed to have little inclination in that direction, so there was a pause of some seconds, broken by Pete.

"Stand by to help, boys, if I don't kill," he said, and, turning, he walked toward the cave. The Indians drew away, except the squaw, who still stood by the horse's head. In his hand Pete held a shot-gun of the kind used by express messengers, with sawed-off barrels and heavy charges of buckshot in them. It was pitch dark inside the cave, and Pete edged his way carefully, seeing nothing until the passage took a turn. Then, beyond, glowed two spots of dull, green flame. They were the eyes of the beast; the Wells Fargo burned a red hole in the darkness, and the echoing walls gave back a crash like thunder. Then another shot, and Pete backed into the open, coughing and choking from the sulphurous fumes. He caught a breath of fresh air, and, dropping the shot-gun, drew a pistol and dove into the black hole once more.

"Is it a puma, Pete?" someone asked at length. It was not. Pete's answer was lengthy and hyperbolic, but on that point it was quite clear, and the squaw, catching up the precious bag, which she thrust into her bosom, bundled on to the wagered horse, and lashing him furiously, followed her companions.

Then once more Pete's voice was heard from inside the cave, raised in earnest profanity, which grew louder and more distinct until Pete appeared in the opening, his six-shooter in one hand and in the other the bloody remains of a large black cat of the domestic variety.

It was Tom. Tom, the sign and totem of the Black Cat saloon; Pete's especial pet, and the only tame cat within fifty miles. Around his neck there was a thong, by means of which he had been tied in the cave. Pete's wrath grew greater as he looked, and he became quiet, as was his wont when angry. It was a trick. A trick played on him, and by an Indian who was gone, now, and gone with many of his tribe about him. Besides, an Indian, more especially one of a tribe that occasionally varies the monotony of reservation life by the murder of defenceless settlers, one must not shoot, for they draw Government rations and are protected by Federal laws and officers. A Mexican, however, is different. No one protects him, or wants to, and Pete looked at the swarthy faces about him for a sign of levity, but more dejected appearing specimens of the Latin race it would be impossible to find; so he retired to his saloon, closing the door after him.

Wet Dog was soon overtaken by the squaw who had been left behind with the horse, and they had ridden on for some time. They were going slowly, for the way was steep. When he beckoned her to him he was rocking in his saddle with silent mirth, for the Apache, unlike many other Indians, will laugh heartily enough when anything strikes his somewhat peculiar sense of humor, and his dignity allows, and now he was on exceedingly good terms with himself as his wife, with a dutiful little murmur of joy, handed him the bag. He undid the string and poured part of the contents out in his hand. His face grew dark, for this was not gold—far from it—but little black pellets, and many of them. About a pound and a half of No. 4 shot.

Wet Dog was dazed for a moment, but the squaw wailed. This recalled him to himself, and he was impolite enough to throw the handful of shot in her face. Then he rode on, lost in thought. The wisdom of the red man he had been born to; he had acquired that of the whites, and of the black man he now had seen something, but his heart was heavy within him, and he desired to know no more.

NEIGES D'ANTAN

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

Sunlight, and birds, and blossom on the trees—
What, O my heart, is wanting more than these?
What shall content if these may not avail? . . .
Once on a time 'twas joy enough to lie
Beneath the young leaves and the limpid sky,
A spell-bound traveller in a fairy-tale.

. . . . . .

Oh! nevermore for us the Palace of Spring,
No more those haunted chambers echoing
Sweet, sweet, and hollow, to the cuckoo's song;
Filled with a mellow lustre all day long,
And lit by golden lamps at evening.
No more the enchanted woods—their purple haze
Enveils them yet—but closed are all the ways—
The elfin meadows glimmer, deep in dew,
Misty with flowers—but we have lost the clew;
There is no path into the magic maze.

. . . . . .

These were youth's emissaries, every one,
The darting birds between the orchard snows . . .
'Twas Youth that blossomed lovelier than the rose,
And Youth that fluted in the blackbird's throat,
And Youth that steered the sun's great golden boat,
The westering golden galley of the sun.

Youth comes no more forever—even although
The fields take flower again and lilacs blow,
And pointed leaf-buds gather on the vine:
Even although the sun should sail and shine
Bright as of old, and all the thickets rang—
That sun is set, and mute the spirit that sang.

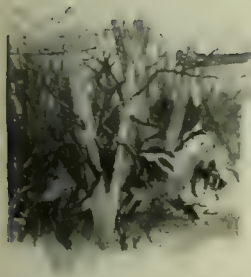
A council was held, at which Nick Nack, sitting on the table with Maale, presided. Page 1002.



NO CONTINUING CITY

By Blanche Willis Howard

Illustrations by René Reinicke



WHEN Emma was born, her mother was rather preoccupied. In some human, as in feline circles, a birth more or less is never a matter of moment. Besides, Frau Rupp had had eight infants already, was by nature scatter-brained, and contemplated moving to Zürich. Emma was wrapped in something and laid aside while the packing went on. She appeared in no respect agitated by her new environment. A large placidity in accepting the inevitable distinguished her from first to last, while the unphilosophical tendency toward *gourmandise*—her unique vice—evinced in the dawn of her history marked also its brief high noon and flickering twilight. All the contrasts of a checkered career were powerless to render her other than consistent, equable, and just. She left despair to smaller minds.

Frau Rupp happened to marry about this time, thereby changing her name; but Rupp will be retained for the purposes of this narrative. She had had already two or three husbands, and was never particularly engrossed by anything of the sort or "careful of the type." The new husband was about to establish himself in the beer and grog business in Zürich, whither he proceeded shortly after the ceremony, leaving Frau Rupp and all the little Rup-

plets to follow. The contracting parties had been delayed slightly by Emma's impending entrance into this stage of being; but, once an accomplished fact, she was but a minute obstacle in their path, and Frau Rupp's few and not very clean possessions were speedily ready for the emigration. Emma blinked and said nothing, except when her inherent *gourmandise* triumphed briefly over her habitual serenity of manner.

On the day of Frau Rupp's departure her cheeks looked glazed, her eyes unnaturally brilliant, and her utterance sounded husky, all of which may have been due to fatigue or to emotion called forth by the painful necessity of bidding farewell to her neighbors in the mansard: Lotte Mez, the washerwoman and house-cleaner; Leni and Mina, the factory-girls; the widow Dugenhubel and her offspring; old Daddy Schanz, who was a little silly but could still read publishers' proofs; Granny Schanz, who could not; and the consumptive little chimney-sweep, jolly Nack Nickerson, called, by his intimates, Nick-Nack. Happily, they could all be present, for the hour appointed for the exodus was early on a Sunday morning, so that Frau Rupp's cousin, the teamster, might, unimpeded by the exactions of employers, place himself and his cart at her disposal.

Sympathetic animation pervaded the mansard. Each helped after his own fashion. Leni and Mina skipped up and down five flights to fling things into the cart and made bold jokes at the inviting driver. The Widow Dugenhubel stood at her door and talked solid cubic feet. Old Daddy Schanz walked about smiling feebly and rubbing his hands. Nick-Nack, having emerged from his cloud of soot, shone upon the world with his handsome Sunday-face, sat upon a box and laughed like a young god. Lotte Mez quietly did three-quarters of the work, while Frau Rupp wept in a confused, maudlin way, and diligently dropped parcels; but this may have been due to overpowering regret. The available Rupp children—the older ones were in service, the later-born mostly dead—obeyed Lotte Mez's orders, and bore, with careworn, anxious little faces, the burden of responsibility which, for some reason or other, was slipping more and more from their mother's shoulders.

Everything was collected except a few straggling parcels. Frau Rupp took several at once under her arm. One of them was Emma. Making Widow Dugenhubel ceremonious, prolonged, exhaustive, emotional, and even teary adieux—which was not unnatural, they being very old neighbors who had never quarrelled beyond human capacity — Frau Rupp dropped one of her encumbrances. It was not Emma. But Lotte Mez thought it might have been, and for this and other reasons said, abruptly:

"Why not leave the baby here until you get settled?"

The cart drove off without Emma. Lotte Mez, the washerwoman and house-cleaner, took no airing that Sunday, but sat all day long in her room, old memories tugging at her heart, and, with a strange mixture of pain and bliss, watched and tended a feeble mite, breathing indeed, evidently manifesting no prejudice against life, but making no distinct claims upon it. This impartial attitude the child never abandoned. It was an unchristened infant. Frau Rupp, who forgot most things, had forgotten to think of a name for this most irrelevant baby. Lotte, with hot tears and shuddering, stifled sobs—although she was alone in the mansard—knelt before it and murmured *Emma*. Five and twenty years previous had appeared, incidentally, in her own life, just such a soft, helpless thing. It had lived long enough to stammer sweet, absurd words, and laugh, and be adorable, and fill its mother's life with delight, although her former friends no longer spoke to her. When it died suddenly, Lotte left her home, a change in all respects commendable and worldly wise. She was now forty-five years old, the most able, conscientious, and respected of her profession, had her circle of regular patrons and was usually engaged six months deep—a rugged woman, strong as a man.

The exigencies of Lotte's profession necessitated days at home and days abroad. On the latter, Emma was handed over to Granny Schanz or the Widow Dugenhubel. Some babies ob-



Each helped after his own fashion.—Page 578.

ject, and not unreasonably, to constant changes of temperature, milk, method, and handling. Emma's composure remained unruffled. The multifariousness of her diet would have destroyed the offspring of Titans. During the first weeks of her existence, she mouthed meat, lapped beer, sucked painted sugar-birds —Nick-Nack's tribute to her charms— partook, according to her degree, of sauerkraut, bits of raw carrot, cold boiled potatoes, and other urgent invitations to colic, and survived. Nay, more, she thrived in a certain sense, for, although pallid and puny, her frail organism was less addicted to unseemly revolt and woful spasms than is ordinarily the most robust and pampered heir to an ancient name.

Possessed thus of rare social tact, she was the pet of the entire population of the mansard. Leni and Mina, when not at the factory or running about with sweethearts — in rotation—adored her and fondled her in spasmodic excess. Whether exposed to their loud assidu-



Lotte, with hot tears and shuddering, stifled sobs . . . knelt before it and murmured *Emma*.—Page 578.

ities; whether her pillow lay submerged by Daddy Schanz's proof-sheets, or on a chair in Widow Dugenhubel's room, flooded by that dame's ceaseless oratory; whether whistled to, laughed at, pinched, and stealthily caressed by Nick-Nack, or whether the object of Lotte's sensible care and devotion, Emma accepted irregularities and homages alike, with a lofty indifference and mild remoteness which seemed a veritable triumph of mind over matter.

None of the gentlemen and ladies of the mansard had had opportunity and leisure to meditate upon occult lore, or they might have surmised the soul of Seneca or Marcus Aurelius had deigned to reincarnate in wee Emma Rupp. Lotte, unoccult, but no fool, merely remarked:

"She's a wise one, Emma-le! Looks as if she just *knew*."

The baby-stoic's eyes were in truth knowing—large, long, deep set, of the blue that merges into gray, and so startlingly intelligent that the dwellers in the mansard were of the unanimous opinion she privately reflected upon all that happened in her presence, and were inclined to lower their voices when discussing secrets and intimate family matters. At this period of her career she seemed to be chiefly composed of a scrap of old shawl, and eyes that took your measure. "She listens to every word I say," Widow Dugenhubel protested. If this was the case, it testifies to more intrepid politeness on Emma's part than could be alleged of any other human creature.

Baby Emma continued to manifest her high stoicism—except when she vibrated to lush Epicureanism as above indicated—and at the age of two years was still tiny, frail, never ill, and the gracious recipient of the bounty of the mansard, where changes now and then took place—Leni and Mina being succeeded by Betti and Netti, and they by others like unto them. Hair, eyes, and names differed, but rarely the cruel drudgery of the day's work, or the fierce and frantic frivolousness of the reaction in free hours. Widow Dugenhubel had moved on, to exercise her tongue—let us for her sake hope, for talking was what she loved best on earth—in another and a better world. But all new-comers vied with old residents in paying court to the child.

When Nick-Nack, who had princely tastes, asked her what he should bring her from a fair or merry-making, she invariably responded "Something good to eat," and usually specified prunes, dates, or sweets. Nick-Nack, like most

of his colleagues, was a youth of brilliant expectations. Chimney-sweeping is a lucrative as well as gallant profession, but has an awkward effect upon the respiratory organs of the ambitious young gentlemen who follow it, and is apt to instigate a break-neck race between competence and consumption, the chances strongly in favor of the latter.

In Lotte's evenings at home she made smart frocks for Emma-le, and was a happy woman. Her prospects looked peaceful and assured. She had for many years earned well, if at an enormous expenditure of her good strength, had a fair amount in the savings-bank, and would have had more were she not helpful to relatives — even to such as had turned a cold, but strictly moral, shoulder upon her in the days when she was young and forsaken. Now she was zealously working for Emma-le, continually planning her future; and already ruminating placidly upon the remote questions of schooling and her trade — "a better sort of school, a gentle sort of trade," Lotte determined.

She dreaded no interference on the part of Frau Rupp, of whose Swiss experiences few rumors had reached the mansard. One incoherent letter had come indeed, inquiring for certain missing objects, among which Emma was not included; but the mother added she might send for the child some day, when she was quite settled. Lotte was profoundly sceptical in regard to any finite completion of the settling process. Then a pedler who had returned from Zürich — who met a man who knew the apple-woman on the corner, who chatted with Frau Rupp's teamster-cousin, who stopped to gossip with Nick-Nack, striding along with ladder and black



She seemed to be chiefly composed of a scrap of old shawl, and eyes that took your measure.—Page 580.

face, who duly reported to Lotte had hinted that the beer and grog business was rolling down hill, and its conductors likewise. The velocity and momentum of Frau Rupp's rolling were factors which Lotte had often reckoned in her straight, shrewd way.

"Nothing will stop her short of the final thump," she reflected. "So much the worse for her; so much the better for us;" hugging Emma-le closer and weighing the comparative merits of millinery and art embroidery.

"It is pretty work, ribbons and flowers, and paying—for such as has the knack in their fingers. Mà-le has. But that big embroidery is great. If you have a talent for drawing—Mà-le has—you can work in all you see—a bunch of horse-chestnuts or even sunflowers. Anyhow she shall never scour and scrub. Such wrists and ankles! A little, tiny mite of a wee bit, fine lady! She shall learn to sing if she likes, so there now!" This with defiant mien toward future warnings of worldly prudence—her own or another's.

She must make her will, too, and take legal steps to adopt Mà-le. Then she could be christened—Protestant of course. Here Lotte frowned and decided there was no need of haste. For baptism involved some queer complications, and she had the invincible repugnance of the respectable working-woman toward lawyers. If you so much as spoke to one of them you could find yourself in a disgraceful law court before you knew it! No, there was time enough for all that. So Lotte, secure, dreamed loving and ambitious dreams while the frail child slept in her arms.

On the morrow a boy spied Lotte balancing herself at the top of a high ladder and dusting some carved woodwork in the ceiling of one of his father's palatial rooms. He thought it would be fun to shake her a bit. He was fond of what he called chaff, and merely meant to frighten her. He succeeded. She was taken unconscious to a hospital.

Not all the sweets that Nick-Nack brought could quite console Mà-le for Lotte's absence. The child ate them seriously, never declined any kindness, attention, or adulation, yet for weeks glanced up, discreetly expectant and wistful, whenever a step approached the door. Petted by all, docile with all, she bestowed upon none—not even Nick-Nack—the more intimate, caressing ways reserved for Lotte alone. Born old and wise, Mà-le waited.

It seemed probable that she would wait long. The nice little chaffing boy had played a very thorough-going prank. Nick-Nack went on Sundays to the hospital, when he wore fine black clothes, polished boots and gaiters, a silk hat, and moved with a certain light elegance which may be acquired in chimneys. At first he took Mà-le with him. She behaved with her wonted weary gentleness, as if hospitals, doctors, and nurses were familiar trifles, but lavished upon Lotte faint baby touches of deep and still affection which subtly implied the sacredness of reminiscence and the strength of old association.

Nick-Nack went one Sunday alone. Then he went no more. The prank was consummated.

In the mansard a council was held, at which Nick-Nack, sitting on the table with Mà-le, presided. After floundering about for awhile in helpless irrelevance, the assembly, under Nick-Nack's guidance, pulled itself sufficiently into shape to vote unanimously Mà-le must on no account leave the garret. Those least concerned, Widow Dugenhubel's successor, and Nanni and Fanny, the new factory girls, voted loudest.

Now Mà-le, from the garret point of view, had been looked upon as a *quasi* heiress. But as poor Lotte had merely contemplated those dreaded legal steps, all her savings fell with ironical promptitude to her kindred who had cast her off when she was in trouble. Some of these points Nick-Nack accentuated in his able speech, and little Mà-le at his side seemed like a dethroned queen—grave, reserved, and sucking barley-sugar.

Daddy Schanz, with unwonted acuteness, remarked that life was uncertain and such things did happen. Nanni and Fanny declared they would think themselves awfully lucky if they ever got as near as that to a fortune. Widow Dugenhubel's successor was good enough to regale the company with a convoluted narration of various episodes which, in her



She dreaded no interference on the part of Frau Rupp.—Page 581.

opinion, bore upon the subject under discussion. Granny Schanz murmured, in her timid, deprecating voice, that she had not even considered the possibility of relinquishing her care of Mà-le. Nick-Nack laughed, and said he would pay for her milk and toggery. The cheerful little dressmaker, who had moved with a crippled husband and some young children into Lotte's room, stated that it would be no trouble at all for her to do any little job the child needed.

So the mansard possessed Mà-le and Mà-le possessed the mansard, and was regarded anew as a favorite of fortune, for was not Nick-Nack, her special patron, a man of independent means? Not even the morality of a garret can resist the prestige of reiterated prospective inheritances. Alone with him she would often ask when Lotte was coming back, and look at him with searching eyes that seemed to penetrate his paltry inventions. Meanwhile nothing was heard from Frau Rupp.

Mà-le speedily assumed mental control of the worthy Schanz couple. It was the inevitable result of her intellectual superiority and quiet force of character. The children of garrets are necessarily far cleverer in practical ways than the children of luxury. But even for a garret-child Mà-le was singularly clear-headed, observant, and deft of hand. A dozen times a day she would silently foresee and prevent the loss of Daddy Schanz's spectacles, the search for which had been hitherto a frequent and time-consuming rite. She knew where things were and where they ought to be, and instinctively



She was watching his work continually with her shrewd, deliberate gaze.

harmonized these mostly conflicting conditions. Things, indeed, never embarrassed or intimidated her ; she commanded them ; whereas they had overawed and perplexed Granny Schanz all her life. Hence the child's easy supremacy. The Schanz *ménage* gained in perspicuity from the day Mà-le took it under her wing. She presided over Daddy Schanz's proof-sheets, and invoked order among those distraught waves. It is probable that she also meditated making the queer little marks in the margin, for she was watching his work continually with her shrewd, deliberate gaze. But about this time he became too silly even to read proof, and was conveyed to a place where he, with other harmless and helpless old men, enjoyed, it is to be hoped, protection even better than little Mà-le's.

For financial considerations Granny Schanz now moved into a smaller room in another garret. Its doors and passages bewildered her sadly, and Mà-le piloted her. Nick-Nack moved also. In the hours when he was not dangling between earth and sky, it mattered little to him where his tent was pitched, provided he was near Mà-le, who, for her part, delighted in him and all his phases, black and white.

In the new garret lived a childless widow named Käthe, who stitched clothing for men employed on the railway, and was therefore greatly respected by her neighbors. A Government appointment

has everywhere its own dignity. She often stopped on the stairs to see three-year-old Mà-le encouraging Granny Schanz, and leading her home. Once the child looked up, shaking her head apprehensively, and said, "She's rather poorly to-day," and she and Käthe became friends on the spot.

Käthe had two neat rooms, a sewing-machine, a cat, plants, and a tiny veranda. Mà-le, introduced into this more æsthetic sphere, grew in no respect forgetful of less favored friends and older ties. She continued to protect Granny Schanz with gentle assiduity, frequently escorted her to their former garret-home, and never declined sweets from Widow Dugenhubel's successor, from Polle and Dolle, the new factory-girls, or indeed from any other person.

Käthe was a quiet, strong-featured woman, and thoughtful. Mà-le tacitly recognized her as a mental peer, and honored her with closer communion and more clinging affection than she had evinced since Lotte's death. Besides



Mà-le tacitly recognized her as a mental peer.



Her great, sad eyes looked, it may be, a bit frightened.—Page 587.

straightening the tangled mazes of Granny Schanz's daily occupations, Mà-le went to school, where, either by intuition or as reminiscence of previous incarnations, she seemed to know everything without learning it. Her duties done, she associated with Käthe and Nick-Nack in refreshing companionship. Frau Rupp gave no sign, and Käthe, growing visibly younger, began to make plans not unlike those once cherished by Lotte.

Mà-le's fleeting years could never overtake the maturity of her spirit, but they were doing their best. She was now seven years old, a delicate, anæmic, old-fashioned, wise little creature, with brooding eyes, yet on a sudden, in the presence of her own familiar friends, unbending as it were and relaxing into moods of delicious merriment. Her brain was a power in the small community. Her hands, by their sensitiveness, suppleness, and deftness, seemed to multiply themselves. Nick-Nack was coughing rather more than formerly, but laughed no less, and his elegance on Sundays was of the most distinguished character. On summer evenings the three sat on Käthe's veranda and looked down on the town—as cool as nabobs. These were Mà-le's halcyon days.

Into them plunged ominously a message, nay, a mandate, from Frau Rupp. Whether her belated maternal instinct

had now arrived upon the scene, or whether she merely happened, while in dangerous proximity to pen and ink, to remember Mà-le, is difficult for the historian to determine. Such evil conjunctions are attributed by some to the influence of Saturn, by others—*tout court*—to Satan. Either will serve the purposes of this tale, which is not argumentative. Whoever threw the bomb, it caused consternation, and left a heartache and a void in its wake. Frau Rupp's language—if that noble word may be applied to her headless and tailless phrases—intimated, it would seem, somewhat huskily, that it was high time Mà-le should begin to help her poor, unfortunate mother, and the pedler who knew her cousin the teamster would fetch her.



She roamed about in a dazed, sad way.—Page 589.

The pedler fetched her. She wore the prettiest new frock and jacket the desperate Nick-Nack could buy, and all her pockets were stuffed with pralines and Kaiser-bonbons. She was deathly white but did not weep, only clung speechless and motionless to Käthe. Going off to Switzerland away from home and friends, with a strange man, to an unknown mother, was an event never yet dreamed of in her philosophy, and her great sad eyes looked, it may be, a bit frightened. All heroes have their moments of human weakness.

It is possible that nothing so lasting and solid as an opinion, a conviction, or even a distinct impression, can be attributed to Frau Rupp at this stage of her existence; but some vague sense of disappointment she must have felt, when she folded Mà-le to the maternal bosom and perceived, crookedly, through fumes and vapors, that the child was too small, cold, and undemonstrative, and had far too searching, unchildlike eyes, to succeed in



She saw ignominious phases of life. Page 510

the chosen profession. And this disappointment, fed indeed by subsequent events, must have recurred, dully persisted, and acquired a certain position in that muddled brain; or surely Frau Rupp would not have administered blows, the force of which her chronic cerebral excitement prevented her from accurately measuring; nor would she, as expression of general dissatisfaction with the paucity of Mà-le's emoluments as street-beggar, have flung her violently down the cellar stairs. Those stairs and their supplement of awful darkness shook Mà-le's philosophy to its foundations.

It was not unnatural that Frau Rupp should desire some assistance. She was all alone, as she lamented in major or minor key, according to what may be called the prevailing psychic manifestation. The beer and grog business was no more. Her fourth *Mann*, with admirable presence of mind, had fled to America. The daughters who had accompanied her to Zürich were gone also. The oldest had married and wisely disappeared. The second had gone into service, from which she refused to budge. The little one had run away with some strolling players. Mà-le in time became aware that her mother's bloated and blurred sensibilities still retained an image of this errant child, who, it seemed, was bold and saucy, a field-marshal in planning campaigns, a most seductive beggar —which Mà-le emphatically was not.

For weeks she came home empty-handed. Neither her fine personality nor her thrifty, self-respecting traditions could efface themselves all at once. She roamed about in a dazed, sad way, and took her mother's reproaches, and worse, rather than pennies from tourists. Meanwhile she grew thinner, and homesickness haunted her eyes. Her innermost famished thought was flight the first possible moment, but she was too far-sighted to run away ineffectually. The first things she begged were postage-stamps of the friendly corner grocer, who also gave her bits of red and white broken candy when she fetched her mother's grog. In her careful little letters the margin was very wide, the phrases ambitious, the capitals had curly tops, she hoped the cat and the plants were well, and never mentioned herself or her mother.



Beside him a dirty, unkempt child, . . . clung to his hand and would not speak.—Page 590.

The letters, at first so frequent, grew rarer. "It's trouble," said Käthe, gloom-

ily, and Nick-Nack nodded. Presently the child wrote business was bad and they were going to Lucerne. Silence followed—dead silence, and she had been gone but six months. Käthe was growing older fast; Nick-Nack coughed more and laughed less. They both tried to steer Granny Schanz as well as they could, but without Mà-le she was in a sorry plight, and benevolent relatives finally gathered her up and put her away in the country.

In Lucerne, after long resistance, Mà-le began at last to do the hated work. Few stoics of nine years could have held out so long, and blows day after day are a forcible argument. Then some gay children driving along the Axenstrasse stopped their carriage to ask her funny questions, which amused them greatly, and tossed her some chocolate. It was long since she had tasted sweets. So she hung about the hotels and the Lion, and chased carriages along the lake-shore with animation only when she spied children.

When she began to beg she ceased to write to her old friends. She never attained real proficiency in the art, never loved it for its own sake; but she could not fail utterly in anything she undertook. For the most part she merely stood, a squalid, listless, little figure on the high road, and took what fell to her lot. When she got sweets she sat down on the ground and promptly made sure of them. Every penny she brought to her mother.

More than two years passed and Mà-le was still on the road. She had become hardened to harshness, abuse, and to the dreary routine of begging. She saw ignominious phases of life, associated with vice and squalor, and comprehended them deplorably well. Her eyes were not always mournful now. Watching for pennies had made them stolid—happy travellers sometimes called them brazen—the constant sight of her mother turned them haggard and hopeless. Fatigue, exposure to all weathers, poor and scanty food, and more especially her breathless and involuntary excursions into the cellar were giving her a singularly yellow and witchy aspect and a whole gamut of pains. Something inside her felt queer and puffy when she ran. With the decrease of her business energy her revenues diminished. Hence the cellar offered her rich opportunity for meditations upon *tempi passati*. She uttered no complaint, but kept her unswerving determination to return to her beloved garret.

Now Frau Rupp was unquestionably of a social temperament, nor should she be judged conclusively by her inordinate activity cellarwards, which occurred without *rancune* and in but one species of her shifting, irresponsible, incoherent moods. She forgot the circumstance in a twinkling, and would wonder where Mà-le was. But Mà-le forgot nothing, and inscribed her memories in hard, set lines about her mouth. The vaunted voice of nature never spoke in her heart. She was remote, taciturn, and a "poor stick" financially, as Frau Rupp, not without reason, asserted. In a phenomenal access of lucidity she entered into a sort of co-partnership with, and took under her roof, an enterprising young vagabond, a girl of fourteen, but past master in mendicancy, who knew all fat prospects in the canton, and had even exploited the Engadine. Great, too, was her convivial receptivity.

The letter which Käthe received had no curly headed capitals, no vestige of margin, was soiled, ambitionless, and said only this:

Dear Käthe,

If Nick-Nack comes quick, he can get me.

Your loving

Mà-le.

Nick-Nack came quick.

Mà-le's keenness had recognized and used the psychological moment, while the moment before or after might have proved fatal. Frau Rupp happened not to mind. Nick-Nack, hollow-eyed and emaciated, but gay, debonair, and attired with the old, airy elegance, sat on a bench at the station and waited for the next train. Beside him a dirty, unkempt child, all eyes, clung to his hand and would not speak, had peremptorily refused to take time enough to buy a clean frock, breathed too short, shuddered, and cast furtive glances behind her.

When Käthe's close arms once re-



She was therefore christened and instructed.– Page 593.



Nick-Nack sat gayly by Mà-le's bed, and laughed and gleamed with hope.—Page 593.

leased the trembling little form, Mà-le, with one slow, gloating look, verified her reminiscences, satisfied herself that her long-lost heaven was all there — the plants, the cat, the cleanness, and the veranda under the sky—smiled a beatific smile of repossession and went to bed for six weeks.

The unkempt hair grew soft again, the beatific smile, as she lay still and saw Käthe and Nick-Nack near, veiled the hard lines about the mouth, but the doctor could not mend her heart. It seemed incredible that, appertaining to Mà-le, it refused to listen to reason. It had, however, become large, startlingly large, for its narrow accommodations, and obstinate. This was its way of expressing radical disapproval of certain episodes in her history. It disturbed Mà-le's serenity in nowise. Indeed she sometimes told people how large it was, with mild pride, as if it were a mammoth vegetable in a garden, and would add, affably, that the doctor said she could not possibly live very long.

Her ways of wise, still happiness returned. Her deep sense of the blessedness of comradeship had never indeed deserted her. Periods of bed alternated with intervals of semi-convalescence. Käthe never grasped the fact that a bedridden child, not of one's own blood, could be an inconvenience, but was always extolling Mà-le's usefulness and narrating the wonders that child accomplished the instant she was on her feet—her quick, silent, thorough ways, "more help than any two grown women." Yet Käthe gradually discovered that her genteel Government appointment, which paid her as much as two shillings a day when

she worked steadily, grew less lucrative if she was continually leaving her machine. This would have mattered less had not Nick-Nack been persuaded by a sanguine and enterprising colleague to speculate a bit. Nick-Nack laughed and said he could easily enough make more than he had lost as soon as his cold got better.

With the advice of the doctor, and others who were showing some interest in the little group in the garret—which was kind of them, for there was nothing at all extraordinary in Mà-le, or Nick-Nack, or Käthe—such as they grow all round us as thick as blackberries—Käthe consented to apply to the town for a certain provision for the little girl. For the practical realization of this project Frau Rupp's cognizance and signature were required. Whereupon she declared that if money were forthcoming from any source, her daughter's place was with her mother. This unexpected logic and decision would seem to imply the robust influence of the new girl, whose hand undeniably wrote the letters which caused Mà-le to shiver and cower in her bed, and turn, speechless, to the wall. Then up rose Käthe and repudiated all alien aid. The city fathers, nothing loth, withdrew. Frau Rupp receded, grumbling, and peace again descended upon Mà-le.

It may perhaps be claimed without exaggeration that this garret child unconsciously possessed some spiritual gifts for the mere shadow of which most of us have to struggle hard; the graces of wise reticence, dignity, patience, forbearance, steadfast affection, fortitude, and, rarest of all, pure gratitude. But the impartial observer will concede these may be pagan as well as Christian virtues, and Mà-le's religious notions, it must be confessed, were *baroques* in the extreme. Her ecclesiastical refuges had proved as unpermanent as her local habitations. The mother who bore and forgot her was Catholic, but had reeled far from the fold. The child's first baby-prayer was lisped at Lotte's knee in Lutheran form. Granny Schanz was a Methodist inclined to Spiritualism. All that she could impart of these topics Mà-le had imbibed and assimilated. In Switzerland she had occasionally strayed into a Catholic church and regarded the lights and incense approvingly. But her devotions, in the true sense of the word, took place without priest or bell, and, after the fashion of the early Christians, in a species of catacomb.

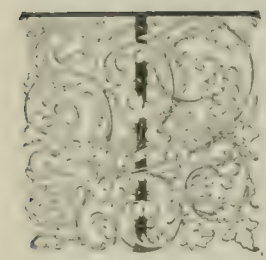
Käthe, ostensibly Catholic, was not over-occupied with the next world. But, being of a practical turn of mind, it seemed to her, in view of what in all probability would be Mà-le's next journey, no more than orderly to have her properly equipped. She was therefore christened and instructed, fixing her penetrating eyes on the priest's face, and seeming to read his soul and that of all the wise people who approached. They were many, for she had become popular—an occasional but not usual penalty of greatness. Nothing could be more satisfactory, intelligent, and docile than her spiritual attitude, but she would have embraced with the same sweetness the faith of Timbuctoo had Käthe and Nick-Nack proposed it. Still, the wan little pilgrim had at last booked her seat in the kingdom of heaven, and her gentle spirit was what is termed "reconciled with its Creator," which was naturally gratifying to all parties concerned.

Her days out of bed grew fewer and fewer. In the spring came a brief revival of strength, but soon the unreasonable heart declined to let her take slow walks with Nick-Nack and climb stairs. Portions of his mechanism were playing him the same trick about this time. Although he did not suspect it, in the break-neck race he had undertaken the rider on the pale horse had long ago won.

So Nick-Nack sat gayly by Mà-le's bed, and laughed and gleamed with hope, and, whenever he could get grip enough on his voice, told whimsical, brave tales of what they would do next year, and the next, and other years. And Mà-le had a graduated row of dolls standing on her bed and leaning against the wall, and she munched sweets and basked in the gentleness of the world; while Käthe stitched like mad, and for the rest took things as they came, having found they usually came quite soon enough. All three were cheerful and content; but, then, you see, they were common persons, and very matter-of-fact.

SAINTE-BEUVE

By George McLean Harper



HERE is nothing particularly inspiring in Sainte-Beuve's life considered apart from his work as the author of a minute, comprehensive, and sympathetic history of French literature. His literary criticism alone is his title to fame. Here is something solid and heroic; here is beauty, consistency, virtue. Of the importance of this work too much cannot be said. It is, perhaps, the most complete reconstitution of the past ever achieved. With respect to the realities of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in France it is what Balzac deemed that the fiction of the *Comédie humaine* was for the first fifty years of the nineteenth. Sainte-Beuve must be accounted really great as a discoverer, an appreciator, a defender of good literature. There have been critics in whom the passionate love of truth burned whiter and beat more effectually. We think at once of Lessing. There have been others who embraced the round of human action with more comprehensive sympathy, and whose *dicta* possess the sanity of perfect intellectual freedom. Goethe is thus universally sound. By leaps of lightning ratiocination Shelley penetrated to the sources of light as no other spirit ever has. Matthew Arnold, who discovered Sainte-Beuve to the English public, had a more earnest spirit, a more general range, and a nobler style than his French contemporary. It is to Sainte-Beuve's honor if he is named at all in such company, when quality alone is considered. But in the matter of quantity and completeness he has his place as unassailable and unshared as their several places are. His work, too, is more specific, and makes just claims of being wrought out of original and often recondite material. Even those who with Zola object to the spirit which informs his critical writings regard them nevertheless as having great "documentary" value. And persons who prefer the synthetic method of Taine, based on philosophical assumptions, must concede the advantages of facility and directness which Sainte-Beuve's untrammelled process affords. When a man begins to read Sainte-Beuve from inclination, relishing him keenly; when curiosity to learn about the characters of Sainte-Beuve's world is united with appreciation of his critical virtue, and his ceaseless and varied charm of speech, the gates fly open which lead into a hundred high-walled gardens of the past, and the initiation into French literature is accomplished.

Sainte-Beuve began his work in this sort at a time when criticism was more needed than it had been since Voltaire. After the Restoration, from 1815 to 1830, it was felt that an unusual opportunity for national usefulness lay before any writer of genius who could advance a new and attractive theory of life, or, better still, breathe a fresh spirit into old forms and clothe the maxims of a venerable faith with the authority of reason. France was intellectually disorganized. Any prophet who raised his voice could gather followers. Society was shattered from top to bottom. The educational views of conflicting parties were irreconcilable. Politically it was felt that the Restoration would only afford time for eruptive forces to gather strength. The Church had lost much power since 1789,

and yet its support was supposed to be necessary to the State. Although "the abyss of revolution" was only partly filled, perhaps because this was so, and many institutions were tottering near its brink, the times were more favorable to a conservative than to a radical philosophy of life.

A moderate and rational Catholicism, and a dignified respect for the pre-revolutionary traditions of the country, provided, however, they were combined with an acknowledgment of the unchangeable results of the Revolution—these were the qualities which it was hoped some great intellectual leader would possess. He might be retrospective, but he must not be retrogressive. We shall not be surprised, therefore, at the welcome given to Châteaubriand and Lamartine. Here were two poets of unquestionable talent. The sources of the great deep seemed to have been opened to supply their inexhaustible speech. They came forward with many professions of power to heal and quiet.

quella inferma
Che non può trovar posa in sulle piume
Ma con dar volta suo dolore scherma.

They had good intentions. They had fervor. They had charm. But, alas! they were not great souls, strong in self-command. Ignorant of themselves, and how to rule themselves, they were not able to persuade by example.

Sainte-Beuve detected the note of personal vanity and unsoundness in Châteaubriand and the note of intellectual insufficiency in Lamartine. He perceived, dimly at first and notwithstanding his cordial admiration of their power, that even their genius for expression—and it was genius—tempted them into a facile substitution of rhetoric for thought, that, as Lowell says, they were the lackeys of fine phrases. And when he learned to know them in personal intercourse, particularly Châteaubriand, he reached the conclusion that their own sentiments, their own lives, their own greatness, or their own weaknesses and faults, were the sole subject of their poetry, the sole theme of all their eloquence. They published to the world and elevated to the dignity of eternal law the fleeting instincts of their individual natures. In other words they were sentimentalists. The simplicity of great artists, the unconscious repose of great men—these were absent from Châteaubriand and Lamartine. Yet the public was corrupted in turn by those whom it had spoiled. A species of unsound enthusiasm—what the French call *engouement*—followed these men. Early in his career Sainte-Beuve comprehended that what his generation needed, in the face of these infatuations, was sane and conservative criticism.

To be the enemy of *engouements* and charlatanism, Sainte-Beuve pronounces "the true and characteristic mark of a critic." The keynote of all his firmest criticism is struck in the following words, which he might with propriety have placed at the head of his collected "Causeries:" "As for us critics, placed between tradition and innovation, it is our delight to be forever recalling the past with reference to the present, comparing the two, and insisting on the excellence of the old work while welcoming the new; for I am not speaking of those critics who are always ready to sacrifice systematically the one to the other. While the young modern artist swims in the full stream of the present, rejoicing in it, quenching his thirst in it, and dazzled by its sheen, we live in these comparisons, so full of repose, and take our pleasure in the thousand ideas to which they give birth."

This is the whole story of Sainte-Beuve's usefulness. This is his *apologia pro vita sua*. Thus conceived, the office of criticism has the nobility of self-effacement in the cause of public welfare. It is a work of rescue. All about us and within us there are immature and dangerous ideas struggling for acceptance. Weak or pernicious books are appearing in greater number than good ones. Ill-balanced men are pushing forward. If these men, these ideas, these books prevail, in so far as they prevail the work of culture is retarded. We know that in the long day Time will sift much that is true from all this false, but that does not make our individual misfortune less if, while we live, the second best is preferred to the really excellent. Many philosophers would have us believe that man possesses a faculty capable of distinguishing intuitively the beautiful in literature, art, and nature. Sainte-Beuve, however, was an experimentalist in this. Most of us are of the

same creeping school. We are willing to profit by the opinions of others. We prefer to read the books which have lasted longest and been most in human hands. We are afraid to trust the æsthetic sense. We have our own ideas, to be sure. You may always have thought Byron or the Italian opera unsatisfactory, but it required the weight of a consensus of other people's judgments in the same direction to make you altogether fixed and happy in your decision. For one thing, the critical sense changes with age. At fourteen we deem "Lalla Rookh" a great English classic. At seventy-five, very likely, we shall have settled down to a steady perusal of Job and Solomon, content with their eloquent inconclusiveness. A healthy criticism, however, bids us take into account the experience of men at all times of life—young men, middle-aged men, old men—and submit ourselves somewhat to their tastes. And the testimony of the dead is at least as valuable as that of the living. It is a significant difference between science and literary criticism that the former often deals exclusively with things at present in the world, without a single backward look at historical antecedents; whereas literature not only has its roots in the past, but blooms and ripens there. The study of literature gives as one of its happiest results the sense of the continuity of thought and the dependence of each age upon its predecessors.

> "Can the rush grow up without mire?
> Can the flag grow without water?"
> "Inquire, I pray thee, of the former age,
> And apply thyself to that which their fathers have searched out."

The advice of Bildad the Shuhite is a sound maxim in criticism.

Sainte-Beuve not only saved many seventeenth-century writers from comparative oblivion, but he confirmed the reputation of Bossuet and Saint-Simon, of Fénelon and La Fontaine, of Madame de Sévigné and Pascal. During half a century already, the best French authors have been more read than they would have been without his learned, skilful, and enthusiastic insistence on their interest, their charm, their importance. His generation was rich in poets and novelists, but would have been poor without him in men of sound taste, capable of appealing effectually to the standards of experience. He enlarged the comprehension of the word "classic" by comprehending under it many works of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, which were practically unknown in 1830, and indicating their excellent features. He made new divisions and discovered hidden relationships. One of his favorite ideas, for example, is that a peculiar quality of urbanity and distinction is to be found in the writings of the generation which flourished in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, so that even the minor letter-writers and memoir-writers of that period—the period of Voltaire's youth—have a singular gift of grace. Never before and never after are there such limpidity of style, such perfect ease, such crystalline perfection, as in La Sage, Vauvenargues, Madame du Deffand, the Abbé Prévost, Fontenelle. Vauvenargues and Madame du Deffand would have been but little known at present, out of France at least, if Sainte-Beuve had not insisted on their worth.

Many persons on reading the "Causeries" are disappointed to find so little indication of system, or rather of a system. "This is not criticism," they exclaim; "this is history, if you will, but not criticism." They are quite right. It is not criticism as a German professor would understand the term. It is not a philosophy of literature. The "Causeries" are quiet, familiar, unpretending talks, and rather gossipy, as the word indicates. A little modest guidance, some reconstitution of the *milieu*, the explanation of difficulties, and the pointing out of a few details of beauty which might otherwise escape observation—this is usually the proper extent of a critic's duties. It is tiresome to be told just how and why we should be impressed. Such was Sainte-Beuve's theory and such his practice.

He has been much criticised for his habit of making an author's personality and life a basis for judging his works. And at first sight this appears a proceeding of doubtful wisdom. But let us see how he conducts the investigation. He assumes that into a novel, or a poem, or a drama, an author does throw his own personality, and that books are actions. It would be a waste of time, therefore, not

to go direct to the heart of an author's life, if we can, rather than shut ourselves up to the consideration of only one phase of his activity. Knowing, for instance, the personal insufficiency of Châteaubriand, Sainte-Beuve felt that it would be exercising too much patience to wait until that insufficiency was also detected by the public in all the sentimentalist's vaunted books. It must be in the books, for it was in the man, and sooner or later a man is revealed, with more or less completeness, in his productions. So he did not scruple to tell what he knew of Châteaubriand as he had seen and heard him. With even less hesitation did he seek to discover the personality of men and women not his contemporaries. It is to this fondness for detailed portraiture that we are indebted for the charming and useful biographies which so many of the "Causeries" contain. Each author tells his own life, and, so far as possible, in his own words, which are supported or corrected by extracts from the letters and journals of his acquaintances. Sainte-Beuve's vast knowledge of memoirs, both published and in manuscript, was supplemented by the reading of his secretaries, whom he kept employed in the public libraries of Paris. And much of his feeling for the eighteenth century—a feeling which strikes us as so fresh and immediate, much of his information about the lives of André Chénier, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, Rousseau, Franklin, Walpole, Gibbon, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, Madame d'Épinay, and the Encyclopædists, came to him by oral tradition. To mention only one of several lines of communication open to him, he was for some time a frequenter of Madame Récamier's *salon*. She had known in her youth the society of the Consulate, and through it that of the reign of Louis XVI. Sainte-Beuve's method, which has been often attacked on the ground that it is too much concerned with personality, is in reality the simplest and most natural method in the world.

Sainte-Beuve is not hampered with philosophical prepossessions. But one could wish that he were at times more frank in his judgments of literary values, and particularly that he more frequently disclosed his own opinion on points of conduct. In short, one feels that he shirks a plain duty and fails to grasp an opportunity. One suspects that the constitutional cowardice imputed to him by his biographers has something to do with this. Toward the end of his life his indifference to moral distinctions is fairly cynical, and is doubtless due in part to practical defiance of a moral obligation in his own conduct. To most of us it is unsatisfactory to read much in any field, passing in review a long list of men and women, of actions and ideas, without co-ordinating and speculating. We do need some philosophical thread. We are not content with the mere accumulation of facts; we must draw conclusions. And one feels disappointed sometimes that a man so well furnished with facts is so seldom disposed to aid in the fulfilment of this natural desire. Sainte-Beuve admits his reluctance. "I am a man of doubt and repentances," he exclaims. In the generous "Causerie" in which he welcomes a fellow-critic, Edmond Schérer, then knocking for admittance to the Parisian world, Sainte-Beuve says of him: "He does not feel his way; he does not hesitate. He is a firm, solidly based intelligence, which has in itself a standard whereby to measure exactly every other intelligence. He is a peer, rendering verdicts upon his peers. He is a veritable judge."

In matters of taste and style Sainte-Beuve has himself the trenchant confidence of decision which he remarks in his young rival. But Schérer's boldness was in another sort of judgment. He had just published his "Mélanges de Critique religieuse," which included essays on authors whom Sainte-Beuve would have considered to be in his own province too, such as Joseph de Maistre and Taine, but whom he would scarcely have cared or dared to discuss from a definite position in philosophy and religion, as Schérer did. Sainte-Beuve doubted the ability of the French public to appreciate the serious treatment habitual to Schérer, and with a sort of *gran rifiuto*, which is painful reading, betrayed his own distaste for any criticism which attempts to go beneath the surface of life. One grows weary, in the end, of the French habit of shunning serious conversation. A man may be devoid of theory, and yet be capable of rendering very valuable judgments. One would be grateful

to Sainte Beuve for more of them. His position was peculiar, and his duty obvious. He was making the literary men and women of the reign of Louis XIV. live over again for the benefit of a generation which, as he declared, needed standards of life. By touching lightly upon evils whose existence and whose tainted and contaminating results he well knew, he failed to represent seventeenth-century life as it really was, in France, and the standard loses its authority. He should have had the courage to publish boldly his opinion of the enormous corruption of a reign whose greatness has been over-estimated, not without harm to the French character. Like most other French critics and historians, he caressed so daintily these false ideals, that if we had not Saint-Simon to tell us the truth, we might miss the whole point of the timely and necessary revolt which began with the eighteenth century.

Alluding to the subjects of his lectures in the École Normale, from 1857 to 1861, Sainte-Beuve makes a distinction, which he has happily not always observed, between his work as a teacher and his work as a critic. The two offices are quite distinct, he says, "the critic's being, above all things, the search for what is new and the discovery of talent; the teacher's the maintenance of tradition and the conservation of taste." Yet it is worthy of remark that most of the subjects of his "Causeries" and "Portraits" were chosen without reference to works which had been recently published. Less than half the "Causeries du Lundi" are book reviews. In his practice as critic he was performing more than ever the duty which he lays down as that of a teacher; he was maintaining tradition and conserving taste.

The persons whom Sainte-Beuve most delights to introduce are those who not only have written, but have made some stir in the world by their swords or their tongues or their fair eyes. The more serious side of court life is, however, not neglected. Indeed, Sainte-Beuve has seldom gone deeper into detail than regarding Bossuet, to whom he devotes three of the "Causeries du Lundi," and Fénelon, whom he discusses in two.

More and more, as he grew older, Sainte-Beuve became a classicist, a conservative, feeling the dignity and beauty of the past and acknowledging its authority. He was keenly alive to fine shades of difference. He had the aristocratic instinct, and preferred the best to the second best, the noble to the common, the interests of a select few to the interests of the mass. There are well-bred books, just as there are men of born distinction. The Republic of Letters is not a very happy phrase if it is supposed to imply equality, and in the world of books it is no disgrace to be a tuft-hunter.

Stronger than the most selfish parasite's fondness for a duke is Sainte-Beuve's instinct for a grand or an elegant style. He has wonderful facility also in detecting whatever is unnatural or false. His favorite device for disabusing his readers of exaggerated respect for any book was to quote some violent or sentimental passage from it, some strained metaphor, some weak or pretentious phrase, and then ask if Voltaire could have used such language, or if the simple diction and polished thought of Madame de Sévigné were not preferable.

From the persons and books he disliked, it is apparent that Sainte-Beuve's especial antipathy was for declamation, the sounding brass and tinkling cymbals of discourse, the oratorical habit, the love of mere rhetoric, the want of simplicity, excess of emphasis, or to sum up all in his own word, *la phrase*. This he considered the worst element of bad style, and a sure indication of vulgar taste.

Is it not remarkable that in our American colleges the form of writing which has been most encouraged by the giving of prizes and commencement honors—indeed, the only kind of English composition which in some institutions has been officially preserved at all—is the so-called oration, a sort of exercise now seldom called for by the demands of professional or social life, and always dangerous in its effects on style?

As a true disciple of the prose writers of that chosen period of his, the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, Sainte-Beuve is annoyed by vagueness, and his own works are marvellously clear. He is more concrete than is usual with critics. He has the precision of a fencer, with all a fencer's grace. He has the French faculty for fine insinuation. His "Causeries" read

like skilful conversations; they abound in delicate approaches and feigned withdrawals. His good-humor and self-command are wellnigh perfect. His flashes of indignation are so rare as to be always welcome. But he is, for the most part, imperturbable, serene. Not many men, having to write a piece of literary criticism once a week for half a lifetime, would have developed so few crotchets and refrained so entirely from arbitrary or tyrannical judgments.

Despite his vast and minute information, there is in Sainte-Beuve no mere pedantry of letters, no boasting of mere research. He does not throw up barriers of erudition between the reader and the author who is under discussion, but tries, rather, to remove every obstruction. He does not think it beneath his dignity to sketch broad, popular outlines of the lives and works of his subjects. He is never content with furnishing a mass of recondite facts. In each of his sketches you can refresh your knowledge of the author who is being criticised. It is not, as a rule, taken for granted that even the main features of his life will be known to you. Sainte-Beuve treats these elementary matters with a patient enthusiasm, an originality, a charm of language, which make them always fresh and delightful. Thus one of the first effects he produces is to acquaint the reader personally with a man or a woman.

Sainte-Beuve somewhere uses the words *savant* and *érudit* in such a way as to show the beautiful distinction between them. A man may be *érudit* and stuffed with learning, yet it may be all congested in his brain, and he but a crude scholar. A *savant*, on the other hand, has better possession of his faculties and knows how to open his treasures to the world. Knowledge will not swamp a man, unless he be deficient in active energy or power of expression, which is almost the same thing. Sainte-Beuve was distinctly *savant*. He is neither a scientist nor a philologist in his treatment of literature; he is a man of letters.

It is natural to expect of a critic so intimately acquainted with these details that he should, at least toward the end of his career, draw valuable conclusions as to the distinguishing qualities of the French race, and the relative value of its intellectual product. Sainte-Beuve answers but insufficiently this expectation. We find among his works a small number of essays on foreign authors. They show that he possessed breadth of sympathy and capacity for accommodation. But they are relatively few, and moreover they nearly all treat of writers who had a large share of the French spirit and lived much in France, or wrote in French. Such are Lord Chesterfield, Benjamin Franklin, Gibbon, and Frederick the Great. No history of French literature would be complete if it failed to take account of these. Sainte-Beuve is still, therefore, in his original circle when he speaks of them. To be sure, he has essays on Goethe, Dante, Firdausi, Theocritus, Virgil, and Pliny the Elder, but yet it must be said that he does not abound in those rich comparisons between different literatures which constitute much of the value of Arnold's critical writings and Schlegel's. In this he is a true Frenchman, for his countrymen are none too hospitable to foreign ideas and none too well acquainted with other literatures than their own. They are, after all, much more insular than their neighbors across the Channel. When Sainte-Beuve does, however, venture upon comparisons, he shows an admirable catholicity of spirit, and we can only regret that he so seldom let his mind go forth on foreign travel. From the rare excursions he allowed it to make, it returned with booty characteristic of the lands it had traversed. Thoroughly French though he was, and limited by some French prejudices, his essay on Cowper, for example, proves that he could appreciate an English type of intelligence absolutely foreign to his countrymen—incomprehensible to many of them. In reading this "Causerie" one feels that perhaps Sainte-Beuve's practice of abstaining from international comparison does not indicate lack of knowledge or appreciation on his part so much as on the part of the public for which he wrote. It is chiefly when thinking of this restraint and of what we lose by it, that one regrets the peculiar circumstances of his authorship.

For, after all, and it is not a reproach, we must conclude that Sainte-Beuve was a journalist, and that although his success was made possible by his close contact with the public, it was also limited thereby.

Fortunately the roots of his development were struck in academic rather than bohemian soil. He won his great and unique celebrity by happily combining in himself the professor, the journalist, and the man of the world. Other men in his situation commonly suffer an abasement of their talent and a levelling of their style. In him the more solid elements of the mind strengthened with years, and there is little of an ephemeral character in his work. From the very limitations of his position he gained advantage, for to whom would he be so useful if his flights were longer or his range more general? He is so close to his hearers, and in such an easy attitude, that it would be ridiculous for him to sermonize or prate. So he simply talks—in the first person singular, as if seated with a group of listeners around a table full of books. He speaks with an easy and well-bred familiarity, with vividness and endless variety. It is a lively, instructive, polite conversation on the many forms of his subject, for he has but one, and that is French literature. To study this, to purify, propagate, and defend this, is his great concern.

THE DUST

By Gertrude Hall

It settles softly on your things,
  Impalpable, fine, light, dull, gray;
The dingy dust-clout Betty brings,
  And singing brushes it away:

And it's a queen's robe, once so proud,
  And it's the moths fed in its fold,
It's leaves, and roses, and the shroud,
  Wherein an ancient Saint was rolled.

And it is beauty's golden hair,
  And it is genius' wreath of bay,
And it is lips once red and fair
  That kissed in some forgotten May.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH IN AMERICA

By William B. Bigelow

THE earliest churches in this country of which authentic records or recognizable features survive date back to about 1630. There were earlier churches, which were mere log-houses surrounded by stockades —the "meeting-houses" of the colonists, where they gathered not only for religious services, but for the transaction of government affairs or the defence of the colony. As soon as a settlement was firmly established, and prosperity blessed the colony, larger and more appropriate edifices were made; so that to-day but few traces are left of the pioneer churches. Where they survive in whole or in part, or as the immediate successors of the primitive churches, it is made evident that the colonists did the most natural thing when they came to plan churches in this new country—they built, as best they could with meagre skill and wealth, imitations of churches that they remembered in the old country. You could tell to-day, with no other documents, the particular region from which the original settlers came by a study of the old churches.

One of the very few still standing and practically unchanged is St. Luke's, at Smithfield, Isle of Wight County, Va. It was built in 1632, as attested by the date on some of the bricks, under the superintendence of Joseph Bridger, whose descendants still live in the county and worship in the church. The records of the family, which are unbroken for a period of a hundred and fifty years, establish the date of the building of the church, and are full of interesting details of early colonial history. It appears that St. Luke's was originally so well built and of such excellent material that no repairs were made to it until 1737, one hundred and five years after its completion. At that time it was ordered "that Peter Woodward do the shingling of the church with good cypress shingles, of good substance, and well nailed, for 700 lbs. of tobacco, 300 lbs. being now levied." It was again reshingled in 1821, eighty-four years later.

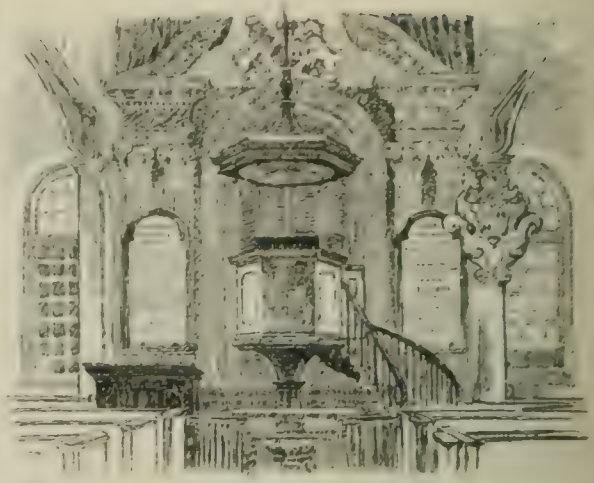
In 1812 such of the church records as had escaped the vicissitudes of the Revolution were in the care of the servants on an estate near Macclesfield, and they, in ignorance of their value, gave them to a force of Americans, who made them into cartridges for the defence of their homes and country. One vestry-book only has been saved of the early records of the church.

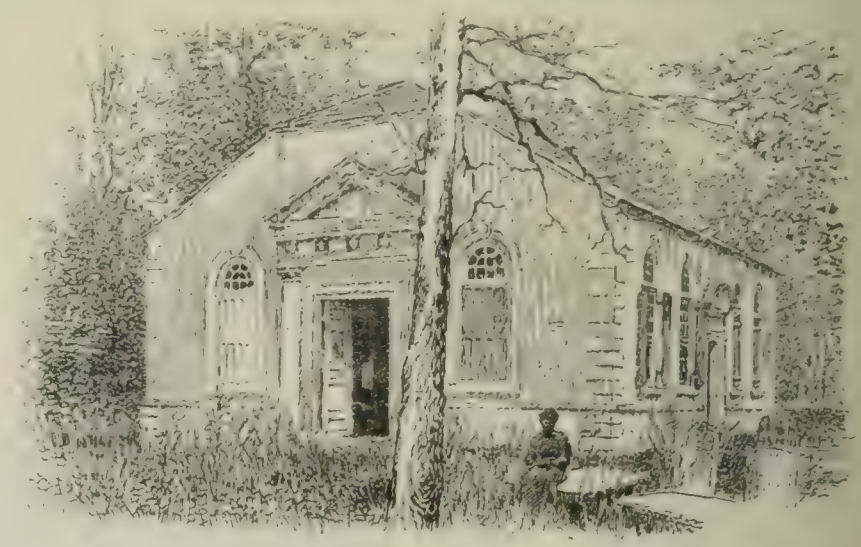


ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, SMITHFIELD, ISLE OF WIGHT COUNTY, VA.

One of the oldest churches still standing in America; the brick bears the date of construction—1632.

In June, 1877, a storm so shook the old church that the roof fell in, carrying with it a part of the eastern wall; but the church has now been reverently and very successfully restored in the spirit of the original design. Memorial windows have been put in representing John Smith, Pocahontas, John Rolfe, Generals Washington and Lee, Bishops Madison and Moore, and other historical figures connected with the neighborhood. St. Luke's was rededicated in 1894 with impressive ceremonies, and is now, after nearly a century of disuse, again devoted to worship. Only the large east window, the tower, and the nave remain unfinished, but it is hoped that the funds necessary to complete these will soon be secured.





INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR OF ST. JAMES'S CHURCH AT GOOSE CREEK, S. C., 1714.

The picture of the old church, with the ivy on the walls, the spreading trees, and quiet churchyard, is full of charm and poetry, and its history, and that of the devoted men and women who built it and watched over its welfare through generations, is one to cherish and be proud of.

Another church showing strongly the English influence is St. James's, at Goose Creek, S. C. The Rev. William Corbin came over from Middlesex, England, in 1700, and seven years later the first church, probably of wood, was built on a gift of one hundred acres of land. This soon became too small, and the present picturesque structure was erected in 1714, on the site of the first church. A quaintly worded record gives the date of the consecration, July 14, 1719, and awards the various pews to the church-wardens, vestrymen, and others, for pious contributions and zealous industry, to them and their heirs forever, and directs the remaining pews to be sold according to custom.

In 1728 the Rev. Richard Ludlam gave his whole fortune, two thousand pounds currency, to maintain the church and found a school, which fund, nearly doubled today by good investment and careful management, has preserved the old church from destruction, and has made it possible recently to thoroughly restore it.

The interior of St. James's is almost exactly as when it was first built; the Arms of Great Britain, richly colored and gilded, are over the pulpit; on the columns on either side are two decorative, brightly colored stucco memorials of Colonel John Gibbs and Jane, his wife, who died in 1711 and 1717, respectively. In the front of the gallery hangs a hatchment, believed to be the only one left in this country. The custom was to carry these hatchments, which bore the family arms (in this case those of the Izard family), in front of the coffin of the head of the family, and then to hang them in the church as memorials.

One of the romantic legends of the neighborhood is that of mad Archie Campbell, a British officer, who met and fell in love with Miss Pauline Philp. Being objected to by her family, who sympathized



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, ASHWOOD, MAURY COUNTY, TENN., 1842.

with the colonists, they eloped, and he took her to St. James's Church, where he forced the minister at the point of his pistol to perform the marriage ceremony.

In Tennessee and Kentucky one would naturally expect to see the influence of English traditions in the church buildings. James Lane Allen has pointed out how similar is the life and landscape in that region to parts of old England. Although, in the East, it would not be considered a very old church, having been completed in 1842, yet for the Middle West it is old, and there is none more historical in its associations in Tennessee than the beautiful St. John's, at Ashwood, Maury County. Its square and impressive tower, the beautiful grove that surrounds it, and the peaceful graveyard make the spot one long to be remembered. It is said that three Confederate generals, passing it on the way to battle, expressed the wish that if they fell that day their bodies should be buried there, and in a short time their wish was fulfilled. Here is also buried the first Episcopal bishop of the Diocese of Tennessee, Bishop Otey. The building, which is of brick, was the gift of Bishop Polk and his three brothers.

Far more severe and simple is the old church architecture in New England and the Middle States, which owes its form to the Puritans and the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. The New England meeting-house was generally a square wooden box, but it showed excellent taste in the detail of its simple ornamentation. It is the theory of some thoughtful architects that among the early colonial immigrants were men considerably above the ability of ordinary carpenters. In those days the architect was apt to be both designer and builder, and it was not in this country until very modern times that the line was at all clearly drawn between the architect who designed and superintended in the interests of his client and so became a professional man, and the builder who took a contract to execute the work, and make what he could out of it, and remained a business man. It is believed that the excellent taste and judgment of these men among the colonists made themselves felt in the taste of the ornamentation in what we call colonial architecture. They had no originality in the general design of buildings, because their experience had never included that; but they knew how to carry out to perfection details of the ensemble.

Among the oldest of New England churches is the First Church, at Hingham,



THE DORCHESTER, MASS., MEETING-HOUSE.

Mass., founded about the time of St. Luke's, in Virginia. For a long time Peter Hobart, the first minister, preached in a fortified log-house, built for protection against the Indians. It was not until 1681 that the present church was built. In spite of enlargements and changes the greater part of the old church still stands, as sound and strong as when first hewn out of the virgin oak. The roof framing is beautifully designed and put together, and as sound and straight as it was in 1681. It is only rough-hewn oak, without carving or any ornament outside of its constructive features; but is far too fine to remain hidden as it is now by a plaster ceiling, hung below it about seventy-five years ago, when the church was first heated in winter. It appears from the records that the church originally cost £130 and the house then standing on the grounds, which was given to the builder. The minister's salary was £85. The windows had originally diamond-leaded panes; the walls and roof were unplastered, and showed the frame. The present pulpit dates back to 1755, and until 1869 the old, stiff, high-backed, uncushioned pews were used. Music was first introduced in 1763, and was furnished by a bass viol, a violin, a flute, and a clarionet; and a position in the choir came to be an enviable distinction, so that in 1867, when an organ was put in and the choir was discontinued, many of the congregation were greatly scandalized, and one of the conservatives characterized the organ as "a godless box of whistles."

The first church built at East Hampton, Long Island, in 1652, was 20 by 26 feet, and was covered with thatch. After being repaired and enlarged in 1673, and again in 1698, it was abandoned, and the church shown opposite was built in 1717. It was then the largest and finest church on Long Island, and was furnished with a clock and bell, which kept and proclaimed the time for one hundred and sixty-three years, when, fifteen years ago, this church was in turn abandoned and torn down. When it was determined, in 1717, to build a new church, a meeting was called in the Mul-

ford House, still standing and said to be the oldest structure in the village. A townsman, whose presence was required, not having arrived, a little slave girl was sent out to summon him, and was lost in the snow-drifts, her body not being found until the next day. The place where she had perished was then decided upon for the site of the church, as a spot indicated by Divine Providence as sacred ground.

This was the church in which the Rev. Lyman Beecher preached from 1799 to 1810, and the Rev. Edward Beecher, his son, was born in a picturesque old house still standing in the heart of the village. Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Stowe, although not born there, were identified with the place in many ways.



OLD CHURCH AT EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND, 1717.

The churches erected in early days by the Scotch Presbyterians in the Middle States were even simpler and more severe than the New England meeting-house. The box-like design is similar to the New England meeting-house, but the ornament that sometimes cropped out in the windows and doors of New England churches is absent. Brick and stone rather than wood were the materials used. One of the most characteristic of these still stands at Rocky Spring, near Chambersburg, Pa., and is a place for pilgrimages and celebrations by the descendants of the sturdy Scotch-Irishmen who settled the Cumberland Valley.

The church, severely simple in its form, is built of brick, imported from Holland probably, upon a stone foundation several feet high. The window-shutters are of plain wide boards, without panelling or moulding, and the doors are almost as plain. The interior is as severe as the exterior; the pews are stiff and high, and the aisles and a place in front of the pulpit are paved with brick. The old-fashioned pulpit, still in place, is painted a deep, harsh blue, and the quaint sounding-board has a rude representation of a star in red. Two old ten-plate stoves—doubtless among the first cast in this country—still stand, their stove-pipes going straight up through the ceiling and roof. The original church was built in 1740, and

the present structure about twenty years later.

During the revolution, the first pastor of Rocky Spring Church, the Rev. Mr. Craighead, preaching a soul-stirring sermon, closed his address in fervent and patriotic strains, exhorting the youth of his flock to rise up and join General Washington. In such burning and powerful terms did he declaim against the wrongs they were then suffering, that after one glowing description of the duty of men, the whole congregation rose from their seats, and declared their resolve to march to the conflict. Only one aged female, in whom maternal affection completely mastered both sense of propriety and love of country, cried: "Stop, Mr. Craighead ; I just want to tell ye, agin ye hae such a purty boy as I have in the war, ye will na be sa keen for fighting. Quit talking, and gang yersel' to the war. Yer always preaching to the boys about it, but I dinna think ye'd be very likely to gang yersel. Just go and try it."

He did, and as their captain engaged vigorously in the war, and acted as chaplain to the soldiers besides, and returning to his people after the hostilities were over, he faithfully discharged his duties to his congregation until his death in 1799.

A richer and more foreign touch was put upon American churches in the far South and West by the French and Spanish. Their temperament, their religion, and the climate into which they were transplanted favored something more picturesque than box-like meeting-houses. Throughout New Mexico and California these old Spanish mission churches are to-day visited by hundreds of tourists, who, for the first time, learn how old and how picturesque are some American relics.

In Louisiana the French Creoles have also added to the romance of the State and the quaintness of its buildings. St. Martin's Church, Bayou Têche, is one of the oldest church establishments in that State. The exiled Acadians founded a settlement here, and in 1765 St. Martin's was established as a mission. The first church was built in 1782, and was a frame building known as the "Poste des Attakapas." All the civil and military concerns of the district were administered here ; it was the general meeting-place of all classes, and on the outer walls of the church all public notices of sale or transfer, etc., were posted.

The present church was begun in 1822 and finished in 1840. Of the old burial ground only a few mounds are left—and the tradition that Evangeline lies buried under an oak near by.

The interior of the church is well worth seeing ; the quaint pulpit, the floors paved with brick, and a group of great earthenware jars at one side, filled with holy water, from which the children may be seen filling a bottle for the sick by leaning over and letting it down by a string.

All these interesting examples of the older country church architect-



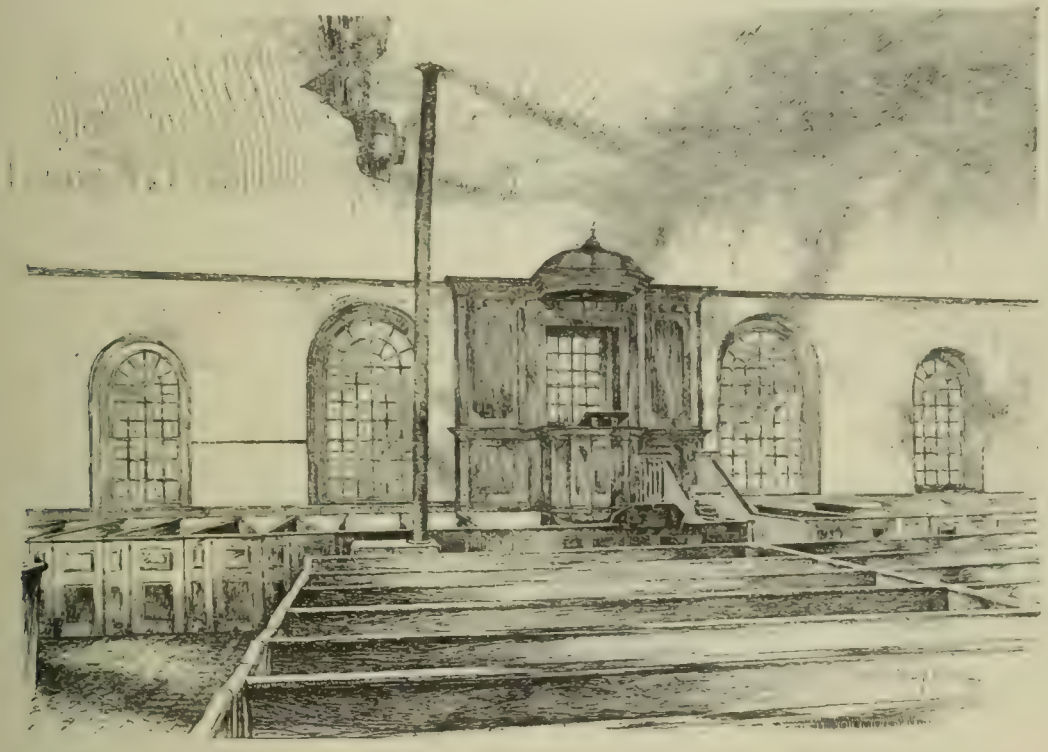
THE HINGHAM, MASS., MEETING-HOUSE, 1681.

ure in America follow very closely the model established by the mother-country, and were built by earnest and God-fearing pioneers and by priests ready to lay down their lives for their faith. They are characterized by a reverent and devotional spirit and a simplicity and directness of style and composition that give them a quality all their own. The plainest, almost barn-like meeting-houses of the New England Puritans and the Covenanters of the Middle States, the more graceful and ornamental buildings



of the English Church, the still more ambitious mission churches of the French and Spanish colonies—in one and all of them is one vitalizing spirit, the spirit of earnestness and truth; and we should ourselves be lacking in that spirit did we not cherish these monuments of our past, and do our utmost to save and maintain what is still left of them.

Our modern church architecture, with only a few exceptions—due to a handful of able architects in the earlier generations—dates back to the æsthetic awakening in 1876 started by the Centennial Exhibition. It is marked by the development of dominating individuality, and on the whole will compare favorably with the work done at the same time in England or France or Germany, where the same general tendencies toward individualism were also at work. Individuality in art, however, without a long-established, well-recognized body of traditions, and without thorough and comprehensive training, contains very dangerous elements, and many a terrible and warning example of what *not* to do has been perpetrated and perpetuated in imperishable materials, in its name! A well-known wit was asked what he thought of the work of an equally well-known architect. "Mr. ——," he answered, "has a great deal of taste—some of it good." Our modern architecture suffered greatly at first, and suffers still in a lesser degree, from lack of self-restraint on the part of its practitioners, and also from a lack of sound knowledge and training. The progress made, however, is very great, and the promise for the future most encouraging; and the greater school facilities, better training in the established offices, better libraries, and more frequent opportunities through



EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR VIEWS OF CHURCH AT ROCKY SPRING, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA.

scholarships for travelling abroad, will certainly tend to finer results in the future.

Our modern work depends, primarily as will our future work, upon the earnestness and honesty of the community, and this is especially true of our church architecture, where the material and practical aspects are subordinated to the spiritual. American architects have shown their ability, but they are, of necessity, the servants of their clients, and can only, the ablest of them, design good work for people who really want it. It is as possible to-day as it was two hundred years ago to imbue the simplest or the most costly structure with a reverent and religious feeling, but a galvanized iron imitation of cut stone, or a structure whose only excuse for being is a desire to appear bigger or taller or costlier than the one in the next parish, will never be either reverent or religious or even good looking.



The few modern examples in this article do not show any general tendency, and only demonstrate that churches can be built to-day of common materials and on simple lines and yet have some of the higher and enduring qualities that appeal to us in older work. The little church at Islip was built twenty years or more ago, and its style is cleverly adapted from the wood construction of Sweden, as is shown by the terminals of the gables, etc.

The church at Oceanic, N. J., is all covered with shingles, inside and out, and they are shaped and laid with such skill that one feels as if each shingle had grown in its place, and clothed and protected the structure like fish-scales.

The Lake Forest Church, Illinois, has an added interest, in that the stone of which the church was built was originally in the Second Presbyterian Church in Chicago. After the fire, in 1871, this stonework, which remained standing (although the interior and the steeple were destroyed), was taken down and finally brought to Lake Forest and re-erected. Inasmuch as it was in the Second Church that the idea of a place like Lake Forest originated, and the association was formed whereby Lake Forest and its educational institutions and church became a possibility, the presence of the stone in those walls adds a strong sentimental interest.

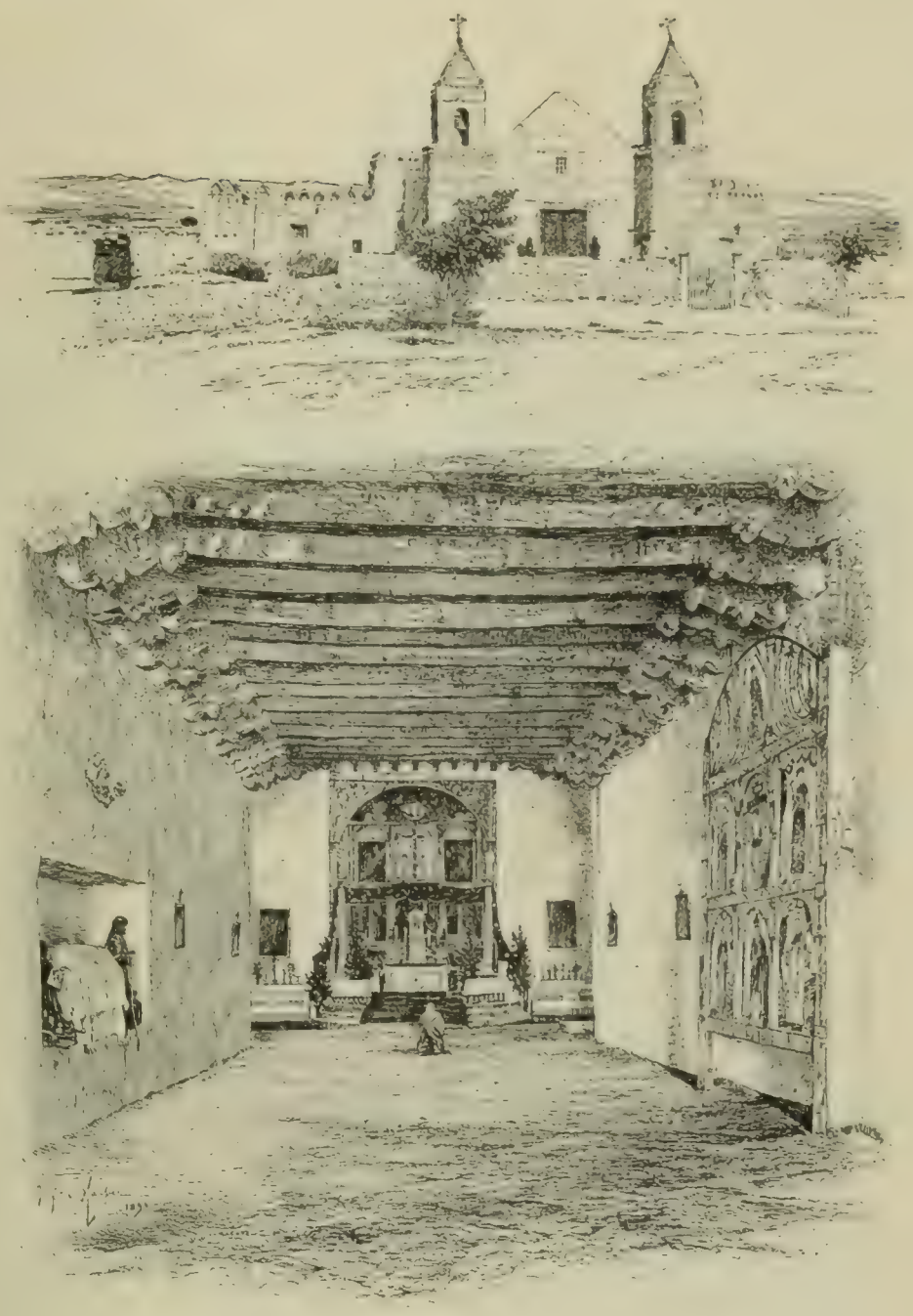
The illustration of the Swedenborgian church in San Francisco shows that in it that clever architect, the late Page Brown, wisely followed the traditions of the Spanish missions. A novel feature of its construction is related by the Rev. Joseph Worcester, pastor of the church, as follows :

" The congregation was small, and its means were small ; a small church, therefore, was wanted, and its interest was to be obtained through simplicity and consistency. It had long been my wish to build into the church some natural lines of tree-stems, and Mr. Page Brown, realizing the necessities of the building in the way of size



INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR OF ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, BAYOU TÊCHE, LA., 1822.

and cost, indulged me so far as to give the dimensions of needed trusses, and let me go in search of the trees. At an isolated point on the ridge of the Santa Cruz Mountains, looking down on Monterey and the Pacific, I found a grove of the beautiful madrona near the home of its owner, a young man, born on the place, who was rearing his own children upon the same ground. The young man and his wife, people of intelligence and sensibility, quickly took my idea, and aided in every way my purpose. The trees were cut, covered with the fallen leaves of the forest, and they lay in the shade of their fellows on the mountain-side till the autumn following. Then, in their warm interest, Mr. and Mrs. Martin took the trees, loaded them upon their two great mountain wagons, and started for the city. It is doubtful if they yet realize the unusualness of the act, but the mountain character of their wagons, horses, and chime of bells, to say nothing of their load, drew increasing attention as they crept over the eighty miles to the city—and this helped to awaken their consciousness. But the simplicity of feeling, without which the whole thing would have been ridiculous, continued to the end, and it aroused a strange interest in the lookers-on. The walls are massive, of concrete and over-burned brick. The church itself is not entered immediately from the street; its simplicity is protected by the intervening garden which, again, is given seclusion by a heavy retaining wall continuous with that of the church. A large fireplace and chimney, of the same brick as the wall, warms the church."



EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF MISSION CHURCH AT SANTA CRUZ, N. M.

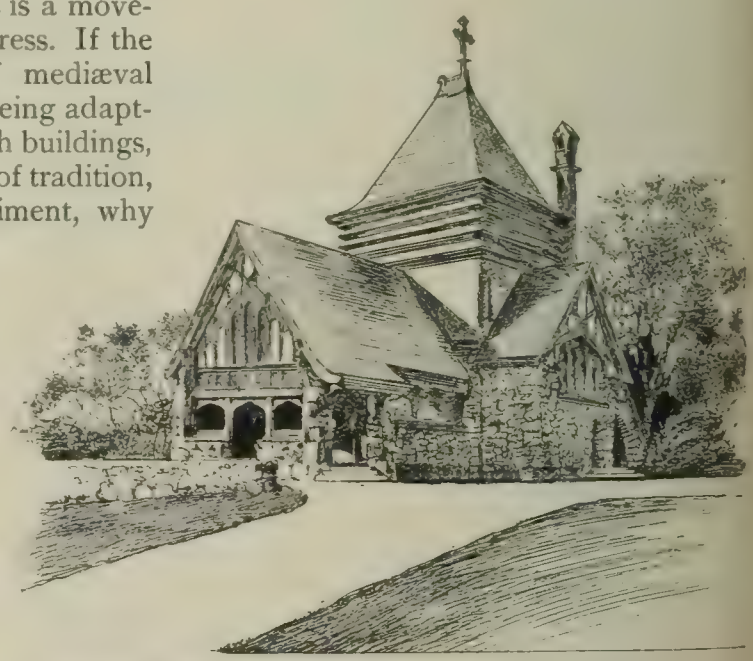
While it is beyond question that we shall go on improving in architecture as an art, and in constructive skill, there is still great room for improvement, especially in communities at a distance from the older and larger centres, where the art impulse is necessarily more strongly established, sounder and more potent.



Henry Ives Cobb, Architect.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT LAKE FOREST, ILL.

There is a strong feeling in the ranks of the younger and more progressive American architects, that the one retarding influence in our church architecture is the persistent effort to retain the Gothic style as the only churchly form. To these men a slavish copying of old forms is a movement at variance with all progress. If the principles of construction of mediæval churches is to be retained as being adapted in many instances to church buildings, and as having for it the force of tradition, association of ideas and sentiment, why slavishly reproduce the grotesques and the mystic symbolisms, which meant a great deal to both workmen and worshipper in the Middle Ages, but are not now significant to either, and lacking any vitalizing inspiration cannot be successfully executed. The conditions that made Gothic architecture beautiful, and a sincere expression of the men who developed it, have changed and cannot be brought to life again. It may be possible, as Mr. Richardson proved in his masterly handling of the Romanesque styles, to clothe the constructive elements of Gothic, the pointed arch, the intricate vaulting, and the flying buttress with modern detail and to handle the masses in a way to bring them into harmony with modern impulses and requirements, and this is the hope and faith of those who still advocate the use of Gothic forms. They feel that the Renaissance style is worldly, with strong tendency toward splendor and sumptuousness, forgetting the simplicity and severity even, of many of its buildings, and also, that the lack of what they call "structural truth" makes it unsuited for church architecture,



Rotch & Tilden, Architects.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SPIRIT, MATTAPAN, MASS.

while the Gothic, they claim, with an obvious and direct purpose in every abutment and line of its exterior, is by nature and tradition the best suited for religious structures, and this argument against the Renaissance in church edifices they assert, applies with particular force against its use in small country churches, where simplicity and directness should particularly prevail.



Cass Gilbert, Architect.

BETHLEHEM PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT ST. PAUL, MINN.

These considerations of the past and present of country church-architecture lead up to a few practical suggestions for congregations who contemplate erecting new buildings :

When a congregation in a small town decides that it wants a church building, the first thing that is usually agreed upon is the total amount of money it can afford to spend. This is on recommendation from the Board of Trustees, or other similar body that has to do with church finances. A building committee is then chosen, into which more or less church politics occasionally enters. In a majority of cases the building committee represents a fair average of business acuteness and native shrewdness, but no knowledge of architecture. A leading merchant, a local banker, a prosperous farmer, and a country lawyer may find themselves acting together on such a committee, and each with the very best intentions to do their full duty toward the congregation. They will easily agree that they want the most for their money, and that every cent shall be honestly spent. The committee are probably the best people in the congregation to carry out these economic purposes, but they are confronted with a very different problem, in which their business success counts for nothing. This problem is an artistic one—the æsthetic adaptation of a building to the worship of God. The committee no doubt have strong preconceived ideas as to what a church ought to be, just as every man has "notions" founded on some association of his boyhood or passing glimpse of a building seen in travel, but of architecture as an art they have no conception.

Any building committee that realizes from the start that it has no more right to get its architecture at haphazard than a layman has to pick up medical and legal advice at haphazard has made a good beginning. A shrewd business man always consults the best lawyer or doctor he knows for advice, because the mistakes of beginners are too costly ; so a shrewd building committee will immediately seek the advice of the best architect available.

There is a widespread misconception on this point. People very generally believe,



THE SAN LOUIS REY MISSION IN CALIFORNIA.

Founded 1798. Re-dedicated May 12, 1893.

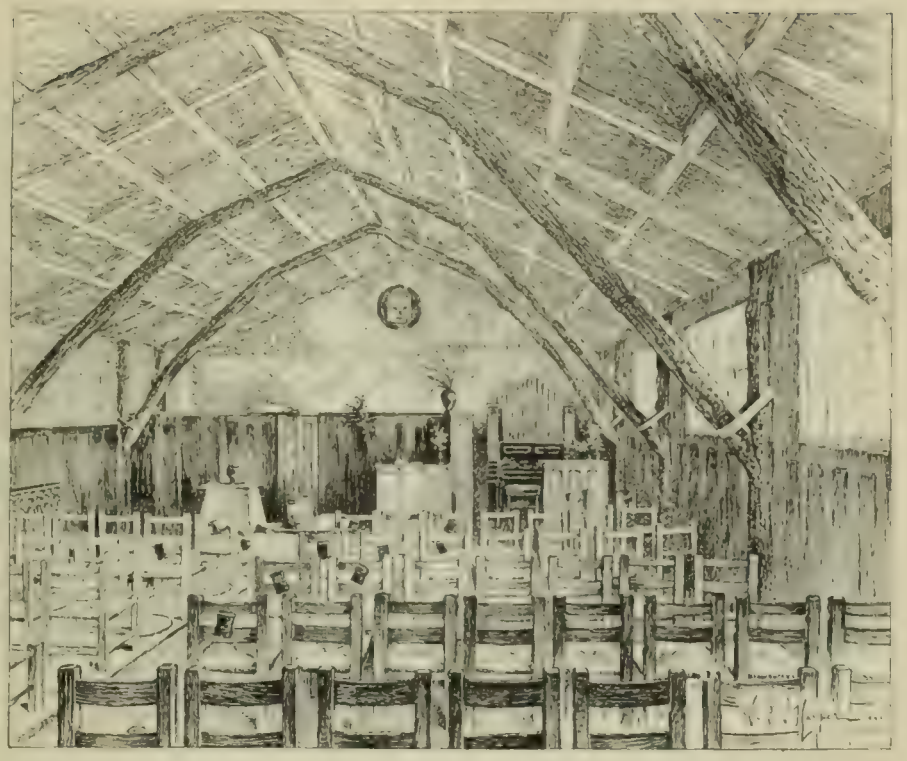
that leading architects are not available for small jobs in country towns, and this is in a measure true, but if a good architect with a large practice cannot give sufficient time to a small work, he will frankly say so, and he can, better than any one else, pick out amongst the promising younger men, whose practice is not so large, the one likely to give honest service, and perhaps the ideal solution of the problem. The mistake that committees frequently make is to send to some man advertised in a church paper, who agrees to submit plans for a church of any named price on application, and these machine-made plans, often modified by a local builder, may thus decorate the most prominent village corner for half a century an ever present eyesore, and a blot. Another and perhaps more frequent mistake is to send to the nearest large town for some builder who is locally known as "a good hand at building churches," and the whole thing is turned over to him at a contract price, which enables him to work off some stereotyped old plan that he has developed through years of experiment in church building.

Now, it is perfectly feasible for the committee to employ expert and approved talent in architecture at a well-known fixed fee, which has been approved by the "American Institute of Architects," and has become recognized by the courts as the proper and usual remuneration of the architect in the absence of any definite agreement to the contrary. This upon buildings costing more than $10,000 is five per cent. of the cost of the work. If it is proposed to build a church costing $20,000, the committee can for one-twentieth of that amount secure complete original plans, adapted to the special site and needs of the congregation, with the general supervision by the architect of the work of the builder, which means "such inspection by the architect or his deputy of a building or other work in process of erection, completion, or alteration as he finds necessary to ascertain whether it is being executed in conformity with his designs and specifications or directions, and to enable him to decide when the successive instalments or payments provided for in the contract or agreement are due or payable." Surely this is a reasonable sum to pay, if thereby the congregation can secure a guarantee of good taste, good workmanship, and good accommodations.

Suppose they do not employ an architect, hoping to save his fee? Then they will not only surely fail of beauty and æsthetic success, but in all probability the practical blunders made, things which must either be endured or well paid for to remedy them, will far outweigh the small economy that saved an architect's fee.

The wise committee, having selected an able architect will turn the matter over to him as completely as they would a critical case of disease to a physician. Nothing is to be gained by employing a good architect and then insisting on your own modifications of his plan. It is not unusual for a committee to unwisely restrict an archi-

tect by giving him an extremely limited site to work upon with an insufficient sum to be expended on it, and then insist that his plans shall include church, chapel, rectory, deep chancel, spacious organ-loft, etc. Given a certain site and a certain sum of money, there is a well-defined limit of possibilities beyond which no architect can go, and every committee will do wisely to weigh well and carefully consider the advice of their architect on these points.



The site is usually fixed by certain conditions over which a committee have little control. Congregations frequently prefer to rebuild on their old site, either for association's sake, or because they are tied to it perpetually by some deed of gift, or by the desirability of being in a given locality. A good architect will make the best of a bad site, as well as of a good site. He will take into consideration the surrounding buildings, which may be poor things architecturally, and atrocious in color and design, but the architect will so design his church that it will be a constant rebuke to the bad taste of its surroundings.

A committee is often confronted with the problem of spending part of its fund in buying more land or putting it all into the new building without enlarging the site. On this point the architect's advice should be given very great weight. On two points the committee have a right to consider their own judgment final—the number of people who are to be seated in the church, and the total cost. Given these fixed quantities, the rest should be left to the architect.



A. Page Brown, Architect.

INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR OF SWEDENBORGIAN CHURCH AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A well-known architect recently said that he would make many sacrifices of time and convenience to build a church, because it gave him a chance at both an artistic exterior and interior. In most buildings the architect is chiefly concerned from the ar-



Carrère & Hastings, Architects.

CHURCH AT OCEANIC, N. J.

tistic side with the exterior. In churches, however, the great audience room, which is the chief part of a church, gives a fine opportunity for a man of artistic feeling. Here again is where the congregation think they have a right to interfere. They give "memorial windows" of strange and incongruous designs, forgetting that they are an integral part of the architecture of the church. A window is simply a transparent wall, and the architect certainly should have a veto upon any design of-



Schickel & Ditmars, Architects.

CHURCH AT NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.



R. M. Hunt, Architect.

ST. MARK'S CHURCH AT ISLIP, LONG ISLAND.

fered. In the same way altar-cloths, reading-desks, upholstery, carpets, and hangings are given by well-meaning people with little thought as to the harmony of the gift with the whole church. The interior is as much the creation of a good architect as the exterior.

The question of material from which to build often causes great friction in the committee or between the committee and the builder. The argument of economy can generally be used in favor of materials that are native to the locality. For instance, in a brick-making region much can be said in favor of brick as material for the walls. There is undoubtedly a popular prejudice against brick for churches, because it is associated with cheap buildings for commercial purposes; but this is a fallacious deduction, and form and permanence are of the greatest moment, and brick is lasting and lends itself to beauty of form and color if skilfully used.

On the other hand, a wood church, in spite of the fact that it often lends itself to great beauty of structure and appearance, is in the end only a makeshift. It does not embody the ideal of ecclesiastical architecture as it suggests transitoriness and decay.

Stone is generally accepted as the most suitable material for church structures. Whether a native stone shall be chosen or one brought from afar is largely a question of which is best for the given design and site. Often it is as cheap to bring stone from some great quarry at a distance, where skill and experience produce the best building stones at a minimum price, as it is to open up a local quarry with unskilled labor. The native stone, however, is more apt to harmonize in a rural landscape, and has besides in its favor, the natural instinct to prefer native to foreign products.

The wood for interior purposes can be chosen on the same principle of the best for the purpose. Cheap freights and competition have practically eliminated the question of distance from the supply.

As for the exterior design, there is no peculiarly American church architecture—as has been made evident by the illustrations of colonial and modern churches here presented. Certain localities have followed, as has been pointed out, certain traditions in church architecture because the original settlers came from various Old World places. In New England, for example, the "meeting-house" type prevailed because the settlers brought with them builders' books that contained simple designs for cornices, windows, doorways, etc., that could be made by carpenters and affixed to the plain square building that even the crudest carpenter knew how to construct; or the building was framed and en-



UNION CHAPEL, COCOANUT GROVE, FLA.

closed, by native talent, on lines laid down by home tradition, and the more ornamental parts were imported. In Pennsylvania the red brick church of equal simplicity prevailed for similar reasons, but it is not therefore an architectural tradition that demands perpetuation.

The rule that an expert architect will follow is to preserve what is ecclesiastical and appropriate in local traditions, but throw over entirely those traditions that are reverenced simply because they are old. The Anglican church has developed an ecclesiastical architecture in the rural districts of England that for solidity, beauty, and fitness can be well imitated here. So with the Scotch Presbyterians, the French Catholics, and other denominations.

A sympathetic architect will instinctively make churches, for various denominations historically and artistically, expressions of their faith and their traditions—will suit his design to the conditions imposed and will add, what makes it architecture—the impress of his own personality.



Built by Bishop Baraga in 1841.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH AT LA POINTE, MADELEINE ISLAND, WIS.

A Part of Paris Seen from over Meudon

Photographed by Nadar.



UNUSUAL USES OF PHOTOGRAPHY

I—AËRIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

By Gilbert Totten Woglom

THE study of aërial photography has been intermittent; a few investigators with large patience and means pursued it awhile and their example has infected others who have sought to emulate them; but all sorts of obstacles have presented themselves to delay and discourage effort. Sending up a camera and taking pictures seems a simple enough thing to do until you try it, when surprisingly involved mechanical difficulties present themselves. Progress has been made, however, due largely to the advances made in the art of photography itself, and to the development of a simple and easily available lifting power.

Attempts to take photographs from great heights with the aid of balloons have been made for a number of years, but the difficulties and large expense involved in this method have prevented those general experiments that would have given aërial photography a wider popular interest and brought it into service as a valuable aid in military and other work.

M. Nadar, of Paris, was one of the earliest experimenters in aërial photography. As early as 1858 he took a bird's-eye view of the French capital and environs with a camera fixed to the side of his car. Twenty-five years later, greatly aided by the use of the improved dry-plate process, another Frenchman, M. Desmaret, made a series of interesting views from a balloon.

One of the most ingenious attempts recorded was made by M. Denesse, who invented a quaint rocket camera which was to be sent aloft until the projectile exhausted its energy, when an automatic parachute was to spread itself to make the descent and trip the camera as it gracefully and gently came to earth.

About 1888 Herr Meydenbaur, in Germany, perfected a camera which was enclosed in a small captive balloon, the lens

only being exposed, and in 1889 and 1891 lieutenants of the Austrian Army secured some fine views from both free and captive balloons at altitudes varying from 2,500 to 5,000 feet.

The first aërial photograph taken in America, if not the first successful one made in the world, was on a wet plate from a balloon over the city of Boston in 1862. J. W. Black, the operator, says that the leaking of gas from the balloon destroyed all the plates but one. John G. Doughty made a balloon trip from Winsted to Windsor, Conn., in 1885, during which he took photographs. These pictures included several cloud effects and landscapes. He found that the revolving of his balloon made successful work exceedingly difficult. In one view taken by him through a hole in the bottom of the car at a height of a mile and a half, the shadows cast gave a picture "with some resemblance to the telescopic view of the moon," but another from an altitude of three-quarters of a mile showed very plainly "the serpentine course of the Connecticut south of Hartford."

A novel experiment made in 1881 was with a captive balloon camera that had a revolving drum holding four plates. Two insulated wires led to the camera through the cable that held the balloon, by means of which electric currents were sent, one to turn the drum, the other to operate the camera. The results were successful, but the death of the inventor, Mr. W. B. Woodbury, put an end to further trials. In July, 1893, William Jennings made a balloon ascent from Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, and took several photographs, including one at a height of three miles; the best results, however, were obtained at one mile. About the same time photographs were taken through a hole in the bottom of a balloon car over New York City.



From a Kite Photograph.

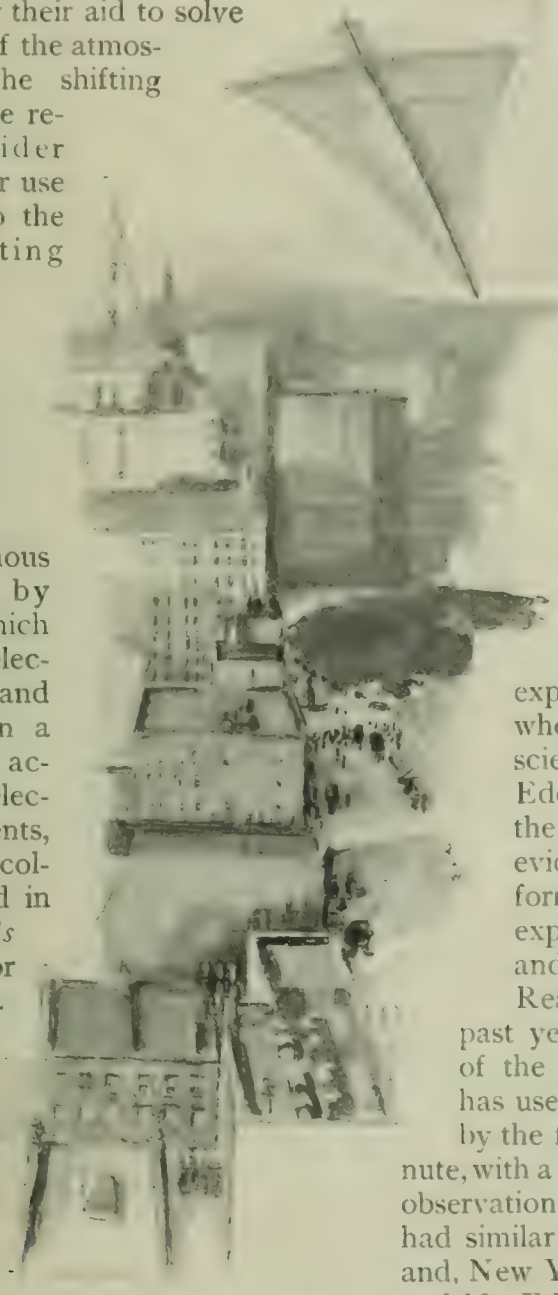
Taken by W. A. Eddy. The view includes the City Hall, New York, and a portion of lower Broadway with adjacent streets. Size of the negative, 3½ x 3½.

To-day the balloon is a part of the equipment of all the great armies of the world, and a number of interesting aërial photographs have been taken abroad with their aid during the past year.

That the camera will play an important part in the warfare of the future is a foregone conclusion, but up to the present time the one thing that has been needed to make it more useful and quickly available in aërial work has been a simple and reliable lifting power, and this has apparently been found in the perfected form of the tailless kite. This kite, or a train of them, to which a camera can be fixed, will do the work of a balloon and at no risk to human life. If an enemy cannot easily hit a balloon, how much less chance will there be of injury resulting to so small an object as a camera suspended a thousand feet or more in the air. Recent trials in Austria-Hungary and in England have shown that rifle-bullets have little effect upon captive balloons,

even at low altitudes. Above six hundred feet ordinary shells are almost useless and even shrapnel are surprisingly ineffective. There has been no war of sufficient magnitude since kite-photography has been advanced to its present state to thoroughly test its usefulness for military purposes; and may such a war never occur, but may the art continue to be one of peace!

Kites have been used for more than a century by scientists, who have sought by their aid to solve the problems of the atmosphere and the shifting clouds, and the renewed and wider interest in their use now is due to the stability, lifting power, and greater altitudes attainable with the new forms. Everyone knows the story of Benjamin Franklin's famous kite-flying, by means of which he brought electricity to earth and confined it in a bottle. His account of his electrical experiments, barely filling a column, appeared in the *Gentlemen's Magazine* for October, 1752.



A Tandem Flight of Five Parakites.

About 1837, the Franklin Kite Club, of Philadelphia, attempted meteorological observations with the aid of kites, and W. R. Birt, of the Kew Observatory, made some interesting investigations with their aid in 1847. In 1882 Admiral Bach, of the British Navy, used kites for ascertaining temperatures over the waters of Hudson Strait, and the flight of a train of kites in England by Mr. E. D. Archibald, each kite having its individual line attached to the main line, so that by a free radius of cordage they might indicate the direction of the wind at the varying altitudes in which they flew, resulted in some valuable meteorological information. The unique invention of the cellular kite by Lawrence Hargrave, in 1882, excited a very general interest, and his experiments have stimulated the whole fraternity of contemporary scientific kite-flyers. Mr. W. A. Eddy, using an improved form of the so-called Malay kite which is evidently derived from a Javanese form, has made many interesting experiments at Bayonne, N. J., and at the Blue Hill Observatory, Readville, Mass. During the past year Lieutenant J. E. Maxfield, of the United States Signal Service, has used the multiplane kite invented by the famous engineer, Octave Chanute, with a view to testing it for purposes of observation, and the War Department has had similar trials made at Governor's Island, New York. Lieutenant H. D. Wise and Mr. Eddy have tried kites as a means of lifting electrical devices for signalling to distant points, and the former has only lately raised himself forty feet in the air by their aid. In England Lieutenant Baden-

Powell, of the Scots Guards, experimented with a compounded frame tail-kite, spreading five hundred or more feet of canvas capable of sustaining a man suspended in a wicker observatory pendent from the kite in moderate breezes. Instead of sending up a man or men, however, and relying only on their eyes and powers of memory, it is evident that a camera may be sent aloft with much less trouble. A camera has a pervasive vision, its impression is of everything within its view, its memory is infallible and it needs no quizzing except with a magnifying glass. Recent examples of kite photographs have shown the entire practicability and usefulness of such work. When developed and printed the finished picture may be examined in its minutest details by the commanding officer in his tent or quarters, and the information acquired is his and his alone, without fiction or forgetfulness. M. Batut sent up a tail-kite in France in 1884 to which was securely attached a projecting skeleton platform on which a camera was placed, directed downward from the plane of the kite in flight. The shutter of the camera was sprung by a slow match. Pictures taken by him from inconsiderable heights were clear



A Bird's-eye View of Boston.

Taken from a balloon by J. W. Black, in 1860. Probably the first aërial photograph taken in America. From the original negative now in the possession of Professor John Trowbridge of Harvard.

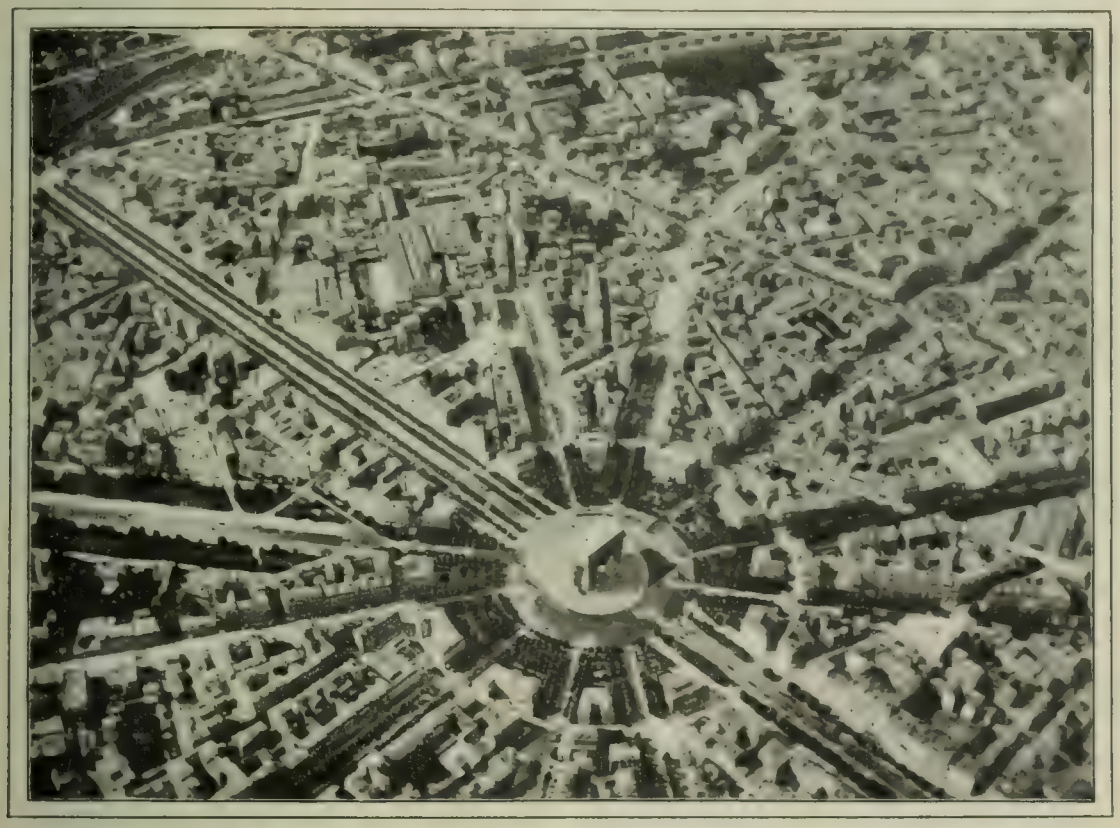


Country and Small Town in the Jura, from a height of 4,100 feet.

This photograph and the one on the bottom of page 623 were taken by M. Suter with a Suter Detective Lens.

and distinct, and his ventures in aërial photography were followed by similar experiments in the Volkoy district, near St. Petersburg, by a detail from the Russian Army Signal Corps, under the direction of the then Minister of War. Another Frenchman, M. E. Wenz, experimented near Reims with a tail-kite 98.31 inches × 66.92 inches. The kite frame was arranged with ferrules to be disjointed like a fishing-rod for ease of transportation, and the camera was made a part of the bridle, so as to adjust it to variable inclinations with the plane of the landscape. The size of his camera was 4.33 × 6.10 inches, and with it he secured some fine views about the coast of Berck-sur-mer. Pictures were taken from an altitude of 1,000.6 feet, computed from the height of one of the buildings in the view.

In the same year, Mr. Archibald, in England, is reported to have taken several photographs from a small camera suspended, lens downward, from one of his trains of tail-kites. One picture which the writer has seen is a view vertically over a courtyard wherein is a fountain basin with surrounding shrubbery. Mr. Eddy began in 1895 a series of trials in aërial photography with his kites as a lifting power, and his work has resulted in some interesting views, taken from altitudes up to 1,000 feet. Kite photographs may be used to advantage in surveying, especially in rough and not easily accessible country, and might not explorers also, by the use of kite pictures, be able to choose beforehand the best routes over unknown mountain ranges and through yet untracked jungles, and by this means make accurate detailed maps of wide districts that now must remain largely *terra incognita?* An aërial photograph would supply an accurate perspective with exact details, which could be enlarged or reduced at will.



General View of Paris Around the Arc de Triomphe.

Photographed from a balloon by M. Atoul Taillifer, at a height of 2,6[illegible] feet.

No objection need be made that the carrying of a number of kites by an expedition would be out of the question on account of the space they would occupy, for by the use of the folding parakite, which may be rolled as compactly as an umbrella and carried in a tin case, the matter is as simple as possible.

In a conversation with Professor S. P. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, in

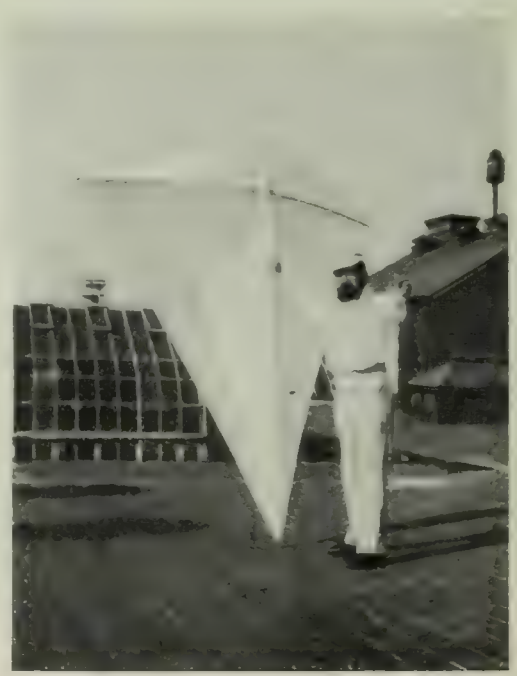


The Largest Kite Photograph ever Taken.

From a negative by the author, size 6½ × 8½. The view includes the part of New York lying between Eighth and Sixteenth Streets and from University Place westward to the Hudson River.

1894, he impressed upon me the expediency of attaining an altitude of 10,000 feet by means of my parakites, in order to make them practically serviceable for meteorological experiments. On December 15, 1894, an altitude of 7,946.2 feet was attained from the belfry of the tower of the Judson Memorial, Washington Square, New York City, by the flight of the parakite "Grace," pilot of a train of twelve.

There are many things to be considered in the successful employment of a train of kites or parakites for the sending aloft of a camera, and among those that at once present themselves are safety, ease of manipulation from below, and the varying conditions of wind. By repeated flights I have obtained accurate measures of the lifting power of all my kites under different wind pressures, and it is therefore an easy matter to know just how many and of what size they must be for any particular condition.

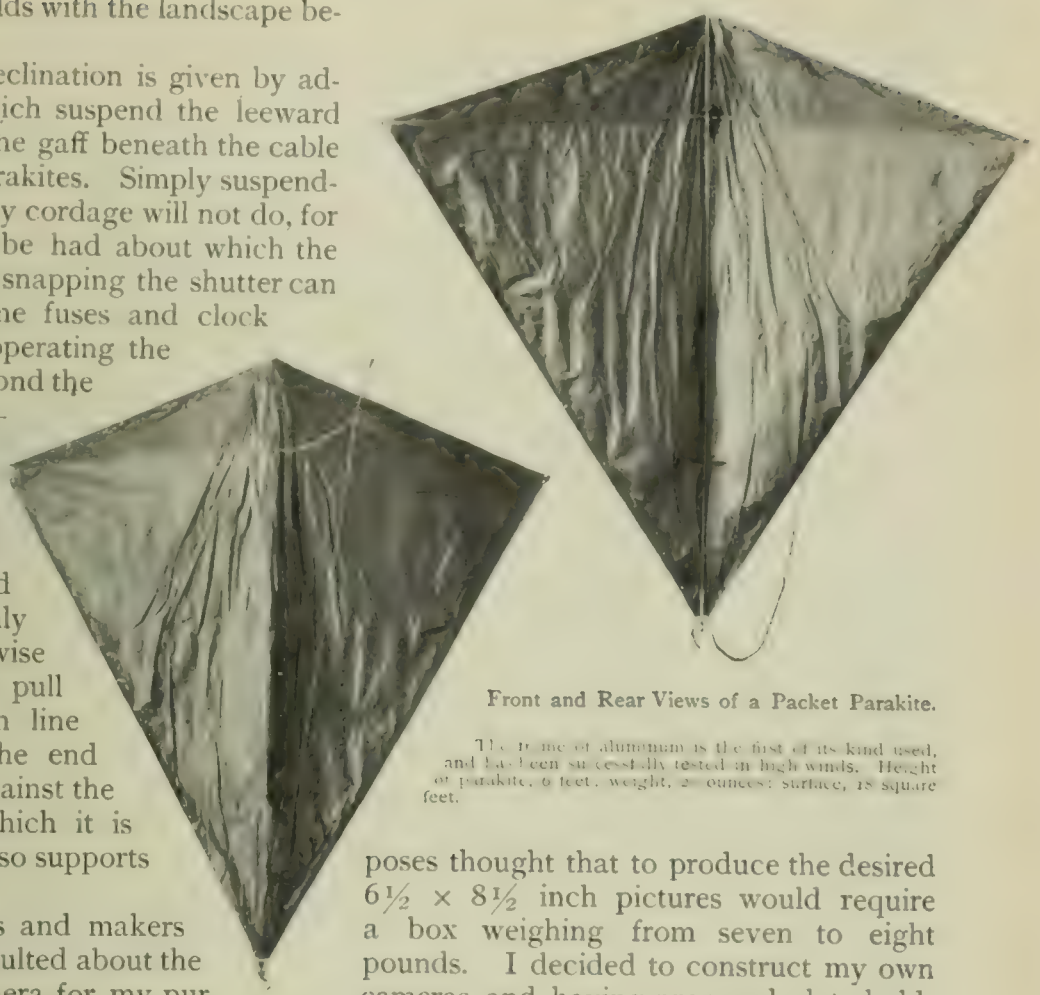


An Eight-foot Parakite.

Various methods of attaching the camera to the kite have been tried. The following, I have found, yield the most satisfactory results: Primarily I had a gaff made which would project to leeward from below the parakite cable widening at its leeward end into a platform, upon which can be secured the camera, the axis of which is at the same

angle the gaff holds with the landscape beneath.

The proper declination is given by adjustable guys which suspend the leeward or outer end of the gaff beneath the cable of the train of parakites. Simply suspending the camera by cordage will not do, for a fulcrum must be had about which the pull requisite for snapping the shutter can be exerted. Time fuses and clock movements for operating the shutter place beyond the control of the operator the best moment to make an exposure. My gaff serves a twofold purpose, it not only presents an endwise resistance to the pull on the shutter in line with the gaff—the end of the gaff rests against the tense cable to which it is secured—but it also supports the camera.



Front and Rear Views of a Packet Parakite.

The frame of aluminum is the first of its kind used, and has been successfully tested in high winds. Height of parakite, 6 feet; weight, 2 ounces; surface, 18 square feet.

Camera dealers and makers with whom I consulted about the best form of camera for my purposes thought that to produce the desired 6½ × 8½ inch pictures would require a box weighing from seven to eight pounds. I decided to construct my own cameras, and, having procured plate-hold-

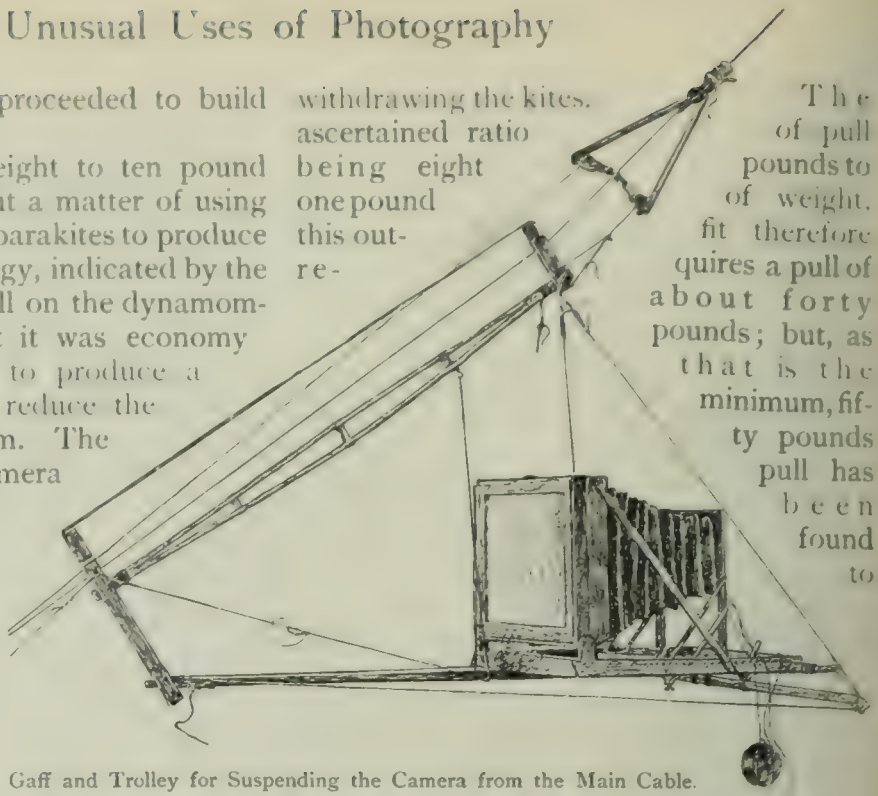


City of Basel, Switzerland.

ers of suitable size, I proceeded to build them.

The lifting of an eight to ten pound outfit into the air is but a matter of using a sufficient number of parakites to produce the needed lifting energy, indicated by the number of pounds pull on the dynamometer at the earth, but it was economy of energy and labor to produce a camera which would reduce the labor to the minimum. The details of my first camera are :

	lbs.	ozs.
Camera box and framework ..	1	8
Brass collar for lens tube....		2
Shutters, lens, and tube		14
Plate-holder ...		9
Two glass plates		9
	3	10



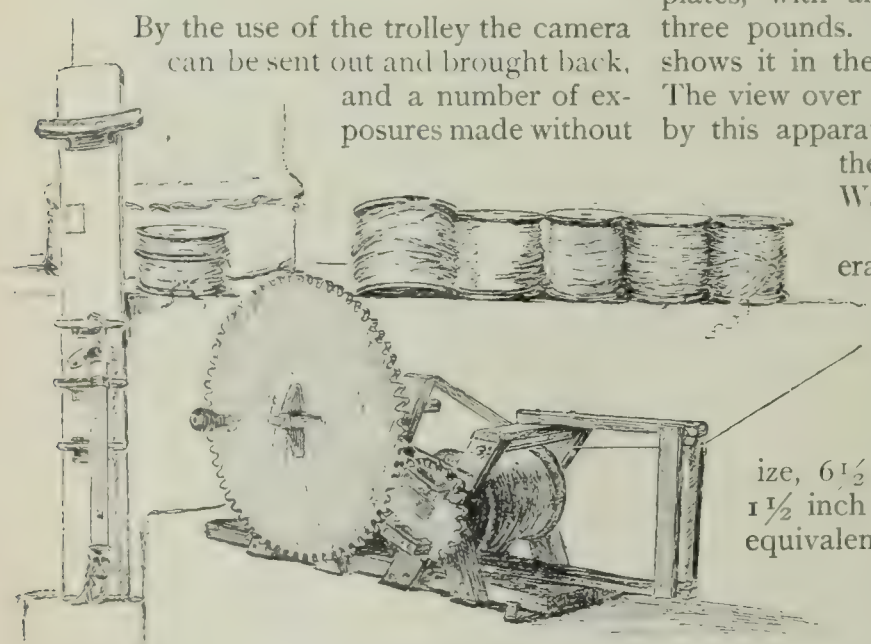
Gaff and Trolley for Suspending the Camera from the Main Cable.

The outer end of the gaff can be elevated or depressed so as to give the camera any desired angle. An exposure is made by pulling the trip line that leads from the operator to the camera.

This camera, with gaff and other details, weighs as follows :

	lbs.	ozs.
Camera and contents..... ...	3	10
Gaff.....		7
Trolley.....		5
Snap indicator		1
Halyard pulleys		1
Halyard		4
Trip line		3
	4	15

By the use of the trolley the camera can be sent out and brought back, and a number of exposures made without withdrawing the kites. The ascertained ratio being eight pounds to one pound of weight, this outfit therefore requires a pull of about forty pounds; but, as that is the minimum, fifty pounds pull has been found to afford a steadier support. My latest camera, of the same capacity as the above, is made of eight united layers of heavy buff wrapping paper, formed on a mold. The camera is held pendent from the trolley by aluminum telescoped tubing, by which the lens may be turned in any direction. The trolley is also of aluminum. This camera loaded with two 6½ × 8½ glass plates, with all accessories, weighs just three pounds. The illustration [p. 625] shows it in the air ready to be snapped. The view over New York City was taken by this apparatus, flown from the roof of the New York University, Washington Square [p. 622].



Reel and Spools of Twine of Various Sizes.

The spool on the reel contains 1,250 feet of long staple Irish flax twine, tested to a breaking strain of one hundred pounds. One revolution of the large gear wheel winds three feet of twine.

The lens used in both cameras was made by Alvan G. Clark. Its details are : rapid rectilinear angle, fifty-five degrees ; symmetrical wide angle, ninety-five degrees ; size, 6½ × 8½ inches ; diameter, 1½ inch ; back focus, 10⅜ inches ; equivalent focus, 11 inches.

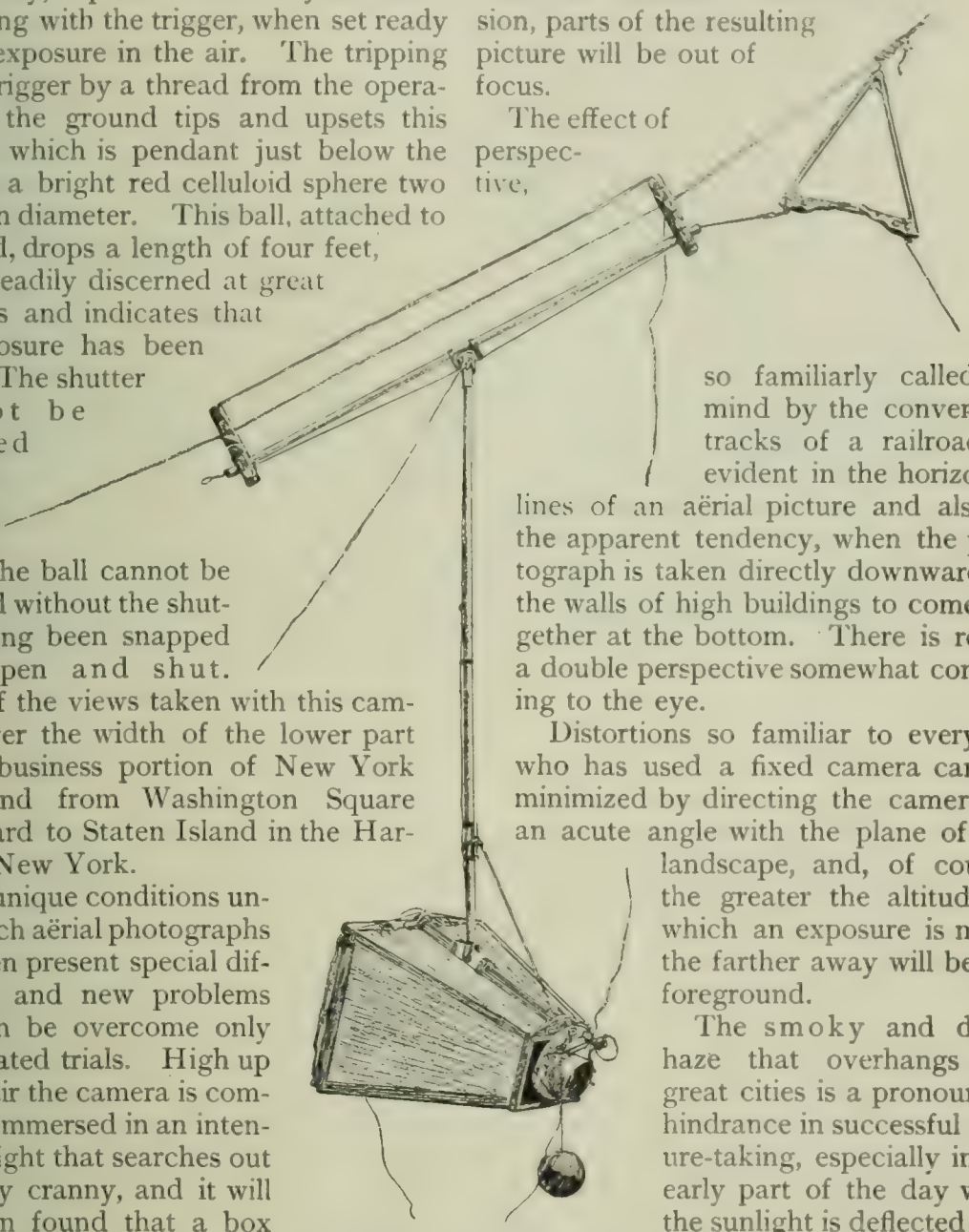
The triplex shutter, with rotary diaphragm, in which aluminum was used as far as practicable and serviceable, was made specially for the

purpose, under the supervision of Mr. George E. Henshaw, an expert amateur photographer of New York City.

A cam-like bit of wood, weighing four grains troy, is placed over the junction of the spring with the trigger, when set ready for an exposure in the air. The tripping of the trigger by a thread from the operator on the ground tips and upsets this cam, to which is pendant just below the camera a bright red celluloid sphere two inches in diameter. This ball, attached to a thread, drops a length of four feet, and is readily discerned at great altitudes and indicates that an exposure has been made. The shutter cannot be snapped without the ball dropping; the ball cannot be dropped without the shutter having been snapped both open and shut. Some of the views taken with this camera cover the width of the lower part of the business portion of New York City, and from Washington Square southward to Staten Island in the Harbor of New York.

The unique conditions under which aërial photographs are taken present special difficulties and new problems that can be overcome only by repeated trials. High up in the air the camera is completely immersed in an intensity of light that searches out its every cranny, and it will be often found that a box that has long been thought absolutely light-tight is surprisingly and disappointingly vulnerable. Foggy plates and those that reveal "ghosts" of a most weird and unaccountable character show that "absolutely light-tight" applies to ordinary conditions only.

By using a camera with a swing-back adjusted so that the plate will be practically parallel with the vertical objects in the view, the landscape in the picture will appear horizontal, and church-spires, tall buildings, trees and other objects will show as the eye is accustomed to see them. If in taking a picture directly downward the swing-back be adjusted at a large angle of divergence from the camera's line of vision, parts of the resulting picture will be out of focus.



Camera Suspended from a Telescoping Aluminum Rod Attached to Trolley.

The effect of perspective, so familiarly called to mind by the converging tracks of a railroad, is evident in the horizontal lines of an aërial picture and also in the apparent tendency, when the photograph is taken directly downward, of the walls of high buildings to come together at the bottom. There is really a double perspective somewhat confusing to the eye.

Distortions so familiar to everyone who has used a fixed camera can be minimized by directing the camera at an acute angle with the plane of the landscape, and, of course, the greater the altitude at which an exposure is made the farther away will be the foreground.

The smoky and dusty haze that overhangs our great cities is a pronounced hindrance in successful picture-taking, especially in the early part of the day when the sunlight is deflected as if passing edgewise through a plate of glass, and in the late afternoon the lights and shadows are unpleasantly emphasized.

The growing interest in and popularity of kite-flying, and the wide attention which new experiments with kites as a lifting power attracts, show plainly that it will be a matter of only a short time when the camera will be a part of the equipment of every kite-fleet. Aërial photographs may become as common as the snap-shots that now confront us on all sides.



A Wet Night -Down Fifth Avenue from the Plaza.

Photographed by Alfred Stieglitz Time of exposure one minute and ten seconds.

II—NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY

By James B. Carrington

PHOTOGRAPHY has been for a number of years a most valuable help to astronomers in mapping the stars and making records of other celestial phenomena, and of late many interesting applications of the camera have been made in taking pictures of all sorts of luminous objects. Remarkable and realistic photographs of firework displays, foundry and rolling-mill interiors, blast furnaces, and other weirdly picturesque scenes have been accomplished, the best of them with the aid of the flash-light. The non-luminous details are taken with the flash, while fires and other brilliant lights make their own impressions.

Moonlight effects in photographs have long been admired by the uninitiated, and fully appreciated by both amateur and professional photographers for their beauty, and many plates, too, have been spoiled by snap-shotters who have accepted moonlight as the real illuminator of these views, and accordingly focused directly on this beautiful orb of night. Moonlights with the moon herself in evidence are really sun photographs, that is, pictures taken with a rapid exposure, the camera pointed toward the sun generally in the late afternoon or early morning and with clouds between the lens and the direct rays.

Many charming so-called night-pictures are taken by making two exposures, a short one in the rapidly diminishing afternoon sunlight, to get an impression of buildings and other dark objects, and another longer one after dark to print in the gas and electric lights that line the long street or mark out the roads and winding pathways of a city park.

It is only within the past two or three years, however, that actual night-photographs have been attempted with any considerable degree of success. Mr. W. A. Fraser, of the New York Camera Club, especially noted for his beautiful lantern slides, following the lead of Mr. Paul Martin of London, has succeeded in taking a number of charming moonlight views by the moon's diffused light, *not* looking her in the face, with an exposure of ten minutes; and some remarkable park and street scenes on snowy and rainy nights show, with sur-



The Plaza.

Photographed by Alfred Stieglitz. Taken at 9 P.M., in January, 1897. Time of exposure fifty seconds.

prising distinctness and truth, very picturesque and interesting after-dark aspects of New York.

Great care must be taken to have the camera—one with a tripod is essential—solidly planted, and a watch must be kept to prevent the lights of any passing vehicle or belated bicycler from entering the field of vision. Moving objects not carrying lights make no impression. Mr. Fraser uses a double non-halation plate, which he backs as a further precaution. Halation (*halo* plus *ation*) is the milky-way-like haze so often seen in plates that have been exposed with the camera pointed toward a window or other direct source of light, and is caused by light being reflected from the back of the plate itself. Halation bothered photographers for a long time and has been the occasion of much learned discussion regarding the mysterious action of light. To prevent it, specially prepared plates are used having a double coating of the sensitive emulsion—one slow, the other fast. Backing is covering the back of the plate with some opaque substance; asphaltum, or sheets of brown carbon tissue paper are often used. Where there are only gas-lights in the view the exposure is from eight to ten minutes; with electric-lights—those only which are enclosed in opal shades can be successfully included—from two and a half to three and a half minutes.

Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, another amateur and member of the Camera Club, whose notably artistic photographs have attracted attention and won many medals both in this country and in Europe, has also been experimenting for the past year with night-pictures. Realizing how much more interesting such scenes could be made by the introduction of a human element, Mr. Stieglitz has made a number of views with figures in them with an exposure of less than a minute. With regard to efforts to entirely eliminate halation, he uses non-halation plates, but without the backing, saying justly enough that a certain degree of halation naturally belongs to these night-pictures, especially when taken as he prefers to take them—during a storm. Everyone has observed the fuzzy globes of light that surround a

gas or electric-light on a rainy or a foggy night that add so much to the vagueness and mystery of the surrounding gloom.

These night pictures suggest all sorts of valuable and interesting possibilities. We may before long be able to photograph the crowds and scenes around the bulletin-boards on election night, the frantic enthusiasm of a great out-door political meeting, and other great gatherings. By the use of the camera at night many memorable scenes can be made a part of permanent history in all their details, that now can only be generalized by the rapid pen of the artist. No one who has ever observed the streets of a city on a stormy night can have failed to be impressed with the unique pictures presented by the shiny pavements, the dully glowing lamps, and the ever-passing gleams and flashes that come from the street-cars and the rumbling cabs.



Fifth Avenue after a Snow-storm.

From a lantern slide by W. A. Fraser. Time of exposure about three minutes.

These night-views are most effectively shown by means of lantern-slides, when the luminosity of the original scenes is brought out with surprisingly realistic effectiveness. They necessarily lose some of their quality in reproduction.



The Glow of Night.

Photographed by Alfred Stieglitz. Taken at 9.30 P.M., in January, 1897. Time of exposure fifty-five seconds.

CONFESSIONS OF A COLLEGE PROFESSOR



AM a professor in a small college. When I took my degree of Doctor of Philosophy, fifteen years ago, I had very definite ideas of what my future was to be. By dint of severe economy, and with the aid of scholarships, prizes, tutoring, and vacation earnings, I had managed to complete my undergraduate course with fair credit. I liked study, and had always been much with books; quite naturally, therefore, I determined to make teaching my profession. I realized, however, the need of further study if my teaching was to be very successful; and, accordingly, though after considerable hesitation, I decided to continue my work for three years and obtain, if possible, the coveted doctorate. The great difficulty in the way was lack of money. To overcome that, I borrowed fifteen hundred dollars, on practically unlimited time, and with this, supplemented by a fellowship which I was fortunate enough to hold for two years, I paid my university bills. In the meantime I married, under the delusion that I could not wait and that two could live almost as cheaply as one. My wife, like myself, was poor, but she was well educated, practical, and with faith in me beyond what I have ever felt I deserved. An opportunity to attend to some business matters for a friend, and at the same time to convoy a small party of boys, gave us a chance to spend a summer in Europe. This was devoted to travelling and sight-seeing, as I purposed returning to Germany before long for a more extended stay. At the end of the three years I obtained my degree, and about the same time had the satisfaction of seeing my name attached to a technical article in a magazine—the first fruit of my anticipated career as a scholar. I was then twenty-five years old. I had been well trained, knew what sound scholarship meant, and was regarded by my instructors and friends as a man of promise. The next thing was to get a chance to teach.

I had several times heard painful accounts of the difficulties and trials of university graduates in their quest of employment, and how some of them, after drifting about for several years from one thing to another, had ended by "accepting" positions in preparatory schools. Fortune was kinder to me. In the course of a few weeks three opportunities presented themselves. The first was an instructorship in the university, with a salary of $1,000 a year and a reasonable chance of promotion. The proposition was attractive, and seemed quite in line with my scholarly ambitions; several of my friends in the faculty urged me to accept. After careful deliberation I declined, my real reason (not, however, the one publicly stated) being that the salary was too small to allow me to live in ——— in the style that I deemed essential. Not only must I live, but I must also pay my debt; and fifteen hundred dollars, with accumulating interest at seven per cent., began to seem a large sum. The next offer came from a scientific school in a distant city, where I could have an appointment for five years as assistant professor at a salary of $1,800 a year, and after that, if my work was satisfactory, a full professorship and $2,500 a year. This I also refused, mainly because a former instructor, in whose judgment I had great confidence, told me he feared that I would find the atmosphere of a scientific institution uncongenial, and my work, which was not in physical science, of secondary importance. By this time my state of mind was one alternately of lofty independence, in view of the flattering offers I had received and declined, and of anxious desire to get my immediate future settled. So when, a little later, I was asked, without solicitation, to allow my name to be presented as a candidate for a vacant professorship in an old and well-known college, I consented, with only so much apparent hesitation as would give the impression of deliberateness and careful consideration. I was elected without opposition, and in due time was formally installed.

As I came to think of the matter more in detail, I flattered myself that I had acted with great wisdom. The situation was a simple one. I had to earn my own living. So far as I knew, the combined wealth of all my relatives would not, if bestowed upon me, have yielded an income sufficient to keep me in clothes; and my wife sadly confessed that her own family was no better off. Moreover, it was clear that I must earn a little more than enough to live on; for there was that debt, which somehow began to haunt me more and more. Inexperienced as I was, I knew something of the comparative cost of living in different communities, and very easily came to the conclusion that a small college town, where I could live inexpensively, repay my borrowed money, and accumulate a little surplus, was exactly the place for me. Of course, such a location would be only temporary—three or four years at the most, I said to myself. I should make no effort to become a permanent part of the institution I had joined; indeed, some of the associations of my university life had led me rather to look down upon colleges as not very worthy or honorable affairs, certainly not places in which a scholar would wish to spend his days. And I meant to become a scholar—to study hard, be learned, write books, and be quoted as an authority. To this end, however, a few years of study in a quiet place would not come amiss; besides, I needed experience—and money.

The lapse of fifteen years finds me still a professor in that same college. Looking back over the interval, I wonder that I have been as fortunate as I have. I paid my debt in full, principal and interest, but it took eight long years of the most rigid economy to do it. I have worked hard and studied much, and should be ashamed to admit that I did not know a great deal more than I did when I left the university; but I am not learned, no one thinks of me as a scholar, and I am not regarded as an eminent authority even in my own department. Two or three acquaintances, who are professors in other colleges, tell of an experience similar to mine, so I know that my case is typical and not exceptional, and that there is something about the conditions of life in a small college that holds a man to it, even in the face of his scholarly ambitions and earnest desire for professional advancement.

Since my object is not to idealize my experiences, but to tell the truth, I may say frankly that the principal reason why I have remained here has been the financial one. My salary is $2,000 a year. It is a small sum for any professional man to earn, and it is certainly less than the college would gladly pay if it were able; on the other hand, it comes nearer to coinciding with the cost of living here than do the much larger salaries of some friends of mine who occupy chairs in the great universities. Most of the people, even the more prosperous of them, in the community in which the college is located, do not have so large an income as do the professors, and we even find ourselves—rather uncomfortably, it must be said — looked upon by our townsmen as a sort of local moneyed aristocracy. But the conditions of living are unquestionably easier and, in many respects, more attractive here than in many other places. Rents, for example, are decidedly lower. My house, while not on the main street, is centrally and pleasantly located, with a generous strip of lawn, a bit of garden in the rear, and some fruit and shade trees. The house is very plain, somewhat old-fashioned, and imperfectly arranged, but it is in good repair, and has, unlike the houses of most of my neighbors, the modern conveniences of gas, furnace, and bath-room. The rent is $350 a year. A house equally good and as well located could not be had in any university town or city that I know of for double that sum. On the other hand, meats and groceries are not very much cheaper here than elsewhere; indeed, my wife often regrets the absence of large city markets and stores, with their lower range of prices. I have recently been comparing expense accounts for a number of years back, and find that the annual budget averages about as follows:

Rent	$350 00
Fuel, water, and gas	200 00
Table and service	780 00
Insurance (including life) and taxes	75 00
Clothing	250 00
Contributions to church and local objects	40 00
Books and periodicals	125 00
Total	$1,820 00

This leaves $180 for miscellaneous expenses—a pretty small margin, but one whose limits experience has taught us to observe. I am sure none of the above items can be thought extravagant. Sixty-five dollars a month for table expenses for a family of four—I have two children now—and one servant, and including the wages of the latter, is certainly not large; still, while too little to admit of much variety or many delicacies, it supplies our necessities. To keep the cost of the family wardrobe within the limits indicated takes careful planning, and the item for books and periodicals means doing without all save the imperatively necessary "tools" of my profession. The allowance for miscellaneous expenses has had to cover in some years considerable sums for medical attendance. Practically, then, my salary is just sufficient to meet the barely necessary living expenses on a most economical basis; but we are, by this time, used to economy, and are glad to know that the account is likely to balance at the end of each year, instead of showing a deficit.

It is impossible, however, to think of saving anything out of my salary. When I began my work as a professor, two thousand dollars seemed a good deal of money to have the spending of every year, and I am quite sure that I fully expected to live on half of it, and save the rest. Needless to say, I never succeeded. And I have long since given up all hope of ever having my salary raised. There was said to be a "prospect," about the time I was asked to come here, that the salaries would be increased "in the near future;" but in point of fact there has never been the least likelihood of any such thing, and there is none now. I have been driven, therefore, by sheer necessity, to earn as much as I could in other ways; and here, again, I have learned how unfounded were some of my early anticipations. I do not know just why I thought so, but somehow I had an idea that a college professor was in the way of making quite a bit of money in addition to his salary, chiefly, of course, by writing and lecturing. Both of these latter I have tried persistently, and with moderate success, but the financial returns have never tallied with my expectations. The articles contributed to special periodicals, relating to the work of my own department, and averaging one a year for the past ten or twelve years, have brought me some fame and many pleasant acquaintances, but no money. I know now, what I did not know when I began, that periodicals of this character do not, as a rule, pay for contributions—in only one instance have I been paid, and then I received $25 for a fifteen-page article, the preparation of which took all my spare time for a month. In other directions I have had better luck. Two high-school text-books, written soon after I came here, have met with gratifying success, and yield me an income of about $250 a year. Book reviewing, of which two well-known weekly journals give me all I can comfortably do, brings in about $200 a year; besides, I have the books, most of which I keep. Then there are the monthly magazines and weekly papers, to a number of which I have contributed from time to time, and from which I receive, on the average, $150 a year. Nearly all of this last is hack-work pure and simple, and some of it I have felt constrained to publish over an assumed name; but it brings me money, and I have to do it. As to lecturing, I have never found that very remunerative. Being a "new man," I had not been here long before I was asked to lecture in different places, and for awhile did so for my expenses, hoping to make a reputation. I have every reason to suppose that my lectures were well received, but, for some reason, they ceased to be called for when I set a price upon them. At present I charge $25 and travelling expenses, and average not more than three lectures a year. One of my colleagues does much better than this; but he lectures on popular scientific subjects, with apparatus and a stereopticon, while my lectures are just plain talk. Altogether, writing and lecturing add about $675 to my yearly income. Most of this I always mean to save, but I have never been able to lay by more than $500 in any one year, and I can see that, as my children grow up, even this small sum is certain to be reduced more and more.

How we have managed to get along on so little I have never been quite able to understand, perhaps because the credit of it belongs principally to my wife. As I look

over my house, I see that it is furnished comfortably, but with a plainness so extreme as often to cause me a pang. The floors are painted, and covered with inexpensive rugs: I have never seen the time when I felt able to afford a Brussels carpet. I have a piano, bought on instalments, and a few choice pictures and pieces of bric-à-brac, most of them wedding presents. My library is small, and made up largely of French and German books in paper covers, and of books sent for review; the college library, however, is well selected, and I depend upon that for books by English and American writers. My table is amply furnished with plain food, and at rare intervals we treat ourselves to a glass of *ordinaire* for Sunday dinner. My wife makes her own clothes and those of my daughter, and I never have occasion to be ashamed of their appearance. Both the children take music lessons of a good teacher, and I have money enough laid by, with what I can hope to save from year to year, to send them to college when the time comes. There are two red-letter days in the year—one in the Spring, the other in the Fall—when we hire a horse and carriage and give ourselves a day in the country. A few years ago I bought a little place among the hills, to which we go every summer; it has a few acres of good land and a bit of wood, and each year there is pleasant satisfaction in improving it a little. When the fruit-trees have grown I hope to derive a little income from them.

A residence of fifteen years has failed to make me feel quite at home here. I still feel as though I were a temporary resident, in no real sense a part of the community; and I cannot help thinking that the community as a whole takes the same view. It is a curious old town, strangely compounded of provincialism, conservatism, and aristocratic pretension. There are a number of old families, now somewhat decayed but proud of their ancestry, jealous of newcomers, and inclined to hold aloof from persons not of their own set. I have never been able to discover that any one of them has ever done anything in particular for the town except to live in it, but they are almost always opposed to modern improvements, and seem bent upon preserving a local life identical with that of fifty years ago. A few of them, judged by local standards, are well-to-do, and several have been, at one time or another, connected with the college in the person of a professor; but I have been surprised to find a number of them who rarely read a magazine and never buy a book, never contribute anything to the church or any public object, and live, in the winter, mainly in one or two rooms of their large houses. From most of them we have received, at long intervals, formal calls, which we have regularly returned; beyond this, none of them has ever manifested any particular interest in us. I have long since ceased to wonder at this or be disturbed by it since discovering that they treat each other in much the same way. The church is as old as the town, and almost as conservative; its funds are raised with difficulty, and only the pastor seems to have an interest in modern methods and ideas. Society is clannish and runs to cliques, with a distinct line between the "town set" and the "college set," though a few persons, of course, belong to both.

For a long time this constant feeling that people expected me to go somewhere else after awhile, troubled me greatly, and the more because of my inability to account for it. Lately I have come to think that it is, in part at least, only a reflection of the attitude of the college. The college is old, with an honorable history. Among its graduates are numbered many distinguished men. It is poor, however—its income is less than $75,000 a year—it no longer receives large gifts, and its enrolment shows no special gains. Of the small faculty, somewhat more than half are themselves graduates of the college, who have taught here for periods ranging from twelve to thirty years. So far as is known, no one of them ever received a call to go elsewhere. They are most estimable men, praiseworthy alike for charm of manner and for fidelity to duty. They represent the traditions of the college, the old way of doing things, and, knowing little of what educators nowadays are thinking about, they are inclined to throw their influence in favor of keeping matters pretty much as they have always been. The minority of younger men, in which class I include myself, are thoroughly respected, and their scholarship is freely admitted; but on questions of college policy they find their judgment dis-

trusted. We find it impossible to change many things which, in our opinion, imperatively need changing, and, in particular, to raise the general standard of scholarship; and in our zeal for reform we have sometimes, I fear, come near to getting ourselves disliked. I am inclined to think that to these conditions, well understood in certain circles in the town, is to be ascribed much of the feeling of lack of permanence just mentioned. I do not belong to the old guard, and I never can.

There are compensations, however. It is true that none of my colleagues are learned men, but I find among them pleasant intellectual companionship and some intellectual stimulus. Three of them are ordained ministers, and are in demand as preachers on special occasions. One has written a book, two have edited texts for class-room use, one has published in the magazines some entertaining sketches of travel. Several are influential members of various societies within the religious denomination with which the college is nominally identified. Nearly all take an active part in town affairs. One has served on the State Board of Education, another on the State Board of Health, a third as expert to the Board of Railroad Commissioners. Nearly a dozen national associations — scientific, educational, economic and historical — are represented in our little body. The college library is small, and the list of periodicals in its reading-room smaller still; nevertheless, most of the professors contrive to keep fairly abreast of what is going on in their own departments. To be sure, we often feel very much out of the world, and our distance from a large city prevents us from enjoying, save at rare intervals, either a good concert or a good play, though we occasionally afford a lecture. For recreation we have to depend upon ourselves; and while our resources are very limited, and constantly threaten to become monotonous, our local entertainments are often highly creditable. Of course we have afternoon teas, and frequent dances for the young people. A winter rarely passes without at least one reception on a large scale.

Several times, during the first ten years, I received calls to other colleges, where the duties would have been at least as congenial as here, and the salary somewhat larger. All of these, for one reason or another, I declined, though in one case with a lingering feeling that perhaps I had made a mistake. Twice I had good chances to go into business, but refused these also, partly because of the risk involved, chiefly because I felt sure that I should not like a business life. The great struggle came some three years ago, when the call for which in my younger days I had fondly hoped, and for which I had meant that all my life should be a direct preparation, was at last received. I was offered a professorship in a university. The offer was unsolicited, and enforced by many sincere expressions of personal regard from the president. The salary was $4,000 a year, and the amount of class-room work expected considerably less than I was doing here. I shall never forget the seriousness with which my wife and I discussed the proposition, and how we were swayed, first in one direction and then in another, by our hopes and our fears, our longings and our apprehensions. When, in the end, I wrote a letter of declination, it was with a conviction that I had destroyed the last bridge behind me, and settled my fate for the rest of my life.

I refused because I could not afford, financially speaking, to accept. To live in ———, even on $4,000 a year, in as much relative comfort and peace of mind as was possible here on $2,000, I knew to be utterly impossible. The position of professor, while of the highest honor, carried with it social obligations which I could not hope to evade, but which it would cost a good deal of money to meet. I should have to pay twice as much for house-rent, have better furniture, more books, two servants instead of one, and more and better clothes. Most of the professors I knew to be wealthy; to compete with them on their own ground, or to live within my salary and at the same time retain influence and standing, were both out of the question. Moreover, if I stayed where I was, I could save something out of my extra earnings, while if I went to the university I should need them all and more for living expenses.

There were other reasons, though of less importance, and to some of which I felt rather ashamed to attach any weight. In nearly every respect my life here is a

comfortable one. I teach eleven hours a week, have every Saturday to myself, with long vacations at Christmas and Easter, besides the summer. The college is too small to need elaborate administrative machinery, and I am free from the burden of committee work which my university friends find so time-consuming. Teaching the same subjects for fifteen years, with only such minor variations as changes in the curriculum have, from time to time, wrought, has thoroughly familiarized me with the subject-matter of my college courses, so that I no longer find it necessary to spend much time in direct preparation for the class-room. The work of the class-room is, for the most part, elementary, and while my own knowledge increases from year to year, the ability of students to learn and assimilate remains a pretty constant quantity. Further, that intense pressure to know the latest and veriest details of their specialties which university instructors feel—a pressure largely exerted by the students themselves—is wholly unknown here. I have to urge my students, but they never urge me. I must confess that I prize the opportunity of doing my work in a leisurely way. It gives me more time for reading and thinking, and helps to broaden, if not to deepen, my work. My college duties are, to be sure, rather mechanical; it is about the same story year after year, but I do not know that they are any more monotonous or any less interesting than those of the average minister, or doctor, or lawyer, or merchant. The college has my best thought and ability, and far the larger part of my time; I think I render the institution a full equivalent for all it pays me, and something more. At the same time, I have to own that I do not know where I could earn two thousand dollars a year as easily and pleasantly as here, or where that sum would represent so comfortable a living.

So I stay on from year to year, notwithstanding opportunities to go elsewhere. I confidently expect to end my days in this little country town. I never hope to enjoy a larger income, or to be able to lay by much of anything for rainy days. I have never been to Europe again, and my learned books are still unwritten. Now and then an old student whom I have helped comes back at Commencement time, and drops in to tell me of his success; a good many more, I have reason to believe, retain for me a kindly and grateful feeling. I hope to live long enough to see both my children through college and started upon their life-work. What will happen to me when I am old, and no longer useful to the college, I do not know, and hardly dare to think; but plainly I must keep at work as long as I can, and trust to a kind Providence for the rest. My wife tries to cheer me by assuring me that we are a great deal better off than I think, and that everything will come out all right in the end. I am quite certain that she believes what she says, and I am not sure but that I do, too.



"THE DURKET SPERRET"

By Sarah Barnwell Elliott

Author of "Jerry"

XIII

We wear out life, alas!
Distracted as a homeless wind,
In beating where we must not pass,
In seeking what we shall not find.

IT was a dismal scene the next morning. The house was an island, and all things that could float—small coops, chips, brush—were bobbing up and down against the fences, and tapping like persistent ghosts against the house. The fowls that had gone to roost in the loft of the stable were making a great noise, and Hannah laughed as she heard them. "I'll git Dock to ride out an' feed 'em." As she spoke she heard a cheerful "Git up, Bess," and a splashing as Dock rode up to the piazza.

The flood seemed to throw Mrs. Warren into a pleasant excitement. She pottered about sweeping out the chips, looking at the hens, and measuring the rise of the water, until Si's voice called from the high road. Hannah's heart sank. She was not summoned, however, but when she took Mr. Warren's dinner in she saw that there was trouble. She nodded to Si, but he paid no heed, and he and Mrs. Warren went to dinner in silence.

"Si's been done powerful mean," Mr. Warren said, "they've gin him the po'res' heff o' ever'thing. The Budds done hit. They app'inted Reub Budd to choose fur Dave, an' Slocum for Si. Si says Slocum hed mostly first ch'ice, but tuck the wust every time. Si says Minervy hed Slocum paid. Thar is onjestice been done, an' trouble'll come. Heaper Si's lan' is in thet ole graveyard, an' he says he's gwine to plough hit up kase thar's Budds an' Slocums buried thar."

Hannah looked at her grandfather in horror. "Who'd eat thet corn, Gramper? dead folks' corn!"

"Hit's awful; but Si's sot on doin' hit. Sure*ly* these is the last days, Hannah, an' folks ain't got no feelin's fur nothin'—no insides o' any kind leff."

"Hev you hearn, Hannah?" Mrs. Warren asked when she and Si returned from the kitchen, "how they've cheated Si?"

"Yes, Granny, hit's bad. But them Budds don't look straight."

"If I jest live long enough," Si said, "I'll sp'ile Minervy. Thar's lots of ways to do hit. I'll ruin any pusson what goes aginst me—" looking straight in Hannah's eyes.

All Mrs. Warren's excitement forsook her after this. The sun came out, Mr. Warren foretold good weather, and the water began to recede, but nothing roused her from her angry silence. The Durkets were being overrun by the Budds. The ploughing up of the graveyard was rather awful, but anything else that Si could do for revenge would be justifiable, and the worse the better. She did not tell what Si had hinted in the way of retaliation. The trapping of rabbits to be turned into Minerva's garden—the rotten rails that Dave's own hogs could root away, and gain a night in the potatoes and corn—the mixture that would make hogs seem to die of cholera. There was much that patience could accomplish, and if Dave put up corn, or 'roughness,' or meat that year it would be a surprisingly small quantity. All this had been outlined during dinner. Mrs. Warren brooded over it, but did not tell it, for she felt that her husband and Hannah were quite capable of warning Dave.

At supper Dock told some strange news to Mrs. Warren, reporting the talk about Si's house and the bad division of the things.

"He'll be hevin' a hant," Dock finished, "kase he's gwine to onderpin hisn's new house with the gravestones."

Mrs. Warren almost dropped her cup. "Sure*ly* that ain't true!"

"Thet's what they say," Dock answered, "an' all the folks is awaitin' an' awatchin' to see."

Build his house on piles of gravestones! Mrs. Warren did not sleep that night.

For a time they did not hear any more of Si's plans: meanwhile the water subsided and things were replaced; but of course the crop was injured, the more so as there came a freeze while all was wet, and the apple and peach trees looked as if they had been boiled. It was a very bad season, and Mr. Warren's rheumatism increased day by day.

It was hard on Hannah, and Lizer Wilson, returning from Sewanee, leaned over the fence to talk to the girl, who was milking, thinking to hear some complaints.

"Hit's a hard time we're agoin' to hev," Lizer began. "Thar ain't much bo'ders come to Sewanee outside the students; an' tradin'll be sca'ce."

"Thet'll be hard on you, Lizer," Mrs. Warren said, coming out to the fence.

"Hit'll be hard on heapser folks," Lizer answered, "but if Hannah'll keep Dock in work—" with a leer in her eyes.

Mrs. Warren withered the leer with a glance. "Work'll be sca'ce, too," she said.

"An' they do say," Lizer went on, quickly, "thet the flood over to Durket's were the wust thet ever was. Hit muster skeered the rabbits, kase Jane Harner says thet the sight o' them as were ketched in Dave's garden wornt never seen afore; an' hit were eat off clean as youun's han'."

"Thet's a jedg*ment* on Minervy Budd fur cheatin' Si," said Mrs. Warren.

"Hit looks thet away," Lizer assented. "An' thar ain't a nigger thet'll stay thar over-night kase o' the hant. An' t'other night they hearn a great miration in the chicken house, an' ther they ketched two critters eatin' jest ever'thing; thar wornt *no* nestesses leff."

"Thar hit is again," commented Mrs. Warren. "Hit's a jedg*ment;* an' if you'll watch, Lizer Wilson, you'll see thet Minervy Budd won't save nothin' *this* year."

"Hit do look thet away. Jane Harner says thet water never hurt Si, kase hit wasted hitself on Dave. An' Si's garden is good, an' some o' hisn's corn is s'prisin' high."

"Whar 'bouts?"

"In the—the best corn is in the ole graveyard."

"Who'll want thet?" cried Hannah.

"Folks away won't know no difference," Lizer answered, "ner cattle at home."

"But no blessin' will come on Si," Hannah said. Mrs. Warren was silent.

"Jane says," Lizer went on, without comment, "thet Si made a good sale on the timber, an' tuck the stones to onderpin hisn's house, kase he says the Budds and Slocums is jest about fitten to onderpin hisn's house and topdress his land."

"And what do the Budds and Slocums say?"

"They're mad as fire, but they're fear'd, kase all the valley knows they done Si a onjestice."

Hannah shook her head. "Thet don't nowise skuse Si," she said. "An' what's Minervy adoin'?"

"They do say she's pestered to death. What with the niggers 'fusin' to stay thar, an' the chickens bein' eat up, an' the garden gone, an' the water awashin' everything, she's too much to stand. Folks don't favor her much, nohow."

"She ain't nothin' to favor," struck in Mrs. Warren.

"Mighty nigh true," Lizer assented. "An' they do say Si's house is tastey; but he's skeerder what he's done, an' he's drinkin' hard, Jane says. You ought to go over thar, Mrs. Warren."

"You're right," was answered, with surprising mildness. "An' I'll try to git to go." Then Lizer went her way.

"Ain't you sorry, Granny?"

"Sorry, gal? Hit's done done, an' I ain't agoin' back on my own," Mrs. Warren answered, "an' I ain't afeard to go an' stay in Si's house. Gravestones or no gravestones, I'm agoin'. An' I wants to see Minervy Budd pestered—pestered to death—please God."

Time wore on, and after a long absence, Lizer brought a message from Si that he was coming to fetch Mrs. Warren and Hannah. Lizer also told how the hogs had ruined Dave's potatoes, and that there was some strange disease among Dave's hogs. "An' the jedg*ment* is so sure that folks is skeered." Si, on the contrary, flourished; but people did not seek his company, and he wanted Mrs. Warren's aid in a social way.

"Si need not ax me," Hannah said, "I ain't agoin' to no sich place."

When Si came, Hannah was on the front piazza. She declined firmly. "Do you mean hit, Hannah, mean that you

ain't acomin' to *my* house?" the pupils of his eyes contracting.

"Yes," she answered. "You have done a bad sin, ploughin' up dead folks, an' I ain't acomin'." There was a moment's silence, then Si raised his hand to heaven.

"'Fore God, Hannah, I'll make you sorry," he said. He shook his finger in her face. "Thar's one mo chance I'll gie you, an' if you 'fuses thet, the Lord'll hev to he'p you fur the talk I'll raise."

"I don't want no mo chance, Si, an' the Lord *will* he'p me." Then Mrs. Warren called, and Hannah went in.

Mrs. Warren was to spend two nights at Si's house. She went off with a brave front, but was much relieved to find that Jane Harner and her oldest daughter were to be there to do the work, and that Dave and Minerva were to receive her. This last bit of news pleased her, for she had come to enjoy Minerva's ill-luck quite as much as Si's house. Underneath all, however, was honest loyalty to the Durkets. She hoped that by staying in the house she could do away with the stories of "hants," and take from Hannah a strong argument against Si. If Hannah could adduce a "hant" all the world would support her against Si and the ploughed graveyard and desecrated gravestones. Whereas great prosperity and genial "free-handedness" might obliterate all, if there were not a "hant" and an obstinate girl to remind people.

Mrs. Warren was delighted with everything. There was no sign of the old graveyard; instead, a field of the finest corn she had seen. She looked furtively at the foundations of the house, but the stones were so neatly built together that no one would think of gravestones in connection with them. The house was neatly finished, and painted, papered, and furnished with a gaudiness that enchanted Mrs. Warren. She and Si walked home with Dave and Minerva that afternoon, and while at the old house Mrs. Warren called attention to all the points of superiority in Si's house and farm. She sympathized cheerfully with Minerva's misfortunes, pointing out the judgment in it all so clearly that Minerva felt that for her the last great day had come and gone.

Si and Mrs. Warren sat late over the fire that night, and finishing with hot grog the old woman slept too heavily to be roused by 'hants'; but Jane Harner heard noises like fleeing footsteps and hushed oaths! She wrapped her head in the blanket:—a 'hant' that cursed and trampled like cattle was too awful! Cows got into Dave's corn that night. Some of the top rails of the fence were old, and were broken where they jumped in. In the morning Dave was in despair, and Mrs. Warren and Si enjoyed his misfortune as only near relatives could. Many neighbors came in that day to see Mrs. Warren. She escorted them about gladly, calling on all to witness that she had slept soundly. Hot grog finished the second evening also, and though Mrs. Warren was tremulous when she reached home the next day, she could triumphantly deny the 'hants,' much to Hannah's discomfort. Not long after this, on a fair, fresh day, that made one glad to live, Si came over. Mr. Warren, whose rheumatism had gone, was in the garden, Hannah was at the wash-tub, and Mrs. Warren on the front piazza.

"I'm come to see Hannah," Si said. "The house is done, an if she's acomin' I wants to know. This is the last chence I'm agoin' to give her, an' thet's p'int blank."

Mrs. Warren's eyes flashed. "If you wants the gal, Si Durket, thet ain't no way to talk, an' Hannah ain't gwine to tuck hit."

"She kin please herself," Si said, doggedly, "but hit's her last chence."

"You're a fool!" and, knocking the ashes from her pipe, Mrs. Warren rose. "I'll call her, an' I'll talk to her; but I ain't agoin' to hev no fits ner no 'sputin'. You must 'member, Si Durket, thet you ain't got but heff o' what you hed. Jest heff o' farm, an' piece o' thet graveyard. An' I wants you to know thet hit makes a difference to me, anyhow. Not to Hannah, kase she's sich a fool she'd tuck you 'thout nothin', if so be she hed a favor to you. If you'll keep quiet, I'll keep on a talkin' to her right stiddy 'bout hit, an' bime by she mout tuck you." Si's face grew more sullen. His aunt was right. He was worth only half as much as was expected, and had become, besides, a marked man.

Mrs. Warren waited; she knew that she had him at a great disadvantage. But Si made no acknowledgment of this; he brooded for a few moments, then repeated:

"Hit's the last chence."

Mrs. Warren hesitated. Was he in earnest? Would it be wiser to persuade him or to call Hannah and let her teach his pride a lesson? She called, and the girl came reluctantly, wiping her hands on her apron. Greeting Si quietly, Hannah stood silent. One moment the trio waited, then Si spoke.

"I promised I'd come again, Hannah," he said, "an' I'm come. What word is thar fur me?"

"An' you'd better gie him a good word," Mrs. Warren struck in. "H'll gie you time to steddy 'bout hit, if you axes hit. I'm agittin' tired o' this foolishness, an' I ain't agoin' to hev hit. The nice new house awaitin'," she urged, alarmed at the realization of the dangerous state of things—that the new house and furniture, that Minerva's complete defeat, that possibly the future of the Durkets, hung in the balance. "An' ever'thing so handy, an' Minervy nigh dead kase hit ain't hern. Now mind what you say, gal, an' gie youun's cousin a good word; fur God knows what we'll do 'ginst the winter."

Hannah glanced apprehensively at her grandmother, but as the old woman went on, half cajoling, half threatening, she turned her face away and looked down the little valley.

"I ain't never hed but one word fur Si," she said, still looking far away; "an' he knows thet word; an' you knows thet word; an' I'll set my life 'gainst the winter."

Si turned on his heel and walked away with a look in his eyes that startled the old woman. Would he kill the girl some time when she was away from the house?

"Si!" she called—"Si!"—but he paid no heed, and mounting his horse, dashed straight up the hillside. Then Mrs. Warren turned on Hannah, and for the first time in her life Hannah realized what awful things words could be. Abused, taunted, cursed, insulted, lashed past endurance by the vulgar fury of the old woman's tongue, she turned a white face and blazing eyes on her persecutor. "Thet's enough," she said, in a low tone. "Youun's words hev set me free, an' I'm agoin'."

"Hannah!" and old Mr. Warren laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Tuck thet back, chile!"

"I can't, Gramper," and, trembling with excitement, she went back to her work. Mrs. Warren's words burned in her ears; dreadful words she had never heard before. If her grandmother could say such things, what could not Si say? and he had threatened her. Her one thought was to get away from them. She would go to Sewanee and get work. She was sorry to leave her grandfather; but she could not stay where such things were said to her.

While she worked through the long day with feverish nervousness, she matured her plans, and a determination once reached, she felt happier, even though her pillow was wet with tears when she fell asleep.

XIV

Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!

MRS. WARREN would not speak to Hannah the next morning, and ignored the preparations for going to Sewanee. She saw no bundle, only the butter and eggs that always went for coffee and sugar; and she drew the rash conclusion that Hannah had repented. When all was ready, Hannah led the horse to the big gate. Mr. Warren stood there, waiting.

"You're comin' back to-day?" he asked, wistfully.

"Yes, Gramper," then looking down. "Ax Granny what she said to me."

"I hearn: but furgit an' furgive, or mebbe God'll furgit an' not furgive."

"You only hearn some, Gramper." Then she rode away.

Once more she found Agnes and Max Dudley at the gate.

"Where have you been all this time?" Agnes asked.

"Home, workin'."

"You look overworked," Max said.

"Hit aint work thet hurts," Hannah answered, "but everything hev gone aginst me. I've come to hire out," looking wistfully at Agnes.

"Hire!—You?" Max questioned. "Will your people allow it?"

"I wont ax. Granny's done said words what set me free. I'll send 'em all the money; but I won't live thar any mo'. I can't."

"If you are in earnest," Agnes said, "I want a girl. Can you wait on table?"

Hannah looked puzzled. "You mean set a table? I dunno if I knows youun's ways, but I kin larn."

"Come in then and we will talk about it."

Max lifted his cap. "I will see you later, Miss Agnes," he said. Then to Hannah. "I think I will go to Lost Cove this very day."

Old Mr. Warren and his son had impressed Max when he met them as being so thoroughly good. And the handsome face of the son was the saddest he had ever seen. That his daughter should offer herself as a servant was an unknown thing in her grade of life. Sometimes a native would go into service, but never of Hannah's class. He wondered what had driven her to it. The girl and her story interested him, and he decided to go to Lost Cove and solve the little mystery. It was a charming day for the walk, and he might do some good.

Meanwhile Hannah and Agnes had settled terms, and Hannah was to come the next day. But their relations seemed to have changed, and without being told Hannah went out by the back door. Miss Welling had been very clear and decided in the statement of Hannah's duties, but her voice had been kind, and her terms liberal, and afterward she had smiled pleasantly and hoped that Hannah would like her new home. What had made Hannah for the first time leave the house by the back door? The girl puzzled over this question as she rode.

The level road being done, Hannah gathered up the bridle for the rough descent, and saw Max Dudley.

"You have caught me," he said; "I am glad, for your grandmother might not be pleased to see me."

"I reckon she will; she mostly likes comp'ny."

Max laid his hand on her bridle, and they journeyed on together. "Do you think you will like being a servant?"

"I dunno."

"You won't be free, you know; and your place will be in the kitchen. Have you thought of all this?"

"I dunno, Mr. Dudley." Hannah's heart grew cold, and the sure things of life seemed to be slipping away. "I dunno how hit'll be, but it can't be no harder 'an Granny."

"What made her so angry?"

"Kase I won't marry my cousin, Si Durket." The color rushed into the girl's face. "I can't do that; no, sir; I'll be a nigger fust."

"And your grandfather?"

"Gramper don't favor Si."

They had come down the mountain quite rapidly while they talked, and were now at the Warrens' gate, where Lizer Wilson leaned, talking to Mrs. Warren. The conversation ceased as Hannah and Dudley appeared, and Lizer smiled as Max helped the girl off the horse, instead of leading the horse to the fence and allowing her to climb down, as was the valley custom. Mrs. Warren looked pleased, but Lizer, knowing the differences that obtained at Sewanee, smiled a smile that vocalized itself while Dock ate his dinner.

"What kin you say fur youun's great Hannah Warren," she began, "acomin' down the mountain 'longer University boy, an' him aleadin' ole Bess like Hannah couldn't ride a nag. An aheppin' her off like she were hisn's woman, an' a mile o' fence right thar whar any right kinder gal woulder clum down. An' ole Mrs. Warren so proud, like Hannah hed done met up alonger her ekals. An' him—Dudley's hisn's name—takin' of hisn's hat, an' bowin' an' shuckin' han's like he does up to the University womens. Gosh! But he jest nods hisn's head to me. I knows mor'n he thinks I knows 'bout him, akeepin' comp'ny alonger that Agnes Wellin' up yander. She holds herself mighty high; an' if she do tuck Hannah to the parlor, an' sen's me to the kitchen, taint kase she 'lows Hannah's her ekal. Gosh!" but Hannah Warren'll be as low down as Lizer Wilson soon."

"I'll kill her fust!" Dock's face had grown very white under Lizer's fire of innuendo. He had not spoken, for that would have made things worse; but his anger broke bounds at last, and it was with infinite scorn that he looked on his father's wife and said—"I'll kill her fust."

Lizer rose, too, her low face contracting with fury. "You'll kill her fust, will you! 'Fore God, I'll make hit so you'll want to, I knows how to hurt you, Dock Wilson, an' I'll do hit or die! Jest wait—wait!" and she shook her fist in his face.

Walking up the mountain in the red afternoon light, Max Dudley remembered Hannah Warren in many different poses. She had shown to great advantage in her own sphere. He would call on Agnes Welling and tell her of the flood as Hannah had described it, making it quite an idyl. He wondered how the girl would bear being a servant, as servants were held by the educated classes. It would take character to stand such a test, and in his heart he added, "blood." There was no telling about American blood, and Mr. Warren's blood might have been very blue in ages past. Hannah might have hereditary right to her simple dignity and beauty.

And Hannah, waiting at the gate for the cows, asked her grandfather, with a hopeless ring in her voice, "What's the diffrunce, Gramper, 'twixt me an' Miss Agnes? An' Mr. Dudley don't look like he's the same kinder creetur as Si Durket."

"Thet's true," Mr. Warren answered. "An' steddyin' 'bout hit, hit seems like folks an' cattle favors one another. All cattle is got fo' legs, an' yeers, an' tails; but hit takes more'n yeers, an' tails, an' legs, to make a Jersey cow. Jim Blount, up yander, is got a cow liker pictur. Hit's a cow, but hit's no mo' like ourn cows 'an Mr. Dudley's like Si Durket. Thar *is* a diffrunce, and I've been a steddyin' 'bout hit, an' to save my life I can't see nothin' in hit but wittles, an' shelter, an' seein' fur."

"Well, thet beats me," Hannah said.

"So, hit do tell you steddies 'bout hit. Now a man what ploughs must hev bacon an' corn bread, an' heapser hit; an' when hisn's day's work's done he's so tired thet he don't steddy 'bout hisn's shelter. But them folks to Sewanee, they don't to say work, an' they eats mostly chickens an' light-bread; an' when they gits done asettin' aroun' all day readin' books, they ain't to say clean wore out, an' ever'thing's got to be mighty nice 'fore they kin sleep. An' their pars, an' all their gran'pars done the like afore 'em, tell they come to look an' to be mighty diffrunt from folks what's abeen ploughin' since Adam. An' they looks at weuns like Jim Blunt's cow would look at ourn cow; an' they'd die to live like weuns live."

"But Granny don't 'llow thar's no difference."

Mr. Warren chuckled. "Granny's eyes ain't been let to see nothin' but Durkets," he said, "an,' any how, some folks don't see fur. Now thar were Pete and Joshaway; Pete were furever findin' sumpen—pickin' up buttons, an' nails, an' the like; an' Joshaway, adrappin' ever'thing. An' when I come to steddy 'bout them boys, I seen thet Pete were allers alookin' down, an' Joshuaway allers alookin' up. An' Pete traded Joshaway outer ever'thing. But Joshaway didn't keer. If he could set by the branch an' watch the water—or lay on hisn's back awatchin' the clouds—he were satisfy to let Pete tuck ever'thing. An' Pete went out to Texas to make money, an' Joshaway stayed home an' died aworking fur ole folks what couldn't do him no good. An' settin' by the fire a po' cripple, I've steddied a heap; an' if Joshaway coulder had book-larnin' he'd abeen like them folks at Sewanee, kase he never eat much no how. But Joshaway an' them folks to Sewanee seen fur—seen further 'an money. But Granny don't. She never knows the blossoms is ablowin', ner she never hears the rain atalkin'; she never b'lieves in no sperret 'ceppen the Durket sperret. But she don't mean no harm. An' folks what seen fur tuck to fine wittles; an' folks what never seen fur was satisfy alonger bacon. But I dunno which gits the most satisfaxion; an' hit seems they gits mixed somehow, kase you an' Joshaway oughter been to Sewanee, an' not in no kitchen nuther."

The girl's face grew hard. "If hit gits mixed, hit gits mixed," she said, "an' I'm a bad mistake, kase I'll heffter be satisfy in the kitchen, to Sewanee."

For a moment Mr. Warren put his hand over his eyes, then he lifted his head. "The fust time I seen Jim Blount's fine cow, she were in a mighty po' ole stall," he said, "but thet didn't hurt her, no, sir! she set the old stall off—she did."

XV

What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not sink
i' the scale.

The life at Sewanee was a revelation to Hannah.

"You never seen the like, Gramper,"

Hannah said, on her first visit home. "They eats the soup, then all them dishes hev to be tuck offen the table; then they hes meat, an' taters, an' sich; then all them dishes hev to be tuck offen the table; then they has raw greens, an' all *them* dishes hev to be tuck offen the table; then I gits a silver trowel an' scrape that table to get the crumbs offen hit; then they hes sweet mixtry's they calls 'zert; an' cawfee. An' when hit's done thar ain't one o' them, 'Fesser Wellin', ner Miss Agnes, ner her leetle nevvy, hev eat a good meal—they picks."

"Hit seems to me like hit's a heap o' foolishness," Mrs. Warren said, "an' I don't see whar you gits time fur youun's dinner."

Hannah flushed hotly. "Oh, I gits time; I eats in the pantry."

"Alonger the niggers?"

"No, the niggers eats in the kitchen."

"Too good for the niggers, an' not good enough for white folks," Mr. Warren pushed his chair back. "Is you satisfy, gal?" he asked.

"Hit's bettern some things I knows on," Hannah answered. Then a silence fell while Mr. Warren walked to the gate and back. When he resumed his seat Mrs. Warren asked, "Does you set down while youun's white folks is a eaten?"

"No, Miss Agnes don't want me to set down."

"Do she let you talk?"

"No, she don't."

Mr. Warren looked at the girl curiously. "Thet's *wussern* a nigger." Hannah was silent. Her cheeks would always burn with the memory of Agnes's words—"A servant must always stand in the presence of a master or mistress, Hannah, and never speak unless spoken to." Those words made her remember how the apple-blossoms had looked after the frost.

"Hev theyuns got ary dorg?" Mrs. Warren asked at last; "kase if thar ain't none, sposen you gits down an' be a dorg?"

Hannah rose. "I must be astartin'," she said.

"I'll git Bess an' the mule," Mr. Warren answered, "you shent go back like a nigger, nohow."

Dock, who was regularly hired now, had been sitting on the step listening; and the admissions wrung from the girl hurt him. Being even *his* wife would be better. He had never dared to lift his eyes to Hannah, and he did not now, except in a sort of dream. In parting with her grandfather at the Wellings' gate, Hannah said—"I aint acomin' home fur a long time, Gramper. Long as I'm up har hit don't seem bad, kase I sees the difference 'twixt me an' Miss Agnes so p'int blank thet hit seems right fur me to tuck orders; but when Granny talks it seems awful. Farwell."

Max Dudley watched Hannah with much interest, and Cartright with amusement. "It is ruination," Cartright said, "to lower that 'wild child of the forest' to civilization."

"On the contrary," Agnes answered, "she is being elevated."

"She looks cast down," Max rejoined.

"Of course, she is now realizing that she is not the highest; but that is necessary. We must see the heights before we can scale them."

"Are you sure civilization is a height?"

"Yes, Mr. Dudley, and I say, Rise at any cost. The girl is a different creature already. You remember when you dined with us yesterday, she became so absorbed in the conversation that she forgot her duties?"

"Yes," Max answered. He remembered uncomfortably the pained interest on the girl's face as Professor Welling discussed caste and the dense ignorance of the 'covites,' their lack of ambition, and his hopelessness as to their future. The look of wondering pain in the girl's eyes had made Max contradict as flatly as he might the Professor's position. How pitiful that she did not stay in her own sphere! He looked back to where Hannah followed them, carrying Miss Welling's books. They were on their way to a mission Sunday-school, where, twice during the week, Agnes went to impart secular knowledge. Hannah went with her always. As Max looked back now, there was a lack of spirit in the girl's whole bearing that was pathetic. "Are you tired, Hannah?" he called, almost involuntarily. Agnes and Cartright turned, too, and Hannah looked up quickly.

"No, sir; no, I ain't tired!"

"You see I have been a guest in her

house," Max explained in a lower voice to his companions, "and I do not think she understands the 'accident of birth.' To her equality is a fact, not a theory."

"I do not agree with you," Agnes answered; "Hannah quite understands that there is a difference, for she asked the cause."

"And your answer?"

Agnes smiled. "To my surprise I was rather puzzled how to answer. She told me that her grandfather thought it was due to 'shelter, an' wittles, an' seein' fur.'"

"Good!" Cartright exclaimed. "Environment; and 'seeing' far will stand for the survival of the fittest. Good!"

"And Mr. Dudley's sympathy is wasted," Agnes went on, "for you see they discuss this thing." And they moved aside to let a horseman pass. He gave a surly 'Evenin',' and Agnes thought she had never seen a more evil face. Hearing a rude laugh, she turned. "He speaks to Hannah," she said.

"Some rustic lover," and Cartright moved on.

"No, we will wait for her. See, she has stepped quite into the bushes. Call her, Mr. Dudley."

"We are waiting, Hannah!" Max called, and walked a few steps toward her. Then Si, for it was he, rode on.

Hannah had been horrified when startled from her dreams by Si's voice, and had drawn aside to let him pass; but he stopped. "I'm agoin' to the Cove," he said, "what shall I say?"

"Nothin', 'ceppen I'm well," she answered.

"An' whar's you agoin'?"

"To school."

"Po' folks' school! I've hearn 'bout 'em. Larnin' the po' Covites fur nothin'. An' you walks behind an' totes youun's missus's books. Lord!" and he laughed. "Won't I tell Aunt Tildy, an' she'll bile over."

Here Max's call interrupted them, and Hannah started forward. "Youun's marster's acallin'; go on, Nigger," jeered Si, in a low voice, and Hannah made no answer.

"Is it all right, Hannah?" Max asked as she neared them.

"Yes, sir," looking up with flashing eyes and scarlet cheeks. "Hit were my cousin, sir, Si Durket."

"Oh!" and Max resumed his place by Agnes's side.

XVI

> That small, small, imperceptible
> Small talk, which cuts like powdered glass
> Ground in Tophana.

Often after this, Si met the school-party. He had ascertained the days on which they went out; and that during the week Hannah and Miss Welling went alone, but that many times Max Dudley walked out to meet them. On Sunday Dudley and Cartright always went. Much of Si's information came from Lizer Wilson, who had told him also of Dudley's escorting Hannah down the mountain. And Si had seen Dudley give his umbrella to Hannah once. A sudden summer shower, and the girl was unprotected at the station. Max handed her his umbrella and joined Cartright.

Cartright had smiled, saying: "She is very handsome, but fancy giving one's umbrella to a servant."

"She is a woman, and in many ways an unprotected one," Max answered.

"And so you draw attention to her?"

Max looked at his companion curiously. "I do not quite understand you."

Cartright laughed. "I understand you, however." A third student joined them, and the subject was dropped.

But it all sifted down to the valley, where it spread and grew up to the station again, then to the University. Dudley had been chaffed by Cartright for giving Miss Welling's maid his umbrella. The laugh grew. Some laughed at the devotion that could reach from mistress to maid; some because the maid was so handsome; but all laughed in a quiet way.

So the summer waxed and waned, and Hannah, not wanting to be disturbed, did not go home at all. At first she got home news from Dock, but gradually Dock's visits ceased, and Hannah feared that he had heard the talk which her grandmother had hurled at her that last day. At last, in September, she grew anxious, and decided to go down. She asked for a day, but a guest was expected, and Agnes

promised her several days later on. The guest was a Miss Vernon, and after the first week she often embarrassed Hannah by her cool, amused stare.

Miss Vernon accompanied the party to the Mission Sunday-school one day, ridiculing it at every step. Merrily they squabbled, Miss Vernon and Cartright against Max Dudley and Agnes; and Hannah, trudging on behind, wondered at the bright badinage and laughter. How narrow, and dark, and empty her world had been! How could she go back? Agnes had done much for her, teaching her many things outside her work; and the eager mind had grown rapidly.

During the afternoon a storm came up that settled into a steady downpour. Only two umbrellas were in the party of five, and there was a discussion. A number of the people were going to wait, and as some had to come far on the road to Sewanee, it was decided that Hannah should wait, in hope of the weather clearing. Hannah pleaded that she preferred a wetting, but Agnes was firm, and Hannah was left. Presently the party met the negro man sent by Professor Welling with cloaks and umbrellas.

"If only we had waited," Agnes said.

"Let me go back for Hannah," suggested Max, taking the extra shawl and umbrella. "We have not come far, and it would not do to leave her to Peter," he added, in a lower tone. "He regards her only as a servant, you know."

"You are very kind," and Agnes looked up, gratefully.

Then Max turned back, and Cartright pulled his mustache to hide a smile. "I suppose Dudley is living up to the lesson I heard him impressing this afternoon," he said. "Duty to one's neighbor. He is *such* a crank; I really believe he tries to do it."

"Take care, Mr. Cartright," and though Agnes smiled, there was a flash in her eyes. "I am ——"

"I know," and Cartright helped her over a little stream. "But Dudley goes too far. At the station the other day he gave that girl his umbrella. It is foolish, and causes remark." And he drew Agnes's cloak more closely about her, looking straight down into her eyes. "After all, the girl is a servant."

"Mr. Dudley *is* queer; but, then, Hannah is uncommonly handsome," said Miss Vernon.

A horseman passed them, and Agnes recognized Si Durket, of whom Hannah had told her.

Hannah stood alone in the schoolhouse doorway. The young people who giggled together regarded her as "sot up," and avoided her. Presently she saw Max Dudley returning. The young people giggled more than ever, and the old people, who wisely kept a "great gulf fixed" between their class and the university men, looked disapproving. They had heard talk about Hannah Warren, and seeing Max return in the rain for her, the vague reports took shape. When Max entered the room there was a dead silence.

"Miss Agnes sent this shawl, Hannah," he said. "We met the servant just a little way from here. If we walk fast we can catch them."

Hannah pulled her bonnet farther over her face, and wrapping the shawl hastily about her, stepped out into the rain before Max.

"Wait for the umbrella!" he called; but Hannah did not heed. Harder and harder came the driving rain and wind, but Hannah hurried on. With her bonnet drawn down and the shawl held close about her, she seemed not to know that Max was with her, and now and then helped her over bad places. On they went, with the umbrella well down in front. Suddenly they heard a shout, and found a horseman nearly on them, the horse starting wildly at the umbrella. Hannah sprang aside, and, looking up, faced Si Durket. There was a moment's pause—even in the storm, the girl thought—and, righting the umbrella, Max stepped again to Hannah's side. With a laugh, Si rode on.

"Your cousin?"

"Yes, sir." Yes, it was Si, and those people at the schoolhouse had laughed; and Lizer Wilson had hinted many times at her not being able to guide her horse down the mountain. There would be talk. But her grandmother's talk about Dock was worse. Would not one piece of talk kill another? And where would her character be when all was said?

"How quick you have been!" Agnes said, glancing at Cartright.

"Yes, Hannah raced." Then to Cartright: "What is the joke?"

"My dear Dudley, I am only pleased to have some assistance with the umbrellas," Cartright answered.

Plodding on behind, Hannah wondered why Si could not have met them after they had joined the party.

XVII

Art thou a dumb, wronged thing that would be righted
Entrusting thus thy cause to me? Forbear!
No tongue can mend such pleadings; faith requited
With falsehood—love, at last aware
Of scorn—hopes, early blighted.

BEHIND her back Agnes's friends were laughing at her and blaming her; varying their remarks with wonderings as to whether she would marry Cartright or Dudley. Cartright had money, but Dudley agreed with her in all her fads, especially as to these country people and—her own maid! Meanwhile, Cartright kept Miss Welling in something of a temper about Dudley. Hannah had not had her holiday yet, and for some time had had no word. She was vaguely uneasy, when late one afternoon Dock came to the back door looking very miserable. "Kin I see you, Hannah?"

Hannah came out hastily. "Is Gramper sick, Dock?"

"No, nothin' don't ail nobody; I jest come to git the word 'bout you. Is you well; is all agoin' well; is you satisfy, Hannah?"

"Yes, Dock," the misery on his face creeping into her heart. "An' what ails you?"

"Nothin'—nothin'. Jest youun's Granny couldn't sleep last night 'kase a owl come thar and hollered all night long. I couldn't sleep nuther, an' I jest come to make sure 'bout you; thet's all. Farwell." He went away, and Hannah's heart sank. Something was wrong and Dock could not help her. Things were quiet after this, but somehow Hannah could not please her mistress. Could Miss Agnes be sick? Then one morning Dock came to say that Hannah was wanted at home, and Mr. Warren would come for her that afternoon. And Dock could explain nothing and escaped as soon as possible.

Very slowly Hannah went to find Agnes; very slowly, for she was weak and cold, and trembling. She paused in the dining-room to gain composure, and heard voices in the drawing-room. It was the high, sharp voice of Mrs. Skinner. "Indeed, for her own sake I would not keep her a moment longer," she said. "Good or bad, I would send her home. I have always thought her much too handsome for a servant." Then the voices were lost in the hall as Agnes conducted her visitor to the door.

Hannah leaned against the wall. It was she they were talking about, for the cook was black, she who must be sent home. Agnes returned through the hall, and Miss Vernon with her, laughing. "You are as solemn as an owl, Agnes. I would not let the stupid talk bother me. Send the girl home. I heard when I first came that they were laughing at Mr. Dudley about Hannah."

"And you did not tell me?" Agnes asked, quickly.

"Why should I? You have eyes and ears, and as Mr. Cartright is the coming man, why should you care if Mr. Dudley makes a fool of himself? And he seems to have done it thoroughly."

"I do *not* care," Agnes answered, but she shivered a little. The color flashed into Hannah's face, and her drooping figure straightened—a fire seemed lighted in her brain. Her grandfather had heard all this; all Sewanee had been talking, and of course the valley. She was to be sent away; her name was a byword! And Miss Agnes did not care. She went into the drawing-room and found Agnes and Miss Vernon at the window, watching the approach of Mr. Cartright. "What is it?" and Agnes turned her head. "Gramper is sent for me," her eyes were full of ineffable sadness; "says he'll come this evenin'."

Agnes's delicate color faded a little. "Very well," she said. "Your money will be ready. And——" she paused, then added, "as the term is nearly over, you need not return."

"Yes, Miss Agnes," the dark eyes not wavering; "shall I set the dinner-table?"

"Yes, and let Mr. Cartright in." Cartright met the eyes of the girl as she held

the door open, "like a dumb animal," he thought, and hurried past.

"I am only a thing," Hannah thought. "A stick or a stone 'thout no feelin's." Great God! She knew her own class thoroughly. She had done nothing, and they knew it; but they would be glad to humble Mrs. Warren who "held her head so high," and herself, who had kept aloof. They would pretend to scorn her; would whisper when she came near; would laugh and make coarse jokes on her. A great wave of bitterness swept over her. Miss Agnes, who knew the truth, had turned from her; who would speak a word for her good name? Good name! it was already a byword. The glass she was polishing fell from her hands with a crash. She looked down—one of the best tumblers. The shock restored her and changed her train of thought. "We kin stan' up tell we draps," Dock had said. She must stand up, as far as the world could see.

She finished her work and went to her room to arrange her clothes. Her wardrobe had greatly increased and her things made two bundles. But all the things that Agnes had given her she put aside. She could not take them. Just as she finished she saw her grandfather at the gate, with old Bess and the mule. He looked older, and his head was bent, as if he could look no man in the face. *Why* did he not face the world and cry out to all that Si had done it! Why did he not kill Si? She went down hastily with the two bundles. "Hardy, Gramper," looking at him wistfully. "Here's my things."

The old man lifted his eyes, but not his head, and sighed.

"Si done hit, Gramper." She went on hurriedly, "You knows hit's all lies?"

"Lies or no lies, everybody is atalkin', an' Hannah Warren's name is in the dirt. Thar's no use atryin' to hide thet; we must hide you."

For a moment Hannah leaned against the horse. Si *had* ruined her.

"What is this, Hannah; going home?" Max Dudley stood behind her. "Ah, how are you, Mr. Warren?" to the old man.

"Yes, sir," Hannah answered, shocked into strength once more. "I'm goin' home. I'll be back in a minute, Gramper," and she turned to the house just as young Melville came up hurriedly, saying, "Come, Dudley, come, I have something to tell you." She knew what he meant.

Up to her room she crept, sitting down one moment to regain her strength; then she folded each ribbon and frill that Agnes had given her—the collars, the simple brooch. She would put them in Agnes's room—they would speak and say: "Covites have feelings." Would anyone ever love Agnes as she had done?

She pinned her little shawl about her, and, taking the little fineries and her bonnet, went to Agnes's room. In the doorway she paused; it was so pretty. Suppose she had lived in a place like this, would she have grown careless of people's feelings? Did fineness make people hard? A dry sob broke the stillness. She moved hastily to put down the things.

Not on the dressing-table, nor on the table: the sofa? that was lower. She turned the things over in her hands; they looked to be very poor when brought into this room? She laid them on the rug, near the fire-place. Miss Agnes would see them when she came—a humble little pile—then she went out, closing the door. In the hall below she met Agnes, with some money in her hands. Her eyes shone, and two spots of color were on her cheeks. "Your money," she said; "you have done remarkably well as waitress."

"Yes, Miss Agnes," but Hannah did not touch the money. "I broke one o' the good tumblers, Miss Agnes, an' please tuck it out."

"That is nothing," Agnes said, quickly, "I *never* count such things."

"But I does, Miss Agnes," and Hannah's hands remained folded.

Agnes paused, too provoked to speak, then put the money on a table near by. "There is your money," she said. "Good-by," and she walked away.

Hannah watched her a second, then took all the money save one half-dollar and went out. She mounted the horse in silence, and as they rode off asked, quietly: "What did Mr. Dudley say, Gramper?"

"Nothin' much. He axed what made you go, an' I tole him, an' they turned round and gone, lookin' like the dead."

"An' all fur Si's lies," Hannah said.

"Lies or no lies," the old man answered, as before, "hit's done done, an'

youun's name is ruined. Youun's Granny laughs one minute, an' cusses the next. Thar's nothin' fur me to say, kase when the women-folks of a fambly goes down, hit's done fur. An' Lizer Wilson grins, an Si—well, Si says he's willin' to kivver youun's shame. Si says thet, an' hit's all we kin do."

Hannah clenched her teeth. Si, whose vile lies had brought her to this, offering to screen her from the world! Did they forget that death was left her still?

When they were out of the station limits Mr. Warren spoke again. "Hit's a good offer, to kivver youun's name. Thar's mighty few'd be willin' to pick a gal up outen the mud."

"Gramper, Si's throwed the mud on me to git me," Hannah said, sternly. "I ain't done nothin', an' I ain't agoin' to tuck Si, like I'm glad to git shed o' my name. I ain't shamed, an' I'll die 'fore I'll tuck Si."

"Hesh, gal! youun's life ain't yourn. Mertildy says hit all comes o' you bein' so biggitty, an' hit's true. Weuns is got to git outen this trouble, and Si's the best chance."

Hannah wheeled old Bess across the road, and stopped the mule. "If you says thet agin, Gramper, I'll ride straight on an' never come back no more." Her eyes burned like fire.

A groan broke from Mr. Warren's lips. "God hev mercy!" he said. Hannah waited a moment, then turned the horse and rode on. Presently Mr. Warren's mutterings began again. "Whar *is* he'p to come from? Mr. Dudley'll not make no motion. He kep' on asayin' 'Thar's nothin' in hit; God knows thar's nothin' in hit.' An' he looked like death. An' t'other feller says, 'Come, Dudley, come; hit's all damned nonsense.' 'Damned nonsense,' says I; 'yes, but *my* name is in the dirt, and *my* gal is done ruined. Who'll b'lieve hit's damned nonsense?' Thet's what I said, an' Dudley looked like death."

Hannah's head drooped. Shame on shame. Agnes had turned from her, and Max Dudley——? He had been so good to her; she knew it hurt him. The old man muttered on, but she did not listen. Her thoughts went back and forth, and pain seemed everywhere.

Down the rugged road they went in silence; then the green valley and the old home. The cows were waiting outside the fence, the chickens were scratching in a perfunctory way before going to roost—the pigs in their favorite mud-holes looked pictures of content, and the blue smoke curling from the kitchen stove-pipe showed the approach of supper. The mountain-tops still gleamed with sunlight, but the shadows were thick in the little valley.

Hannah saw her grandmother in the lobby, and longed to turn and flee, but her horse followed the mule and the bent old man through the gate that Dock, with averted face, held open. Mrs. Warren went into her room, and shut the door. What did it matter? When even Dock Wilson turned his face away, the limit was reached. Hannah went quietly to her room, but though Mr. Warren followed he did not put down the bundles, and to Hannah the room looked strange. Harness and tools were against the walls, and the clothes hanging about were men's clothes. Mr. Warren watched her. She asked no questions, but moved to take the bundles.

"Not yit," he said. "Dock stays in har, an' Si, when he's over. Youun's granny 'llowed the loft would do fur you."

A blow from the old man would not have been so cruel a shock.

"Yes, hit'll do," she answered.

"Youun's granny 'llowed Dock'd run the place on shar's, an' you'd tuck Si an' go," Mr. Warren said, as he followed up the steep steps and, putting aside the bundles, sat down on the low bed, made of boards laid on boxes, and looked at the girl, who had gone to the end window. Presently she turned, and said: "The loft, or the cow-house, or the pig-pen is good enough fur me, if so granny likes, but Si ain't good enough. If hit's to choose 'twixt rags, an' starvin', an' p'intin' fingers, or Si, I'll tuck hit all, but I'll *never* tuck Si!"

Mr. Warren climbed down the ladder slowly.

XVIII

Stronger than woe is will; that which was Good
Doth pass to Better—Best.

ONLY one end of the loft had been made habitable, but on its improvement some one had spent great energy. The bed was

neatly made, and by it was the bit of rag-carpet that had been in Hannah's room, down-stairs. There was no way of making a fire, for the chimneys went through in solid columns; but a bolt had been put on the trap-door that shut the loft from the lower world and air; and the largest cracks in the roof were stuffed carefully with straw. A shelf had been put near the window, and on it was Hannah's little looking-glass. On a box in one corner stood a tin basin and a piece of yellow soap; a rough-dried towel hung from a nail in the roof, and a bucket of fresh water was near.

"Dock done hit," she said; "if he turned his head away or no, Dock done hit;" and, at this first sign of sympathy, the tears sprang to her eyes. Tears were not for her now, and, brushing them aside, she untied her bundles. She took out her finest apron and best kerchief and, after rearranging her hair, put them on. She was quite conscious of the improvement in her wardrobe and in herself, and was determined to appear at her best. She needed every possible help now.

If her grandfather had stood by her; if her grandmother had not shown her contempt by putting her in the loft—shown it to Dock and to Si, and so to the country-side—she might have left her cause to others and broken down; but this treatment, as of one absolutely unworthy, roused her. The experience of a lifetime had swept over her since morning. She had to fight, and she descended to her grandmother's room as if she were an honored guest. She even went so far as to smile as she crossed the lobby, thinking, "Hit's the Durket sperret."

She did not heed that, after the first glance on her entrance, her grandmother turned her head away, but walked to the fire and, drawing a chair forward, sat down. Mr. Warren stared. How changed, how grand she was; what had happened? And he looked across at his wife doubtfully.

But there was no doubt in Hannah's mánner as she smoothed her white apron, and folded her hands, as she had seen Agnes do: then began quietly to speak words that froze Mr. Warren's blood, almost.

"Granny," looking at the old woman, "couldn't you have stopped Si's lies? You knew hit was lies, kase you knew me. Hit don't look natteral for you to let 'em do me this bad to skeer me into tuckin' Si, an' you aknowin' that I aint skeery?"

Mrs. Warren was knitting, but at the girl's first words her hands began to tremble, then she dropped them and her work in her lap, but did not turn or speak.

"You said some hard words to me afore I went away," Hannah went on, "words thet no decent gal hed no 'casion to hear; but I never 'llowed you'd let outside folks talk 'bout youun's own flesh an' blood. An' I never 'llowed thet you b'lieved hit till you put me up loft."

Mrs. Warren trembled. Had the last day come that she should be dared like this! She was boiling with fury, but she remembered the third fit, and controlled herself. Her hands were gripped together—her eyes were flashing—her lips were quivering, but when she spoke her voice was quiet.

"I would have stopped it, Hannah Warren, if I hed hearn hit start; but hit were all through the country 'fore I hearn hit. An' I knowed pint blank that amany a ole debt o' mine were patched on to hit, an' I were abein paid off. An' I put you up loft kase hit's good enough for you. An' I hev cussed you, yes, an' all the Warrens; an' I cussed Si—yes, cussed him with a blight an' a blain, an' the sufferin' o' death 'thout death!" and rising she left the room.

There was silence until Mr. Warren spoke. "Si's astoppin' har," he said.

"Si!"

"That's hit; youun's Granny kep' him har fur you."

Hannah rose. Through the window she saw Si coming; then Dock spoke to him, and he turned toward the kitchen.

"Minervy an' Dave's nigh ruined," Mr. Warren went on, "an' Si hev done hit. He tole hit when he were drunk."

"An' Si thinks to ruin me."

"An' he hev done thet—" Mr. Warren rejoined, "through all the country he hev done thet. Jim Blount tole me so, an' Bill Cole tole me so, an' Lizer Wilson an' Jane Harner tole me so. Yes, hit's done done!" clasping his hands as he looked into the fire. "My Joshaway's gal 's ruined! I let you talk youun's Granny down, but thar aint no stoppin' the world, gal, lessen you gits married. An' thar aint

no man but what'll stop befo' he'll stoop to Hannah Warren— my Joshaway's gal!"

Hannah stood with one hand on the mantelpiece and listened. It was true. She had felt it that morning in Agnes's manner—in the ride through the village, where every one stared, and no one spoke —felt in Dock's averted face—in her grandfather's despair—in the very atmosphere—this disgrace so unmerited—so dreadful.

"Si makes a mighty good offer," Mr. Warren went on; "he says he'll settle hisn's farm on you, if I'll settle this place on youun's chilluns. I tole him I'd done settled hit on you a'ready; an' he 'llowed thet Dave's shar'd come in to you, too, kase Dave hedn't no chilluns, an' hedn't no right to leff the land outen the fambly. Hit looks to me like hit'd be the upbuildin' o' both famblies. An' Si"—looking away from the unwavering eyes of the girl—"Si, drinkin' like he does, ain't agoin' to live much longer."

There was a pause; then Hannah turned toward the door. "To tuck a man an' watch to see him die o' drink is wussern all that hes been said 'bout me."

"Hannah!" The despair in the cry stopped her with her hand on the latch. "I've been abearin' so much!" raising his clasped hands. "Thar were the talk 'bout you an' Dock—the talk youun's Granny tole you—then come the talk 'bout you an' Dudley. An' every day I hearn hit agrindin', an' agrindin', tell I knowed thar worn't no wusser hell. An' when the talk settled an' I poured hit off, the dregs was jest this away: Dock wouldn't never dar' to ax you—an' Dudley ain't agoin' to steddy 'bout you—an' Si jest come in 'twixt the two," putting his hands over his face; "an' I 'llowed hit would not be sicher a long trial; an' a many a woman hev stood sich. Oh, God furgive me!"

Hannah crossed the room swiftly, and kneeled by the old man's chair. "Gramper, I kin live the lies down—or go."

"If you goes the lies will grow like weeds of a rainy summer; an' *I* can't live 'em down—hit 'll kill me." Hannah rose. She had no answer for these bitter truths.

At supper she talked a little to Dock, for neither Mrs. Warren nor Si would speak, and Mr. Warren refused all food. Her help in all work being declined, she went outside where the cows were. When Dock came to turn them out he said, as he passed, "'Pend on me, Hannah, an' don't be skeered into nothin'. I couldn't kill Lizer, she's a woman, but I kin kill Si!" Then Mrs. Warren calling Hannah, he hurried away.

"You called me, Granny?" Hannah asked when she reached the old woman. Then she saw that Si stood just within the doorway. Mr. Warren sat bent over the fire. "You called?"

"Yes," Mrs. Warren answered, "but I ain't awantin' you. Si is the fool."

"I'm axin' fur the last time, Hannah," and Si half closed his light eyes as he looked at her. "An' mighty few would ax you now."

"Mighty few, Si," Hannah answered, "but I won't be beholden to none."

"What'll you do? Hope an' pray fur Dudley?" The scorn of the girl's eyes made him look away. Mrs. Warren's clasped hands grew rigid, and the old man lifted up his bowed head. Almost he could have killed the villain!

"Whatever I hopes an' prays fur," Hannah said, quietly, "thar is this fur *you* to 'member, Si Durket. I kin be druv down to the lowest, but never druv down to tuckin' you—never!" and she smiled as she saw that Lizer Wilson had come in and had heard. "An' I hope you'll tell hit, Lizer Wilson," she added.

Mrs. Warren started, and reeled a little, then went to her place by the fire. Si looked at the door, but Hannah stood there. She saw his wish, and smiled. "You've hed enough?" she said. "Your jedg*ment* is jest a-startin'; soon this won't seem like nothin'. 'Twon't be long 'fore all youun's wickedness comes home—not long;" then she went to her loft.

. . . . . .

"It is nonsense," Melville said. He and Max had been walking up and down the road for some time. "To dismiss the girl was foolish," he went on, "for that gave the affair tone and color; but I cannot see where you have any duty or blame in the matter. As for Cartright, he is scheming for his own ends."

Many, many times Melville had covered this ground; but Dudley came back always to the starting-point—Hannah's misery.

"You do not understand," he answered in a voice that had lost all life, "what an awful thing it is for the girl. Blount says that the stories grow worse at every turn."

"Damn Blount!" Melville interrupted.

"Suppose we do; that does not help my position. Just consider *my* position."

"I have gone over it a hundred times, and you have to thank Cartright's envy and Mrs. Skinner's folly for it. Come; it is bedtime."

"You go; I will come presently." Once alone, Dudley walked into the forest and sat down on a fallen tree. He felt dazed still. When he had met Hannah at the gate that afternoon, and heard the old man's story, he was shocked and angry, and alone with Melville had called him a fool for taking the girl away. Melville betrayed, unwittingly, the extent of the talk, and Cartright joining them, fresh from the Wellings, revealed that Agnes had dismissed the girl. Max walked straight to Blount's shop, and Blount's words appalled him. "The girl is ruined, and as nice a girl as ever stepped. It is a shame, but it is done."

Then with Melville by his side, raging and swearing, he returned to the University in a sort of a mist.

How had it happened? Who had done it? What was his duty?

For a year his name had been coupled with the name of Agnes Welling—he was Professor Welling's assistant and most intimate in the house. He had only waited to finish his course before speaking to Agnes.

Melville said that Cartright had influenced Agnes into dismissing Hannah—it was this that had ruined the girl. Cartright's influence was a new thing. If he should go to Agnes and say—"This talk is all false—you know that I love you—will you marry me?" Could she say "Yes," and hear the world say, as Cartright reported it to have said already, that her rival was her maid, who had to be sent away? His ideal Agnes would have stood by Hannah.

He sprang to his feet—*still* she was his ideal! He had loved her so long—so truly—he could not let her go.

In reality it was Agnes who had disgraced Hannah, and must he pay for her mistake by righting the girl before the world? A servant? A 'Covite!' A woman. As a gentleman and a Christian, what was his duty to this fellow-creature?

The moonlight seemed to fade, and the darkness to fold about him hopelessly. The night was waning; he would go home.

For a little while the next morning things seemed confused again, but he lay still until he collected his thoughts and laid fresh hold on his determinations. After twelve o'clock he would be free, and would go to Lost Cove.

Poor Melville could find out nothing. He followed Dudley until twelve o'clock, when Dudley said, "I have an engagement—" and Cartright joining them, Melville could find out nothing, and went away. Dudley walked on, with Cartright beside him, until Dudley turned off.

"Going to the station?" Cartright asked.

"No, to Lost Cove."

"Good Heavens! man, in the face of all this talk?"

"Because of all this talk."

Had the autumn woods been ever as beautiful—or the sky as blue—or life as full of charm and possibility as on this day—would it ever be thus again? But he must not think. He must bend all his being to this duty; there would be time enough afterward for thinking.

It might be that he could yet lay his case before Agnes. His ideal Agnes would uphold him. But the real Agnes—Agnes as Cartright seemed to know her—would she laugh at him for his pains?

XIX

If you loved only what were worth your love,
Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you:
Make the low nature better by your throes!
Give earth yourself, go up for gain above!

Dinner was over, and Lizer Wilson was heating irons in Mrs. Warren's room, where the old man sat over the fire. Mrs. Warren was busy in the kitchen—Dock in the yard, while Hannah, not being allowed to help, had wandered off. She had gone to the spring, and sat on the edge of the basin. On one side, through the thick growth of slim young poplars and maples, she could see the valley and fields,

and the mountains that shut all in. On the other she looked down to the mysterious pool. It was dark and still, and people said it had no bottom. At Sewanee she had heard this idea laughed at.

Sewanee! she bowed her head on her hands. Her grandmother did not want her, need she stay here? The talk would grow in the valleys, but at Sewanee it would soon die; then Miss Agnes could marry Mr. Dudley, and all be well. She would be left desolate—but she was only one. Trampled in the dust — left for dead! who cared?

A noise startled her, and she rose quickly, to find Dock standing before her. "Does Granny want me?" she asked.

Dock stood silent, with one hand grasping a young maple until it shivered and dropped its scarlet leaves about him; while the girl watched and trembled as the young maple did. At last Dock raised his head, and his eyes were full of pain and fire.

"Lizer says thet you need not a-been so beggitty last night to Si, kase Si only done what he done kase youun's Granny axed him to do hit to save the two families. An' there worn't no other man would tuck youun's now." A fresh shower of scarlet leaves fluttered down about him. "I didn't knock her, kase I ain't never knocked a woman yit. I told her she were a-lyin', an' she knowed hit, an' I were one man thet would lay down an' be chopped to pieces fur you—body an' soul. An hit's true, Hannah;" and his eyes were filled with a light that would have glorified any face on earth. "Hit's God's truth; but I never would have told hit, 'ceppen fur everybody a-turning 'gainst you. I ain't nobody, an' I knows hit; an' I don't 'llow thet you hev come down to me—thar ain't no sich foolishness in me. But all is a-talkin', Hannah—" shaking his head sadly —"an' I kin give you a honest name, an' I kin work fur you, and shoot fur you—an' I *would*. An' no pusson would dar' to tuck Hannah Wilson's name 'twixt tongue an' teeth to spit hit out, kase I'd kill 'em. An' if you wants to go 'way, I'll go, an' if you wants to stay, I'll stay. An' I'll never cast nothin' in youun's teeth, ner sot up to be no ekal o' yourn. Don't gimme no word now," he added, swaying the little maple-tree back and forth, "but keep it in youun's mind fur sumpen to hold on to." Then he went away.

Nothing could have shown Hannah the depth of her fall as completely as this offer did. Nothing could have proved as cruelly the hopelessness of her position. That *Dock Wilson* should dare such a proposition! She sat down again, casting her apron over her head, and rocking herself back and forth. The strength of the man's love had not touched her yet. Hannah Wilson! He had coupled the names. Hannah Wilson! what better than Lizer Wilson? To Agnes Welling and her friends, all were 'Covites' together. *Was* there a true difference? Between herself and Agnes Welling there was a wide difference, but between herself and Dock? And between Dock and the much admired Si Durket? This last difference was plain enough, and Dock's kind face, glorified by his love, rose up before her. Soul and body he would die for her—he would work and fight for her, and never think she had descended to his level! She remembered how he had worked for her and watched over her in the spring—asking no return.

The swaying motion ceased, and her apron fell from over her face. Now he offered to stand between her and the world; and he knew that Si, who made the talk, would keep it alive.

What was the difference between her and Dock? Somehow or other he seemed above her now. Marry Dock, then Miss Agnes would know that the talk was not true, and would marry Mr. Dudley. With the thought of Sewanee there came a vision of her leaden lined future.

Suddenly the sound of the horn came to her. She looked at the sun; it was not supper-time; what could it mean? Again the sound, and this time more sharp, and some one was waving to her down in the field. Quickly she went, and saw her grandfather beckoning. Before she reached him she heard the words—"Mr. Dudley's to the house—" and her heart seemed to stop. Had Agnes sent for her to come back, and give the talk the lie? She laid hold on the old man's arm to steady herself. The joy shook her as no pain had done.

"Mr. Dudley!"

"Thet's hit. He's come to tuck you

away, chile, an' stop the talk. Mertildy's in a mighty takin', an' Lizer Wilson looks like she's been frost-bit. Lord, gal, you are done saved, and nobody'll dar' to talk no mo'. An' thar'll not be no mo' kitchen fur you to Sewanee."

"Gramper!" she staggered a little, stopping him with a sudden gasp. "What is you a-sayin'?"

The old man hurried her on, and his voice was a little less tremulous as he repeated his words.

"Come fur me?" the girl whispered. "Mr. Dudley!" and she flung up her hands as one who is mortally wounded. How low—how low she had fallen! She clung to a post of the back piazza, unable to go farther. Dudley come for *her*—then all thought the worst of her. And Agnes!

"Come on, gal, come on. Mr. Dudley's awaitin' fur you; an' youun's Granny's awaitin'. I reckon she's right sorry she put you up loft. An' Lizer Wilson is a-scorchin' all the clothes she's a'tryin' to iron—don't you smell 'em? An' yander she is a-peepin' at you."

Hannah straightened herself up, and the shivering ceased. She stepped quickly through the lobby, where Lizer was ironing, to the front piazza, where Max Dudley and Mrs. Warren were waiting.

Max leaned against one of the posts, holding his Oxford cap by the long tassel; and behind him, through a purple mist, the gorgeous, autumn-tinted mountain-side. Standing there, he looked so lonely—so apart—as if some magic line had been drawn between him and his kind, while an atmosphere of deathlike stillness seemed to hem him in. And watching him curiously, with anxious, flickering eyes, old Mrs. Warren waited.

For weeks the old woman had been under a great strain, struggling with all her strength against the many warring passions that tore her and cried for utterance. All this morning she had hurried from one thing to another, to keep from an outburst of some sort, until now the supreme excitement of Max Dudley's coming seemed to have weakened her beyond movement, save for the nervous rocking of her chair.

He had made his offer calmly and quietly in the presence of all, and for a moment things had grown dim before Mrs. Warren's vision, then cleared as she looked proudly into the astonished eyes of Lizer Wilson—and into the sad face of Dock, who had come up while they talked.

People might say what they pleased now, but no girl in any valley had ever had a chance like this. And Si! How Si would rage to think of what his talk had accomplished! Hannah could stand with the best now, and the Warrens be acknowledged as the equals of all.

She started when Hannah's quick step sounded in the lobby, and Max lifted his head and drew himself away from the support of the post. His tired eyes dilated, and his pale face grew whiter as the girl approached. And Lizer paused, with uplifted iron, and Dock drew a step nearer.

"You wanted me, Mr. Dudley?" and Hannah paused in front of him, with her hands clasped and two crimson spots on her cheeks.

"Yes, Hannah." His voice was very low, and the girl realized, by a subtle instinct, all that he suffered—saw clearly the marks of despair on his face, and wondered why she did not die of shame. "Yes, Hannah;" then he paused, as if to steady his voice. "I have come to ask you to marry me, and help me to stop this talk. Your grandfather and grandmother have given their consent, and the matter lies with you. We know that there is no truth in anything that has been said; and everyone who knows you, Hannah, knows you to be a good, true woman, and as such I have come to offer you the protection of my name." His voice was very low, but Hannah thought that she had never heard anything sound so sweet before. All bitterness passed from out her heart—all doubts—and the great humiliation of her life seemed turned to glory. Then his voice ceased, and in the tense stillness Mrs. Warren rose, with a strained look in her eyes. What was it she saw in Hannah's face! Dock leaned forward—Mr. Warren drew a step nearer, and Lizer forgot the heavy iron she still held poised.

"I'm obleeged to you, Mr. Dudley, fur the true words you hev said this day," Hannah began, "an' fur stannin' up fur me thet couldn't do nothin' fur myself. An' I knows what hit means, Mr. Dudley, for you to say the words you have said this day, an' I prays the Lord will bless

you for hit all." And while she spoke soul looked into soul, the distance between them was bridged, and the strength of her beauty struck Max as it had never done before. She was superb. "You hev been mighty good to me, Mr. Dudley, but thar 's a fur way 'twixt you an' me; —thar's a diffrunce as wide as all this valley," with a little, sweeping gesture. "An' you ain't fur folks like me. But thar's one o' my own folks, Mr. Dudley, hev offered me his honest name, an' please God all will hap out right. But all the same, God bless you, Mr. Dudley."

"Hannah! Gal!" a sharp voice cried, and all turned quickly, "Is you crazy—crazy! Si 'll never come agin—never!" There was a moment's pause, and Hannah looked down into the old woman's face, pityingly. How gray and drawn it looked; and she said, soothingly, "Num mine, Granny, hit's all right—hit's a better man 'an Si Durket, Granny."

"True, Hannah?" And Max laid his hand on Hannah's shoulder.

"As true as God's daylight, Mr. Dudley," turning her beautiful face up to his. "An' yander he stands—Dock Wilson——"

There was a low moan, and the old woman reeled forward heavily.

XX

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground, to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard,
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.

It was cold, but Melville waited patiently at the top of the mountain for Dudley. He would not go farther, for fear of missing him in the dusk, and he had much to tell him. It was a long way he had come to meet his friend, but what he had to say was not for others to hear, and the long walk back would give Dudley time to recover himself.

Presently he heard him coming, and Melville shrank from the task he had set himself. How could he tell Dudley what had happened! But Max was upon him by this, and started, as if from a dream. "What has happened?" he asked, and laid his hand on Melville's shoulder.

"I was anxious," Melville faltered, "What has happened?"

"Nothing. The girl refused me. A princess could not have done it more grandly; and the old grandmother died in a fit. But what ails you?"

"Cartright——"

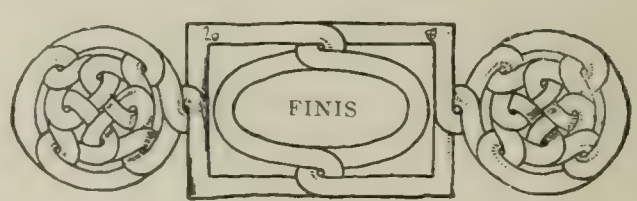
"Well, Cartright?" and leaning against a tree, Dudley took off his cap and passed his hand wearily across his brow and eyes. The scenes in the Cove had tired him more than he had realized until now, and now he felt almost too weary to go farther. "What about Cartright? He knew where I was gone; has he posted me for a fool?"

"Worse than that."

Dudley started forward, taking hold of Melville. "What has he *dared* to say!"

"About you? Nothing. It is—it is Miss Welling." The grasp on Melville's shoulder became almost unbearable. "Oh, Dudley, Cartright is engaged to Miss Welling! Asked her at noon—announced it at once, and Mrs. Skinner says that Professor Welling is 'immensely pleased.' I told you Cartright was working for his own ends; and I thought that you would like to have a walk after hearing. So I slipped away; nobody knows I am come."

There was a moment's silence, then Dudley turned homeward, walking slowly.



THE POINT OF VIEW

TIME was when the Westerner of fiction was a rudely heroic figure, chivalric and resourceful, reckless of life as the new school of novelists, and inured to adventure as one of Mr. Davis's heroes. He lived by preference in a mining camp, or if geologic considerations prevented that he was apt to be a rancher, an Indian fighter, or at least a cowboy. There was more than a suggestion of the untamed wilderness about him, and though generally impossible he was always interesting.

The Westerner of recent fiction is an entirely different character. His home has been changed, for one thing, and instead of the Rockies or the Great Plains he now affects what might be called in semi-nautical phrase the West-middle-west. He has lost his naïvely reckless ways in the removal, and his chief purpose in life now seems to be to set forth the iniquity of existing social conditions. Octave Thanet's missionary sheriff, it is true, is a lineal descendant of the old type, as engaging if perhaps as improbable as the gentlemanly and high-minded gamblers or the simple-hearted desperadoes in whom Bret Harte revelled; but turn to the characters of that self-proclaimed prophet of the Northwest, Mr. Hamlin Garland, and what a falling off we find! His people do not live; they work. Life, as he sees it, is a ceaseless round of fierce toil performed angrily and rebelliously by men who lack the force to make their rebellion effective. They complain, and sometimes they grow brutal toward their womankind, but their revolt carries them no farther. They have altogether lost the fighting spirit. They shrink and cower before the winter's cold; they shudder and wince at the pain of husking corn with worn fingers; they swear and rage over the discomforts of heavy work in hot weather. They do the thing they hate because they cannot get away from it. One looks in vain for any trace of that gay courage and defiance of hardships which animated, for instance, the men who "dammed the Sacramento," or inspired the little band of outcasts from Poker Flats. Equally wanting is any remnant of that stern delight in the conflict with an unwilling and grudging nature which made the life of many a New England farmer a heroic epic. For them the hardships and discomforts of life loom large, and its courage and inspiration do not exist.

Questionable Type.

Worse still, this state of affairs is looked upon not as due to peculiarly adverse circumstances or individual incapacity, but as the common lot of Western farmers, imposed upon them by social forces against which it is vain to contend. "Social conditions," Mr. Garland assures us, are such "that only men of exceptional endowments, and willing and able to master many of the best and deepest and most sacred of their impulses, could succeed." Men might start out hopefully and ambitiously enough, but to no purpose. "Conditions were too adverse; they simply weakened, slipped slowly back into an ox-like or else a fretful patience." "Fate," says Mr. Dick Swiveller, contemplating his unpleasant predicament, "fate has brought me to this. Very well; I wash my hands of it. Fate may get me out again—and I wish her joy of the job." That is the attitude of Mr. Garland's farmers, except that they lack the cheerful philosophy of Dickens's light-hearted scamp.

Surveying these things, the disinterested reader cannot refrain from questioning whether Mr. Garland is less true to life than he thinks, or whether there has really been a sudden and unfortunate change in the character of our Western citizens. In the nature of things, "The many fail: the one

succeeds," whether they live in the East or the West; and when, as is the case with most of Mr. Garland's heroes, success means a political career ending in an election to Congress, perhaps this is not greatly to be regretted. But it is cause for regret if the majority of Western farmers, being disappointed in this or some other ambition, really take the helpless, invertebrate attitude so frequently portrayed by Mr. Garland. The miners and cowboys of the early writers were not model citizens, but they were far more hopeful material for the upbuilding of an ideal commonwealth than are these weaklings. A man may gamble and drink and use his revolver with an abandon untempered by any scruples regarding the sacredness of human life, and yet have heroic possibilities; but the man who, when confronted by difficulties, "simply weakens and slips back," the man who, finding himself in a thoroughly distasteful environment, querulously protests that society has put him there, and who, instead of striving with might and main to get out of it, settles down to wait with a "fretful patience" until society shall be ready to remove him, devoting himself, meanwhile, to ineffective railings against those conditions which he has not the courage to fight, has lost the very fibre of manhood. It is a new attitude for Americans to take, and it is singular enough that it should appear on the fertile plains of the great West. Can it be that a real deterioration of character has taken place there? or has Mr. Garland mistaken individual cases for a type?

On the Discussion of Friends.

IT is a fact, and whether or not we grieve over it does not change it, that there is usually a difference between what we say of our friends to others and what we say about them to themselves. Persons for whom we have a real regard, we look upon as part of our lives and feeling a certain property in them, we often wonder how they are getting on, and what sort of a business they are making of life. When we see them we take notice, and we remember what we hear about them, and speculate a good deal about them at odd moments when they happen to come into our minds. Unless we happen to be confessors to them, or to have surer sources of information than we usually do have, our knowledge of them is apt to be inaccurate, and our conclusions, being based on it, are liable to error. Yet, because we think about them, we are likely, on occasion, to talk about them, and the occasion is when we come across someone who knows them well and is interested in them as we are. Now, of course, when we talk about our friends to people who don't know them well, and who perhaps are not especially sympathetic to us, we talk commonplaces, and use that discretion in our utterances which people of prudence are expected to use at all times. But when we are with people who know our friends, and are interested in them, and whose minds excite our minds, and who seem to us worth talking to, then is the time of our danger; for then we reach down and bring out our thoughts, and put our brooding hypotheses into words, and show our acumen and the searching quality of our discernment by shaping our conclusions and offering them to be examined. Talk of this sort does not consist of sworn statements, and of course among honorable people involves no betrayal of confidences and no disclosures of things that ought to be hid. It is not testimony, but merely a conversation, where fact is scarce and opinion abundant, and where one sentence so hangs by another, and every opinion is so related to its context that a single sentence singled out for repetition is almost sure to misrepresent the person who spoke it.

I confess that when I get to discussing my friends, even those to whom I am greatly attached, on such occasions as these, I am liable to put into words the impressions which happen to be strongest in my mind at the time. I trust that I can hide a friend's infirmities with anyone; if I happen to know facts which ought not to be disclosed, I am under no temptation to disclose them; but in the exchange of speculations and impressions, I practise more latitude. And, of course, latitude involves risks, and risks involve occasional penalties. Sometimes things that I have said in bursts of fluency finally work around back to me through the very persons of whom I have said them, and give me bad dreams and distressing sensations. People who are talked about show so little consideration for those who have discussed them! They hear that you or I have said thus and so about them; and if they have reason to believe the report, if the "thus and so" was not pleasant to them, they accept it as the sure evidence of our true and permanent attitude toward them, and credit us sometimes with hostility or jealousy or

malice, when really we have kindly and loyal feelings toward them, and are guilty of nothing worse than of looking at them, for the moment, as mere human beings, and blurting out what we thought we saw. They look us over, oftentimes, in the same inquiring, dispassionate way, and estimate our qualities and say their say about us; but that seems not to make them any more tolerant of our indiscretions of speech when they have caught us in them.

If there is anything in the good old doctrine of sure eventual retribution for sinners, people who repeat what was not meant for repetition will have a surprisingly bad time after they die; but meanwhile the damage they do on earth would be greatly lessened if people in general could recognize that their friends talk about them pretty freely, and usually say what they happen to think at the moment; and that what they think to-day may be different from what they will think to-morrow; and that, even when their thought is, in some particular, unflattering, the expression of it does not necessarily imply a lapse of affection or fidelity.

THE FIELD OF ART

ART PRIZES AND AWARDS—RENÉ REINICKE

COMPETITIVE exhibitors being but children of a larger growth, it has long been the custom to tempt them to put forth their best efforts by the promise of various medals, awards, documentary commendations called Honorable Mentions, etc., and Art—being a *difficile* profession, in every sense of the word—has been especially prolific of these glittering baits. In this country the list of these prizes offered in the various picture exhibitions is already very long, and, gradually lengthens, sometimes by very important additions—as in 1896, by the opening of the first annual exhibition of oil paintings in the Pittsburg Carnegie Art Galleries. Various methods of solving the very important question as to the supreme authority who is to award these awards have been tried, with various results. In the New York Academy of Design, for example, the republican plan of leaving this selection to the votes of the exhibitors themselves, was practised for several years in succession, but with such indifferent success that for three consecutive years one of these prizes was not distributed at all, owing to the neglect of a "quorum" of the voters to attend. At present, the consent of the various parties controlling these prizes having been obtained, they are awarded by the jury of selection that admits the works to the exhibitions. The three prizes of the New York Academy, founded at different periods by the gentlemen whose names they bear, are—the Thomas B. Clarke prize of $300 for the best American figure composition painted in the United States by an American citizen, without limitation of age; the Julius Hallgarten prizes of $300, $200, and $100 respectively, for the three best pictures in oil colors painted in the United States by American citizens under thirty-five years of age; and the Norman W. Dodge prize of $300 for the best picture painted in the United States by a woman, without limitation of age. The qualification, common to all, of stipulating that the work must be executed in this country, is for the purpose of shutting out students or artists enjoying the superior advantages of European residence. The Academicians themselves do not compete for any of these prizes; and no competitor may take two prizes or a prize of the same class a second time. The Clarke and Hallgarten prizes have been awarded every year since 1883, with the exception of

1890, 1891, and 1892, when there was no award of the latter; the Dodge prize since 1886. The exhibitors at the Academy have also benefited for the last two years by the expenditure of a fund of $1,000 subscribed annually by members of the Lotos Club for the purchase of one or more of the paintings at these annual exhibitions.

At those of the Society of American Artists two prizes are awarded by the jury — the first, the Webb prize of $300, for the best landscape in the exhibition, painted by an American artist under forty years of age, and the second, the Shaw Fund Prize of $1,500 (originally $1,000) for the purchase of a figure composition painted in oil by an American artist. The first was instituted in 1887 by Dr. W. Seward Webb of this city, and is to be given every year during the lifetime of the founder. An artist having once received this prize, is not eligible a second time. The picture chosen by the jury for the second, becomes the property of Samuel T. Shaw, the donor of the fund. This has been awarded for the last five years—to Messrs. Theodore Robinson, Edmund C. Tarbell, Henry P. Walker, William M. Chase, and George W. Maynard.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, which has recently closed its sixty-sixth annual exhibition, of more than usual importance, is still more liberally endowed. The Temple Trust Fund, created by the late Joseph E. Temple, yields an annual income of $1,800 for the purchase of works of art at the discretion of the directors of the Academy, and for the issue of medals to artists. This competition is open to all American artists. Two gold medals may be awarded by the painter's Jury of Selection for the best two pictures painted in oil, without regard to subject; but the jury has power to withhold one or both medals if the pictures offered in competition are not considered of sufficient merit. At this last exhibition, these medals were awarded to George De Forest Brush for his "Mother and Child" and to John W. Alexander for his group of eleven works. The Walter Lippincott Prize of $300, was awarded for the fourth time to Albert Herter's "Le Soir." This carries with it an option on the part of the founder to purchase the picture chosen, for one week after the announcement of the award, at the price named by the artist in the memorandum of entry. The conditions governing the award are, that the work selected "shall be, all its qualities considered, the best figure painting in oil by an American citizen" (last year, "the best landscape or marine in oil"); the jury is to be designated by the Academy, but has the right to withhold the award, if in its judgment the pictures offered are not of sufficient merit. The Mary Smith Prize of $100, founded by Russell Smith, was awarded for the nineteenth time by the Exhibition Committee, to Miss E. F. Bonsall's "Hot Milk." This, according to the present modified terms, is to be given "to the painter of the best painting (not excluding portraits) in oil or water colors exhibited at the Academy, painted by a resident woman artist for qualities ranking as follows: 1st. Originality of Subject; 2d. Beauty of Design or Drawing; 3d. Color and Effect; and, lastly, Execution." The Academy has no claim on the painting thus selected, and the same artist may not receive the prize twice in succession, nor more than twice in all. There is also a gold medal of the Academy, which was founded in 1893 by John H. Converse, and is awarded "at the discretion of the Board of Directors, in recognition of high achievement in their profession, to American painters and sculptors who may be exhibitors at the Academy or represented in the permanent collection, or who for eminent services in the cause of Art as to this Academy, may have merited this distinction." This medal has been given four times: to Ridgway Knight and Alexander Harrison in 1893, to William M. Chase in 1894, and to Winslow Homer in 1895.

At the sixty-fifth annual exhibition of the Academy, which opened in December, 1895, an additional prize of $5,000 was offered by Mr. Wm. L. Elkins, of Philadelphia, for the best work by an American painter to be exhibited at the Academy, specifically entered by the artist for the prize and not to have been exhibited previous to that year, the founder of the prize to have for twenty days after the award the right of purchasing any picture or pictures submitted, at the price named upon the memorandum of entry. The jury of award, to be named by the Academy and to consist of seven persons, four of them to be artists, might award the sum either in one lump to the picture of the highest merit, or in two sums of $3,000 and $2,000 to the two of highest merit, and under these terms they gave the first prize of $3,000 to Abbott H. Thayer for his "Caritas," and the

second to Edmund C. Tarbell for his "Girl with the White Azaleas."

In Boston, the Museum of the Fine Arts holds conditional legacy from the late J. William Paige of $30,000 under the conditions that the Museum shall, within five years after his death, add $10,000 more, the income from the gross amount to be devoted to a two years' scholarship in Europe for a pupil of the institution who shall have been most proficient in painting. This additional sum has not yet been raised. The Museum ceased to give annual exhibitions many years ago, that function being now filled by the Art Club in Newberry Street, and the only award dispensed by the Museum is a scholarship prize of three years residence in Europe under the auspices of the School of Design and Painting connected with the institution. This, in connection with other prizes of a similar educational character, will be noticed later.

The recent first annual exhibition of the Carnegie Art Galleries, in Pittsburg, marked the inauguration of a Department of Fine Arts in that city, which, in the language of the Director, "has as one of its chief objects the founding of a collection which will represent American Art." So many important canvases, both domestic and imported, were attracted by the liberal sum of $40,000 for purchases placed at the disposal of the Art Committee and the prizes and medals offered, that it was found impossible to hang at first all the accepted ones. The first prize of $5,000 was offered for the best painting in oil produced in the year 1896 by an American artist, wherever resident, which was to be first shown in this exhibition, the successful work to become the property of the Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Fine Arts and Museum Collection Fund, and to be hung permanently on the walls of the Carnegie Art Galleries. This offer was made "on condition that the work shall be adjudged worthy and of sufficient artistic worth to properly represent the best American Art of the year," and under these conditions it was given to Mr. Winslow Homer's coast scene, "The Wreck." The second prize, of $3,000, for the painting in oil adjudged to be next in artistic value, under the same conditions, was given to Mr. Gari Melcher's "Shipbuilder." The Board of Trustees also awarded three medals of honor to the three artists, without regard to nationality, whose works were adjudged of the highest artistic value among those exhibited, the gold medal, to John Lavery, Glasgow, Scotland, for a painting entitled "Lady in Brown;" the silver medal, to J. F. Raffaelli, of Paris, for a "Notre Dame," the bronze, to Miss Cecilia Beaux, of Philadelphia, for "Ernesta." The exhibition circular announced also that the Board of Trustees, as provided in the Deed of Trust, will each year purchase not less than two works by American artists, for the Chronological Collection intended to represent the progress of American Art beginning with the year 1896, and that two medals of honor will be awarded to the two American artists whose works are placed in this collection. All these awards are guarded by the stipulation that an artist having once received a prize or medal shall not be considered eligible for the same a second time.

For the second annual exhibition in these galleries, opening November 4, 1897, provision has been made for a jury of eleven persons, one of whom shall be the Chairman of the Fine Arts Committee of the Board of Trustees, who shall act as President and have a deciding vote. Of the ten other members, two shall be artists residing in Europe, and all shall be elected by the votes of the invited contributors to the exhibition, only those votes received by the committee in Pittsburg on or before September 15, 1897, to be counted. The members of the jury will be the guests of the Board of Trustees of the Art Fund; they may exhibit works but shall not compete for medals or prizes. To the three medals of honor has been added an Honorable Mention, all to be awarded without regard to nationality, but only to works still in the possession of the artist, and which have been completed within three years of the date of opening of the exhibition. The gold medal carries with it an award of $1,500; the silver, of $1,000, and the bronze, of $500. The monetary value of the two prizes offered to American artists has, however, been reduced from $5,000 and $3,000 to $1,000 and $500 respectively, the artist accepting the prize agreeing that the Trustees shall have an option for sixty days from November 4, 1897, on his picture, at the price at which it was entered in the exhibition.

At the annual exhibitions of the Chicago Art Institute several years ago, prizes of $200 or $300 each were awarded. No medals are now given. The recent International and Cotton States Exposition in Atlanta, Ga.,

used only one general medal in making the awards in all departments of exhibits. At the Thirteenth Annual Exhibition of the St. Louis Exposition and Music Hall Association, which immediately preceded that at the Carnegie Galleries in Pittsburg, and which was also an important display of carefully selected paintings, European and American, no prizes or medals were offered, we believe, this exhibition relying upon its heavy sales to attract the artist's envois. These, it is claimed, "have exceeded in number and amount the sales at any similar expositions in the United States." Consequently, and also because of the systematic efforts to present the most interesting schools of contemporary Art, this claims to hold the position of "the leading Art exhibition of the year in the United States." The most valuable collections of paintings and sculpture in the year 1896 certainly seem to have been gathered west of the Alleghanies, and not on the Atlantic seaboard, if we except the autumn exhibition of the Philadelphia Academy, to which many of the Pittsburg pictures were transferred.

Not many of these official awards are offered by the more important Western Art institutions, several of which, indeed, do not hold any regular exhibitions. The Layton Art Gallery has no system of medals or awards, nor has any other artistic society in the city, so far as is known. It is recorded that Mr. Frederick Layton one year offered the Milwaukee Art Association a prize. The only medals connected with the history of the Detroit Museum of Art are two bronze ones presented by the trustees to Messrs. Frederick Stearns and James E. Scripps in June of last year, in acknowledgment of their services to the museum. The Cincinnati Museum Association, which holds interesting exhibitions of works of arts of all kinds, and corresponds with the leading academies and museums of the country, has not yet offered any medals or money awards to exhibitors, though it has on several occasions purchased works exhibited; on one occasion giving $500 for a painting by a Cincinnati artist. The Art Association of Indianapolis has no official prizes to offer; nor has the Art League of Minneapolis; nor the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, excepting in the art schools; the latter, however, reckons among its funded assets two donations, one of $10,000 and the other of $20,000, from both of which the interest is devoted to the purchase of works of Art to be added from time to time to the permanent collection of the academy. The first of these was received from Mr. S. S. Jewett in 1871, and the second from the late F. W. Tracy, Esq.

On the Pacific coast, the San Francisco Art Association issued an address to "the artists of California" in November, 1895, announcing a competition in historical painting to be held under its auspices in the following winter, for three prizes offered by its president, Mr. James D. Phelan, "for the encouragement of local art and historical research." The first prize, of $800, was for the best picture painted by a California artist, resident in the State, representing one of these subjects: "The Discovery of the Pacific Ocean by Balboa;" "The Discovery of California by Cabrillo;" "The Discovery of the Bay of San Francisco by Portola." The second choice in the competition was to receive $150, and the third, $50. The successful picture was to become the property of the Art Association, and all the competitive canvases were to be exhibited at the next spring exhibition of the association, in April, 1896. The judges were chosen in the following manner: Two artists by the competitors, two laymen by the directors of the association, and a fifth, who was to be an artist, by the four so chosen. Under these conditions the competition was carried out, and the prizes awarded respectively to Messrs. Mathews, Keith, and Pissis. Historical art being a plant of very feeble growth in this country, or, rather, being one that having made a promising start in the early days has since died and completely departed, such well-meant encouragement is worthy of record and imitation.

In the national capital, the Corcoran Gallery of Art awards prizes only in its schools, and the two artistic societies, that of the Washington artists and the Cosmos Club, make no awards. The latter purchases annually a picture to the value of $200 from the exhibit made by the former.

THE remarkable series of illustrations by René Reinicke for Mme. Blanche Willis Howard's story "No Continuing City," in this number of the Magazine, marks the first appearance of this famous artist's work in any American periodical. In Germany he has been for years one of the most important and constant contributors to the illustration of *Fliegende Blätter*, and few men enjoy a greater popularity.

Herr Reinicke's genius for embodying types and bringing out odd notes of character is enough to make him one of the great succession of character-draftsmen to which Cruikshank and Leech belong; while his work shows all the advance in method of the most modern school. The faithfulness and suggestiveness of the drawings for "No Continuing City" will not need to be pointed out to anyone familiar with the street types of a German town, even if he has no closer acquaintance with the German poor.

ABOUT THE WORLD

AND so at last New York City is to have a great library—a library which will be to other libraries what the metropolis is to other cities. It was an exceedingly happy thought to combine the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden foundations in one great democratic institution; the directorship has fallen into the hands of a man of great force and administrative ability, Dr. John S. Billings; and a site has been chosen which is well-nigh ideal—the space now occupied by the imposing masonry of the old reservoir, in the parallelogram formed by Forty-second Street on the north, Bryant Park on the west, Fortieth Street on the south, and Fifth Avenue on the east.



The methods and plans of the trustees for the buildings and equipment of this coming New York Public Library are so carefully thought out, and speak so intelligently the last word in the science of library-making, that they have an interest for many people other than the vexed New Yorkers of library habits and needs who have been contending as best they might with the lack of public facilities in the metropolis.

In the competition for the designing of the buildings, no less than eighty-eight architects submitted plans; the judges, Professor Ware, of Columbia University, and Mr. Bernard R. Green, engineer of the Congressional Library, selected twelve architects to compete in the "finals," each of the twelve to receive a prize of $400, and $800 to cover the cost of drawings, whether or not any of his suggestions are used. Under the terms of the legislation which established the library, its buildings are to be constructed by the Department of Public Works, from the plans secured by the Trustees after these have been approved by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment.

The space now occupied by the reservoir, which makes such a picturesque feature of the Fifth Avenue vista, is 482 × 455 feet, so that there will be room for an edifice of really magnificent dimensions, with sufficient space about it to insure a plentiful supply of light and air. The structure will cost $1,700,000, exclusive of heating, lighting, and all interior equipment. It will measure about 230 by 340 feet, which would allow about seventy-five feet of ground on the Fifth Avenue front, and about fifty-eight on Fortieth and Forty-second Streets. On the west side there is, happily, Bryant Park, with its pleasant relief of green foliage. The stone building will probably be faced with Indiana limestone. The book-stacks will be in the first and second stories and the basement, leaving the third story for the reading-room and other purposes. This arrangement

seemed best not only because of the light and airy position given to the reading-room, but also because it would allow an easy and symmetrical extension of the building to the west, if that should be desired. The spacious main reading-room, lighted from above, and free from dust and noise, will be supplemented by special reading-rooms for students, on the second and third floors.

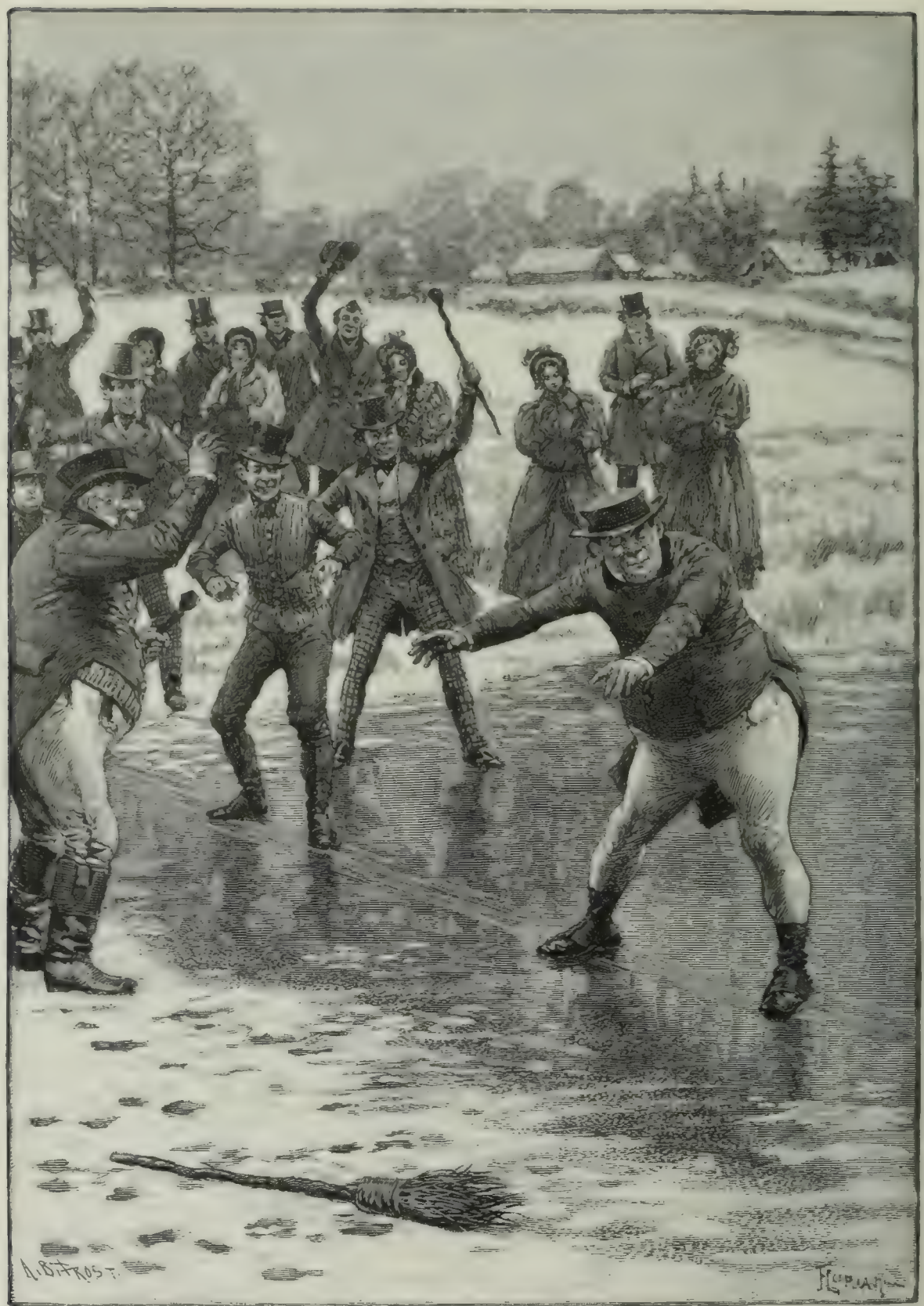
The Trustees's report shows that everything has been thought of down to the least detail, —the perfect height of the ceilings, the proportions of the book-stacks, the best elevation of the window-sills, floors carpeted with cork, reception-rooms, a women's room, two cloak, parcel, and bicycle rooms, telephones, public lavatories and two or more elevators.

This report of the Commission gives some interesting statistics of the interior of the structure: "Of the reading-rooms freely open to the public, the main ones are to accommodate eight hundred readers, and to cover 26,800 square feet, allowing thirty square feet for each reader. There will be three rooms, so arranged that only one need be used at a time, but all can be readily served from one counter. The periodical and newspaper rooms are to cover 4,000 square feet each. There will be a patents room, 3,500 square feet; public documents rooms, 4,000 square feet; a children's room, 4,000 square feet, accommodating eighty readers, and a library for the blind, 800 square feet, for twenty readers. The reading-rooms for scholars and special students, to which admission will be by card only, will be divided as follows: Five or six special reading-rooms, from 1,800 to 2,000 square feet each; manuscript department, with a store-room, reading and librarian's room; a music-room, 800 square feet; a Bible-room, 800 square feet; a map-room, 1,000 square feet, and eight work-rooms for special students. The lending-delivery room will have a counter sixty feet long and seats for one hundred and fifty, and will cover 16,000 square feet. There will be three exhibition-rooms, open to the public, consisting of a picture-gallery, the Stuart collection-room and an exhibition-room for the history of printing. The administrative department will have a trustees' room, directors' rooms, an order department, a cataloguing room, an accessions department, a receiving and checking room for books, a packing and delivery room, a duplicate and exchange room, a main stack room for 1,500,000 volumes, 187,500 linear feet of shelving, a binding department, a printing-office, a business superintendent's office, a photographing department and lunch-rooms."

THE CHEROKEE PILGRIMAGE



AS this is written, the Cherokee nation, in the Indian Territory, is preparing for a great pilgrimage to the East to visit the tomb of its famous chieftain, Watohma, near Russellville, Ky. This great warrior, according to a Cherokee tradition, was killed in a tremendous battle with the Shawnees, a hundred and fifty years ago. The Cherokees have been taught by their medicine-men that the tribe will be extinct in a few years; and with a reverential sentiment that is not unimpressive, the nation is going to make this arduous pilgrimage to deposit its most precious mementoes and trophies on the grave of its great ancestor and leader. The small army of twelve hundred will march East during the month of October, and beginning with November 3d, the date of the battle, will indulge in a week's round of festivities in their old home, where they flourished before Daniel Boone and those who followed him sent them, with the bison and the elk, toward the setting sun. At first the citizens in the neighborhood of Russellville and the line of march were, not unjustifiably, somewhat nervous over the prospect; but the emissary whom the Cherokees sent to prepare the way succeeded in convincing them that the tribe will be orderly, and that no motives exist ulterior to the ceremony. The line of march crosses the Mississippi at Chester and enters Kentucky at Shawneetown. Such a picturesque incident ought to furnish a good text for the writers in England and America who are so enthusiastic over the educational and moral benefits to be derived from historical pilgrimages, especially as it does not appear that any of the Cherokee medicine-men are interested in a tourist business.



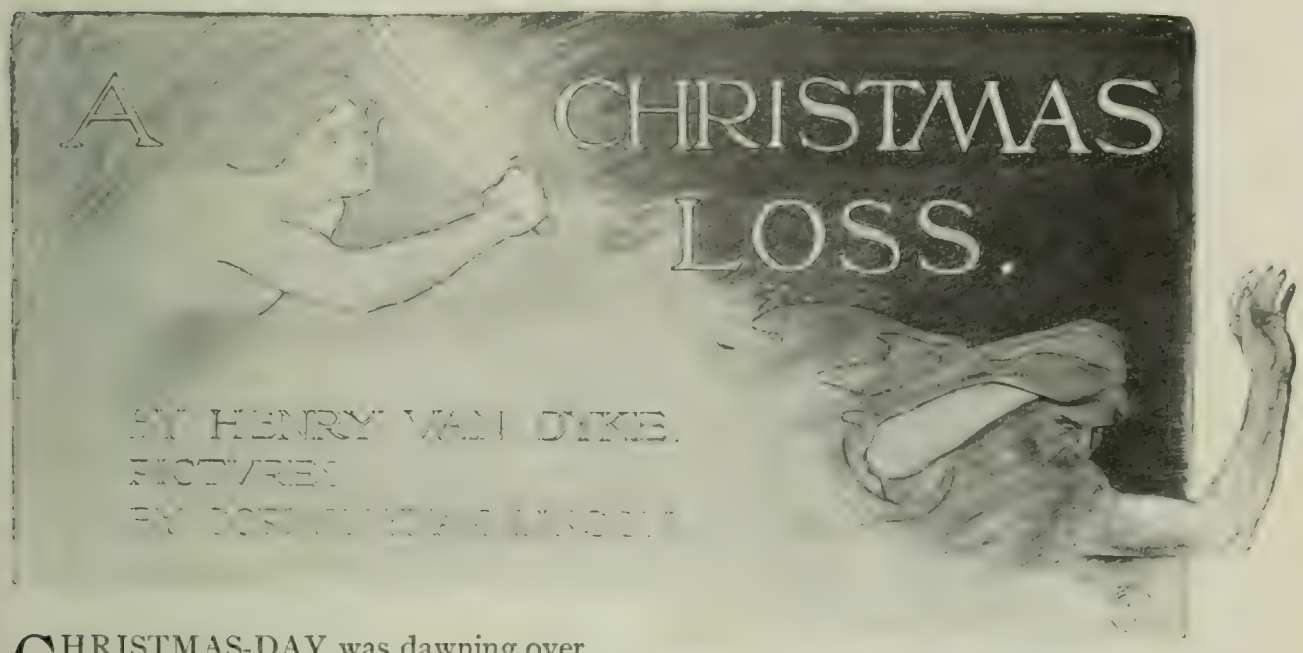
SCENES FROM THE GREAT NOVELS—XI.

THE SLIDE.—*Pickwick Papers, Chapter XXX.*

It was the most intensely interesting thing, to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony.

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CHRISTMAS-DAY was dawning over Antioch fifteen hundred years ago. The curtain of night drew softly upward along the edge of the sky, and the ragged crests of Mount Silpius stood outlined with pale light. In the darker vault of the central heaven large stars still glimmered drowsily. The great city lay half-asleep. But multitudes of Christians, robed in white garments, and bearing lighted torches in their hands, were hurrying down the dusky streets to the basilica of Constantine, to keep the newly appointed festival of the Church, the birthday of the Christ.

The long building was soon crowded with the congregation of the faithful, and the younger converts, who had passed their years of probation, but had not yet been baptized, found it difficult to come to their place between the first two pillars of the house, just within the threshold. The tallest and the fairest of that serious, youthful throng was Hermas, the son of the rich pagan Demetrius, who had forsaken his father's house two years before, to join the Christian fellowship. There was no face so beautiful, so intelligent as his, and on that day none so cold, so dissatisfied, so unresponsive to the expectant joy of the festival.

He could look over the heads of his companions and survey the vast white sea of people, stretching away through the columns, under the shadow of the high dome, as the tide flows on a calm day into the pillared cavern of Staffa, quiet as if the ocean hardly dared to breathe, yet heaving with deep life. Innumerable flambeaux cast their flickering rays over the assembly. At the end of the vista there was a circular space of clearer, steadier light. Hermas could see the bishop in his great chair, encircled by the presbyters; the high desks on either side for the readers of the Scripture; the communion-table, and the table of offerings in the middle of the church.

At the call to prayer all who had been

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seated stood up, and thousands of hands were joyously lifted in the air, as if the sea had blossomed into waving lilies; and the "Amen" was like the murmur of countless ripples in an echoing place. Then the singing began, led by the choir of a hundred trained voices which the bishop Paul had founded in Antioch. Timidly, at first, the music felt its way, as the people joined with a broken and uncertain cadence, the mingling of many little waves not yet gathered into rhythm and harmony. Soon the longer, stronger billows of song rolled in, sweeping from side to side as the men and the women answered in the clear antiphony.

Hermas had often been carried on those

> Tides of music's golden sea
> Setting toward eternity;

but to-day his heart was a rock that stood motionless. The flood passed by and left him unmoved.

Looking out from his place at the foot of the pillar, he saw a man standing far-off in the lofty bema. Short and slender, wasted by sickness, gray before his time, with pale cheeks and wrinkled brow, he seemed at first like a person of no significance—a reed shaken in the wind. But there was a look in his deep-set, poignant eyes, as he gathered all the glances of the multitude to himself, that belied his mean appearance, and prophesied power. Hermas knew very well who it was: the man who had drawn him from his father's house, the teacher who was instructing him as a son in the Christian faith, the guide and trainer of his soul—John of Antioch, the golden-mouthed preacher, whose fame filled the city and began to overflow Asia.

Hermas had felt the magic of his eloquence many a time; and to-day, as the tense voice vibrated through the stillness, and the sentences moved onward, growing fuller and stronger, bearing argosies of costly rhetoric and treasures of homely speech in their bosom and drawing the hearts of men with a resistless current, Hermas knew that the preacher had never been more potent, more inspired. He played on that immense congregation as a master on an instrument. He rebuked their sins, and they trembled. He touched their sorrows, and they wept. He spoke of the conflicts, the triumphs, the glories of their faith, and they broke out in thunders of applause. He hushed them into reverent silence, and led them tenderly, with the Wise Men of the East, to the lowly birthplace of Jesus.

"Do thou, therefore, likewise leave the Jewish people, the troubled city, the blood-thirsty tyrant, the pomp of the world, and hasten to Bethlehem, the sweet house of spiritual bread. For though thou be but a shepherd, and come hither, thou shalt behold the Young Child in an inn. Though thou be a king, and come not hither, thy purple robe shall profit thee nothing. Though thou be one of the wise men, this shall be no hindrance to thee; only let thy coming be to honor and adore, with trembling joy, the Son of God, to whose name be glory, on this His birthday, and forever and forever."

The soul of Hermas did not answer to the musician's touch. The strings of his heart were slack and soundless; there was no response within him. He was neither shepherd, nor king, nor wise man; only an unhappy, dissatisfied, questioning youth. He was out of sympathy with the eager preacher, the joyous hearers. In their harmony he had no part. Was it for this that he had forsaken his inheritance and narrowed his life to poverty and hardship? What was it all worth?

The gracious prayers with which the young converts were blessed and dismissed before the sacrament, sounded hollow in his ears. Never had he felt so utterly lonely as in that praying throng. He went out with his companions like a man departing from a banquet, where all but he had been fed.

"Farewell! Hermas," they cried, as he turned from them at the door. But he did not look back, nor wave his hand. He was alone already in his heart.

When he entered the broad avenue of the Colonnades, the sun had already topped the eastern hills, and the ruddy light was streaming through the long double row of archways and over the pavements of crimson marble. But Hermas turned his back to the morning and walked with his shadow before him.

The street began to swarm and whirl and quiver with the motley life of a huge city: beggars and jugglers, dancers and musicians, gilded youths in their chariots,



He opened his heart to the old man, and told him the story of his life.—Page 668.

and daughters of joy looking out from their windows, all intoxicated with the mere delight of living and the gladness of a new day. The pagan populace of Antioch—reckless, pleasure-loving, spendthrift —were preparing for the Saturnalia. But all this Hermas had renounced. He cleft his way through the crowd slowly, like a reluctant swimmer weary of breasting the tide. A yellow-haired girl laid hold of his robe as he passed. It seemed as if she had plucked him by the heart.

He went out by the Western Gate, under the golden cherubim that the Emperor Titus had stolen from the ruined Temple of Jerusalem and fixed upon the arch of triumph. He turned to the left and climbed the hill to the road that led to the Grove of Daphne.

In all the world, there was no highway so beautiful. It wound for five miles along the foot of the mountains, among gardens and villas, plantations of myrtles and mulberries, with wide outlooks over the valley of Orontes and the distant shimmering sea. The richest of all the dwellings was the House of the Golden Pillars, the mansion of Demetrius. He had won the favor of the apostate Emperor Julian, whose vain efforts to restore the worship of the heathen gods, some twenty years ago, had opened an easy way to wealth and power for all who would mock and oppose Christianity. Demetrius was not a sincere fanatic like his royal master; but he was bitter enough in his professed scorn of the new religion to make him a favorite at the court where the old religion was in fashion. He had reaped a rich reward of his policy; and a strange sense of consistency made him more fiercely loyal to it than if it had been a real faith. He was proud of being called "the friend of Julian;" and when his son joined himself to the Christians, and acknowledged the Unseen God, it seemed like an insult to his father's success. He drove the boy from his door and disinherited him.

The glittering portico of the serene, haughty house, the repose of the well-ordered garden, still blooming with belated flowers, seemed at once to deride and to invite the young outcast plodding along the dusty road. "This is your birthright," whispered the clambering rose-trees by the gate; and the closed portals of carven bronze said: "You have sold it for a thought, a dream."

Hermas found the Grove of Daphne quite deserted. There was no sound in the enchanted vale but the pattering of the light winds chasing each other through the laurel thickets, and the babble of innumerable streams. Memories of the days and nights of delicate pleasure that the grove had often seen, still haunted the bewildered paths and broken fountains. At the foot of a rocky eminence, crowned with the ruins of Apollo's temple, which had been mysteriously destroyed by fire just after Julian had restored and reconsecrated it, Hermas sat down beside a gushing spring, and gave himself up to sadness.

"How beautiful the world would be, how joyful, how easy to live in, without religion. These questions about unseen things, perhaps about unreal things, these restraints and duties and sacrifices—if I were only free from them all, and could only forget them all, then I could live my life as I pleased, and be happy."

"Why not?" said a quiet voice, answering his thoughts. He turned and saw an old man, with a long beard and a threadbare cloak (the garb affected by the pagan philosophers) standing behind him and smiling curiously.

"How is it that you reply to that which has not been spoken?" said Hermas; "and who are you that honor a poor young man with the company of a philosopher?"

"I am a long-time inhabitant here," answered the stranger; "none other than the solitary priest of whom, perhaps, you have heard; whom the Emperor Julian found here when he came to revive the worship of Apollo, a score of years ago. I brought the only offering in response to his call for a renewal of sacrifices in this temple. My gift was a goose, you may remember: it was all that I had, and I thought it not inappropriate. But I have lived here far longer than since Julian's time. I know all that has passed in this grove, the feasts and revels, and the various rites of many religions, including that of the Christian martyr Babylas, whose ruined chapel you see just beyond this ruined temple of Apollo. But these dusty shrines interest me very little. They are transitory. The thing that I care for is



"Tell me," whispered the old man.—Page 670.

the human life that has played here for so many years, and that still disports itself very pleasantly—believe me, for I know,—on summer evenings through these shady walks. Daphne and Apollo were only shadows. But the flying maidens and the pursuing lovers, the music and the delight of existence, these are the realities. Life is the game, and the world keeps it up merrily. But you? You are of a sad countenance for one so young and beautiful. Are you a loser in the game?"

The words and tone of the speaker fitted Hermas's mood as a key fits the lock. He opened his heart to the old man, and told him the story of his life: his luxurious boyhood in his father's house; the irresistible spell which compelled him to forsake it when he heard John's preaching of the new religion; his joy in becoming a Christian, and the exultation with which he had welcomed his trials; his lonely year with the anchorites among the mountains; the strict discipline in his teacher's house at Antioch; his weariness of duty, his distaste for poverty, his discontent with worship. "And today," said he, "I have been thinking that I am a fool. My life is swept as bare as a hermit's cell. There is nothing in it but a dream, a thought of God, which does not satisfy me."

The singular smile deepened on his companion's face. "You are ready, then," he suggested, "to renounce your new religion and go back to that of your father?"

"No; I renounce nothing, I accept nothing. I do not wish to think about it. I only wish to live."

"A very reasonable wish, and one of which I conjecture you are about to see the accomplishment. Indeed, I may even say that I can put you in the way of securing it. Do you believe in magic?"

"I have told you already that I do not know whether I believe in anything. This is not the day on which I care to make professions of faith. I believe in what I see. I want what will give me pleasure."

"Well," said the old man, soothingly, as he plucked a leaf from the laurel-tree above them and dipped it in the spring, "let us dismiss the conundrums of belief. I like them as little as you do. You have heard that this is a Castalian fountain, and that the Emperor Hadrian once read his fortune here from a leaf dipped in the water. Let us see what this leaf tells us. It is already turning yellow. How do you read that?"

"Wealth," said Hermas, laughing, as he looked at his mean garments.

"And here is a bud at the root that seems to be swelling. What is that?"

"Pleasure," answered Hermas, bitterly.

"And here is a tracing of wreaths upon the surface. What do you make of that?"

"What you will," said Hermas, not even taking the trouble to look. "Suppose we say, success and fame?"

"Yes," said the stranger; "it is all written here. I promise that you shall enjoy it all. But you do not need to believe in my promise. I am not in the habit of requiring faith of those whom I would serve. No such hard conditions for me. There is only one thing that I ask. This is the season that you Christians call the Christmas, and you have endowed it with the pagan custom of exchanging gifts. Well, if I give to you, you must give to me. It is a small thing, and really the thing you can best afford to part with: a single word—the name of Him you profess to worship. Let me take that word and all that belongs to it entirely out of your life, so that you shall never need to hear it or speak it again. You will be richer without it. I promise you everything, and this is all I ask in return. Do you consent?"

"Yes, I consent," said Hermas, mocking. "If you can take your price, a word, you can keep your promise, a dream."

The stranger laid the long, cool, wet leaf softly across the young man's eyes. An icicle of pain darted through them. Every nerve in his body was drawn together there in a knot of agony. Then it was all lifted out of him. A cool languor of delight flowed back through every vein, and he sank into a profound sleep.

II

An incalculable time had passed over him when his senses began to stir again. He opened his eyes and saw the setting sun. He rose and hurried back toward Antioch, treading upon air. Already his life had changed; he was a new man, yet



"Take this to John of Antioch, and tell him it is a gift from his former pupil."—Page 672.

curiously familiar to himself: as if he had done with playing a tiresome part and returned to his natural state. He was buoyant and free, without a care, a doubt, a fear.

As he drew near to his father's house he saw a confusion of servants in the porch, and the old steward ran down to meet him at the gate.

"Lord, we have been seeking you everywhere. The master is at the point of death, and has sent for you. Since the sixth hour he calls your name continually. Come to him quickly, lord, for I fear the time is short."

Hermas entered the house tranquilly: nothing could amaze him to-day. His father lay on an ivory couch in the inmost chamber, with shrunken face and restless eyes, his lean fingers picking incessantly at the silken coverlet.

"My son!" he murmured; "Hermas, my son! It is good that you have come back to me. I have missed you. I was wrong to send you away. You shall never leave me again. You are my son, my heir. I have changed everything. Hermas, my son, come nearer; close beside me. Take my hand, my son!"

The young man obeyed, and kneeling by the couch gathered his father's icy, twitching fingers in his firm, warm grasp.

"Hermas, life is passing—long, rich, prosperous; the last sands, I cannot stay them. My religion, a good policy—Julian's friend. But now he is gone—where? My soul is empty—nothing beyond—very dark—I am afraid. But you know something better. You found something that made you willing to give up your life for it—it must have been almost like dying—yet you were happy. What was it you found? See, I am giving you everything. I have forgiven you. Now forgive me. Tell me, what is it? Your secret, your faith—give it to me before I go."

At the sound of this broken pleading a strange passion of pity and love took the young man by the throat. His voice shook a little as he answered, eagerly:

"Father, there is nothing to forgive. I am your son; I will gladly tell you all that I know. I will give you the secret of faith. Father, you must believe with all your heart, and soul, and strength in——"

Where was the word? The word that he had been used to utter night and morning, the word that had meant to him more than he had ever known? What had become of it? He groped for it in the dark room of his mind. He had thought he could lay his hand upon it in a moment, but it was gone. Some one had removed it. Everything else was most clear to him: the terror of death; the lonely soul appealing from his father's eyes; the instant need of comfort and help. But at the one point where he looked for help he could find nothing; only a vacancy. The word of hope had vanished. He felt for it blindly and in desperate haste.

"Father, wait! I have forgotten something—it has slipped away from me. I shall find it in a moment. There is hope—I will tell you presently—oh, wait!"

The bony hand gripped his like a vice; the glazed eyes opened wider. "Tell me," whispered the old man; "tell me quickly, for I must go." The voice sank into a dull rattle; the fingers closed once more, and relaxed; the light behind the eyes went out. Hermas, the master of the House of the Golden Pillars, was keeping watch by the dead.

III

The estate of Demetrius was even richer than the world had conjectured. Hermas found himself the possessor of a princely fortune. The period of mourning came at an opportune moment to seclude and safeguard him from the storm of political troubles that fell upon Antioch after the insults offered by the mob to the Imperial Statues in the year 387. When the clouds had dispersed Hermas emerged in the full sunlight of prosperity.

Everything went well with him. The servants of the magnificent household rejoiced at his return and served him with devotion. The old friends of Demetrius poured their congratulations upon his heir. The world was a table spread before him. His head was crowned with roses, and he tasted power like a cup of spiced wine.

Letters and messengers came from the Church. They vexed him a little, but they took no hold upon him, for it seemed as if he could not really understand them.



They stood there, hand in hand, the boy drowsily resting on his father's shoulder.—Page 674.

There were blank spaces in the writing which made the full sense unintelligible. His old companions came to reproach him for leaving them, to warn him of the peril of apostasy, to entreat him to return. It all sounded vague and futile. They spoke as if he had betrayed or offended some one. But when they came to name the object of his fear—the one whom he had displeased, and to whom he should return—he heard nothing ; there was a blur of silence in their speech. The clock pointed to the hour, but the bell did not strike. At last Hermas refused to see them any more.

One day, John the Presbyter stood in the atrium. Hermas was entertaining his father's nearest friend, the sophist Libanius, with his daughter the beautiful Athenais, in the triclinium. When the visit of the Presbyter was announced, the young master loosed a collar of gold and jewels from his neck, and turned to his scribe :

"Take this to John of Antioch, and tell him it is a gift from his former pupil—a token of remembrance, or to spend for the poor of the city. I will always send him what he wants, but it is idle for us to talk together any more. I do not understand what he says. I have not gone to the temple, nor offered sacrifice, nor denied his teaching. I have simply forgotten. I do not think about it. I am only living. A happy man wishes him all happiness and farewell."

But John let the golden collar fall on the marble floor. "Tell your master that we shall talk together again after all," said he, as he passed sadly out of the hall.

The love of Athenais and Hermas was like a stream that sinks out of sight for a time in a rocky place, but springs to light again, brighter and fuller than ever, in a green meadow. As boy and girl they had played together, and loved each other among the jasmine and lilies of the neighboring gardens. The exile of Hermas had divided them. Now they were reunited more closely than ever. When Athenais entered the House of the Golden Pillars as a bride, all the music of life came with her. Hermas called the feast of her welcome "the banquet of dreams fulfilled." Day after day, night after night, week after week, month after month, the bliss of the home unfolded like a rose of a thousand leaves. When a child came to them, a strong, beautiful boy, worthy to be the heir of such a house, the heart of the rose was full to overflowing. Happiness was heaped upon happiness. Every wish brought its own accomplishment. Wealth, honor, beauty, peace, love — it was an abundance of felicity so great that the soul of Hermas could hardly contain it.

Strangely enough, it began to press upon him, to trouble him with the very excess of joy. He felt as if there were something yet needed to complete and secure it all. There was an urgency within him, a longing to find some outlet for his feelings, he knew not how—some expression and culmination of his happiness, he knew not what. Under his joyous demeanor a secret fire of restlessness began to burn—an expectancy of something yet to come which should put the touch of perfection on his life. He spoke of it to Athenais, as they sat together one summer evening in a bower of jasmine, with their boy playing at their feet. There had been music in the garden ; but now the singers and lute-players had withdrawn, leaving the master and mistress alone in the lingering twilight, tremulous with inarticulate melody of unseen birds. There was a secret voice in the hour seeking vainly for utterance ; a word waiting to be spoken at the centre of the charm.

"How deep is our happiness, my beloved," said Hermas ; "deeper than the sea that slumbers yonder, below the city. And yet I feel it is not quite full and perfect. There is a depth of joy that we have not yet known—a tranquil repose of happiness that is still beyond us. What is it? I have no superstitious fears, like the king who cast his signet-ring into the sea because he dreaded that some secret vengeance would fall on his unbroken good fortune. That was an idle terror. But there is something that oppresses me like an invisible burden. There is something still undone, unspoken, unfelt—something that we need to complete everything. Have you not felt it, too ? Can you not lead me to it, my light, my star ? "

"Yes," she answered, lifting her eyes, veiled with unformed tears, to his face ; "I too have felt it, Hermas, this burden, this need, this unsatisfied longing. I think I know what it means. It is gratitude—the language of the glad heart, the music of



But the boy's head struck heavily against the wall, and he lay unconscious. — Page 675.

happiness. There is no perfect joy without gratitude. But we have never learned it, and the want of it troubles us. It is like being dumb with a heart full of love. We must find the word for it, and say it together. Then we shall be perfectly joined in perfect joy. Come, my dear lord, let us take the boy with us and give thanks."

Hermas lifted the child in his arms, and turned with Athenais into the depth of the garden. There was a dismantled shrine of some forgotten fashion of worship half-hidden among the luxuriant flowers. An unrecognizable image lay beside it, face downward in the grass. They stood there, hand in hand, the boy drowsily resting on his father's shoulder—a threefold harmony of strength and beauty and innocence. Silently the roseate light caressed the tall spires of the cypress-trees; silently the shadows gathered at their feet; silently the crystal stars looked out from the deepening arch of heaven. The very breath of being paused. It was the hour of culmination, the supreme moment of felicity waiting for its crown. The tones of Hermas were clear and low as he began, half-speaking and half-chanting, in the rhythm of an ancient song:

"Fair is the world, the sea, the sky, the double kingdom of day and night, in the glow of morning, in the shadow of evening, and under the dripping light of stars.

"Fairer still is life in our breasts, with its manifold music and meaning, with its wonder of seeing and hearing and feeling and knowing and being.

"Fairer and still more fair is love, that draws us together, mingles our lives in its flow and bears them along like a river, strong and clear and swift, reflecting the stars in its bosom.

"Wide is our world; we are rich; we have all things. Life is abundant within us—a measureless deep. Deepest of all is our love, and it longs to speak.

"Come, thou final word. Come, thou crown of speech. Come thou charm of peace! Open the gates of our hearts. Lift the weight of our joy and bear it upward.

"For all good gifts, for all perfect gifts, for love, for life, for the world, we praise, we bless, we thank——"

As a soaring bird, struck by death, falls headlong from the sky, so the song of Hermas fell. At the end of his flight of gratitude there was nothing—a blank, a hollow space. He looked for a face and saw a void. He sought for a hand and clasped vacancy. His heart was throbbing and swelling with passion, the bell swung to and fro within him, beating from side to side as if it would burst; but not a single note came from it. All the fulness of his being, that had risen upward like a living fountain, fell back from the empty sky, as cold as snow, as hard as hail, frozen and dead. There was no significance in his happiness. No one had sent it to him. There was no one to thank for it. His felicity was a closed circle which shut him in with a wall of eternal ice.

"Let us return," he said sadly to Athenais, "the child is heavy upon my shoulder. We will lay him to sleep and go into the banqueting-hall. The air grows chilly. We were mistaken. The gratitude of life is only a dream. There is no one to thank."

And in the garden it was already night.

IV

No outward change came to the House of the Golden Pillars. Everything moved as smoothly, as delicately, as prosperously as before. But inwardly there was a subtle, inexplicable transformation. A vague discontent, a final and inevitable sense of incompleteness, overshadowed existence from that night when Hermas realized that his joy could never go beyond itself.

In the morning, the strange old man whom he had seen in the Grove of Daphne, but never since, appeared mysteriously at the door of the house, as if he had been sent for, and entered, to dwell there like an invited guest. Hermas could not but make him welcome, and at first he tried to regard him with reverence and affection as the one through whom fortune had come. But it was impossible. There was a chill in the inscrutable smile of Outis, as he called himself, that seemed to mock at reverence. He was in the house as one watching a strange experiment: tranquil, interested, ready to supply anything that might be needed for its completion, but thoroughly indifferent to the feelings of the subject; an anatomist of life, looking curiously to see how long it would continue and how

it would behave after the heart had been removed.

In his presence Hermas was conscious of a certain irritation, a resentful anger against the calm, frigid scrutiny of the eyes that followed him everywhere—a pair of spies, peering out over the smiling mouth and the long white beard.

A perpetual haste took possession of him, an uneasiness that left him no repose. The summit of life had been attained; the highest possible point of felicity. Henceforward the course could only be at a level—perhaps downward. It might be brief; at the best it could not be very long. It was folly to lose a day, an hour. That would be the only fatal mistake: to forfeit anything of the bargain that he had made. He would have it, and hold it, and enjoy it all to the full. The world might have nothing better to give than it had already given; but surely it had many things that were new to bestow upon him, and Outis should help him to find them.

Under his learned counsel the House of the Golden Pillars took on a new magnificence. Artists were brought from Corinth and Rome and Byzantium to adorn it with splendor. Its fame glittered around the world. Banquets of incredible luxury drew the most celebrated guests into its triclinium, and filled them with envious admiration. The bees swarmed and buzzed about the golden hive. The human insects, gorgeous moths of pleasure, and greedy flies of appetite, parasites and flatterers, and crowds of inquisitive idlers, danced and fluttered in the dazzling light that surrounded Hermas. Everything that he touched prospered. The beauty of Athenais lost nothing with the passing seasons, but grew more perfect, even under the inexplicable shade of dissatisfaction that sometimes seemed to veil it, as a translucent pearly cloud that passes before the full moon. "Fair as the wife of Hermas" was a proverb in Antioch. And soon men began to add to it, "Beautiful as the son of Hermas;" for the child developed swiftly in that favoring clime. At nine years of age he was straight and strong, firm of limb and clear of eye. His brown head was on a level with his father's heart. He was the jewel of the House of the Golden Pillars, the pride of Hermas, the new Fortunatus.

That year another drop of success fell into his brimming cup. His black Numidian horses, which he had been training for three years for the world-renowned chariot-races of Antioch, won the victory over a score of rivals. Hermas received the prize carelessly from the judge's hands; and turned to drive once more around the circus, to show himself to the people. He lifted the eager boy into the chariot beside him to share his triumph. Here, indeed, was the glory of his life, this matchless son, his brighter counterpart carved in breathing ivory, touching his arm and balancing himself proudly on the swaying floor of the chariot. As the horses pranced around the ring, a great shout of applause filled the amphitheatre, and thousands of spectators waved their salutations of praise: "Hail, fortunate Hermas, master of success! Hail, little Hermas, Prince of Good Luck."

The sudden tempest of acclamation, the swift fluttering of innumerable garments in the air, startled the horses. They dashed violently forward and plunged upon the bits. The left rein broke. They swerved to the right, swinging the chariot sideways with a grating noise, and dashing it against the stone parapet of the arena. In an instant the wheel was shattered. The axle struck the ground and the chariot was dragged onward rocking and staggering. By a strenuous effort Hermas kept his place on the frail platform, clinging to the unbroken rein. But the boy was tossed lightly from his side at the first shock. His head struck the wall. And when Hermas turned to look for him, he was lying like a broken flower on the sand.

They carried him in a litter to the House of the Golden Pillars, summoning the most skilful physician of Antioch to attend him. For hours the boy was as quiet as death. Hermas watched the white eyelids, folded close like lily-buds at night, even as one watches for the morning. At last they opened, but the fire of fever was burning in the eyes, and the lips were moving in a wild delirium. Hour after hour that sweet childish voice rang through the halls and chambers of the splendid, helpless house, now rising in shrill calls of distress and senseless laughter, now sinking in weariness and dull moaning. The stars waxed and waned; the sun rose and set; the roses



"Servant of demons, be still!"—Page 678.

bloomed and fell in the garden; the birds sang and slept among the jasmine-bowers. But in the heart of Hermas there was no song, no bloom, no light—only speechless anguish, and a certain fearful looking-for of desolation. He was like a man in a nightmare. He saw the shapeless terror that was moving toward him, but he was impotent to stay or to escape it. He had done all that he could. There was nothing left but to wait. He paced to and fro, now hurrying to the boy's bed as if he could not bear to be away from it, now turning back as if he could not endure to be near it. The people of the house, even Athenais, feared to speak to him, there was something so vacant and desperate in the aspect of his face.

At nightfall, on the second of those eternal days, he shut himself in the library. The unfilled lamp had gone out, leaving a trail of smoke in the air. The sprigs of mignonette and rosemary, with which the room was sprinkled every day, were unrenewed, and scented the gloom with a close odor of decay. A costly manuscript of Theocritus was tumbled in disorder on the floor. Hermas sank into a chair like a man in whom the very spring of being is broken. Through the darkness some one drew near. He did not even lift his head. A hand touched him; a soft arm was laid over his shoulders. It was Athenais, kneeling beside him and speaking very low:

"Hermas—it is almost over—the child! His voice grows weaker hour by hour. He moans and calls for someone to help him; then he laughs. It breaks my heart. He has just fallen asleep, exhausted. The moon is rising now. Unless a change comes he cannot last beyond sunrise. Ah, is there nothing we can do? Is there no power that can save him? Is there no one to pity us and spare us? Let us call, let us beg for compassion and help; let us pray for his life!"

Yes, that was what he wanted. That was the only thing that could bring relief—to pray, to pour out his sorrow somewhere, to find a greater strength than his own, and cling to it and plead for mercy and help. To leave that undone was to be false to his manhood; it was to be no better than the dumb beasts when their young perish. How could he let his boy suffer and die, without an effort, a cry, a prayer?

He sank on his knees beside Athenais.

"Out of the depths—out of the depths we call for pity. The light of our eyes is fading—the child is dying. Oh, the child, the child; spare the child's life, thou merciful ——"

Not a word; only that deathly blank. The hands of Hermas, stretched out in supplication, touched the marble table. He felt the cool hardness of the polished stone beneath his fingers. A book, dislodged by his touch, fell rustling to the floor. Through the open door, faint and far off, came the footsteps of the servants, moving cautiously. The heart of Hermas was like a lump of ice in his bosom. He rose slowly to his feet, lifting Athenais with him.

"It is in vain," he said; "there is nothing for us to do. Long ago I knew something. I think it would have helped us. But I have forgotten it. It is all gone. But I would give all that I have if I could bring it back again, now, at this hour, in this time of our bitter trouble."

A slave entered the room while he was speaking, and approached, hesitatingly.

"Master," he said, "John of Antioch, whom we were forbidden to admit to the house, has come again. He would take no denial. Even now he waits in the peristyle, and the old man Outis is with him, seeking to turn him away."

"Come," said Hermas to his wife, "let us go to him, for I think I see the beginning of a way that may lead us out of this dreadful darkness."

In the central hall the two men were standing: Outis, with disdainful eyes and sneering lips, taunting the unbidden guest to depart; John, silent, quiet, patient, while the wondering slaves looked on in dismay. He lifted his searching gaze to the haggard face of Hermas.

"My son, I knew that I should see you again, even though you did not send for me. I have come to comfort you, for I have heard that you are in trouble."

"It is true," answered Hermas, passionately; "we are in trouble, desperate trouble, trouble accursed. Our child is dying. We are poor, we are destitute, we are afflicted. In all this house, in all the world, there is no one that can help us. I knew something long ago, when I

was with you—a word, a name—in which we might have found hope. But I have lost it. I gave it to this man. He has taken it away from me forever."

He pointed at Outis. The old man's lips curled scornfully. "A word, a name!" he sneered. "What is that, O most wise and holy Presbyter? A thing of air, an unreal thing that men make to describe their own dreams and fancies. Who would go about to rob anyone of such a thing as that? It is a prize that only a fool would think of taking. Besides, the young man parted with it of his own free will. He bargained with me cleverly. I promised him wealth and pleasure and fame. What did he give in return? An empty name, which was a burden——"

"Servant of demons, be still!" the voice of John rang clear, like a trumpet, through the hall. "There is a name which he who taketh in vain shall perish. There is a name which he who loseth shall be lost. There is a name at which the devils tremble. Depart quickly, before I speak it!"

Outis had shrunk into the shadow of one of the pillars. A bright lamp near him tottered on its pedestal and fell with a crash. In the confusion he vanished, as noiselessly as a shade.

John turned to Hermas, and his tone softened as he said, "My son, you have sinned deeper than you know. The word with which you parted so lightly is the key-word of all life and joy and peace. Without it the world has no meaning, and existence no contentment, and death no refuge. It is the word that purifies love and comforts grief and keeps hope alive forever. It is the most precious thing that ever ear has heard, or mind has known, or heart has conceived. It is the name of Him who has given us life and breath and all things richly to enjoy: the name of Him who, though we may forget Him, never forgets us; the name of Him who pities us as you pity your suffering child; the name of Him who, though we wander far from Him, seeks us in the wilderness and sends His Son, even as His Son has sent me this night, to breathe again that forgotten name in the heart that is perishing without it. Listen, my son, listen with all your soul to the blessed name of our Father, God."

The cold agony in Hermas's breast dissolved like a fragment of ice that melts in the warm summer sea. A sense of sweet release spread through him from head to foot. The lost was found. The dew of a divine peace fell on his parched soul, and the withering flower of human love lifted its head again. The light of a new hope shone on his face. He stood upright, and lifted his hands high toward heaven, as the Christians used to do in their most solemn and joyous prayers.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord. O my God, be merciful to me, for my soul trusteth in Thee. My God, Thou hast given; take not Thy gift away from me, O my God. Spare the life of this my child, O Thou God, my Father, my Father!"

A deep hush followed the cry. "Listen!" whispered Athenais, breathlessly. Was it an echo? It could not be, for it came again: the voice of the child, clear and low, waking from sleep, and calling: "My father, my father!"



"THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN"

(Dedicated to the Memory of the Late W. Hallett-Phillips)

BY RUDYARD KIPLING



Mingan River, May 26th.—*Antoine shammed sick when C—— came up this week. He is, of course, waiting for L——, and intends to take him farther along the North Shore, where they are running by millions.*

Medicine Hat, June 18th.—*Billy White says he is not going to guide any more fools who can't shoot, and wants to know if H—— comes out this summer. He has some new ground marked.*

Camp Bunji *via* Astor, July 1st.—*Birkett has snaffled the best tracker in the M—— gullies and gone on. He is trying for the Pamirs, I hear.*

Southampton, May 6th.—*As my young gentleman has just put her in commission for cruise in Northern parts and am going with him, am unable to accept any engagement in home waters this summer. Respectfully, etc.*

Macassar, Feb. 19th.—*You will not get any men from that village if De V—— has been before you. The Head-man is his blood-brother and is taught to know rival collectors. Even the boys will not collect, and it is impossible to get skins.*

NOW the Four-way Lodge is opened : now the Hunting-winds are loose—
Now the Smokes of Spring go up to clear the brain—
Now the young men's hearts are troubled for the whisper of the Trues—
Now the Red Gods make their medicine again !
Who hath seen the beaver busied ? Who hath watched the black-tail mating?
Who hath lain alone to hear the wild-goose cry?
Who hath worked the chosen water where the ouananiche is waiting,
Or the sea-trout's jumping-crazy for the fly?

He must go—go—go away from here.
On the other side the world he's overdue.
'Send your road is clear before you when the old Spring-fret comes o'er you
And the Red Gods call for you !

SO for one the wet sail arching through the rainbow round the bow,
And for one the creak of snow-shoes on the crust ;
And for one the lakeside vigil where the bull-moose leads the cow,
And for one the mule-train coughing in the dust.
Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath heard the birch-log burning?
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
Let him follow with the others, for the young men's feet are turning
To the camps of proved desire and known delight!

Let him go—go—, etc.

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I

DO you know the blackened timber—do you know that racing stream
With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end;
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man may bask and dream
To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?
It is there that we are going with our rods and reels and traces,
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know—
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock with the starlight on our faces,
For the Red Gods call us out and we must go!

They must go—go—, etc.

II

DO you know the shallow Baltic where the seas are quick and short,
Where the bluff, lee-boarded fishing-luggers ride?
Do you know the joy of threshing leagues to leeward of your port
On a coast you've lost the chart of overside?
It is there that I am going, with an extra hand to bale her—
Just one single 'long-shore loafer that I know.
He can take his chance of drowning, while I sail and sail and sail her,
For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go, etc.

III

DO you know the pile-built village where the sago-dealers trade—
Do you know the reek of fish and wet bamboo?
Do you know the dripping silence of the orchid-scented glade
When the blazoned, bird-winged butterflies flap through?
It is there that I am going with my camphor, net, and boxes,
To a gentle, yellow pirate that I know—
To my little wailing lemurs, to the palms and flying-foxes,
For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go, etc.

IV

DO you know the world's white roof-tree—do you know that windy rift
Where the baffling mountain-eddies chop and change?
Do you know the long day's patience, belly-down on frozen drift,
While the head of heads is feeding out of range?
It is there that I am going, where the bowlders and the snow lie,
With a trusty nimble tracker that I know.
I have sworn an oath to keep it on the horns of *Ovis Poli,*
And the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go, etc.

NOW the Four-way Lodge is opened—now the Smokes of Council rise—
Pleasant smokes ere yet 'twixt trail and trail they choose—
Now the girths and ropes are tested: now they pack their last supplies,
Now our young men go to dance before the Trues!
Who shall meet them at those altars—who shall light them to the shrine,
Velvet-footed who shall guide them to their goal?
Unto each the voice and vision: unto each his spoor and sign—
Lonely mountain in the northland, misty sweat-bath 'neath the Line—
And for each a man that knows his naked soul!

WHITE or yellow, black or copper he is waiting, as a lover,
Smoke of funnel, dust of hooves, or beat of train—
Where the high grass hides the horseman or the glaring flats discover—
Where the steamer hails the landing or the surf-boat brings the rover—
Where the rails run out in sand-drift . . Quick, ah heave the camp-kit over!
For the Red Gods make their medicine again!

And we go—go—go away from here!
On the other side the world we're overdue!
'Send the road is clear before you when the old Spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you.





A RUN OF LUCK

By Joel Chandler Harris

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

IT was natural that the war and its results should bring about great changes in the South ; but I never fully realized what a wonderful change had been wrought until, a dozen years after the struggle, business, combined with pleasure, led me to visit the old Moreland Place, in middle Georgia. The whole neighborhood for miles around had been familiar to my youth, and was still dear to memory. Driving along the well-remembered road, I conjured up the brilliant and picturesque spectacle that the Moreland Place presented when I saw it last : a stately house on a wooded hill, the huge, white pillars that supported the porch rising high enough to catch the reflection of a rosy sunset, the porch itself and the beautiful lawn in front filled with a happy crowd of lovely women and gallant men, young and old, the wide avenues lined with carriages, and the whole place lit up (as it were) and alive with the gay commotion of a festival occasion. And such indeed it was—the occasion of the home-coming of Linton Moreland, the master, with a bride he had won in far-off Mississippi.

The contrast that now presented itself would have been pathetic if it had not been amazing. The change that had taken place seemed impossible enough to stagger belief. It had been easier to imagine that some convulsion had swept the Moreland Place from the face of the earth than to believe that in twenty years neglect and decay could work such preposterous ravages. The great house was all but dismantled. One corner of the roof had fallen in. The wide windows were mere holes in the wall. The gable of the porch was twisted and rent—so much so that two of the high pillars had toppled over, while another, following the sinking floor, had parted company with the burden it was intended to support and sustain. The cornices, with their queer ornamentation, had disappeared, and more than one of the chimney-tops had crumbled, leaving a ragged pile of bricks peeping above the edge of the roof. The lawn and avenues leading to it were rankly overgrown with weeds. The grove of magnificent trees that had been one of the features of the Place had not been spared. Some were

lying prone upon the ground and others had been cut into cord-wood, while those that had been left standing had been trimmed and topped and shorn of their beauty.

Even the topography of the Place had changed. The bed of the old highway leading to the gate that opened on the main avenue had now become a gully, and a new highway had been seized upon—a highway so little used that it held out small promise to the stranger who desired to reach the house. The surroundings were so strange that I was undecided whether to follow the new road, and my horse, responsive to the indecision of my hand, stopped still. At this an old negro man, whom I had noticed sitting on the trunk of a fallen tree not far from the house, rose and came forward as fast as his age would permit him. I knew him at once as Uncle Primus, who had been the head servant in the Place in Linton Moreland's day—carriage-driver, horse-trainer, foreman, and general *factotum*. I spoke to him as he came forward, hat in hand and smiling.

He bowed in quite the old fashion. "Howdy, suh! I 'low'd you wuz tryin' fer ter fin' yo' way ter de house, suh. Dat what make I come. De time wuz, suh, when my ole Marster wuz 'live, en long atter dat, dat nobody on top er de groun' hatter ax de way ter dat house up yander. But dey's been a mighty churnin' up sence dem days, suh, en in de churnin' de whey done got de notion dat it's more wholesomer dan de butter—en I speck it is, suh, ter dem what like whey."

He paused and looked at me with a shrewd twinkle in his eye, which quickly faded away when, in responding to his remark, I called his name again. He regarded me closely, but not impolitely, and then began to scratch his head in a puzzled way. I was on the point of telling him who I was when he raised his hand, a broad grin of pleasure spreading over his face.

"Wait, suh! des wait! I ain't gwine ter be outdone dataway. Ain't you de same little boy what show'd me whar de buzzud nes' wuz on de two-mile place, en' which he use ter go 'possum-huntin' long wid me?" Assuring Uncle Primus that his identification was complete in all particulars, he brought his two hands together with a resounding clap, exclaiming, "Ah-yi! Primus gittin' ol', suh, but he ain't gwine ter be outdone when it come ter knowin' dem what he use ter know, an' mo' speshually when he know'd 'em endurin' er de farmin' days. You er kind er fleshened up, suh, en you look like you er mo' settled dan what you wuz in dem days. Kaze I dunner how come you 'scaped breakin' yo' neck when you wuz stayin' at de Terrell plantation."

I was as much pleased at Uncle Primus's recognition after these long and fateful years as he seemed to be, and we had much to say to each other as he piloted me along the new road to the new gate. The house and the homeplace were now owned by a Mr. Yarbrough, who had at one time followed the calling of an overseer. Having bought the house, it was a marvel why he allowed it to go to rack, but he did. Instead of repairing the fine old house and living in it, he built a modest dwelling of his own. There is a psychological explanation of this, into which it is not necessary now to go. At the time I could find small excuse for the man who could use the Moreland house as a storage place for corn, wheat, potatoes, and fodder, and that, too, when there were no locks on the doors, and only boards nailed across the lower windows.

But Mr. Yarbrough gave me a good dinner, as well as a good part of the information I had come in search of, and it would have become me ill to inquire too closely into his motives for abandoning the Moreland dwelling to the elements. After dinner, I walked about the place with Uncle Primus, visiting first the rock-spring, that I remembered well, and the old family burying-ground in the orchard. Here all the marbles were old and weather-beaten, and I had much trouble in making out some of the names and dates. I knew that Linton Moreland had returned home after the war, with some military reputation, which he tried in vain to turn to account in business matters. Farming was such a precarious affair directly after the war that he gave it up in disgust, and moved to Savannah, where he took charge of the general agency of an insurance company. Lacking all business training, and wanting the instinct of economy in all things, great or small, it was no surprise to his friends when he gave up the

insurance agency in disgust, and went off to Mississippi.

I had often heard of old family servants attaching themselves to their master's family, and I wondered why Uncle Primus had not accompanied Linton. The old negro either divined my thoughts, or I expressed my wonder in words not now remembered, for he began to shake his head solemnly, by way of protest.

"Well, suh," he said, after awhile, "I come mighty nigh gwine off wid my young marster. I 'speck I'd 'a' gone ef he'd 'a' had any chillun, but he ain't had a blessed one. En it look like ter me, suh, dat ef de Lord gwine ter stan' by a man, He gwine ter gi' 'im chillun. But dat ain't all, suh. I done been out dar ter Massysip wid my young marster, en dat one time wuz too much fer me. Fust dar wuz de rippit on de steamboat, en den dar wuz de burnin' er de boat, en den come de swamps, en de canebrakes; en I tell you right now, suh, I dunner which wuz de wuss—de rippit on de boat, er de fier, er de swamps, er de canebrakes. Dat ain't no country like our'n, suh. Dey's nuff water in de State er Massysip fer ter float Noah's ark. Hit's in de ve'y lan' what dey plant der cotton in, suh. De groun' is mushy. En black! You mayn't b'lieve me, suh, but dey wuz times when I wuz out dar, dat I'd 'a' paid a sev'mpunce fer ter git a whiff er dish yer red dus' up my nose. When you come to farmin', suh, gi' me de red lan' er de gray. Hit may not make ez much cotton in one season, but it las's longer, en hit's lots mo' wholesome."

To pass the time away, I asked Uncle Primus about the "rippit" on the boat, as he called it. He shook his head and groaned. Finally he brightened up, and said:

"You ain't know much about my young master, suh; you wuz too little; but he had de fam'ly failin', ef you kin call it dat. He wuz up fer whatsomever wuz gwine on, let it be a fight, er let it be a frolic. 'Twuz all de same ter him, suh; yit, ef he had de choosin', 'twould 'a' bin a fight mighty nigh all de time. I dunner but what he wuz wuss at dat dan ole marster wuz, en de Lord knows he wuz bad 'nuff.

"Well, suh, nothin'd do my young marster but he mus' travel, but stidder travellin' up dar in Boston, en Phillimindelphy, whar folks live at, he tuck de notion dat he mus' go out dar in de neighborhoods er Massysip. En I had ter go 'long wid 'im. I kinder hung back, kaze I done hearn tell 'bout de gwines-on dey had out dar; but de mo' I hung back, de mo' my young marster want me ter go. I wuz lots younger den dan what I is now, en lots mo' soopler, en I 'low ter myself dat ef anybody kin stan' fer ter go out dar spectin' ter come back wid breff in um, dat somebody wuz Primus. 'Twuz like de ol' sayin', suh—start out wid a weak heart ef you want ter come home wid a whole hide. En so we start off. My young marster wuz mighty gaily. He cracked jokes, en went on mighty nigh de whole time; en I 'spicioned den dat dey wuz gwine ter be some devilment cut up 'fo' we got back. En sho nuff dey wuz.

"Well, suh, stidder gwine right straight to'rds Massysip, we tuck de stage en went ter Nashville, en den ter Kaintucky, en den fum dar up ter St. Louis. Hit look like dat wharsomever dey wuz a hoss-race, er a chicken fight, er a game er farrer gwine on, right dar we wuz, en dar we staid twel de light wuz out, ez you may say. En when dey'd move, we'd move. Ef it hadn't 'a' been fer me, suh, my young marster would 'a' teetotally ruint hisse'f wid gamblin' en gwine on. I seed dat sump'n had ter be done, en dat mighty quick, so I tuck 'im off one side en ax 'im ef he'd bet on de hoss what I'd pick out fer 'im de next day. Dat wuz des fun fer my young marster, suh. He tuck me right up, en des vowed he'd put his las' dollar on 'im.

"'Twan't no mo' trouble ter me, suh, ter pick out de winnin' hoss dan 'twuz ter wash my face. Dat night I made my young marster gi' me a tickler full er dram, en den I went 'mong de stables whar dey kep' de race-hosses, en 'twan't no time 'fo' I know'd eve'y hoss dat wuz gwine ter win de nex' day, en de day arter, en de day arter dat—kaze de nigger boys, what rode de hosses, know'd, en dey tol' me what dey wouldn't dast ter tell no white man dat ever wuz born'd.

"Well, suh, we sorter helt back on de fust two races, but de nex' un wuz de big un, en my young marster plankt down all he had on de hoss I picked, en we walked 'way fum dar wid mighty nigh 'nuff money ter fill a bedtick. De biggest pile my young



De man wid de white whiskers en blue eyes counted out de bills slow.

marster got, he won'd fum a great big man, wid white whiskers en blue eyes. He look mo' like a preacher dan any hoss-race man I ever is see. De man wid de white whiskers en blue eyes counted out de bills slow, en all de time he wuz doin' it he look hard at me en my young marster. Arter we got back in de tavern, my young marster say, 'Primus!' I say, 'Suh!' He 'low, 'Is you see how dat ol' man look at us whence he wuz countin' out dat money?' I 'low, 'Well, suh, I notice 'im glance at us mo' dan once.' He say, 'You know what dat means?' I say, 'No, suh, less'n hit's kaze he hate ter drap so much good money.' He 'low 'Dat man got de idee in 'im big ez a mule dat I'm a swindler. Damn 'im! I'll put a hole thoo 'im de fust chance I git.' I 'low, 'Better wait twel we git some mo' er his money.' But my young marster tuck it mighty hard. He walk de flo' en walk de flo'. But ez fer me—well, suh, I des set down at de foot er de bed, en de fus news I know'd I wuz done gone ter de land er Nod.

"Well, suh, we went on cross de coun-



He dash de water in de man's face wid one han' en draw'd his gun wid de yuther.—Page 689.

try twel we came ter St. Louis. We ain't do much dar, 'cep ter spen' money, en bimeby my young marster tuck a notion dat he'd go ter New 'leans. I 'low, 'Dar now!' but dat ain't do no good. My young marster done make up his min'. So I got ev'ything ready, en terreckly atter dinner we went down en got on de boat. Hit look like ter me, suh, dat she wuz bigger dan a meetin'-house. Mon, she loomed up so high, dat I got sorter skittish, en den on top er dat wuz two great big smoke-stacks, scolloped on de aidge, en painted red roun' de rim. En de smoke dat come a-bilin' out'n um wuz dat black en thick, dat it look like you might er cut it wid a kyarvin' knife.

"I followed 'long atter my young marster, I did, en when we got up on top dar whar de balance er de folks wuz, de fust man I laid eyes on wuz dat ar man wid de white whiskers en de blue eyes what my young marster won de big pile er money fum. He look 'mo like a preacher man dan ever, kaze he wuz drest up 'mo slicker dan what he had been. I ain't blame 'im fer dat when I seed what he had wid 'im. I done laid eyes on lots er purty white ladies, but I ain't seed none no purtier dan de one what dat ar preacher-lookin' man had wid 'im. She walk, suh, like she wuz on springs, en when she laugh it look like she lit up de boat, en her ha'r shine like when de sun strike down thoo de trees whar de water ripple at. When de man 'ud look at her, hit seem like his eyes got mo' bluer, but dey want no mo' bluer dan what her'n wuz en not more'n half ez big. I know'd by de way she hung on de man's arm en projicked wid 'im, dat dey wuz some kin er nudder, en I say ter myse'f, 'Name er de Lord, white man, whyn't you drap dis gamblin' business en settle down some'ers en take keer er dat gal?' Bless yo' soul, suh, whiles I wuz sayin' dat de gal wuz pullin' at de man's whiskers; en bimeby, she up en—*smack!*—she kissed 'im, en den I know'd he wuz her daddy.

"My young marster wuz watchin' all deze motions mo' samer dan what I wuz. He watch de gal so close dat bimeby de man kotch 'im at it, en when my young marster seed he wuz kotched he up en blush wuss'n de gal did. But de preacher-lookin' man ain't say nothin'. He look at my young marster an grin des nuff fer ter show his tushes. 'Twan't no laugh; 'twuz one er deze yer grins like you see on er dog des 'fo' he start ter snap you. Den he hustled de gal off, en I dunner whar dey went."



De young 'oman moan en cry out: "Oh, it can't be!"—Page 691.

"Arter supper some er de men what my young marster been talkin' wid said sump'n 'bout gittin' up a little game. Dey talked en smoked en bimeby my young marster en two mo' 'greed ter try dey han' at poker. Dey went off to'rds a little room what dey had at one een' er de boat, en I went 'long wid um. My fust notion wuz ter go off some'ers en go ter bed, but when I got ter what dey wuz gwine, dar wuz de preacher-lookin' man settin' in dar by his lone se'f shufflin' a deck er kyards. He look up, he did, when my young marster en de yuthers went in, en den he showed his tushes en bowed. But he kep' on settin' dar shufflin' de kyards, en it look like ter me that he done been shuffle kyards befo'. I been see lots er men shuffle kyards in my day, but dat ar preacher-lookin' man, he beat my time by de way he handle dat deck. 'Twuz slicker dan sin.

"Right den en dar, suh, I say ter myse'f dat dish yer preacher-looking' man wuz one er dem ar river-gamblers, what you hear folks talk 'bout, en dat he wan't doin' nothin' in de roun' worl' but layin' fer my young marster. Dey sorter pass de time er day, dey did, en my young marster 'low dat he hope he ain't doin' no intrusion, en de preacher-lookin' man say ef dey's anybody doin' any intrusion, it's him, kaze he ain't doin' nothin' but settin' dar projickin' with de kyards wait-



"Shake han's wid me, Nigger."—Page 691.

in' fer bed-time. Den my young marster ax 'im ef he won't jine in de game, en he 'low he don't keer ef he do, but he say it twon't do 'im no good fer ter jine in de game ef my young marster know ez much 'bout kyards ez he do 'bout race-hosses. Wid dat, my young marster 'low dat he never won'd a dollar on any hoss what he pick out hisse'f. Dis make the preacher-lookin' man open his eyes wide, en dey look mo' bluer dan befo' ; en he 'low :

" 'Who does de pickin' fer you?'

" My young marster nod his head to'rds me. 'Dar's my picker.'

" De man say, 'Who larnt you so much 'bout race-hosses?'

" I make answer, 'Well, suh, hit's mighty much de same wid hosses ez 'tis wid folks. Look at um right close en watch der motions, en you'll know what dey got in um, but you won't know how you know it.'

" De man say, 'Kin you pick out kyards same ez you does hosses?'

" I 'low, 'Well, suh, I has played sev'm-up on Sundays, en I ken pick out de kyards when I see um."

" Dis make de man grin mo' samer dan befo', but my young marster looks mighty sollum. He drum on de table wid his fingers like he studyin' 'bout sump'n, en bimeby he say :

" 'Primus, I wus des 'bout ter sen' you off ter bed, but I reckon you better set dar behine me en gi' me good luck.'

" De man look at me, en den he look at my young marster, I 'low :

" 'I'll set behime you en nod, Marse Lint, ef dat'll gi' you good luck.'

" Well, suh dey started in wid de game. Dey had corn fer chips, en er empty see-gyar box wuz de bank. I watched um long ez I could, en den I drapt off ter sleep. I dunner how long I sot dar en nodded, but bimeby I hear a shufflin', en dat woke me. De two men what come in wid my young marster had done got tired er playin', en dey draw'd out en went off ter bed. My young marster wuz fer drawin' out too, but de preacher-lookin' man wouldn't hear ter dat. He say, 'Gi' me er chance ter win my money back,' en I know'd by dat dat my young marster ain't been losin' much.'

" Dey played on, en I kinder kep' one eye on de game. My young marster played des like he tryin' ter lose. But 'twant no use. Luck wuz runnin' his way, en she des run'd all over him. She got 'im down en wallered 'im, en den she sot on top un 'im. Dey ain't no use talkin', suh : hit wuz des scanlous. Dey wan't no sleep fer me while dat wuz gwine on. I des sot dar wid bofe eyes open, en my mouf too, I speck. De kyards run'ded so quare, suh, dat dey fair made my flesh crawl, kaze I know'd how it bleedze ter look like swindlin' ter de man what wuz so busy losin' all his money. Ef I hadn't er know'd my young marster, nobody couldn't er tol' me dat he wa'nt playin' a skin game, kaze I wouldn't b'lieved um. En dat's de way 'twuz wid dat ar preacher-lookin' man. He played en played, but bimeby he put his kyards down on de table, en draw'd a long breff, en look at my young marster. Den he 'low.

" 'I seed lots er folks in my day en time, but you en your dam nigger is de slickest pair dat I ever is lay eyes on.'

" My young marster sorter half-way shet his eyes en lean on de table en look at de man. He ax :

" 'What yo' name?'

" Man say, 'Barksdale er Loueeziana.'

" My young marster had his han' on a tum'ler er water, en he 'low : 'Well, Barksdale er Loueeziana, ol' ez you is, I'll hatter l'arn you some manners.'

" Wid dat, he dash de water in de man's face wid one han' en draw'd his gun wid de yuther. De man wipe de water out er his eyes wid one han' en draw'd *his* gun wid de yuther. Leas'ways, I speck he draw'd it, kaze de pistol what my young marster had wuz so techous, ez you may say, dat I duckt my head when I seed 'im put his han' on it.

" But 'fo' anybody could do any damage, suh, I heerd a squall dat make my blood run col'. Hit come fum a 'oman, too, kaze dey ain't nothin' ner nobody what kin make dat kinder fuss 'cep' it's a 'oman er a mad hoss. I raise my head at dat, en dar stood my young marster en de man wid der han's on der guns en de table 'twix um. De squall ain't mo' dan die away, 'fo' somebody holler 'Fier!' en time dat word come, I could see de red shadder flashin' on de water, en den hit come 'cross my min' dat dey waz one nigger man a mighty fur ways fum home, en hit

make me feel so sorry fer de nigger man dat I couldn't skacely keep fum bustin' out en cryin' boo-hoo right den en dar. De man look at my young marster en say:

"'Scuze me des one minnit. My daughter— '

"'Certn'y, suh!' sez my young marster, en den he bowed des ez perlite ez ef he'd a had a fiddle stidder a pistol. De man, he bowed back, en went out, en my young marster follered arter. By dat time de folks in de boat (en dey wuz a pile un um, mon!) come a-rushin' out'n der rooms, en 'fo' you kin wink yo' eyeball dey wuz a-crowdin' en a-pushin' en a-pullin', en a-haulin', en a-cryin', en a-fightin', en a-cussin', en a-prayin'.

"Wel, suh, I put it down in my min' den, en I ain't never rub it out, dat ef you take proudness out'n de white folks dey er des ez skeery ez de niggers. En dem white folks on dat boat dat night had all de proudness out'n um, en dey went on wuss'n a passel er four-footed creeturs. Hit's de Lord's trufe, suh—all 'cep'n my young marster en de preacher-lookin' man. Dem two wuz des ez cool ez cowcumbers, en I say ter myse'f, I did, 'I'll des up en wait twel dey gits skeer'd, en den I'll show um how skeer'd a nigger kin git when he ain't got nothin' on his min'.'

"Dat ar Mr. Barksdale, he wuz fer shovin' right 'long froo de crowd, but my young marster say dey better stay on de top deck whar dey kin see what gwine on. 'Bout dat time I cotch sight er de young 'oman in de jam right close at us, en I p'int her out ter my young marster. Time he kin say, 'Dar yo' daughter right nex' ter de railin',' de crowd sorter swayed back, de rope railin' give 'way, en inter de water de gal went, wid a lot mo' un um. My young marster han' me his coat en pistol en over he went; I han' um ter Mr. Barksdale, whiles he sayin', 'Oh, Lord! oh, Lordy!' en over I went—kaze in dem days I ain't had no better sense dan ter go whar my young marster went. I hit somebody when I struck de water, en I like ter jolted my gizzard out, en when I riz hit look like de boat had done got a mile away, but she wuz headin' fer de bank, suh, en she flung a broadside er light on de water, en I ain't hit mo'n a dozen licks 'fo' I seed my young marster hol'in' de gal, an' swimmin' 'long easy.

"Well, suh, what should I do but des up en fetch one er dem ar ol'-time fox-huntin' hollers, en I 'boun' you mought er heerd it two mile. My young marster make answer, en den I know'd de res' wuz easy. Kaze me an' him wuz at home in de water. I holler out, I did, 'Gi' me room, Marse Lint!' en I pulled up 'long side er him same ez a pacin' hoss. My young marster say sump'n, I disremember what, en den he laugh, en when de young 'oman hear dis, she open her eyes, en make some kind er movement. My young marster 'low: 'Don't grab me, please, ma'am,' en she say she ain't skeer'd a bit. 'Bout dat time we come up wid a nigger man in a canoe. Stidder tryin' ter save us, ef we needed any savin', he done his level best ter git away. But he ain't hit two licks wid de paddle 'fo' I had de boat, en I say: 'You dunner who you foolin' wid, nigger!'

"Well, suh, he dez riz up in de boat en light out same ez a bull-frog in a mill-pon'. My young marster say he wuz a runaway nigger, en I speck he wuz, kaze what business he got jumpin' in de water des kaze we want ter git in his boat? Dat zackly what he done; he lipt out same ez er bull-frog. Now, some folks dunner how ter git in a boat fum de water when dey ain't nobody in it, but here's what does. De sides is lots too ticklish. I dez grab de een' en sorter spring up en down twel I got de swing un it, en den I straddle it des like playin' lip-frog. Dat done, dey want no trouble 'tall. I lif' de young 'oman in, en den my young marster he clomb in, en dar we wuz a little chilly in de win', but warm 'nuff fer ter thank de Lord we had life in us. I tuck de paddle, I did, en look at my young marster. He nod his head to'rd de burnin' boat. De young 'oman wuz cryin' en moanin', en gwine on turrible 'bout her daddy, but I des jerk dat canoe along. Her daddy wuz dead, she des know'd it; sump'n done tol' her so; en nobody ner nothin' can't make her b'lieve he 'live, no matter ef day done seed 'im 'live en well. You know how de wimmin folk runs on, suh. But while she gwine on dat a-way, I wuz des makin' dat canoe zoon, pullin' fust on one side en den on t'er.

"By dis time, suh, de burnin' boat done been run on de bank, en, mon, she lit up

de worl'. De fier wuz shootin' mos'ly fum de middle, en mos' all de folks wuz at de een' nex' ter de bank, but on de hine een' en way on de top deck dey wuz a man standin'. He wuz wringin' his han's en lookin' out on de water, en he want no mo' tryin' ter save hisse'f dan de smoke-stacks wuz. De light shined right on 'im, en I know'd de minnit I seed 'im dat 'twus dat ar Mr. Barksdale. So I turn my head en say ter de young 'oman, 'Mistiss, yon' yo' pa now.' She ain't look up 'tall. She 'low: 'I don't b'lieve it! I never is ter b'lieve it!' I say: 'Marse Lint, who dat ar gemman on de top deck all by his own 'lone se'f?' My young marster 'low: 'Hit's Mr. Barksdale.' De young 'oman moan en cry out: 'Oh, it can't be!'

"But I des drove dat ar canoe 'long, en bimeby we wuz right at de hine een', en my young marster sot in ter holler at dat ar Mr. Barksdale. But look like he can't make 'im hear, de folks on de een' wuz makin' sech a racket, en de fier wuz ro'in so. I say, 'Wait, Marse Lint,' en den I back de canoe out in de light, en fetched one er dem ol'-time corn-shuckin' whoops. Dis make de man look down. I holler, 'Here yo' daughter waitin' fer you! Climb down—climb down!'

"Well, suh, he sorter rub his han' 'cross his eyes, en den de young 'oman fetched a squall en called 'im by name. Wid dat, he stoop down en pick up my young marster's coat en den he clomb down des ez cool ez a cowcumber. 'Twan't long atter dat 'fo' we made a landin'. You mayn't b'lieve it, suh, but folks in gettin' off dat burnin' boat, what wid der crowdin' en der pushin', would drown deyse'f in water dat want up ter der chin ef dey'd a stood up. It's de Lord's trufe. Not one here en dar, suh, but a whole drove un um.

De folks in de neighborhood seed de light en know'd purty much what de matter wuz, en 'twan't long 'fo' here dey come wid der buggies, en der carryalls, en der waggins, en by sunup me an' my young marster, en de young 'oman en her daddy, wuz all doin' mighty well at a house not mo'n two mile fum de river. Leas'ways, I know I wuz doin' mighty well, suh, kaze I wuz drinkin' hot coffee en eatin' hot biscuits in de kitchen, en I speck de yuthers wuz doin' de same in de house. En what better kin you ax dan dat?

"Atter dinner, whiles I wuz settin' out on de hoss-block sunnin' myse'f—kaze de sun feel mighty good, suh, when you done got yo' fill er vittles—I wuz settin' dar, I wuz, kinder huv'rin' 'twix' sleep en slumber, when I hear my young marster talkin'. I open my eyes, en dar wuz him en Mr. Barksdale comin' down fum de house. Dey stop not so mighty fur fum whar I wuz, en talk mighty sollum. Bimeby, Mr. Barksdale beckon ter me. He 'low:

"'Come yer, boy. You wuz de onliest one what hear what I say ter yo' young marster las' night, en I want you ter hear what I say now, en dat's dis: I'm ready ter git on my knees en 'polergize on account er de insults what passed.'

"I say: 'Yasser, I know'd sump'n n'er had ter be done 'bout dat, kaze my white folks ain't got no stomach fer dat kind er talk, let it come fum who it shill en whence it mought.'

"He look at me right hard, en den he laugh, en 'low: 'Shake han's wid me. Nigger ez you is, you er better dan one-half de white folks dat I'm 'quainted wid.'

"Well, suh, you wuz 'roun' here when my young marster come back wid my young mistiss? Dat wuz de upshot un it. We went home wid Marse Barksdale, en when we come 'way fum dar, Marse Lint brung wid 'im de gal what he pick up in de river.

"Dey ain't but one thing 'bout my young marster dat I can't onkivver en onravel. What in de name er goodness de reason dat he can't stay right here whar he born'd at, stidder gwine out dar in Massysip er Loueeziany, er wharsomever hit is? Dat what I want ter know."

When I last saw him, Uncle Primus was sitting on a log, evidently still trying to solve that problem.

THE WHITE REPUBLIC

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

Of Pilgrim eyes previsioned and Puritan lips foretold,
Dowered with wealth of woodland and glory of virgin gold,
Awoke the White Republic, the gift of the Lord Most High,
As broad and free as the borders be of her own wide western sky!
Mother of loyal daughters, whose girdle and guard are these—
Their leagues of inland waters and bulwarks of splendid seas,
Each to the other plighted till the end of time they stand,
Palmetto to pine united and prairie to pasture-land.

She hath store of grain ungarnered and harvests her sons have sown,
She is jewelled with mines unminted whose measure no man hath known,
And the light of her eyes is steady, and her onward march is free,
For it knows no rest, but is like the quest of her rivers that seek the sea.
Upward and on she presses with a zeal no check may rein,
With a strength no shock may shatter while her seasons wake and wane,
Nerved of her stirring stories of the deeds and the deaths of men,
She wins for greater glories till the lapse of human ken.

Her breath is sweet of the southland and the fragile jasmine blows,
On her brow is the excellent whiteness of still Sierra snows,
And her feet are shod with the mosses of the murmurous woodland ways,
And her temples crowned with fillets of the sheaves of slender maize:
As the wild Atlantic fearless, as the hushed Pacific calm,
She rules her rugged hilltops and her breathless groves of palm,
And, whether in waste or city, with freedom her shining shield,
She is queen by right of her splendid might and the love her children yield.

And on through the unrun ages, through stormy and sunlit days,
Still shall the crescent pages of history sing her praise,
As by ways of strife and burden to the goal of strife's surcease
She pursues the priceless guerdon, the dawn of a deathless peace,
The wise and wonderful mother of states and states to be,
Guarded and well defended of the sons who made her free,
Of the sons who learned to love her, and of loving her learned to die
For the flag of the White Republic, the gift of the Lord Most High!

THE POSING OF VIVETTE



BY J·RUSSELL TAYLOR · ILLUSTRATED BY A·B·WENZELL·



VIVETTE. You've finished with my face? Then I can talk?
'Twill take an hour to mend my skirt; it caught
And spoiled my three-rail jump: I hate to sew.
Why do you paint me in these stupid woods?
What is this . . . mm . . . who is it that I am?
Bacchante, yes: but tell me what she was—,
A harlequin?

THE ARTIST. Not quite: it means a girl
Who served a Greek god.

VIVETTE. O, that's what I am.
I wondered if this airy creature waltzed
In a smile, a garland, and a leopard skin



That doesn't fit: 'tis too décolleté.
But if she served a god—why, here's a nun,
A convent, dressed in purity and wreaths!

THE ARTIST. He was the god of wine, my dear.

VIVETTE. Ah, then,
The sisters danced a ballet up to church
With flapping leopard skirts, took off their wreaths
Like theatre-hats, and most demurely drank
Absinthe. . . . I wish you'd hurry: this old tree
Is rough, my foot's asleep, and ants
Explore my back. Just let me shiver, please!

THE ARTIST. It won't be long.

[*She hums a little tune, then stops. He looks up.*]



Vivette! Don't wink, don't breathe!
That's just the expression. Don't——
VIVETTE. Io, io,
Iacchus!
THE ARTIST. Yes, the wine god. . . . But, Vivette!—
VIVETTE. 'Tis day, Silenus. We have overslept:
Has Ino risen already, little man?
Where are our mænads pale in purple hair,
Leaf-ears and slim-shanks with the mellow nymphs,
The satyrs, and the Lydian bassarids?
THE ARTIST. Well, what the devil's this?
VIVETTE. And no wine left
For us, old goat-hoofs: . . . I am something mused;
The torches through the dark are in my head,
The deep-toned Chthonian cymbals up the wood,
And all the Evian revel and parade.
I am not yet adept in ecstasy:
This strange new sweet romantic god of ours
Intoxicates my fancy all too much.
Here is a change, from tripping robes in town



To dappled fawnskins knotted at the breast
With snakes which float and lick us on the chins,
Or exquisite cool-thrilling nakedness
That dances honey-pale upon the gloom
With sounding moons of tambourines aloft!

THE ARTIST. Good lord, she's mad!

VIVETTE. And yet 'tis not all joy:
Mere frogs that croon and quire the death of night
Chill our flushed dreams to ashes; laughing fauns
Grow wistful, and gay hamadryads mute
When Bacchus sleeps or is away: some threat
Lurks in the charm of this high dalliance,
Some horror black beneath this masque of spring,
As in Pan's piping. Even the green-wreathed wands
Are weapons masked. Silenus, did you know
The pine-cone on the thyrsus hid a spear?

THE ARTIST. So I must be Silenus. Heaven help!
O yes, I knew!

VIVETTE. The tiger, teased too far



Last night (she sprawled an insolence of grace
Along his cruel beauty, black and gold
And sumptuous white), nipped Ariadne's hand.
I had not guessed the cone concealed a blade,
Though there I saw the Theban horror drip :
She shrieked ; the thyrsus glittered, pinned the brute
By one gaunt stripèd flank unto the moss
Where he writhed roaring till the god released
And healed him. . . . Come, flushed ancient, we must stir.
O for the chanting dithyramb, to wake
The rain of pattering satyr-hoofs, and thrill
The purple ankles of the Hyades



Till every grape-kissed girl-foot taps in tune
And every nymph in Naxos floats her hair!
O, Dionysus, drinker of raw blood!
O, Dionysus, golden, honey-sweet!

[*He steps forward as she begins to dance, and touches her arm.*]

THE ARTIST. Vivette——

VIVETTE. A man here at the Mysteries!
Agave's fingers shall drip red again. . . .
Mænads, a man!

[*She leaps, one hand reaching his face before he can seize her wrists and hold her, struggling.*]

THE ARTIST. You wild-cat! Why, Vivette!

[*She falls forward against him: he lays her on the grass.*]

VIVETTE. Hullo, what's happened? O, you hurt my wrists!
What have I done—I fainted?

THE ARTIST. Died, I think.

VIVETTE. Your face is bleeding—aie!

THE ARTIST. I know, I know:
That blackberry caught me when I ran to help.

VIVETTE. We're brilliant. Where's my leopard skin? Why, here,
Bacchantes shouldn't swoon in evening dress
Without a chaperone: besides, it crumples
Your gorgeous lack of clothes.

THE ARTIST. Come, child, we'll go.
I'll paint you serving tea-cups after this.

VIVETTE. O, I'm all right. Your old ants make me sick.
Please tie my shoes while I put up my hair,
My antique hair. Vivette's herself again.



SIR EDWARD J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

By Cosmo Monkhouse

IT says not a little for that often abused body, the English Royal Academy of Arts, that after losing in rapid succession two such distinguished presidents as Lord Leighton and Sir John Millais, it should be able to select another from its ranks so able to sustain its prestige as the painter of "Israel in Egypt," "Atalanta's Race," and "The Visit to Æsculapius." But it is not only from his easel pictures, nor even from his other pictorial and decorative works, that he derives all his qualifications for the high office which he holds. As a creative artist he has done much, but it is doubtful whether he has ever quite done himself justice. Almost from the beginning of his career his keen mind has been employed in many directions for the good of his country and his country's art. As the first Slade Professor at University College, London, and as Director of the National Art Training Schools at South Kensington, to mention no other ways in which his knowledge and intelligence have been employed for national ends, he has been occupied with important duties which must have seriously trenched upon the time at his disposal for original composition; moreover the thought and care and judgment which he has so continuously exercised as a teacher and a counsellor, have doubtless influenced the creations of his own mind. They are by no means deficient in variety, in originality, or force, but they are the work of an imagination always under critical control. If there is one element predominant in all his work, it is the intellectual. Clear, serene, well ordered, the art of Sir Edward Poynter stands out with some distinction amongst the less considered and less complete workmanship with which it is so often surrounded. Although he himself has been among the reformers of his day, the later movements in the direction of personal impressionism have not affected either his method or ideal. The new school to which he belonged in his youth, which may be broadly described as the "neo-classical," has almost become an "old" school now, but he has seen no reason to swerve from the aims and principles which inspired and guided his earliest efforts, and he finds it impossible to believe that any new fashion or indeed any new discovery can alter certain fundamental truths, which inform all the greatest art works of the past, including those of Phidias and Michelangelo. To him, as to them, art means the exercise not only of feeling and skill, but of thought and knowledge. He seeks beauty, especially of form, as seen in the most beautiful and expressive of all forms—the human. He loves not only its superficial charm, but the excellent order of its construction, the inimitable science of its organization. And this beauty, this order, this organic perfection, should, to his mind, regulate the making of a work of art, a creation complete in itself, with every part correctly proportioned and adjusted to achieve a designed result. Art so intellectual in its genesis, so definite in its appeal, requires great patience and exactitude in execution and preparation, and Sir Edward's work never fails in these respects, for it is always thoroughly thought out and wrought out. It does not seem at all improbable that the desire for order and proportion which marks the work of the present president of the Royal Academy may have descended to him from his father, the late Ambrose Poynter, architect, who, before his career was cut short by blindness, had, amongst other works, designed the National Provincial Bank at Manchester, St. Katharine's Hospital, Regent's Park, and Christ Church, Westminster. At all events his early surroundings must have soon drawn his attention to architecture and also probably to architectural decoration. Those who believe in heredity will also not fail to observe that his mother, Emma Forster by birth, was the granddaughter of Thomas Banks, R.A., a sculptor of real genius, whose works were the admiration of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Flaxman, and have

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Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.

By permission of the artist, after the portrait painted by himself. In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

been too much neglected by the rest of his countrymen. Such tendencies as he may have inherited toward the more intellectual forms of art were at least not discouraged by his early association with Leighton and his study in the *atelier* of Gleyre at Paris. Owing to his delicate health, Sir Edward's regular education was much interrupted. Shortly after his birth at Paris (March 20, 1836), he was brought to England, and he spent his childhood in the neighborhood of Westminster Abbey, first in a house at Poet's Corner, now demolished, and afterward in one at Queen Anne's Gate, which is still in his possession. After a short time at Westminster School he was sent to Brighton College in 1849, and to Ipswich Grammar School in 1850, but the winter of 1852–53 was spent in Madeira, by the doctor's orders. Here he continued his studies under a tutor, and spent much of his time in sketching the scenery in the neighborhood of Funchal, having obtained from a Mr. Thomas Boys some instruction in the use of water-colors. The next year was spent in Rome, where he made the acquaintance of the young Frederick Leighton, then engaged in his celebrated picture of "Cimabue's Madonna Carried Through Florence." It was this meeting that determined the direction of the present president's career. It commenced an associa-



Studies for the Ashanti War Medal

tion, friendly and artistic, which was to last till the elder's death. When the two youths (or young men) met, for Leighton was but twenty-three and Poynter seventeen, little did either of them think that they should both occupy the presidential chair of the Royal Academy.

Six years only between these two artists ; but at their time of life six years is a very considerable period. Leighton was already an accomplished artist, after a long and severe training at Florence, at Paris, and more especially at Frankfort, under Steinle ; Poynter was a mere tyro who had had no training at all, and had not even made up his mind what sort of training he desired. This important step, however, was decided at Rome as he worked in Leighton's studio and watched the progress of the great picture. He would be a painter, and not a painter of landscape, but of the figure. His father consenting, he went to Leigh's well-known school in Newman Street, and shortly afterward received some instruction from Mr. W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., and entered the schools of the Royal Academy. His dissatisfaction with the English training and the result of it was started or accentuated by a visit to Paris in 1855, at the time of the great Exhibition, where he was greatly struck by the works of the modern continental schools, and especially with a series of designs by Decamps. His



"Best Shot." Ashanti.

Reproductions of two medals designed by Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.



Figure Study for "Best Shot" Medal.

strong desire to transfer his studies from London to Paris was soon gratified, and on the recommendation of his uncle, the Baron de Triqueti, the sculptor (some of whose marble inlays may be seen at the Mausoleum at Frogmore), he entered the *atelier* of Gleyre (the stanch upholder of the traditions of the school of Ingres, but also the painter of "Illusions Perdues"), where he worked for three years (1856-59), in company with, amongst others, Mr. James McNeill Whistler, Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A., and the late George du Maurier. On leaving Gleyre's studio, he and his friends, Du Maurier, Lamont, and Thomas Armstrong, set up one for themselves in the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, which is the very studio immortalized by Du Maurier in "Trilby." The character of *The Laird* is taken from Lamont, and, according to Sir Edward, the picture of their student life in Paris is very faithful, except that there was no *Trilby*.

Poynter returned to England in 1860 a well-trained artist, an excellent draughtsman of the figure, and with his sense of composition and decoration well developed. In 1861 a pen-and-ink drawing of a girl, called "Alla Veneziana," was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and the next year two pictures, "Heaven's Messenger" and "A Bunch of Blue Ribbons" (now in the collection of Mr. A. A. Ionides), were hung upon its walls—the former of these, a scene from Dante, having been previously rejected. But his artistic energies were already engaged in more decorative work. While still at Paris he had executed some designs for stained glass for Messrs. Powell, of Whitefriars,



A Visit to Æsculapius. (1880.)

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.



Israel in Egypt.

By permission of I. C. Hawkshaw, Esq.

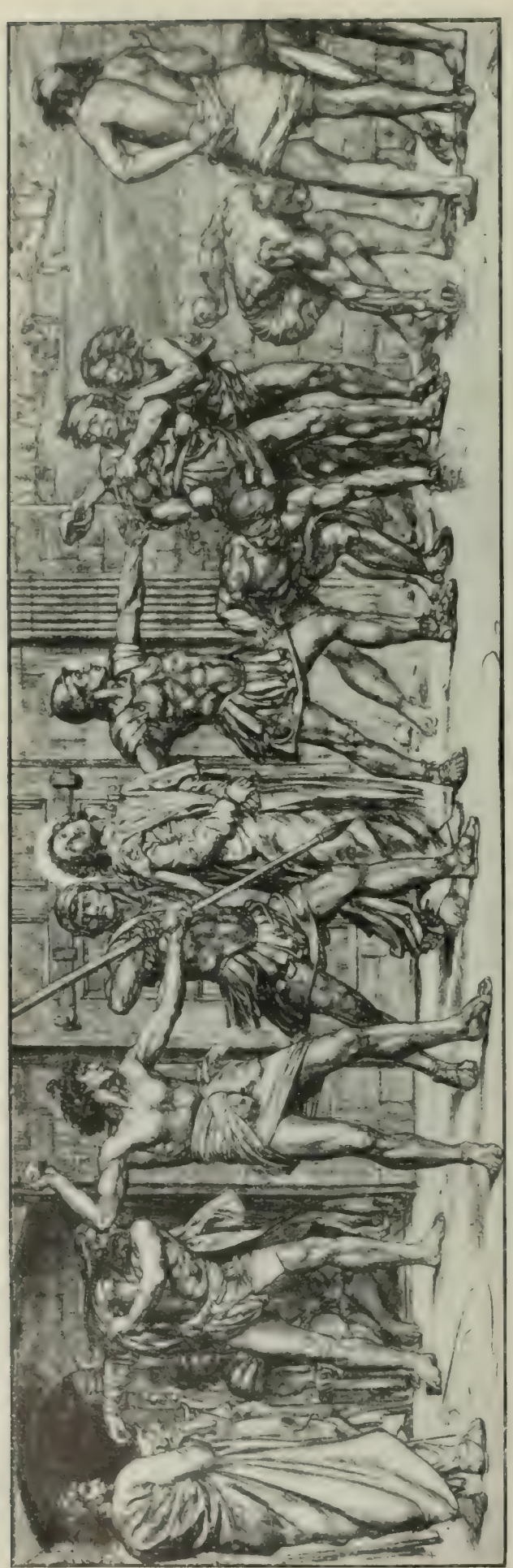


A Corner of the Market Place.
By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.

and he subsequently was much employed in such work, fine examples of which are to be seen at St. Bartholomew the Less, Smithfield, and the Maison Dieu at Dover.* But the immediate occasion of his return to England was to assist that ingenious architect and ultra-mediævalist, the late W. Burges, in the decoration of Waltham Abbey, then in process of restoration under his superintendence. For Burges he made the whole of the figure designs for the decoration of the ceiling of the abbey. They included the Twelve Signs of the Zodiac, the Four Seasons, and the Four Elements, and are remarkable for their decorative ingenuity. Amongst other work which he executed for Burges may be mentioned the decoration of furniture, an interesting example of which (a sideboard painted with a "Contest Between the Wines and the Beers") is at the Bethnal Green Museum, having been purchased by the Department of Science and Art at the International Exhibition of 1862. His long and intimate association with that Department commenced about this time, when he received a commission to execute the fine figures of Apelles and Phidias for the frieze of one of the galleries at the South Kensington Museum. There they stand in company with Leighton's Cimabue and Niccolo Pisano—four noble figures worthy of each other's society.

Among other works of his early man-

* For some illustrations of Sir Edward's work of this kind, see Mr. F. Hamilton Jackson's article in the *Architectural Review* for June, 1897.



Study for Fresco at St. Stephen's, Dulwich.

hood which deserve notice (besides the etchings in Mrs. Jameson and Lady Eastlake's "History of Our Lord"), are some powerful illustrations to poems, etc., in *Once a Week*, his first commissions for original work, and some still more notable illustrations of the Bible for Messrs. Dalziel, the wood engravers. His contributions to the latter included some scenes from the history of Joseph and Pharaoh, one or more of which would have made fine pictures, and may make them yet if the artist can find leisure. His imagination was much engaged at this time on themes of Bible history and in realizing the life and manners of the Hebrews and the Egyptians of the Old Testament. Subjects of this class appear frequently in his pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy and the Dudley Gallery, till about 1870, when they give way to more classical compositions. It was by the former that he made his reputation, and though he has since painted a great many more beautiful pictures, it is doubtful whether there is any so universally associated with his name as the "Israel in Egypt," which was exhibited in 1867.

This celebrated picture may be regarded as the natural fruit of an imagination that had dwelt much upon the history of the Jews; but its conception was almost accidental. It was at the Langham Sketching Club, a society still in existence, that the design occurred to him. At one of their meetings the subject of the "Sketch" for the evening was "Work," and Poynter's sketch was so much admired that he determined to elaborate it into a picture. He had already attracted attention at the Royal Academy by "On Guard in the Time of the Pharaohs" (1864) and "Faithful unto Death" (1865), a picture of the Roman soldier who is supposed to have sacrificed his life to his duty by remaining at his post at Pompeii till he was engulfed by a stream of lava, but "Israel in Egypt" made a still more decided mark, and with, perhaps, some as-



Knuckle Bones. (1891.)
By permission of Arthur Lucas, Esq.

sistance from the "Catapult" of the following year, secured his election as an Associate in the winter of 1868.

These two pictures may be regarded as typical of Sir Edward's first period, and are specially remarkable for the interest shown in primitive mechanics and engineering, and in the vigorous action of the figures. In the former we see the colossal statue of a lion dragged across a flat, sandy level by a quivering mass of humanity, straining every muscle at the bidding of their taskmasters, two of whom are riding on the wagon flicking at the backs of their human cattle with their long-thonged whips. Behind is seen the great Egyp-



Study for Fresco at St. Stephen's, Dulwich.



Studies of Heads for the Fresco at St. Stephen's, Dulwich.

tian temple with its gayly painted sunk-reliefs shining in the sun. It is no wonder that such a picture should have attracted the attention of the celebrated engineer, the late Sir John Hawkshaw, who purchased it from the walls of the Academy. "The Catapult" is intended to represent an incident in the siege of Carthage, and is very original and effective in design. We are at the rear of the great cumbrous engine, the Woolwich Infant of the time, whose bulk, composed of huge beams, occupies nearly the whole of the canvas. The great power of the machine is shown by the strenuous efforts of four strong men, who, with the help of a windlass, are pulling down an enormous lever. On the right a Roman captain on horseback is directing operations, and on the left some soldiers, crouching under cover of the catapult, are exchanging shots with the enemy.

Industrious and successful as Poynter had been during the first period of his career, he now entered upon another, still fuller of energetic and fruitful production. During the next twelve years, omitting all minor work, he executed the mosaic of St. George, supported by Purity and Fortitude, for the lobby of the Houses of Parliament: the fresco at the Church of St. Stephen's, Dulwich, perhaps the noblest

and least known of his greater works; the series of four large poetical pictures for the decoration of Lord Wharncliffe's billiard room at Wortley Hall ("Perseus and Andromeda," "Fight Between More of More Hall and the Dragon of Wantley," "Atalanta's Race," and "Nausicaa and Her Maidens Playing at Ball"); and "A Visit to Æsculapius," which is now in the National Collection (Chantrey Bequest), and is almost universally regarded as his masterpiece. If we add to these a number of portraits and other pictures (of various sizes, but all designed and executed with the greatest care, like the noble "Zenobia Captive" of 1878) and a considerable amount of decorative work, like the grill room at the South Kensing-



The Ides of March. (1883.)

By permission of the Art Gallery of the City of Manchester.

ton Museum, which is all panelled with tiles of his design, of great variety and charm, and if we remember that for the greater part of this time he was discharging the functions of Slade Professor of Painting at University College, London, an office which he was the first to hold, or of Director of the National Art Training Schools, some notion may be gained of the artistic and intellectual activity of this period. But no estimate of the kind would be fair or complete without taking into account the care and labor which Sir Edward devotes to the execution of the least of his designs.

It may almost be said that it is impossible to appreciate the finished work of this artist without some knowledge of the contents of those portfolios which contain his drawings. It at all events increases our respect for the man and his art to know how much thought and labor and thorough craftsmanship have gone to the making of his more important compositions. For the figure of St. George, for instance, which we see clothed in a complete suit of Maximilian armor, gleaming through the dusk of the lobby of "the House," he thought it necessary to draw the figure nude, and not only nude but *écorché*, and it was not unusual for him about this time to make a study even of the skeleton in the attitude required for a figure. Such a drawing I have before me now—a drawing for one of the men, who is stooping to pick up a stone to hurl at St. Stephen—on one side, the figure nude, but fully fleshed; on the other, trunk and legs and arms "in the bones." Contrasted with such studies there are others of great completeness and finish, but still preparations—one, for example, of the same St. George, but fully armed, with his attendant figures of Purity and Fortitude fully draped, and underneath the shield of the United Kingdom, with naked children on either side holding a festoon. The work is bordered with a band of roses conventionally treated and executed in water-colors with the utmost care, yet so broadly that when photographed it looks like a fresco. This little drawing, almost as beautiful in color as in design, was ex-



(*Undraped.*)



(*Draped.*)

Two of the Studies for "The Queen of Sheba."



Study for One of the Figures in "The Queen of Sheba."

perimental only; the shield and the children were replaced by a more formal design for the mosaic.

I am inclined to regard the series for the fresco at St. Stephen's, Dulwich, as the finest of all, and certainly as the most interesting from a human point of view, as they are studies not only of form and action, but also of character and expression. In the latter qualities the finished composition stands almost alone amongst his works. It stands alone also in the class of its subject, being, so far as I know, the only completed work of any importance in which he has attempted to express pathetic religious feeling, and it is so great a success that one cannot help regretting that he has so seldom exerted his powers in this direction. It fills the tympanum of a blind pointed arch, and contains two compositions. The upper represents Stephen before the Sanhedrim, the lower the Saint being led out to his martyrdom. The former is grandiose in design, the scene being laid in a temple of rich Renaissance architecture, with marble columns and elaborate throne, much in the style of Mantegna and other artists of North Italy. In this imposing chamber there is no figure which is not fine in physique and strong in character, and the grandest of all is the High Priest. But yet none of them can divert attention from the figure of the Saint himself—a singular combination of sweetness and dignity, who stands before them with upraised hands and his face turned to the heavenly beams which slant from above. His face is rapt with the vision of "the heavens open and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God," but the expression is simple and unaffected. The long low picture at the base, with smaller figures, like a *predella*, is quite worthy of the main composition, and as many of the figures are scantily draped, displays with greater effect the artist's knowledge of the figure and skill in draughtsmanship. The saint is being led forth between two soldiers, who are endeavoring to protect their prisoner from the fury of the crowd, which is represented by about half a dozen fierce men picking up and hurling stones. Again the figure and expression of the saint are beautiful, and the varied attitudes and gestures of his enemies fine and full of character.

Another very fine series of drawings is that made for "Atalanta's Race," which is

on the whole the most successful of the four decorations of Lord Wharncliffe's billiard-room at Wortley Hall. The running figure of Milanion casting a glance over his shoulder was the subject of many of his finest studies in charcoal and pen and ink, but more interesting perhaps are those in which he endeavors to solve the very difficult problem of drawing the arrested action of Atalanta as she turns to swoop upon the golden ball. For the whole composition there are at least two careful sketches differing in details.

After the completion of "A Visit to Æsculapius" in 1880 Sir Edward was much engaged in his designs for the decoration of the dome of St. Paul's, in which he was associated with his friend Leighton, whose design of the sea giving up its dead is now in the Tate collection at the new National Gallery. They followed in general architectural arrangement a design left by the great sculptor Alfred Stevens, but except one or two of the larger spaces left for Leighton, the very numerous and beautiful designs themselves were entirely his own. Unfortunately this scheme, upon which all his knowledge and skill was brought to bear, had to be ultimately abandoned. Nor is this the only disappointment of the kind which, from no fault or incompetency of his own, Sir Edward has had to bear, involving the waste of months of thought and labor. From this and other causes he was



Study of One of the Figures in "The Queen of Sheba."



Outward Bound.

By permission of H. Evans, Esq.

unable to complete any very important picture till 1890, when "The Queen of Sheba's Visit to King Solomon" was exhibited at Mr. McLean's in the Haymarket for a short time previous to its despatch to the art gallery of Sidney, New South Wales. The finished study for it was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1891. It is the last as it is the most gorgeous and elaborate of his larger pictures. On no work did he spend greater care in preparation. The studies nude and draped for its fifty figures are almost legion ; every detail of architecture and armor, costume and ornament, every accessory in the shape of vessels and musical instruments, "apes and peacocks," was the object of conscientious care, and for the golden lions which line the steps he had models made from his own design. Solomon is represented in the prime of life. He wears a jewelled cap (like a glorified "fez") and carries a sceptre in his left hand. He extends the right to greet the Queen of Sheba as she ascends the throne with downcast eyes and gently undulating motion. She is nude to the waist, with the exception of her tiara and the rich coils of jewels which fall over breast and arms. The rest of her body is robed in rich purple drapery spangled with gold. It needs scarcely be added that Sir Edward made numerous studies for these two principal figures both draped and undraped.

Though space only enables me to dwell upon the more important of the president's pictures, it must not be supposed that between a "Visit to Æsculapius" (1880) and "The Queen of Sheba" (1890) he did not produce many beautiful things. Indeed he may be said during these ten years to have made a separate reputation for cabinet pictures of which the creation of beauty was the sole aim. They are generally classical in subject, gem-like in color, and ex-



Studio of Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.

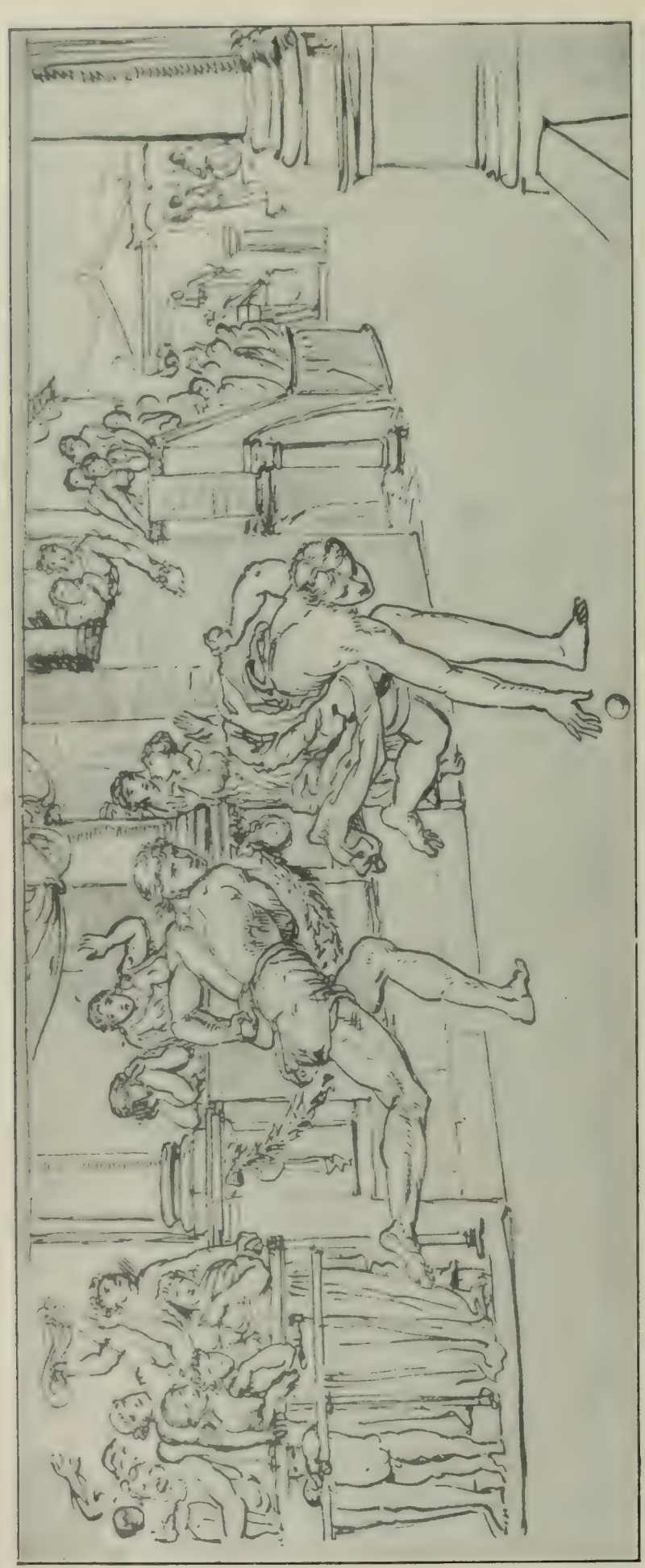
By permission of Messrs J. S. Virtue & Co.

quisitely finished, and not from want of individuality, but from similarity of subject, challenge comparison with Leighton on the one hand and Alma-Tadema on the other —interiors, mostly of Roman or Greek temples, houses, and baths, or scenes on marble terraces and steps with sparkling glimpses of sea or landscape in the distance, and slightly draped figures of women and children engaged in some simple or playful occupation, like teasing a beetle or feeding pigeons. The human figure and architecture—human flesh and marble—may be said to be the primary motives of nearly all these dainty works, and none of them are more charming in feeling and color or more irreproachable in *technique* than Mrs. Renton's "Corner of the Villa" and "Corner of the Market-place." But among the pictures of this period there are a few which call for a special word, and one of these is certainly "The Ides of March" (1883). Generally Sir Edward has avoided strong effects of light, preferring, in common with the greater masters of Italy, a light so diffused as to enable every object to show its definite shape unconfused by atmospheric accident; generally also he has kept clear of feeling which approaches the tragic and anything like magic or mystery. But in this picture, in which Cæsar and Calpurnia are gazing at the portentous comet which strikes like the blade of a dagger across the cloudy sky, he has combined tragedy, chiaroscuro, and the supernatural in one work, as if to show for once and for all how powerfully he could treat them if he were so minded. Another picture which is almost unique amongst the president's work is "Outward Bound"—two children on the shelf of a rock watching the fortune of a tiny toy boat that is slowly sailing out to sea. Never has Sir Edward drawn children more natural or unconscious than these little girls, or painted a bit of natural scenery with greater skill. Lastly, perhaps not quite so unusual but yet remarkable even amongst Sir Edward's works for the grace of its figures and the beautiful balance of its composition, is Mr. Evans's picture of "Knucklebones" (1891), a subject which the artist has repeated more than once—under the title of "When the World was Young"—with the figures draped. Whether the drapery was a concession to Mrs. Grundy or not, I do not know, but the

nude has never been treated with more purity than in the undraped version of this charming design. It will be seen from our illustrations that Sir Edward's art is strongly imbued with the love of architecture and sculpture, and though I am not aware of any building built from his plans, he designed that portion of the frieze of the Albert Hall which represents the Four Quarters of the Globe bringing offerings to Britain, and has frequently shown his talent and skill as a modeller and medallist. His prize medal for the "Best Shot" in the rifle competition of the Volunteers is certainly one of the finest of modern works of the kind, and the army medal for the Ashanti war if not so simple and dignified in design deals with much greater difficulties. It is nothing less than a picture of an incident in modern warfare with savages at close quarters, and is treated with excellent skill. He has also modelled some very good portrait medallions, including those of Sir Joseph Whitworth, Mrs. Langtry, and Lady Windsor, and the reverses of the last mint of the shilling and the florin of the British coinage are from his designs. In decorative sculpture of many kinds he has tried his hand, and amongst his drawings are a number of designs for a salver and two beakers decorated with figures illustrative of the story of Cupid and Psyche. It is one of the many proofs of his own busy life that he has



Studies for Ewer with Story of Cupid and Psyche.



Drawing for "Atalanta's Race," differing from Completed Picture.

never found time to carry this very beautiful scheme into execution.

Sir Edward Poynter's life has been one of hard work marked by few incidents outside his home and his profession. He married in 1866 at Wolverhampton the present Lady Poynter, whose maiden name was Agnes MacDonald. One of her sisters is Lady Burne-Jones, and another Mrs. Kipling, the mother of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. For many years he has resided at 28 Albert Gate (not far from his studio in the Avenue, Brompton Road), in one of those charming old houses that back onto Hyde Park, a situation as distinguished and modest as his own character. Of his personal appearance there is no better presentation than that painted by his own hand for the Gallery of the Uffizi at Florence, where it hangs by the side of those of his great predecessors Leighton and Millais. There he looks out upon the constant streams of visitors with those eyes so full of that keen intelligence which has done so much in so many ways for his country's art. I have no intention of writing his panegyric, but it may be safely said that in this respect he has few rivals amongst his predecessors, certainly few as a writer on art. The lectures he delivered at the Slade School and other places, a new edition of which has just been published, are lucid in statement of principle and practical in



Pen-and-ink Study for Milanion in "Atalanta's Race."

their application, and form no small part of his credentials for his present high position as President of the Royal Academy. Among the many honors which have come to him, not the least was the sad one of being chosen to design the border of the Queen's letter to the nation on the death of the Duke of Clarence. He is a member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors, where he occasionally sends those charming little landscapes, which ever since his first essays in the island of Madeira have been the amusement of his rare holidays. He is a member of the Royal Society of Etchers, though he seldom uses the needle, and he is an honorary member of the Royal Scottish Academy.

Lastly, he is not only the President of the Royal Academy, but the Director of the National Gallery, the duties of which have been lately increased by the New National Gallery of British Art (Mr. Tate's munificent gift) and the Wallace Gallery.

How he will contrive to discharge all his duties in the future it is difficult to see, but it may be taken for certain that he will not neglect them. What must, I fear, suffer is his own work as an artist, but this I think has suffered from a similar cause (*i.e.* from the pressure of more public duties) almost from the first.

On his easel is now standing a picture (an enlargement of a subject, "The Ionian Dance," exhibited 1895) which was almost ready for the last exhibition. It is "almost" ready now.



The men were rising from their seats, and the air was full of welcome.—Page 727.

THE WORKERS

AN EXPERIMENT IN REALITY

BY WALTER A. WYCKOFF

V—IN A LOGGING CAMP

FITZ-ADAMS'S CAMP,
ENGLISH CENTRE, LYCOMING COUNTY, PA.
Tuesday, October 27, 1891.

IN spite of the fast falling rain Fitz-Adams, the boss, ordered us up at half-past four, as usual, this morning; but when breakfast was over, the rain was too heavy to admit of our going to work. Some of the woodsmen are gone back to bed and some are mending their clothes in the loft, and the rest of the gang are loafing in the "lobby," smoking, and playing what they call "high, low, Jack, and the game," except Mike, a superb young Irishman, who, seated on a bench with his back braced against the window-sill, is reading a worn paper copy of one of the Duchess's novels, which is the only book that I have so far seen in the camp. Jenny, the head cook and house-keeper, has given me leave to write at one of the long tables where the gang is fed.

It is a relief sometimes to get away from the men. There may be *ennui* that is more soul-destroying, but I have never known any that caused such evidently acute suffering as the form which seizes upon workingmen, of my class, in hours of enforced idleness. When the day's work is done, they take their rest as a matter of course and enjoy it. But a day like this, which lays them off from work, and shuts them within doors, furnishes awful evidence of the poverty of their lives. Most of the men here can read, but not to one of them is reading a resource. The men at play are in blasphemous ill-temper over the cards, and are, apparently, on the brink of blows, while Mike is laboriously spelling his way through a page and nervously squirming in an effort to find a comfortable seat. And I know, from the experience of Sundays, in what humor the men will come down to dinner from the loft, to face an afternoon of eternal length to them, which in some way must be lived through.

I note the contrast with their normal selves the more, because, as a body of workmen, this is much the most wholesomely happy company which I have so far fallen in with. We are about twenty in number, a curiously assorted crew, all bred to the roughest life. Far up in the mountains, miles from any settlement, we live the healthful life of a lumber-camp—working from starlight to starlight, breathing the mountain-air, keen with the frosty vigor of autumn, and fragrant of pine and hemlock; eating ravenously the plain, well-cooked food which is served to us, now in the camp and now on the mountain-side, where we sit among the newly stripped logs; sleeping deeply at night in closely crowded beds in the cabin loft, where the wind sweeps freely from end to end through the gaping chinks between the logs, and where on rising we sometimes step out of bed upon a carpeting of snow. This is the life which these men know, and which half unconsciously they love, breaking from it at times, in a passion of discontent, and spending the earnings of months in a short, wild abandon of debauch, but always coming back again, remorseful, ashamed to meet the faces of the other men, yet reviving as by miracle under the touch of their native life.

They charm you with their freedom of spirit, and their rude sturdiness of character, until you find your heart warming to them with a real affection, and feeling for them the infinite pain of personal sorrow at sight of their cruel limitations. Away from their work, their one notion of the necessary accompaniment to leisure

is money, and possessed of time and treasure, their first instinctive reach is after liquor and lust.

Even now as Fitz-Adams and his brother, in yellow oil-cloth coats and wide tarpaulins, set out through the pouring rain in an open rig for English Centre, there is a chorus of voices from the door and windows of the cabin shouting to them to bring back whiskey and plenty of it. If they do and the rain continues, only God knows what the camp will be to-night.

. . . . . .

On the way out from Williamsport I could find no work on the farms, but was told of a constant demand for men in the logging-camps about English Centre.

Early on Saturday morning, October 10th, I passed through the village of Salladasburg, and the tavern-keeper at whose door I inquired the way, confirmed me strongly in my expectation of ready employment.

An old plank-road led me thence through a mountain-pass and along the course of a stream far into the interior. The earlier miles of the march were among mountains that had long been stripped of all valuable timber, and that now stood ragged and uncouth in their new growths, and in the blackened remnants of forest fires.

Here there were a few scattered farms, stony and of thin soil, where, for fences, uptorn stumps of trees had been placed side by side, with their twisted roots so interwoven as to form an impenetrable barrier.

A caravan of gypsies met and passed me; but except for these, the road was almost deserted, and seemed to be leading into yet lonelier regions.

Mountains now succeeded, on which the forests were untouched, and which, in autumn colors, were like huge mounds of foliage plant, so richly did the gorgeous hues of the maple-trees and chestnuts and beeches blend with the dark greens of hemlock and pine.

At a little after noon I came quite suddenly upon an iron bridge that crossed the wide bed of a mountain-stream which was little more than a brook now, but gave evidence of rising at times to the volume and strength of a torrent. A large tavern stood near the bridge, and beyond it to the right was a huge tannery which plainly provided the chief industry of the place. The village street was lined with rows of wooden cottages, each an unpainted duplicate of its neighbor, and all eloquent, I thought, of the monotony of the life that they held.

I went at once to the post-office, and learned that my journey was by no means at an end; for the lumber-camps were yet some miles farther in the mountains. The camp at Wolf's Run was mentioned as an important one, where work was plenty, and I set out at once for that.

I was tired and not a little hungry; for this mountain-air acts always as a whet upon your appetite, and I had eaten nothing since the early morning, and had already walked some fifteen miles. But the camp road, although rough, was easy to follow, and I found much satisfaction in dramatizing my approach to some short-handed employer who would take me on at once; I dwelt longingly on supper and a restful night and Sunday in camp, and thought hopefully of the work to be begun on Monday morning.

And then there was a peculiar interest in meeting lumbermen on the way—some were teamsters, who sat high in air on top of immense loads of bark, which they were carting to the tannery. Many of these wore wide sombreros, and jackets made of blanket stuff in gay plaids. Others were on foot, small companies of four and five together, walking to the village, for it was Saturday afternoon.

I was prepared for some degree of roughness in a lumber-camp, and in the woodsmen themselves, but there was something in the appearance of these men whom I met that hinted at my not having guessed all the truth. I judged of roughness by what I knew of the gang at West Point and in the sewer ditch at the asylum, but here was something of a widely different kind from the hardness of broken-spirited, time-serving laborers. Instinctively you knew these men for men; and I respectfully kept silence, and looked to them for greeting, and got none.

When you, a total stranger, try to meet the questioning gaze of five strong men at once, all of them sturdy and lean and deeply lined in face and keen of eye, there is bred in you a vague unease, not of fear, but an answering to that wonder as to what you

are and what you are doing there. I was conscious then only of the disturbing of my earlier confidence in entering the woods; I could not analyze the look that met me, but now I know it for meaning, reft of its strongest words: "Who in —— are you? Gospel sharks we know, and camp cooks, and honest Jew pedlers who get our wages from us for their brass-gold watches and glass jewels, but such a ——! ——! ——! ——! ——! ——! as you, we never saw before."

It was about the middle of the afternoon when a turn in the mountain-road brought to view a cluster of log-cabins, which I knew to be the camp of Wolf's Run. The cabins were splendid buildings of their kind. The logs were clean and fresh and were securely fitted, while the chinks were well plastered with mud, and the roofs tightly shingled, and the gables closely boarded up.

No one was in sight from where I stood, but there issued, from one of the smaller cabins, the ring of a blacksmith's hammer, and I found a group of men about the cabin door.

The camp stood in a little clearing on the mountain; and in contrast with the shadowy gloom in the forest around it, the sunlight flooded this open rift with concentrated light. The chestnut-trees on the edge of the wood shone like burnished gold, and the maple leaves, still green nearest to the trees, and but lightly touched with red along the boughs, deepened gradually, until, in the full sunlight, they blazed in crimson splendor. It was still with the stillness of autumn, and the sound of the blacksmith's stroke and the answering ring of the anvil were echoed far in the forest, where you could hear, fretting down its stony bed, a mountain-stream, which, in the speech of the lumbermen, is called a "run."

I had slipped the pack from my back, and carrying it in my hand, I went up to the group of men. One of them stood leaning against the door-post. He was very tall and straight, and under his wide sombrero the upper forehead was white and smooth as a girl's. The brows were arched above dark-brown eyes, and his nose was straight and sharply chiselled; the cheeks were lean and ruddy brown; and under a light mustache was a clean-cut, shapely mouth that answered in strength to a well-rounded, slightly protruding chin. His hands were thrust into the side pockets of a bright blanket jacket, and his dark trousers were tucked into a pair of top-boots, that were laced over the insteps and up the outer sides of the legs.

All the men were eying me with that disturbing look, and even the blacksmith quit his work, and joined them. In the questioning silence I summoned what courage I had, and walked up to young Achilles at the cabin door, and thus addressed him:

"Is this the camp of Wolf's Run?"

"Yes."

"Is Mr. Benton here?" (Benton is my version of the superintendent's name.)

"No, he's in English Centre."

"Is the camp boss here?" That was a rash plunge on my part, but it was successful.

"Yes, that's him," and Achilles's head nodded slightly in the direction of the largest cabin. From the door nearest us there stepped an elderly man of massive frame, bent slightly forward, and with arms so long that the hands seemed to reach to his knees. He was dressed in an old suit of dark material—a long-tail coat that fitted very loosely and baggy trousers — and a soiled linen shirt and collar and a black ribbon necktie. His face was very set and stern, not with an expression of unkindness, simply the face of a man to whom life is a serious matter, and who means business all the time.

He was evidently absorbed, and, carrying an iron bar, he was about to enter the forge with no least notice of any of us, when I interrupted him.

"I beg your pardon, sir, I understand that you are the boss."

He stood still, and looked down upon me out of keen black eyes from under shaggy brows that bristled with coarse hairs; and in the deepening silence I wondered what I should say next.

"I'm looking for a job, and I heard in English Centre that men were wanted here."

"Have you ever worked in the woods?"

"No."

"Then you'll not get work in the woods this side of hell."

He moved on at once, and the blacksmith followed him into the shop. I was

left standing in the midst of the other men, who had listened intently, and were now soberly enjoying the quality of that *bon mot*, and were eying me in leisurely curiosity.

Again I appealed to Achilles:

"Is there another camp near here?"

"There's Long's Camp, a quarter of a mile up the run," and a slight inclination of his head indicated the way.

Mr. Long did not want me, and knew of no one who might, if I was not wanted at Wolf's Run, unless, on second thought, I could get a job at Fitz-Adams's camp.

"And where is that?" I asked.

"You remember a road which forked to the left about two miles back as you came up from English Centre?"

"Yes."

"Well, you follow that road about two mile and a half, and you'll come to Fitz-Adams's Camp."

The road was the roughest that I had so far travelled. It cut its way along the sheer side of the mountain, following the course of the run. Presently I came to a small log cabin, where, in a little yard beside it, a cow was munching straw, and in front a fat sow wallowed in a pool in the middle of the road. An old Irishman, who sat on the door-step, told me that I was not half a mile from the camp.

There was a stout log dam on the run a little farther up. But the gates were open, and only a slender stream flowed through the muddy bottom, for the dam was undergoing repairs. Near by was a cabin large enough for a score of lumbermen.

The sun had sunk behind the mountains a good half hour before; not even the trees on the summits were lighted up with its setting rays, and the still, clear air bit you with a sudden chill. All the confidence which I had felt in the morning was gone; it was a very tired and hungry, a sobered and a chastened proletaire, that at length caught sight, in the gloom, of Fitz-Adams's Camp.

It stood in a clearing like the camp of Wolf's Run. On the highest area was a long, stout log cabin, to which there was given an added air of security by an earth embankment, which sloped from the ground to the lower logs all round the building, as a means of preventing the air from sweeping under the floors. A door was in the end of the cabin nearest me, and a window was cut in the boarded gable above. A wooden block served as a step to the door, and near this a grindstone swung in its frame. On the outer wall of the cabin were tacked some half dozen advertisements on tin, bidding you, in black letters on an orange background, "Chew —— Cut." Over a rough bridge that crossed the run near the cabin, I could faintly see one or two other smaller buildings like it, which proved to be the blacksmith's shop, and the stable for the teamsters' horses. The mountain-road continued its course past the main cabin, and disappeared among the trees in the gorge. So narrow was the ravine, that the mountain rose abruptly from one side of the cabin, and in much the same manner from the bank of the run on the opposite side, leaving a valley scarcely thirty yards in width. The larger timber had been cut away, but the mountain-sides, all about the clearing and the road, were dense with poplar, white-barked birch, chestnut, and the younger growths of evergreen.

There was perfect quiet in the camp; not a living thing was to be seen or heard. I went up to the nearest door, and knocked. There was no answer. I knocked again, and still there was no answer. At the side, far to the rear, I found another door, and knocked there. It opened instantly, and in the twilight I could faintly see a young woman in a dark print dress.

"Is this Fitz-Adams's Camp?"

"Yes."

"Is Mr. Fitz-Adams here?"

And then in louder voice over her shoulder into the darkness behind her:

"Say, Jim, here's a man that wants you."

There was the sound of heavy footsteps upon the wooden floor, and in another moment Fitz-Adams stood framed in the door-way.

I was standing on the ground, quite two feet below, and looking up at him in that uncertain light, he seemed to me gigantic. A great muscular frame fairly filled the door. He was dressed in a suit of light-gray corduroy, and a flannel shirt, and a dark felt hat, and top-boots, and I could see that he was young and not unhandsome, although of very different type of good looks from those of Achilles. His large round head rested close upon a trunk that was massive yet quite splen-

didly shapely, and highly suggestive of agility and strength. His face was round, and the features full and of uncertain moulding, but you did not miss the evidence of strength in his thick firm lips and the clear unfaltering eyes with their expression of perfect unconsciousness of self. He was plainly Irish, but quite as plainly of American birth, which was clear when he spoke.

"I'm looking for a job, and I've come to see if I can get one here," I began.

"Who sent you?"

"They told me in Long's Camp that I might get a job here."

"They didn't want you, and so they sent you to me, eh?"

"They said that they didn't need more men there."

"Oh, they did, did they? And you've worked in the woods before, I suppose?"

"No, but I have worked at other kinds of work, and if you will give me a chance you can see what I can do, and then you can discharge me if you don't want me."

"Well, there's lots of work in this camp, Buddy. I don't guess from the cut of you and the way you talk, that you know much about it. But you can stay, and I'll see what's in you on Monday. Look lively now, and split some of that wood, and build a fire in the lobby."

A pile of dry wood which had been sawed into lengths of two feet lay near the kitchen-door. On top of the pile was an axe; and as quickly as I could, I split up an armful, and carried it around to the front of the cabin and into the lobby. Near the centre of this room, which is the loafing-place for the men, was an iron stove long enough to admit the sticks which I had cut. It was the work of a minute to arrange some chips on the bottom of the stove, and to pile the wood loosely on top of these. I was about to touch a match to the finer stuff, when Fitz-Adams appeared with a tin can in his hand. He bent over the stove, and opening the door wide, he tossed in the contents of the can, and the room was instantly full of a strong odor of kerosene.

In another moment the fire was blazing like mad, and roaring up the stove-pipe, and fast turning the old cracked stove red hot, but Fitz-Adams stood by in perfect unconcern, and presently departed in the direction of the kitchen.

I began to look around me in the light that shone through the gleaming cracks. Swift shadows were chasing one another over the walls and ceiling, and I soon grew familiar with a room about twelve feet deep and which extended the width of the cabin. The floor was bare, and was very damp with the Saturday's scrubbing, as were also the benches which reached all round the walls. Besides the stove the only piece of furniture that the room contained was a heavy table, about four feet square, which stood close to the benches in one corner, directly under the single window of the room, which was a small opening in the logs, fitted with four panes of glass. A rough wooden staircase led from the near corner through an opening in the ceiling to the loft; and a door was cut through the thin board partition which separates the lobby from the larger room in the body of the cabin, where the men are fed, and where I am writing now. The logs that formed the outer walls of the room had been rough hewn to a plane, and along these walls on two sides of the room was a line of nails, on which hung coats and hats and flannel shirts and overalls. On the partition-wall there was nailed a small mirror with a little shelf below, on which lay a comb. Near this were three wooden rollers, and on them as many towels, large and coarse and fresh from the wash.

I found a dry spot on the bench near the stove, and shoving my pack under me, I sat down facing the outer door and awaited developments.

It had grown quite dark without. The young woman who met me at the kitchen-door now came in with a small oil-lamp, which she placed on the shelf by the mirror. I began to think that the men must all have left the camp for Sunday, and my spirits rose at the thought of an easy initiation into camp life. But I was soon roused from this revery by the sound of many footsteps approaching the cabin, and the deep, gruff voices of men.

The wooden latch lifted, the heavy door swung open, and there came trooping in a crew of fifteen lumbermen, all dripping water from their hair and faces and their hands, for they were fresh from the evening wash in the run. They went first to

the towels, and then formed in line for their turns at the mirror, where the comb was passed from hand to hand.

Fifteen pairs of wet, blinking eyes were fixed on me, and I was obliged to meet each searching gaze in turn. But when this ordeal was passed, I began to feel a little at my ease, for the men ignored me completely. The air with which they turned away from the inspection seemed to say: "There is something exceedingly irregular in there being in the camp so abnormal a specimen as this, but the way in which to treat the case, at least for the present, is to let it alone." It was precisely the manner of well-bred men toward, let us say, some inharmonious figure in their club, whose presence is for the moment unaccounted for.

As they finished their preparation for supper, the men crowded about the stove to warm their hands, chilled by the cold ablution. Chiefly they talked shop about the day's work, but in terms that were often unintelligible to me, and the sentences were surcharged with oaths. I watched them with deep personal interest, and pictured myself in line, and wondered whether I should ever be so fortunate as to find a clean, dry section on a towel, or come early to the much-used comb.

The last man had hardly completed his toilet, when the door in the partition opened, and a woman's voice announced supper. Instantly there was loud shuffling of heavy boots on the bare floor, and a momentary press about the door, and then we were soon seated at one of the two long tables in the mess-room of the cabin, and there rose the clatter of hungry men feeding, and the hubbub of their talk.

The meal was excellent. Its chief dish was corned beef and cabbage, and there were boiled potatoes, and boiled beans besides, with an abundance of home-made white bread, and strong hot tea. My seat was last in the row on one side of the table. The end seat was unoccupied, and my nearest neighbor ignored me; I was free to satisfy a well-developed appetite, and grow more familiar with my surroundings.

First of all I ate a very hearty supper. The food was admirably cooked, and was served with a high degree of cleanness. The oil-cloth of marble design which covered the table was spotless, and the rude, coarse service, befitting a camp, had all been thoroughly washed. It is true that the men were without their coats, most of them with their waistcoats off, but these are men whose work is of the cleanest, and there was nothing in all the setting of the supper to mar a healthy appetite; there was much, I thought, that really heightened the pleasure of eating.

The conversation ran on as it had begun in the lobby. There was much talk about the progress of the work, and gossip about neighboring camps, and proposals for the disposing of Sunday, and it struck me with swift terror that the presence of the three young women who waited on the table was no check to profanity. The talk never rose to a pitch of excitement, it was the merest give and take of commonest conversation, and yet there mingled in it the blackest oaths. With a curse of eternal perdition upon his lips, a man would speak to his neighbor of some casual incident of the day, and would end his sentence with a volley of nameless insults and hideous blasphemies. This was their common language. With no realization of what they did they flung curses and foulest epithets at one another in lightest banter.

Half an hour later we had all returned to the lobby. The teamsters lit their lanterns, and went to care for the horses. Some of the men went up into the loft. Four had soon started a game of cards at the table, while most of the others filled the bench near the stove, or drew empty beer-kegs and old soap-boxes from their hiding, and completed a circle around the fire. Everyone was smoking, and all seemed highly content.

I was crowded in between a lank young fellow with dark hair and eyes, and a long, lean, sharp nose, who was swearing comfortably at a gawky youth across the stove, and an older man of heavier build, who had fine black eyes, a black mustache, a very pale complexion, and long black hair that lay in pasty ringlets about his face and on his neck.

Soon I came to know these two as "Long-nosed Harry" and "Fred the Barber." I should explain at once that the camps have a curious nomenclature of their own. As among other workingmen whom I have known, so here, only a man's

Christian name is used, but it is nearly always accompanied with an explanatory phrase. A new-comer in the camp is called "Buddy" until his name is learned, and some appropriate epithet is found, or until a nickname springs complete from the mysterious source of those apt appellatives.

I knew that Fred the Barber was making ready to speak to me, and I was on my guard, when, while the talk was running high, I heard a voice close to my ear:

"Say, Buddy, you ain't a pedler, are you?"

"No."

"I thought you warn't." And Fred the Barber settled farther down upon his seat, and folded his arms, and puffed in silence on his pipe, with the air of a man who finds deep satisfaction in his own sagacity.

Soon he returned to the cross-examination.

"Say, Buddy, are you going to work in the woods?"

"Yes, the boss took me on this evening."

"Ain't you never worked in the woods before?" His pipe was out of his mouth now, and his eye shone with a livelier interest.

"No."

"How's that?"

"Why, I'm working my way out West, and my money gave out at Williamsport; and when I went looking for a job, I was told that I could get work in the woods. So I came up here."

"Well, you ain't struck a soft snap, Buddy. Jim, the boss, is a square man, but he can beat the devil at work, and he don't go easy on a new hand. This is my tenth season in the woods, and I earn $2 a day right along; but I'm going to quit, it's too rough."

There was sudden commotion just then, for the outer door had opened to the touch of a young woodsman, who, standing sharply defined against the black night, regarded the company with a radiant smile. He was the finest specimen of them all; not much over twenty, I should say, and as straight as the trees among which he worked. Through the covering of rough clothes you felt with delight the curves of his splendid figure, and the sinewy muscles in symmetrical development. And then the lines of his throat and neck were so clean and strong, and his face charmed you with its fresh beauty, and its expression of frank joyousness. No wonder that he was a favorite in the camp. The men were rising from their seats, and the air was full of welcome, while he stood there for a moment, his teeth gleaming as he smiled and his eyes shining with delight.

There rose a tumult of loud voices:

"I'm eternally lost if it ain't Dick the Kid! Dickie, my boy, you God-forsaken whelp, are ye drunk? You ain't spent it all in two days, have you, Dick? Shut that lost door, and sit down by this condemned fire, you ill-begotten cur, and eternal torment be your lot! Tell us what hellish thing brings you here, you blessed boy, and why—ripe for endless misery as you are—why ain't you in Williamsport?"

The smile did not fade from Dick's face, as with easy deliberation he took a seat on a beer-keg and looked at the crew with answering affection in his eyes.

"I'm forever lost if I've been to Williamsport," he began. "And I ain't drunk a drop, you perjured hell-hounds of shameless begetting. I've got all my reprobate stuff with me except the two God-condemned dollars that it cost me to live at the Temperance House in English Centre, where you can get for a quarter the best meal that any of you unveracious ones, you food for unquenchable fire, ever ate."

God help us! it was like that, only a great deal worse, until the blessed stillness of the night fell upon the camp.

For an hour or more Dick the Kid sat talking to the other men. A stranger in English Centre had fired his ambition for the lumber-camps in the mountains somewhere in West Virginia, and Dick was freely imparting his plans; how he meant to beat his way to Harrisburg and then to Pittsburg, and so on to his destination, hoarding the while his savings of about $65, as capital to launch him in a new enterprise, where he was sure that more money could be made than here.

The men listened in rapt attention, knowing perfectly that Williamsport was the destined end of Dick's journey, and that the dram-shops there and brothels would get every dollar to the last; yet charmed by his fresh enthusiasm, which

touched a hidden memory, or gave momentary flight to some new-fledged hope that fluttered in their breasts. He was so young and strong and handsome, so full of life, so rich in native gifts that win and hold affection with no thought of effort! One knew it from the clean, keen joyance of the man, and the power which he had to hold the others, and to draw out their hardy sympathy. I could endure the sight no longer; I went out to the mountain-road and waited where I thought that Dick would pass.

He was startled when I stopped him, and instinctively he clenched his fists. For a moment I had a vivid sense of my physical insignificance, as I realized how easily, with a single blow, he could smash in my countenance and make swift end of me.

"I'm a new man in the camp," I began. "The boss took me on this evening. I was interested in what you said about going to West Virginia, and I wanted to ask you more about it. Have you ever been there?"

"No."

"You are sure that there's a good chance for a man there?"

"It's all straight, Buddy, if that's what you mean."

I told him frankly what I meant, but he was still on his guard, and presently he broke in abruptly with

"Say, Buddy, you're a sky-pilot, ain't you?"

We walked on together for a mile or more, and Dick grew friendly, and I lost my heart to him completely. Only once Dick warmed a little at a question from me. Perhaps I had no right to ask it upon so slight an acquaintance; but as there was little prospect of ever seeing him again, I asked him if he felt no sense of wrong in using lightly the name of the Almighty.

I can see him now as he stood against the blackness of the forest under the clear, still stars, and answered me, with protest in his eyes and in his voice:

"By the Eternal, Buddy, I ain't swore for a month! May the Infinite consign me to the tortures of all fiends, if I've swore for a month! That? Oh, that ain't nothing; that's the way that us fellows talks. If you live in the camp long enough, Buddy, you'll hear a man swear."

His face was even more attractive in its expression of manly seriousness when we stood on the roadside at parting, and he put a firm hand on my shoulder, and fixed clear eyes on mine, as he told me, in his frank, open way, that he wanted to make a man of himself and not be a drunken sot, and that in this new venture before him he would honestly try, and would ask for help.

The men were going to bed when I got back to camp. I took my pack and followed them into the loft, where I found three long rows of beds, reaching nearly the length of the cabin. At my knock the boss came out of his room, which is a lightly boarded-in corner of the loft, and gave me a bed next to that occupied by "Old Man Toler."

I had noticed Old Man Toler in the lobby as being markedly older than most of the others. He was about fifty-five, I thought, of slender, slightly stooping figure, and with gray hair. What had impressed me was his exceedingly intelligent and agreeable face, and I had wondered at sight of him as being apparently an ordinary hand in the crew. He gave me a friendly greeting when the boss consigned me to his care, and then resumed his conversation with a neighbor, while I made ready for bed.

The beds are simple arrangements, admirably suited to the ends which they serve. A mattress and a bolster stuffed with straw lie upon a rough wooden frame without springs, and on top of these are four or five thicknesses of coarse blankets and "tow comforters." The men creep under as many strata of bed-clothing as their individual tastes prompt in a given temperature. And the temperature varies in the loft in nearly exact conformity with its variations out of doors, for the boards in the gables have sprung apart, and there are rifts even between the logs, and the winds sweep with much freedom from end to end of our large bedroom.

I soon became interested, too, in the varying tastes of the men in the manner of their dress for bed. Some go so far on warm nights as to take off their boots and trousers, and even their coats and waistcoats. Others stop at their boots and coats; and on the colder nights not a few go top-coated and booted to bed, and

make a complete toilet in the morning by putting on their hats.

There was more than one surprise for me that night, in the considerate, well-bred manners of the men, and the whole experience of my stay in camp has only served to deepen my appreciation. Young Arthur met, at Rugby, the fate which a merely casual acquaintance with Sunday-school literature would lead one to imagine as being unfailingly in store for those who prefer to maintain their private habits in the company of unsympathetic associates. It will be remembered that Arthur became, while kneeling at his bedside on the evening of his first day at school, a target for boots and unkind remarks, until Tom Brown interfered. Schools have improved since those days, and it has been gratifying to observe that a like improvement has spread among workingmen, and so far as to embrace the lumber-camps. The momentary expectation of a boot in violent contact with one's head is not a devotion-fostering emotion, and it was a distinct relief to find no least objection offered to a course of conduct however out of keeping with the customs of the place.

There was another surprise in the comfort and the wholesome cleanness of my bed, notwithstanding its roughness. But in spite of physical ease I lay awake until after midnight, and when I slept at last, it was a troubled sleep, and I awoke unrested, after a miserable night, feeling sick at heart and little inclined to further experience of a logging-camp.

But the morning brought a glorious day, clearer and much warmer than Saturday ; and after a late breakfast (seven o'clock), I took a book into the forest, found a comfortable seat, and read until nightfall, with time enough for dinner taken out.

The men scattered widely soon after breakfast. Many visited neighboring camps or went shooting ; some walked to English Centre ; but it was a perfectly sober crew that reassembled at the supper-table, and a much cleaner looking set than on the night before ; for after breakfast, for two hours or more, Fred the Barber had thriftily plied his trade.

We all went early to bed. The men hailed the day's end as bringing welcome relief in release from intolerable restraint. When it grew too dark to read, and I had returned to the cabin, I found in the lobby several of the men who had loafed about the camp all day. They were in vicious humor. They fretted like children long shut in by the rain. They could not sit still in comfort, and their restlessness grew upon them as they waited for supper, and the movement of time was slow torture, and so they swore at one another and at the other men who were returning to camp and who seemed in but little better humor than themselves.

I slept soundly that night, and was wakened in the morning by the mad chatter of an alarm-clock. It was about four o'clock. I could hear Fitz-Adams getting up in the little chamber which serves him as a sleeping-room and an office. He went below, and soon had the fires roaring fiercely in the kitchen and lobby ; and I could hear him calling to the women to get up and get breakfast. Next he appeared in the loft, and aroused the teamsters. In an incredibly short time they were dressed, and had lit their lanterns, and were gone to the stable to feed and tend their horses.

I got up with them, and was nearly dressed, when the boss reappeared in the loft. He walked down between the rows of beds, laying heavy hands here and there upon sleeping figures, and raising his voice to the call, "Come, roll out of this, you damn——!" There was no ill-temper in his manner or tone; it was simply his habitual way of rousing the crew.

I was first at the run, and first at the towels and comb, and was sitting in warm comfort behind the stove when the other men came shambling from the loft, their eyes blinking in the sudden light of the lobby.

We had beefsteak, potatoes, and bread, and coffee for breakfast. As soon as he had finished his meal, I went up to the boss to remind him of my existence, for he had in no way noticed me since Saturday night.

"You'll help the teamsters load bark, Buddy. Have you got any gloves?"

"No," I said.

"Then come this way." We went together to the office, and he spread before

me a number of new pairs of heavy skin gloves.

"I don't know which will be best suited to the work that you want me to do," I said. "Won't you select a pair for me?"

"My advice to you, Buddy, is to wear them mits," and he pointed to a pair of white pig-skin mittens. "They'll cost you seventy-five cents, which I'll charge to your wages."

There was a cot in the office, and a writing-desk, and in one corner a small stock of woodsmen's furnishing goods, boots, hats, overalls, and blanket-jackets, besides the gloves.

The boss locked the door behind us and told me to follow him. He carried a lantern and lit the way to the stables.

Outside it was white and still, almost like a clear, quiet night in the snows of midwinter; for a heavy frost covered everything, and in the thin, unmoving air you could almost hear the crackling formation of frost crystals. Into the darkness of the forest the stars shone with greater glory, and Orion was just sinking beyond the western mountain.

The four or five teamsters and Old Man Toler and I had gathered in front of the stable, where the bark-wagons stood in the open. These were strong vehicles, each with four massive wheels, and they supported wide-spreading frames within which three or more cords of bark could be loaded.

We "greased" the wagons by lantern-light, and then "hooked up" the horses. The wagon in the van was driven by "Black Bob." Fitz-Adams ordered Old Man Toler and me to go with that teamster and help him get on a load of bark.

Black Bob, muffled to the eyes in a long ulster which was bound about his waist with a piece of rope, stood erect on the loose boards that formed the floor of his wagon, and gathered up the reins and then started his horses with a ringing oath. Old Man Toler and I followed after on foot up a rocky road that had been newly cut to a point on the mountain where strips of hemlock-bark lay piled like cord-wood.

Black Bob swayed to the jolting of the wagon, but kept his balance with the ease of long habit, and swore a running accompaniment to the tugging of his team. He was the tallest man in camp, almost a giant in height and in proportional development, and he owed his name to his blue-black hair and swarthy complexion. He was a native-born American, and, although he seemed never to discriminate among the other men on grounds of nationality, I thought that some of them did not like him because of a certain domineering manner that he had.

He drew up now beside a pile of bark, and Toler and I placed a large stone under each hind wheel to relieve the pull on the horses.

It had been growing light as we climbed the mountain, and now we could see the sunlight on the topmost trees across the ravine.

Toler took up a position facing the bark-pile, with his back to the wagon. He began to pass swiftly the pieces of bark over his head and into the wagon where Black Bob stood ready to load. I followed Toler's example, imitating his movements as closely as I could, but was painfully aware of my awkwardness.

We had been but a few minutes at work when the boss came driving up behind us; as he turned out in order to pass, he called to me to come with him and lend a hand at loading.

I had an uncomfortable premonition of the ordeal before me; why, I do not know, for the boss had treated me civilly so far; but I greatly wished to stay in the camp, and I much feared discharge.

The boss drove on for some distance, then branched off on a side-road, and having passed a number of bark-piles, finally turned around with great difficulty, and drew up, as Black Bob had done, beside a cord of bark.

I hastened to place a stone under a hind wheel, and then threw off my coat, and, getting in between the wagon and the pile, I began to pass the bark over my head, as I had learned to do from Toler.

The boss stood on the bottom of the rig, accepting listlessly the bark as I passed it, and tossing it carelessly into place. His whole manner was meant to convey to me the idea of my own inefficiency, as though he was ready to work, even anxious to get warmed up in the frosty air, but my part was so slowly done that his own was reduced to child's play.

The storm brewed for a time in grim silence, but soon it broke in angry shouts of "Faster, faster, damn you!" and then the entire gamut of insults and excommunications.

I had been cursed at West Point, though in terms less hard to bear; and in expectation of the worst, I thought that I had schooled myself to take it philosophically when it came. But I had an awful moment now, for philosophy was clean gone, and in its place was a swift, mad desire to kill; and as the hot blood rushed to my brain, and tingled in my finger-tips, all that I could see for the instant were the handy stones under my feet, and the close range of Fitz-Adams's head.

I do not know what saved me, unless it was the sight of Fitz-Adams flushed with the anger to which he lashed himself, and becoming the more ludicrously impotent in his rage, as I restrained my temper, and showed no sign of fear. Why he did not discharge me on the spot I do not know. With awful imprecations he kept urging me to faster and yet faster work. I quickened my clumsy pace to the swiftest I could maintain with efficiency, and held it there, careless of his curses; and exhausted as I was, I yet had the satisfaction at the last of noting that our load was on as quickly as Black Bob's.

And Fitz-Adams, too, found a curious balm for his troubled feelings. We were at the last cord, and he was cursing free, while I panted and sweated in my straining efforts to pass the bark aboard. The strips were large and heavy, some of them, and they all lay rough side up; and as you lifted them over your head, there fell upon you from each a shower of dust and dirt that had gathered in the crumbling outer bark. This filled your ears and hair, and found its way far down your back. I had blocked the wheel, but we were on a sharp descent, and the load was growing heavy. Evidently Fitz-Adams feared our breaking loose, and so he stopped me suddenly with an order to "make fast the lock-break." Now "the lock-break" conveyed the dimmest notion to my mind, and the boss would give no hint as to what it really was nor how it was to be "made fast." Instead, he stood and watched me, while, with awkward guesses as to its purpose, I succeeded in unhooking one end of a heavy chain that hung under the wagon, and having passed it between two spokes of a hind wheel, I clumsily made fast the hook in a link of the chain drawn taut.

Fitz-Adams stood meanwhile in speechless anger, enraged beyond relief from oaths; and then the tension broke, with comical effect, in a sentence which seemed to come to him as a happy inspiration.

"I'm damned, Buddy, if you ain't greener than a green Irishman, *greener than a green Irishman*." And he repeated the phrase as though it exactly met the case, and brought him satisfaction far beyond the power of profanity; and then he shouted through the forest:

"Hey, Bob!"

"Hello!"

"This Buddy, he's greener than a green Irishman!" He laughed aloud, and there came an answering laugh from Bob, and the boss started down the mountain with his load, the locked wheel bounding and crunching among the stones, while he swore to steady the horses.

That was all of the loading for the morning, so Toler and I joined company. Toler had in charge the cutting of roads to the bark-piles, and I was to serve with him.

Some of the piles were in most inaccessible places. The hemlock-trees on that side of the mountain had first been felled, then the bark was cut round on the trunks at intervals of four feet. Next the bark was peeled off and carefully heaped near by, while the trees themselves were trimmed, and then sawed into logs of desired lengths, and these were "skidded" into piles. From the piles, in the spring, when the streams are high, the logs are sent by "skid ways" into the run, and once in the water, the lumbermen use their finest skill in floating them to the market at Williamsport.

In the meanwhile, the bark must be got out and carted to the tannery, and Toler and I had our work laid out in cutting ways for the wagons.

Supplied each with an axe, a cant-hook, and a grubbing-hoe, we began the work of cutting through the brushwood, and clearing away the stumps, and laying rough bridges over the small streams.

I was delighted at my good fortune in being set to work under Toler. My re-

spect for him grew steadily. An experience of nearly forty years as a woodsman had developed his natural gifts to the point of highest skill, and he had a marvellous instinct for directing a course through the maze of tangled undergrowth and logs and stumps which marked the ruins of the forest. I was soon lost, but he turned hither and thither, with the ready familiarity of a gamin to whom there are no intricacies in the East End. He had the inspiring air of knowing what he was about, and the less common possession of actual knowledge, and he did his work in a masterly manner. "A workman that needeth not to be ashamed," constantly recurred to me as a phrase which aptly fitted him. And besides being a clever woodsman, Toler was clean of speech, that is, comparatively clean of speech; he swore, but his oaths were conventional and not usually of the blood-congealing kind of some of the other men.

That was a long morning's work, from earliest dawn until noon, and the ultimate advent of the dinner-hour was hugely welcome. Toler and I knocked off work at the sound of the noon whistle at the tannery four or five miles away. Only a few of us gathered at the camp. Fitz-Adams with the other teamsters, and "Sam the Book-keeper," who is also the camp carpenter, and Toler and I, made up the number. The rest of the crew were too far in the mountains to return at midday, and "Tim the Blacksmith" drove off in the buckboard with a hot dinner for them.

The first work of the afternoon was to help the teamsters get on a second load of bark. Again the boss forced me to his aid, and cursed me as he had done before, only I thought that he had been drinking, and there was certainly an added viciousness in his oaths, and in the threats of sudden death. But I had the consolation of knowing that, as soon as the load was on, I should work with Toler for the rest of the day. Toler did not curse me, although it was impossible for him to wholly conceal the slender regard in which he held a man who never before had seen a grubbing-hoe, nor a cant-hook, and who handled an axe about as effectively as a girl throws a stone, and to whom the woods were a hopeless labyrinth. But Toler had the instincts of a gentleman; for all his want of respect for a man so ignorant as I, it was clear that there was not a little patient compassion in the feeling which he bore me, and he was at pains to teach me, and he eagerly encouraged any sign of improvement on my part.

But this time Fitz-Adams had not done with me when the afternoon's load was on. Toler and I soon needed a crowbar at our work, and he sent me to fetch one from the blacksmith's shop.

Near the shop is a depression in the road, and there the soil is somewhat soft. Much noise was coming from that quarter; and as I neared it, I could see that Black Bob's wheels were fast in the mud, and that the boss's load was drawn close up behind and blocked.

Black Bob was on the ground beside his team, his reins in hand, and with frantic oaths he was urging the horses to their utmost strength. Fitz-Adams stood by and watched; but at sight of the weakening brutes, he quickly unbolted his own whiffle-trees, and driving his team ahead, made fast to the tongue of Black Bob's wagon. Then both together they started up their horses, lashing them with the far-reaching leather thongs that swung from the short stocks which they carried, and joining in a chorus of furious curses. Slowly the great wheels began to rise from the deep grooves into which they had settled; but in another minute, as the strength of the horses failed, the wheels sunk surely back again. Fitz-Adams was beside himself with rage, and at that moment he caught sight of me.

"What are you doing here?" he shouted with an oath.

"Toler sent me for a crowbar."

"He did, did he? Then I'll send you to hell!" and with that he seized an axe which lay near, and swinging it above his head, he rushed at me. It was a menacing figure that he made with the axe held aloft by his giant arms, his eyes flashing, and his nostrils dilating with the childish passion which mastered him; but he was as harmless as a child at any show of fearlessness, and there was the oddest anticlimax in his mild command to "get that damn crowbar and hurry back to Toler," which I was glad enough to do; for my part was a mere pretence of courage; in reality I felt scared out of a year's growth, and my legs were trembling violently.

Through the following days there was little variation for Toler and me in the programme of work. We loaded bark until the teamsters were off, and then cut ways to the piles.

There is, however, an incident of Tuesday morning which will linger in my memory. It was the fulfilment of Dick the Kid's prophecy. I heard a man swear.

The boss anticipated the usual time of the morning cursing, and gave me an initial one that day in the dark in front of the stables, while the teamsters stood by with their lanterns in hand, and listened critically with sober faces, as though they were determining, with a nice sense of the possible, whether Fitz-Adams was doing himself justice. At the last he turned to them.

"Will I kill him now, or let him live one day more?"

"Let the damn dog live," came from Black Bob.

"Then you'll take him," said the boss, "and dray out that bark." So Black Bob and I set off in company.

I was not a little perplexed by the puerility of Fitz-Adams's rage. It seemed singularly out of keeping with the sturdy manliness of the fellow. If he wished to get rid of me, why did he not discharge me? I began to suspect that the cause lay in tenderness of heart, of which he was secretly ashamed. To him I was *avis rara* in a lumber-camp; no doubt he thought me some hitherto unknown species of immigrant; and being too tender-hearted to assume the responsibility of turning me adrift, he hoped to frighten me away.

Black Bob soon puzzled me as much. He was driving the dray, which is a rude, low sledge, used to draw out bark from points that are inaccessible to the wagons. We were walking together at the side of the road, and neither of us spoke. Presently Bob stopped his horses to give them breath, and then he turned to me. His speech was halting, and there was an uncomfortable, apologetic quality in his voice, but the feeling was evidently sincere. To my surprise he was bidding me, with the utmost kindness, not to mind Fitz-Adams's curses, and he added that the boss meant nothing by them, that he really knew no better. It seemed to me an act of truest friendliness on Black Bob's part, involving charity and moral courage of high order, and I was far more grateful than my acknowledgment implied. It produced a comfortable elation, which lasted while we got on a towering load of bark in silence in the earliest dawn, and started for the road. We had almost reached it, and the horses were pulling hard, when, with the suddenness of a pistol shot, the dray came sharply against the stump of a stubborn sapling that rose unseen in the way, and in an instant the horses were plunging forward in broken harness, and half the load was sliding gently to the ground.

Black Bob brought the team to a stand, and then stood still himself. I was filled with admiration for his self-control, for I dreamed that he was making a successful effort to restrain himself. In reality he was summoning all his powers, and in another moment, with face uplifted to the pale stars, he broke forth in blasphemies so hellish, that for the next full minute I might have been listening to the outcries of a tormented fiend, held tight in the grip of remorseless agony.

Thursday morning brought the crisis in the history of my stay in the camp. In the course of the midday cursing of the day before, Fitz-Adams told me that he was giving me my last chance. I tried hard to show my fitness for the place, and our load was the first to start for the tannery; but to all appearances Fitz-Adams was not placated. I thought that the last hour of my stay in camp was surely come, and with a heavy heart I began to plan the next move. But for some reason nothing further was said to me about leaving, and Thursday morning found me again helping the boss.

His mood had utterly changed. It was very early, and the skies were overcast, and in the clouded twilight we could scarcely see to do our work. Fitz-Adams seemed to be in no hurry, he was silent, and moved nervously. I wondered what this might portend, and braced myself for finality. It was very hard. I was learning to know the men; they ignored me still, but I was sure that I understood them better, and my liking for them grew each day, and earnestly I wished to stay, in the hope of winning a footing in the camp, and some terms of fellowship with the men.

Fitz-Adams had stopped work now, and

he stood leaning on the rigging as he spoke to me. There was a mildness in his tone and a tentative expectancy, as though an uncomfortable suspicion had dawned upon him, and he feared to verify it.

"Say, Buddy, have you ever been to school?"

"Yes," I said.

There was silence for a minute, and the tone in which Fitz-Adams broke it was awestruck.

"Say, Buddy, have you got a education?"

"I've had good advantages."

And then eagerly from him:

"Major, can you figure?"

It was my inning now and I liked it, and I was guilty of saying that within narrow limits I could.

"Will you do my accounts for me, Major?"

"I will, with pleasure."

Fitz-Adams drew a deep breath, and his voice fell to a lower tone.

"Well, that'll be a good thing for me. I never had no schooling, and Sam the Book-keeper, he don't seem to know much more'n me. I guess I lost pretty nigh on to $2,000 on my contracts last year, on account of not knowing how to figure. Say, Major, this is pretty hard work for you; you suit yourself about this work, and help me with the accounts. Of course, I—I—I didn't know."

"Oh, drop it, Fitz-Adams!" I said. "We understand each other. I'll be glad to look after the accounts so long as I stay; but it's growing light now, and let's get on this load."

And so I won a place in the camp, and got myself on human terms with the boss. Fitz-Adams never referred to the matter again, but treated me in a perfectly manly, straightforward way, taking patiently my clumsy work as a woodsman, and accepting, as a matter of course, my help with the accounts, and even consulting me, at times, in certain details of the work. It was one of these consultations which brought a rare opportunity.

I had won my way with the boss, not by virtue of an education, but actually upon the basis of an acquaintance with elementary arithmetic. When I came to look at the accounts, it was not a question of book-keeping that was involved, but simple addition and multiplication and division, in all of which branches both Fitz-Adams and Sam the Book-keeper were lamentably weak, so weak, in fact, that they felt no real confidence in their results.

But my way with the men was yet to make. They were not uncivil, but they would none of me. To them I was still an outsider, an inharmonious figure in their club; and, whatever may have been the change in my relations with the boss, the men were in no way bound to recognize me.

One morning Fitz-Adams and I stood together in his rig, as he was driving up the "corduroy road" to the place on the mountain where the crew were at work. Presently he pointed out to me, about forty yards up the steep ascent on our left, some long, straggling piles of bark that perched there, like peasants' huts over a precipice in the Alps.

"I don't know how to go at that bark," he said with a frown. "You can't get a wagon there, nor yet a dray; and it's so brittle that if you slide it down you'll have nothing but chips to cart to the tannery, and the man that tries to carry it down—well, it's a three or four days' job, and he'll have his neck broke sure."

I said that I should look at it. I was "piling bark" now on my own account, and Toler had another "Buddy," a big, bounding Irish Hercules, who had lately come to camp and who soon won distinction by reason of the songs he sung. They were wonderful songs; long beyond belief, and they told the loves and woes of truly wonderful people.

Buddy had early made known his talent, and on his first evening in camp he was peremptorily told to sing. It was after supper. He was sitting much at home on the bench behind the stove, and was smoking. Instantly he took his pipe from his mouth, and cleared his throat; then, laying his hands on his knees, he sang, swaying meanwhile in time with the monotonous cadences of that strange verse, which went on and on for quite half an hour, while the men listened open-eyed, and punctuated the sentiment with profane approval.

When I examined the bark-piles I found that transferring them to the "corduroy road" below was a matter of carrying the bark in small loads on one's back, and of having a secure footing for the descent.

On the next morning I took a pick and spade, and first cut a series of steps to the ledge where the bark lay piled. After a little practice I learned to make up a load, by selecting a broad, stout slab of bark and packing the smaller pieces upon it. Then stooping under the load, as it lay ready on the edge of the pile, I easily shifted it to my back and head; and holding it with one hand, while the other was free to help maintain my balance, I carefully picked a way down the steep decline.

It probably appeared a far more difficult and dangerous feat than it really was; and with a load of bark upon my back, I was more than ever an outlandish figure to the men, more in keeping with the Königsstuhl and the valley of the Neckar than with Fitz-Adams's Camp in the Alleghanies. But the actual accomplishment of the work seemed to interest them, and the teamsters used to stop and watch me in silence, and then drive off, swearing in low tones. One evening the whole returning crew caught me at the job. The men stood still, and having watched a descent, they examined the bark piled high at the roadside and then walked on, commenting among themselves. That night in camp several of them spoke to me, calling me "Major" after Fitz-Adams's manner.

It was the beginning of more personal acquaintance with the men. I can but like them. In the fortnight and more of my stay I cannot lay claim to having got on intimate terms with them. But they seem to me a truthful, high-spirited, hard-working, honest set of men. They swear like fiends incarnate; and when they can, they drink, and they all have "rogued and ranged in their time." On grounds of high morality there is no possible justification for them. But these are men who were born and bred to vicious living; and the wonder is not that they are bad, but that in all their blasting departure from the good, there yet survives in them the vital power of return.

There is Old Man Toler. He is certainly an exception in birth and earliest breeding, but he has been in the lumber business more or less, he tells me, since he was a boy of fourteen. There was one important period taken out, when, as a young man, he enlisted, and served in the Army of the Potomac, from the spring of 1862 until the end of the Civil War. He is native-born, and has the intelligent patriotism of a true American. In our walks together to and from our work, I delighted in his talk about the war period in his life. His perspective as a private soldier was so true, so thoroughly free from the towering obtrusion of his own experiences. These were almost lost in his absorbing interest in the working out of great events. He knew the war thoroughly from the point of view of the army. He knew the service, and had borne his part in hardship and in action with a distinct sense of personal responsibility to the subject and aim of it all. This was luminous in what he said, and never from his declaration of it, but in the absence of such declaration, and in the loss of self in the large action of which he felt himself a part.

There was much in Toler that rang true, and I regretted the more that he evidently preferred to talk little about himself, and almost never of his personal views. My wonder at his being a common hand in camp grew, until one day, in talking with Black Bob, I learned a reason. Black Bob, quite of his own accord, had instituted a series of comparisons among the men.

"There's Fitz-Adams and his brother," he was saying; "they're about as good a pair of lumbermen as you'll find. But they ain't the best in this camp. There's a man here that knows more about this business than any three other men, and that's Old Man Toler. His father was a big lumberman before him, and Toler was brought up thorough to the work, and he's had many a camp of his own, and made lots of money in his time. But he ain't never kept none, and he never will." And Black Bob winked significantly, and ostentatiously wiped his mouth.

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In looking over this chapter I see that I have drawn a very inadequate picture of Fitz-Adams. A hard swearer he certainly is, but Black Bob was right in assuring me that there is more ignorance than malice in his habitual maledictions.

First of all, Fitz-Adams is an admirable workman. To any department of the work of lumbermen he can lend a hand of highest efficiency. And his in a marked degree are the manual skill and resourceful ingenuity which are characteristic of these men, only Fitz-Adams is exceptional

in these particulars, like Old Man Toler. With them this manual skill, for instance, is like the sure touch of a master handicraftsman. One morning while at work with Old Man Toler, I openly admired his handling of an axe. Toler was standing on a log which obstructed our way, and which he was about to cut in two. He drew the axe-blade up the side of the log between his feet.

"Do you see that scratch?" he said, and then he swung the axe above his head, and brought it down with a sweeping stroke. The blade entered the bark exactly where the scratch had been. Five times running, Toler performed this feat, never missing his mark by the fraction of an inch, and then he turned to me.

"I've used an axe so long, Buddy," he said, "that I can split hairs with a good one now."

But even more than a thorough woodsman, Fitz-Adams is a superb overseer. Under his shrewd foresight and direction, the whole work of the crew is urged forward with resistless energy. He knows exactly what each man is doing, and whether or not the work is well done.

His planning of the work, and his effective organizing and directing toward its accomplishment are, no doubt, his strongest points, but dramatically considered, although he is perfectly unconscious of the effect, he shows to greatest advantage when he is personally leading the crew in an attack upon a difficult situation. All his powers are well in evidence then, and not least of all his power of speech. You have actual sight at such times of one of Carlyle's heroes, a "captain of industry," to whom there are no insurmountable difficulties, no "impossibilities," but who brings order out of chaos, by the sheer force of indomitable energy.

With this high efficiency his ignorance is in striking contrast. He can write his name, and there his educational equipment ends. His helplessness in the presence of figures is as pathetic and quite as serious as is Sam the Book-keeper's. But Fitz-Adams is a young man, barely thirty, I should say. Almost his earliest memory is that of being a mule-driver in one of the mines near Wilkesbarre. From this he went to picking slate in a breaker. Now he is a jobber, employing a large crew, and undertaking contracts which involve considerable sums of money. There has been offered to him, and it is still open to him, the position of overseer in a far larger enterprise than his own, where, personally, he would run none of the business risk; but he has confided to me that he does not dare to accept the place owing to his lack of even elementary education. In this connection he once asked me whether I thought that he might yet go to school. I did think so with emphasis, and I gave him so many reasons for this opinion, and cited so many examples of men as old as he and older who were at school, that he really warmed to it as a practicable plan.

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The rain stopped hours ago, and it is turning "wondrous cold," and snow has begun to fall. Fitz-Adams got back from English Centre long before dinner, and there is evidence that he has not been drinking. I have consulted him on the matter of leaving, and he has urged me to stay, and has offered me permanent employment; but he says that, if I must be off, and am bent on going westward, I would better get as far as Hoytville as soon as possible, else I may run the risk of encountering roads blocked with snow. Then, for the first time, he introduced the subject of wages, and asked me what I thought was "right." I said that before coming to the camp I had worked for a farmer, and had been given seventy-five cents a day and my keep; and I added that, if this rate of wage seemed fair to him, it would suit me perfectly. He agreed at once, and now I am a capitalist. Soon I shall set out for Hoytville, which is a matter of two or three hours' walk from here. Fitz-Adams has given me careful directions about the road, and has shown the deepest interest in my plan of getting west, and has urged me to write to him.

The crew are all gone to work, and I shall not see them. They were off as soon as the storm slackened. All were keen to go, and so be spared the misery of a day of enforced idleness, all except "Old Pete," and he is past being keen. He is over sixty, and has a strongly marked Celtic face, deeply furrowed with the lines of age and pain. He works with the crew, but in camp he sits alone on the bench

opposite the stove, with the overalls and shirts hanging over him. When not at work he sits there hour after hour, his large, muscular frame bent forward, and his elbows resting on his knees, and there he endures, in the dumb agony of animal pain, the torment of rheumatism in his legs. He seldom speaks, and never of his sufferings, only sometimes in comically sententious response to something that has interested him. And the men let him alone, knowing by a true intuition that he prefers it so.

After the rain let up I happened to pass through the lobby as the men were starting for their work. Old Pete was the last to move. I watched him rising slowly to his feet. In spite of him, his face drew the picture of the hideous pain he bore, but through it shone the clear courage of a man, and his eyes reflected the grim humor of a thought that touched his native sense, and he smiled as he said :

"We don't have to work ; we can starve."

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I have spent three Sundays in the woods. On the first I fled cravenly into the forest hugging a book from out my pack, and the hours flew swiftly along the pages. The second Sunday was another glorious autumn day. By that time I had won a modest place in camp, and could hold up my head with due respect among the men. I asked several of them whether there was any church service at English Centre. They thought that there was, but they would take no stock at all in my plan of discovery.

Alone I set out for the village. There was perfect quiet in the mountains, no sound of axe or saw, nor crash of falling trees, nor rumble of bark-wagons ; only the tuneful flow and splash of the run, which caught the living sunlight, and flashed it back in radiance through the flushing air, that quivered in the ecstasy of buoyant life. The fire of life flamed in the glowing hues of autumn, and burned with white heat in the hoar-frost which clung to the shaded crevices in the rocks, and along the blades of seared grass, and on the fringe of fallen leaves. And I was free, as free and careless as the mountain-stream, and before me was a blessed day of rest !

Every foot of the road was strangely familiar, but the familiarity lay in an intimate association with some distant past, as of earliest childhood. There was the camp by the dam, and there the Irishman's cabin, where the cow was still munching straw, and the sow wallowing in the mire. Then I came to the fork in the road, where one way led to Wolf's Run. It was a lifetime since I had gone up that way, feeling as cocky as a wedding-guest, and soon had come down again "a sadder and a wiser man." I felt like another Rip Van Winkle as I entered the village, but the marvel lay in there being no change at all, except in the Sunday calm which now possessed the place.

The post-office is in a private house, and I knocked in some uncertainty of being able to get my letters ; but the postmistress gave them to me with obliging readiness, and with them a cordial invitation to attend the Sunday-school, which, she said, was the only service of that morning. Her invitation was more welcome than she knew, for it was the first of its kind to reach me as a proletaire.

I read my letters, and went to the church, which stands at the end of the village street. The service was beginning. As superintendent the postmistress was in charge. About thirty women and girls, and half a dozen boys, made up the school. The conduct of the service I thought intensely interesting. The superintendent was entirely at home in her place, and she valued the opportunity.

When the classes grouped themselves for the study of the lesson, a teacher was lacking. I was asked to take the place, and was startled at finding myself in charge of a class of village belles. What their feeling toward the arrangement was, I could only guess ; but it was clear that they were not accustomed to being taught by an unshaven, unshorn woodsman, in rough clothes, and boots covered with patches. But the lesson was in my favor, it was the incident of the washing of the disciples' feet at the last Passover. I soon forgot embarrassment in the interest of the text, and in an atmosphere of serious study.

Last Sunday I went again to the Sunday-school, where I had my former class to teach. Some preparation had been possible during the week, and the hour passed

successfully. Among the announcements was one of a prayer-meeting to be held that night.

I reached the church at the hour of the evening service. I opened the door, and there sat a crowded congregation in waiting. The back seats on both sides of the aisle were solid ranks of men, lumbermen, teamsters, and tannery hands, many of them in their working-clothes. There were women and children scattered through the pews farther up, and some boys had overflowed upon the pulpit steps, but most of the company were men.

There was no one in the minister's seat; but the postmistress was in place at the organ, and as I entered, she nodded to me in evident expectation of my joining her. I walked forward, and she stepped out in the aisle to meet me.

"It's time to begin," she said, quietly.

"Is your minister not come yet?" I asked.

"Oh, you're going to speak to-night, you know."

I did not know; for an instant I knew only that there was a cold, hard grip upon my heart which seemed to hold it still, and that in my brain there had begun a mad dance of all that I ever thought I knew. But from out the turmoil a sane thought emerged: "This is a company of working-people, who are come to hear a fellow-workman speak to them about our deepest needs." In another instant I was cooler, and a strange, unreasoning peace ensued.

I asked the postmistress to select some hymns. She handed me a list chosen with perfect knowledge of those which the congregation most enjoyed. The people were soon singing, thinly at first; but the familiar melody spread, and carried with it a sense of solidarity, in which self was merged and lost, and the swelling sound rolled on, deepening with the voices of the men. Soon it recalled college chapel, with the men in a mood to sing, and "Ein' Feste Burg" mounting in the majesty of that deep-toned hymn, until the vaulted ceilings rock, and the archangels above the chancel seem to join in the splendid volume of high praise.

But more helpful to me than the singing was the sight of familiar faces. Black Bob stood towering like another Saul above the mass of men; and at his side was one of our teamsters who lives in the village, and with whom I had often loaded bark. Near the door—I was not quite sure at first, but there could be no mistake—near the door was Fitz-Adams, and not far from him Long-nosed Harry and Phil the Farmer stood together.

I was trembling when I began to speak, trembling with awful fear, a fear that was yet a solemn joy; for I had vision then of human hearts hungering to be fed, and, as a sharer in their need, I knew that it was given to me to point them to the Bread of Life.

I could speak to them now, for with greater clearness I could see these fellow-workers as they were; strong, brave men who had won the mastery which comes to those who clear the way for progress; giving play in their natural living to the forces which make men free, and growing strong in heart, and in the will to do, as they grew strong of arm and caught the rough cunning of their trade. Men of many races, yet meeting on the common ground of men all free and under equal chance to make their way; knowing no differences but those of personality, and winning their places in the crew, each man according to his kind, and his rewards according to his skill. Such were they in their outward lives, the physical life within them growing in living ways, and making them the true, efficient workmen that they were. But of the inner life that makes us men, that life wherein we act from choice, and must "give account of the deeds done in the body," that range of action which we call moral, where conscience speaks to us in words of command, there they knew no mastery at all, and least of all the mastery of the moralist.

To them God was a moral ruler, dwelling afar from the daily life of men, and righteousness was a slavish obedience to His laws, and religion a mystic somewhat which was good for women and children and weak men.

And yet deep in their own hearts was their supremest need. Life as they knew it brought to them no satisfaction for its craving want. It was not so in other things; they knew their work; and in the overcoming of its difficulties, they had felt the fierce joy of conquest. But confronted with temptations, the difficulties of their

inner life, there they had no strength; while lust and passion mastered them, and left their real desire unsatisfied. Here, in respect of mastery, they were slaves, and as regards life, they were dead, having only the need of life.

There then was their want: it was for *Life*, abundant, victorious *Life*.

And now I could speak to them of God; of Him "who is not far from every one of us, for in Him we live, and move, and have our being;" the living God who reveals Himself in all life, and who became incarnate in the Son of Man, who speaks to us in human words which go straight to our seeking hearts: "I am the way, the truth, and the life." "I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." "The words that I speak unto you, they are life."

"Strong Son of God!" whose living words quicken us from the death of sin, and set us free. By whose grace "we are renewed in the whole man after His image, and enabled more and more to die unto sin, and live unto righteousness." Who was "made sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sin, should live unto righteousness." Whose death was not a reconcilement of God to us, but was "God in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself." Whose Gospel is the glad tidings of this reconciliation, and we are become "ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

And then we prayed, confessing our sinful state, our bondage, our death in sin, and pleading that we might be "transformed by the renewing of our minds, that we might prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

. . . . . .

Now that I am on the eve of leaving Fitz-Adams's Camp, I cannot hide from myself my eagerness to go. I have real regrets; for while two weeks and as many days do not constitute a long period, yet time is purely relative, and I shall have a livelier memory of the camp and of certain of the men, and a keener interest in them, than I have for places and men with whom my association has been longer.

But of the feelings of which I am conscious at leaving, I am surprised at the intensity of the longing to know what has happened during the three weeks nearly since I have seen a newspaper from the great world. I thought little of it as the days passed, but now I am all aglow with desire for news about the progress of the campaigns in New York and Massachusetts and Ohio.

And then the last word from abroad has piqued one's curiosity to the utmost as to possible results. Mr. Smith, the leader of the House of Commons, I know is dead; and, as I was leaving Williamsport for the woods, I saw upon the bulletin-boards the announcement of Mr. Parnell's sudden death; but of the political effect of these events, no word has reached me. Is Mr. Balfour or Mr. Goschen to succeed to the leadership of the House? And if Mr. Balfour becomes the First Lord of the Treasury, will he retain the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland? And has the death of Mr. Parnell brought about a reunion between Parnellites and M'Carthyites, or is the breach as hopeless as ever?

It will be intensely interesting to find answers to these questions, and to many more, but after all I am sincerely sorry to leave the camp, and as I go up now to say good-by to Fitz-Adams, who is in his office, it is with the knowledge that I am parting from a man whom it is a privilege to have known.

[" The Workers" (The East), herewith concluded, has dealt with conditions in the rural regions. "The Workers" (The West), to begin early in 1898, will narrate Mr. Wyckoff's experiences in the crowded labor market of Chicago and elsewhere in the West. — Ed.]

A PENSION LOVE-STORY

By Robert Herrick

Illustrations by Henry McCarter

I

CLOVER GREEN was her whole name. Her mother, whom one might presume had been a sentimental person, had called her only daughter Clover from some significance which that name carries to persons of a similar sentimental disposition. Perhaps Miss Green felt the responsibility and the charm of her name; for she did very well as a simile for the flower. She was not outrageously individual, but belonged—you could see it at one glance—to the large family of green clovers, nice young women, coated in a soft, dark velvety substance, with a trig air and a healthy bloom (for she was a red clover, not a pale-blooded white one). She carried about with her a conviction of propriety, not chilly or unpleasant; this made her delightfully fresh after all the "Bohemianism" of these latter days of art.

Palmer Ransom, naturally, did not see the full significance of the name at his first glance, that day when he arrived in the courtyard of *numero cinq bis*, *rue du Vieux Bonhomme*, with his two bags and a trunk, the oaths of a reproachful cocher hounding him on. He saw a young woman, whom he took to be an American citizeness, seated commandingly on the edge of an open window above one of many doors, any one of which might be the entrance to the pension of the "admirable Mme. Cuano." A hard-faced, unvenerable old man was bellowing a song up to the windows, and strumming an accompaniment on a dirty guitar. The huge copper sous that fell irregularly on the great paving-stones of the court put emphasis to his lines. The windows which Ransom scanned were filled with pensionnaires. Some, the younger men, were grouped about the American girl on the little stone opening which jutted out over the door below. Ransom had arrived at the crescendo and sat down on his trunk, conscious of his inopportune appearance from the flies. The old man gave out when he had climbed a certain way on his bar; then a splendid free yodel started in from a young fellow who was crouching in the door on the watch for the descending sous.

It was one of the golden last days of September, full of the perfection of vintage time, that Paris had discovered late in November and had put in here at random between a week of greasy fog and another week of persistent, passionate rain. The light, pleasantly saturated with the warm sun, fell into the irregular court and made the yellowish walls of the old kennel of buildings to smile. The place was hidden behind a series of wine-cellars—you entered the outer court through a horrifying tunnel like a great cask—and it looked westward on the slope of the hill above the river and Notre Dame. There are mysteries beyond, in the little garden, on the sloping side, behind the thick walls of this outer court, which we will come to later. Ransom could see above him a sort of half-house jutting out, superimposed on the fourth story upon the wine-cellars. It was a little signal-box, or light-house tower, with its main window to the river, and a side slit that winked at the low buildings and the court-yard below.

And that court-yard—once much more brave than now—with its tranquil, sunny air, the old vagabond and the guitar, the vigorous yodel echoing back from the lantern tower, and the listening folk at the windows—it had the grave unreality of a scene at the opera, of a story from Bandello; even up to the dais where sat Clover Green smiling indulgently, surrounded by men.

When the music stopped—the man with the guitar and the yodeler were on the hunt between the cobbles for the sous—a sense of his position came over Ransom: he looked up straight into the kind, velvety eyes of Clover Green. She was smiling



There was a hush once more, as the prima donna advanced to the edge of the little stone cornice. Page 745

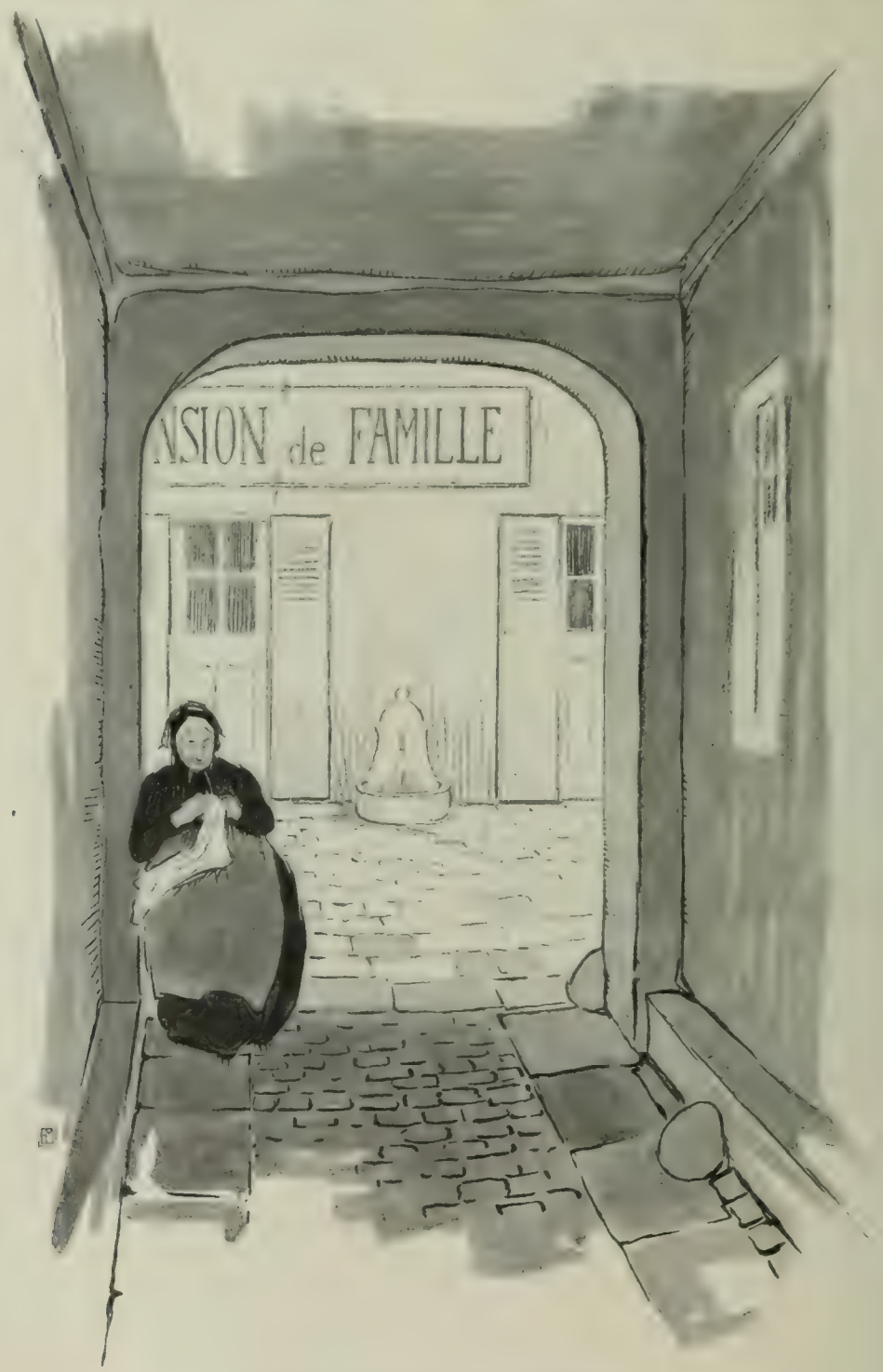
at him. And there, in the presence of the curious spectators who were speculating over the new American, he confided himself to his fellow countrywoman. Most people, men at any rate, would confide anything to Miss Clover Green. He rose.

"You are looking for the proper entrance, aren't you?" (That sublime, smooth "Aren't you!")

There was a hushed stillness among the assistants at the sound of this unintelligible tongue. Ransom raised his hat, and advanced: it was time for him to sing his part.

"You will help me?" he entreated; "for I am lost, and a stranger."

She laughed: she was above him, and he must have been ridiculous with his bodyguard of two valises, a steamer-trunk, and a bag and a hat-box. That laugh, a naughty little ripple and shake of the whole



Madame Cuano's Humble Pension.



The little lantern-room over the outer court . . . was once held by Calvin —Page 744.

body, gave the stranger a clew to her name. They always topple about like that—chubby, round-faced red clovers.

"Certainly." There was a hush once more, as the prima donna advanced to the edge of the little stone cornice. There was always a hush in the pension when Miss Clover's treble voice broke into the hurly-burly of tongues. She was a foreign goddess, and her heavenly strange ways were worthy of all attention. Perhaps it was because to all men there, Russian Jew, Bulgarian Anarchist, Swedish doctor, Lithuanian Pole, or American student, she was alike, frankly kind and with good-fellowship—but incapable of more.

"Certainly. You turn to the left around that corner," pointing to the one presided over by the little watch-tower, "and ring the bell at the third door. They will show you up to the second floor on this side, where you will find Madame." Then she smiled (the business done), and the assistants began once more their speculation over the new arrival. The man with a guitar strummed anew, and Ransom sat down, content with the music, the warm sunshine, and—even at this hour—with his young American.

"She is June and July," he said, softly, in time to the music, "the girl and the woman, just a little of the woman, enough to run the girl, and a good deal of the girl to keep her sweet. I hope she will smile again and shake her head."

The last *amour* disappeared slowly over the housetops.

"*Eh bien!*" it was the American girl's voice.

"And my stuff," Ransom pleaded helplessly. "Shall I leave it here exposed to the greed of this troubadour?"

"Jean will come for it after you have seen Madame. And I will keep an eye on it."

The young man rose slowly, as if he would much rather have had her keep an eye on him. But there was no excuse this time. "*Marchons.*"

So this was the way Palmer Ransom met Clover Green on the outside of a student pension in Paris above the Seine, one November afternoon.

II

THERE was the pension and there was Clover Green. And as Clover Green will perforce come to the front as we move along, it will be well to bestow a few remarks on the pension, now, in an unprejudiced frame of mind.

You will never find it, no matter how you prowl about the wicked, black holes in the few spots of old Paris still left. For, if you ever came on the rue du Vieux Bonhomme, you would pass by the foul cabarets, the garlicky *marchands du vin*, the black holes in the wall, where, nights

and feast-days, laugh and jabber the poor, gaunt rats of men and women who are hidden away in the dark corners of Paris, the refuse of the old Commune, the fermenting mother of a new one! Into one of those treacherous holes, between the caves of a wine-cellar, you would have to penetrate to find Madame Cuano's.

It was the hotel of the Spanish Embassy early in the seventeenth century, and it still turns an aged, aristocratic façade to the river. The other buildings around the entrance are older. The little lantern-room over the outer court (they gossip from an old tradition) was once held by Calvin, when, as a young man, he made his studies in Paris. Perhaps not, but up there he might well have lived, solitarily swinging a bitter eye over the gay, priest-governed city, the great cathedral at his feet, or from the little slit of a window in the side he might have peeped at the life of the great men beneath him. How strongly his name possessed the place! Ransom always thought of him, as of a grimy parchment in a black leather binding, suspiciously reconnoitring his comings in late at night, or insinuating an uncomfortable, harassing sense of the future into his parleyings with the coquettish mademoiselle. Probably he never disturbed Clover Green, for her ancestors had carried his hell-fire to a new world, and if in moving westward to St. Louis they had let a little of the brimstone fizzle out, what then? She had brought back to old Paris the sweeter elements of his faith. And as for Ransom, it was just as well to be reminded, whenever he crossed the court on some outward errand, that a sterner world lay beyond, perhaps.

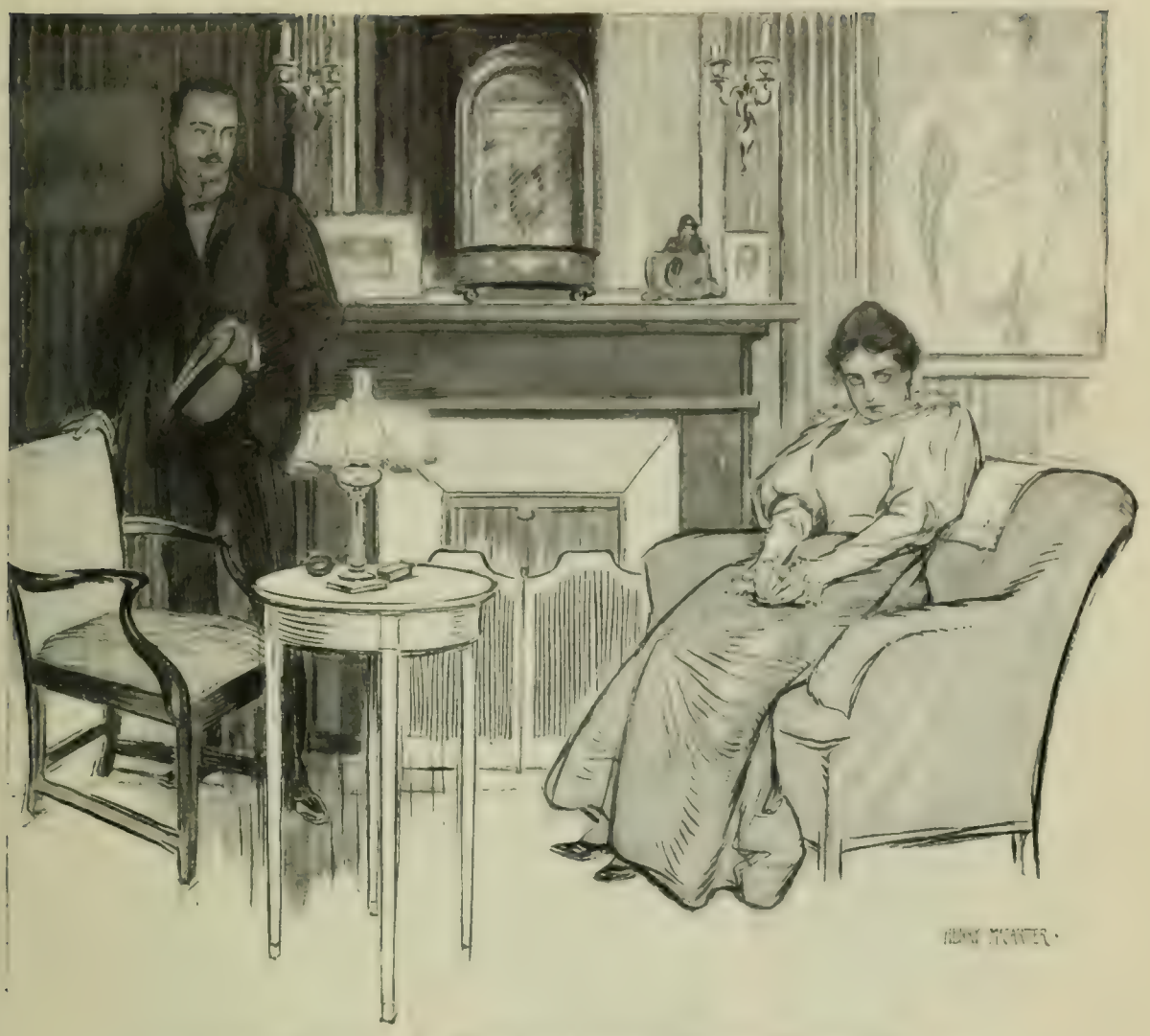
If Calvin held the outworks, so to speak, another passionate spirit was laid inside, in the little gravelly patch that now takes the place of the stately garden which once sloped down in terraces toward the river. Danton, so one said, was brought here from the guillotine by some accident, here into the privacy of the order of things he had hated.

Near the mound where he was supposed to lie, a great vine of English ivy had grown over a low, red-tiled house. That house, with its quaintly pitched roofs and squat white chimneys of the last century, closed in the fourth side of the hotel—the side once open for the garden and the river view—and made a cosey, contained little community. It was *brav*, as Madame Cuano called it, with a few yards of turf, a great mulberry-tree that stretched one gaunt arm across to the ivy-covered wall, a patch or two of flowers, and the little iron tables where the pensionnaires took coffee whenever the noon sun could keep them from freezing. On the yellow wall, just under Ransom's window, was a great bas-relief, a tangle of deftly flowing robes, long legs of women, and supple bodies. And across the angle of the court two stately women were put into the wall, their slim, shapely arms protecting the window. They remained to tell of the better times.

The wall of the house opposite dipped at the angles, opening to Ransom's view at the left a few yards of the cathedral, just a bit of the transept and one or two of those slim buttresses in silver-white stone that prop its lofty choir. What a magnificent sight it must have been before, when the whole flank of the church, with its soaring buttresses, its heavy towers, and the queer little steeple stuck on the middle, shot up at once into sight from this same window! Some days in the winter, a reddish glow falls on the gray stone from the passing sun and jewels the building in soft rose lights. Then you would expect the smart new buildings all about to fade away, and down the river, from the forest of Vincennes, a long, low barge to come sliding by Notre Dame filled with warriors and Saint Louis at their head. You could watch them put ashore and ascend the steps on their way to take the sacrament.

At the right the view was closed by the black walls of Saint Severin. The rumble of the organ and the bell-ringing at the offering of the host were the only sounds to disturb the deep neglect of the pension. Sometimes Ransom fancied he caught a passing whiff of the Catholic odor, one could not call it merely incense, on its way heavenward.

One other thing should not be forgotten —Madame Cuano herself. She was a fine old girl, no less irreverent phrase would do—her gray hair cut short and brushed flat over a large head, a short full figure, a little like a sailor's, with a man's reefer and a broad collar. Mornings she generally wore a kind of serge pinafore over all,



It was undoubtedly time to go. There was a general atmosphere of tears.—Page 754.

for she was a sculptor in a small way, as well as the owner of the pension. She made little copies in marble and terra-cotta, much fancied by the American tourist. She also repaired bric-à-brac, and in this way had a clientèle in musty corners of the Faubourg St. Germain. She was naïvely practical about her art.

"*Les Américains achètent choses comme ça! Eh, bien! que voulez-vous!*"

An ideal of artistic effort never crossed her mind or troubled her regular hours of work. She was pityingly courteous to the poor American girls or boys who spent their days over in the studios, struggling to utter something that had never before been said.

Ransom was taken into her high favor, almost at once, and given the seat next to her at dinner. Little by little he absorbed her philosophy of life, mumbled in a rapid, syncopated French.

"She will tell you when you have been here two months about her family," remarked Miss Clover Green. "It's *vrai* aristocracy, way back, but during the Revolution strange marriages had to be made. Her great grandmother took the gardener's son, temporarily, and hence the name. Then when you know her a month better you will hear about the uncle, a member of the *Conseil d'État* under the last Napoleon. By spring time you will be asked out to Granville—that's a little bit of a place in the country which she has managed to buy."

"You have been through it all?"

"Oh, yes. Auntie and I have been here off and on three years. You see, I model; everyone has to do something, and I am in Durand's atelier in the morning. We used to have an apartment beyond the Luxembourg, but stocks went down and I bought a palace in Venice; it doesn't pay



She gathered up her skirts, backed out of his way, with a little bow, and sailed on.—Page 756.



"I think we can settle this business without a row."—Page 756.

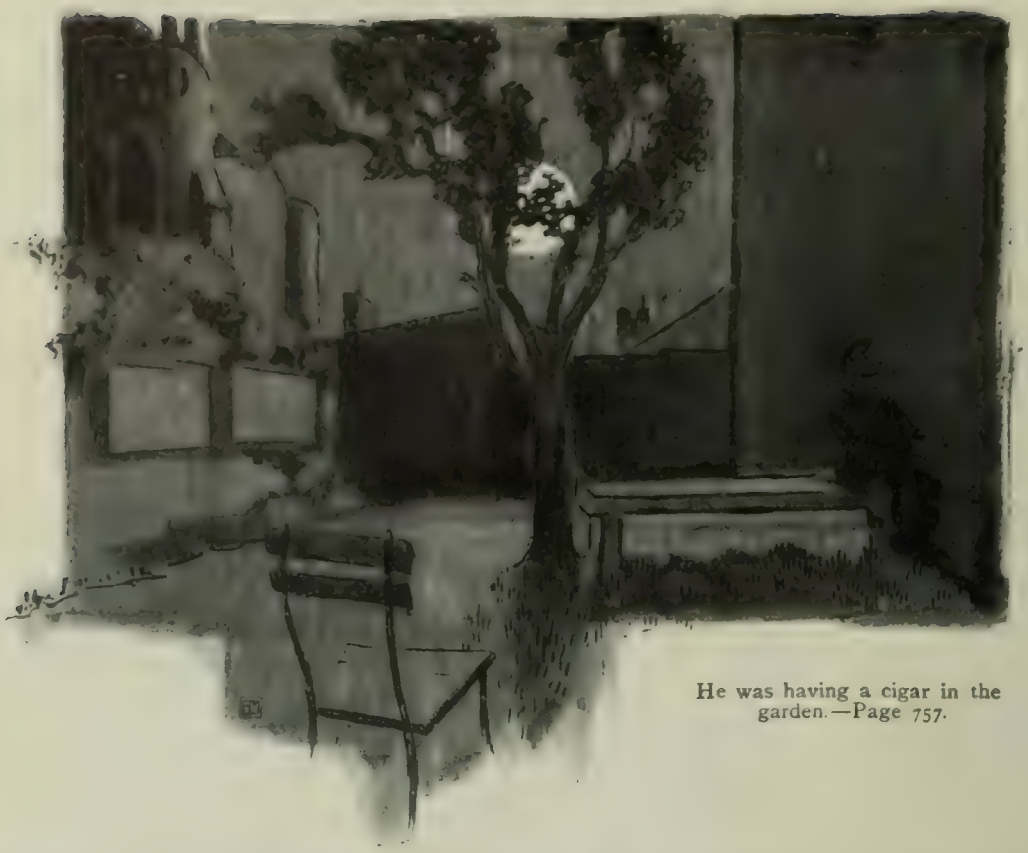
buying palaces in Venice ; one ends in a pension."

"You know your neighbors on your floor ?" she went on gently, determined to do the best for her countryman. "There's the doctor across the table—he can understand a little English—he's very clever, only twenty-two and through with all his studies. He is on his way home now. He is sputtering French at you."

There was a quiet-faced chap on the other side, an Englishman, Ransom took him to be : he looked like a solid intelligence in the crowd of emotions. Ransom was glad to find him a neighbor on the third floor, and they came to take refuge in one another. He was at the Polytechnique, a few doors away, and he was fighting against the charms of Clover Green. Ransom was willing to bet on the charms until a complication rose. For some time the young Englishman said nothing to his neighbor concerning the American girl, an international delicacy, perhaps, preventing him.

Another actor seemed to hover about, and soon an occasion came for Ransom to feel his presence. Late one evening the two men had turned into their disreputable street ; an unusual sight caught their notice —a voiture at the door of the passage to the court-yard. It always suggested mystery, delights, to see a cab pulled up at the door of this modest retreat. As they neared the passage the carriage-door opened, so that by the light of the lamp two faces could be seen : one was Clover Green's fast enough, peeping out from the end of a voluminous wrap ; the other, Ransom had seen it somewhere he felt—a sallow, grinning face, with heavy mustaches, an impression of oil oozing from every pore.

His companion, Ransom noted, had glanced at the same time, but swiftly turned



He was having a cigar in the garden.—Page 757.

his head. The two men quickened their steps and entered the house. Ransom invited the Englishman into his room, where they sat down before the remnants of a fire.

"The independence of your American young women," Brown remarked, with a forlorn smile.

Ransom whistled.

"Who the devil is he?"

"You will see him about the house at odd times, late at night like this, coming home from the theatre or opera, or driving off for dinner. That's his own voiture, chartered I suppose. Whenever you see it hanging around you may know that he is with Miss Green, somewhere about the premises."

"And 'Auntie'—what has she to say?"

"He comes from the same city, St. Louis. But they picked him up in Vienna two years ago, in that easy fashion, pardon me, your country people have of acquiring acquaintances whom they convert into friends. Mrs. Sollow told me how much he had done for Miss Clover—'formed' her was her word—in these two years. Developed her tastes and given her the present interest of modelling, which employs her time here in Paris."

"Then," the American remarked, "he is engaged to her, or about to be."

The Englishman's voice took an unnatural key, which showed that he wished to be reserved.

"That it is impossible to say."

"Why don't you ask her?" Ransom remarked, flippantly.

"Because Miss Green is not the person one asks such questions of."

Ransom's mind kept turning over that face and trying to fit a name and place to it.

"You know his name?"

"He calls himself P. Bertram Clarke—I met him once."

That seemed to give little further light. What American has not an extensive acquaintance among the Clarkes?

"Can you tell me," he said at last, in his slightly ponderous British fashion, "why they all come over here to dabble in art or to study languages or to travel, all your American young women, with a little money and good morals. One finds them at every pension table in Europe. Is there nothing in your country to satisfy them?"

"Come and see," the other replied. "They rise generally from a certain stratum of our civilization, such young women as Miss Clover Green—and their lives over there are pretty thin, or likely to be."

"Here they are game for any adventurer, big or little, in proportion to their

assets." With that he laid down his pipe and said good-night.

Ransom glanced across the angle of the garden to the windows of Mrs. Sollow's rooms. In the faint light of a little lamp sat Clover Green, looking out into the cool, damp night. She had her long wrap still about her, thrown back from her head. He could almost feel the solemnity of her face. What facts of life was she so grimly revolving to herself when she should have been abed like other healthy young Clovers?

What had she to do with P. Bertram Clarke?

III

The pension ranked them as follows: The "unknown possibility" with an easy lead over all other competitors in Mademoiselle Clover's favor; then, by right of respect and old fellowship, the young Englishman; after him the new American, Ransom—Madame Cuano's preference; and, at the end, hopelessly handicapped, a young Bulgarian. Ransom, it was soon conceded, played the most assiduous game. Brown was occupied with his work at the Polytechnique; Ransom, on the other hand, who was nominally on the search for a manuscript in the National Library, found plenty of spare moments in the morning to *jaser* with his fellow-countrywoman.

He discovered that his way to the rue Richelieu led by Durand's atelier across the Luxembourg gardens. He would dawdle about the old court-yard until Miss Green appeared, then saunter with her down the Pantheon hill, dodging the groups of impertinent students. The powderish mist of a Paris morning enveloped the hard walls of the Pantheon and stole among the Luxembourg trees. Sometimes they would linger in the yellowed grass-plots of the old garden watching the fantastic nurses as they brought their fat little charges out for the morning.

At the corner of the rue Vaugirard Ransom would say adieu and slip into the crowd streaming riverward. He would sniff the familiar odors of each dark street, and wonder why he was always left on the outside of this young woman's mind.

Once he had induced her to deviate from her path enough to spend an hour in the Louvre. She walked the long galleries, handled the place, as Ransom put it, as if it were the back pasture of her father's farm, or the vacant lot she had known from childhood.

She stopped lovingly before a Franz Hals.

"What a dash and go! If one could do that! It's awfully nice, isn't it?"

"And if one can't do that, is there nothing else to make up?"

"Yes, there is *one* thing," the girl replied, unguardedly.

"And that?" Ransom queried, earnestly. She took her loving glance from the Franz Hals, and swept by her companion indifferently, unconsciously drawing her wrap closer.

"Could no one give you that?" he pursued, venturesomely.

"Perhaps—someone." Ransom knew that he was out of the play, as much as he had been when he first set eyes on her that warm November afternoon. They smiled enigmatically at one another, and turned to the next picture.

"So it's P. Bertram Clarke," mused Ransom, and though a little sore over his warning, he was determined to know more.

"I have it," he exclaimed the next morning as he was sipping his coffee. In a flash of matutinal inspiration the face and the name came back. "He is Paul B. Clarke, who was at Yale for two years."

That was ten years back; Ransom had known him as every one in New Haven did—a little. He had swaggered there on the vague report of being the iron king Clarke's near relative and heir. His rat-like activity had pushed him into prominence in a thousand little inferior ways. Then he did not appear at New Haven one autumn, and some years later, when Ransom happened to be in St. Louis, he had had the curiosity to inquire about him. Paul B. Clarke was no relative of the millionaire Hiram Clarke, he had found out, merely a young fellow the "iron king" had interested himself in. There had been some row between them about money matters; nothing that came to the surface as a scandal, and the young fellow had become a lawyer in Chicago. *Voilà tout!* But suggestive it seemed to Ransom.

"So, so—" Ransom meditated. "I will take a hand. If she has snubbed me, yet there are better men than Paul B. Clarke for my American Clover."

That same afternoon while lingering over his déjeuner the waiter handed him the European edition of a scurrilous American newspaper. He had never happened to see it before, and began turning over its voluminous pages with strange feelings of home and disgust. It was the *New York Plunderer* once more, with its sharp atmosphere of impudent curiosity, its assured trust in the contemptible side of human nature, its swagger and self-esteem. A pretty picture of our native land for Europe to entertain itself with, thought Ransom.

There was a charming set of head lines: "American Push"—"It gets there"—"What a Saint Louis Millionaire's son will do for Literature.—A World Magazine"—and there followed a column and a half upon Mr. P. Bertram Clarke in the nature of a good old-fashioned puff that put Ransom down in the breezy streets of Chicago. It seemed that the rising young Western lawyer had concluded to devote himself to literature, and, backed by the old millionaire, who was represented as longing before his death to bequeath a national blessing to his native land, had planned a World Magazine to appear fortnightly in Chicago, London, and Paris—India, Australia, Mars and Jupiter in the course of time—in the respective tongues spoken at its centres of publication. This polygot sheet was to contain the "cream of the genius du monde," besides "a résumé of the world's history" cabled from the central office. The brilliant young editor was now in Paris at the Grand Hotel, securing manuscripts from famous French authors, and "forming an advisory editorial board among French litterateurs, artists, and newspaper men." Then followed a list of this board. Ransom dropped the paper in a shock of wonder—ten names best known in Paris, with a famous Academician as chairman! "Impossible," he said to himself; "the *Plunderer* has made it up this time in toto. B—— has been in America; he would know enough not to mix himself up in this."

Ransom then bought a dozen French papers; they were all chattering about it. In the *Gaulois* he found what seemed to be a bed-rock of truth, an interview with M. B——. It was true, so said the young Academician, that a new international review of literature, art, and politics had been founded in America with a European as well as an American directorate supported by American capital, *and it was understood to be subsidized by the United States Government.*

P. B. Clarke had succeeded in taking B—— in; in fact, he had successively taken in ten prominent Frenchmen. What a stupendous bit of *réclame* he was after, for of course he must know that in a few months at the outside he would be discovered.

How had he done it? Because a Frenchman is the easiest person on earth to hoodwink, for all his pretended worldliness and knowingness. The "grand plan" and something to tickle his pride, that was all. Probably Clarke was counting upon the American colony for his haul. The French would give him his notoriety, and the Americans his plunder.

Meantime there was Madame Cuano's humble pension and Clover Green. Was her little fortune to help inflate this bubble? Ransom knew that a private investigation was out of the question: she would give him another enigmatical smile. So he planned a public attack, and when Harold Brown came in for his dinner, he began:

"Have you heard the news?"

"The new magazine?" They had spoken in French, and the Lithuanian Pole, whose ears were the ears of a ferret, had leaned forward.

"Prenez garde, Mademoiselle Clover," mumbled Madame in Ransom's ear. The pension was evidently informed. Ransom pressed on unconcernedly in English, depending upon Brown to give him his opening.

"Of course it's a pretty bit of American cheek."

Brown looked into his plate. He would not hurt her feelings. Mrs. Sollow was startled out of her accustomed apathy, and glanced up nervously.

"Why so?" Miss Green interposed, looking coolly across the table.

"Because," Ransom replied, suavely, "do you happen to know how much

money it would take to start and run such a journal even for one year? And do you suppose that a Mr. P. Bertram Clarke has any money behind him?"

"I happen to know that he has."

"Two millions? And do you think for an instant that any bill to subsidize such an affair would get through our Government? When this European directorate finds out that our Government is not behind it, and that they have been led into this game by a totally unknown and uninfluential person, and, worst of all, that their salaries are not paid, there will be one scandal more to amuse the public with."

"You are prejudiced, Mr. Ransom, I am afraid." Miss Green was eying him quietly. She either had exceptional control, or she was not engaged to Mr. Clarke. If she were not committed now, she must not go any deeper.

"Good! I am. Do you think your friends in St. Louis and Chicago, or in New York, will buy a magazine like that after the first curiosity has evaporated?"

"We have much to learn from the French, and for that very reason, the educational value of the work, it is a splendid attempt." She smiled at Ransom as she tossed out these remarks, gathered from P. Bertram Clarke. He would not succeed that way: they must come to closer quarters. Mrs. Sollow interposed here.

"Mr. Clarke is an old friend, and has been very helpful to us. We want you to meet him, and judge for yourself about the enterprise."

It should be said that Mrs. Sollow was an amiable mass of a putty consistency. The last hand upon her spirit left its mark. Usually that hand was Miss Clover's.

It was a heavenly evening for January. The greasy clouds that had been hanging about had floated away, exposing a soft, luminous firmament, an atmospheric consistency of May. The pensionnaires moved out of the dining-room into the garden to enjoy the tranquil night.

"You will pardon me if I have annoyed you by criticising a friend," Ransom began, hypocritically.

"Oh! that makes no difference, his being a friend. But I think you are wrong to judge so hastily."

Ransom paused a moment at this reproof.

"I know that I am right," he spoke slowly, "and I want you to know it, too."

Her lips quivered a moment, and then she shot one of her slow, mocking smiles at him, as if to say: Do you think you will gain anything from me this way?

"Well?" she replied, coolly, "and if I refuse to listen to your explanations?"

"If in the end you believe me, even if you hate me for it, I shall count myself happy."

"Thank you." Her impertinent tolerance irritated Ransom, who was old enough to assume airs of divination and guidance. They walked on around the little garden.

"Tell me," Ransom began, as naturally as he could, "how you happen to be wandering about Europe."

"My father and mother dead, with only an aunt to be converted into a family, a little money, and thoroughly bored with the respectable people of my town, isn't that enough?"

"Perhaps."

"Don't you know the kind of a life a girl leads in America, in a city like St. Louis? Let me tell you. Her father has made a little money, for which he has worked all his life, and her mother has scrimped and saved and worried until—well, she is tired out. They build a four-story stone house in one of the new avenues, with a great stoop, where they sit on warm evenings, he in his slippers with his paper, just tired or ready for gossip.

"Now what is there for the girl? The city is ugly, desolate. The people you must take refuge in, and the few concerts, the week of opera, a few pictures—and the domestic virtues! If she chooses to marry, then she does again, on a larger scale, what her mother did, and she finds it exciting enough, what with her children.

"But the rest, who don't fancy that kind of life! What is there for them? They want a little interest, to hear men talk a little better than the newspapers, to live in other commotions than church sociables, gossip, and business. Do you wonder that they go to college? or to Europe, and fill the Paris studios with rubbishy pupils?

"For Europe means—freedom. A getting out of the flat monotony that would drive a man to drink or to stupidity."

Ransom never dreamed that his Amer-

ican Clover infolded so much philosophy.

"So you think it's better for them to drift about over here at the studios, get unsettled, and go back more unhappy than ever."

"I don't say it's *best*. But can't you understand it? They have more chances, not of marrying, but of hearing something, of meeting people—oh, I can't express it, but you *live* here, even in a pension! I can't endure the amiable virtues."

They sat down facing the river. So this was the magnet that draws to Europe.

"And you find over here Mr. P. Bertram Clarke."

"You dislike him. He isn't, perhaps, prepossessing. But he has had the same kind of experience. He could not stand it any more than I. He gave up brilliant prospects to find something better in life. And he has done so much for me, made me over indeed, for I was silly enough when I first left home. He introduced people to me, and took me about. I didn't like him at first."

"But now you will marry him."

She looked at Ransom quietly. "Perhaps."

"I suppose"—she was dreadfully honest with herself—"I suppose that any other man who would have talked with me, shown me things, might have had the same place. He made me want to live a cultivated life; and women, you know, are grateful."

"Go on."

"There is nothing more to say."

"You came over here a little vaguely, you amuse yourself, you get to know a man who is educated, who talks to you as an equal. Then you follow him blindly, devotedly. Whatever he wants you will give him, because he has helped you on."

"Well," she smiled, in her open fashion, but there were in her face two looks—that of a pretty girl and that of an able woman. Which would carry her farther?

"You have had your eyes opened, and now the question is whether you will stop or go on. At twenty-two a woman hasn't discovered her limit."

"Therefore you would have me use him and go on; then use the next man, perhaps Mr. Harold Brown, who devotes himself to me, and then go on. When shall I stop?"

"Your best instincts will tell you that. Trust them. But don't stop here."

"You never reckon on one thing; we grow to love our helpers, perhaps the first one, and in primitive people like us loyalty is strong. Even if he were really what you assume, and my heart saw it clearly, I would love him for what he has done."

"And rest there content the rest of your life, and *contained*, a more difficult thing?"

"Yes; 'content and contained.' But they have all gone in." She rose and walked leisurely away.

Ransom could see that she was willing to go on; that rare thing! her mind was absolutely open, untrammelled by convention. Probably she needed the balm of plain statement, shut up as her affairs must be with the limited intelligence of Mrs. Sollow.

Ransom could afford to be reckless. Brown's patient worship seemed to win little enough encouragement. Besides he had the chivalrous instinct of Americans to interfere when things were not going properly, a paternal dogmatism toward all young women.

"Well," he said, after they had walked around the garden in silence.

"There is a passage in the preface of a play of Dumas fils. The whole preface is not exactly complimentary to the powers of women, but I think he puts his finger successfully on one great limitation. They stick generally where they are placed: they have not the power to find their highest level. Now American women, I mean especially the women from the middle West, have the power, somewhat. They get themselves educated; they rise when their husbands and brothers stick. You have that power; I wonder if you have the necessary amount of instinct?"

"Why not?" She sat down once more; the night was so peaceful, so helpful to a clear understanding of one's self. He veered again to the personal attack.

"You will understand me and have no foolish scruples about listening. You will feel the distinguished compliment of hearing the whole truth. Even if you do resent my indiscretion it will do no harm, merely deprive me of a friend. I knew

Clarke at New Haven, where I saw him for three years, and saw what he interested himself in, and knew how he was regarded. A woman of course makes little of such matters if she has made up her mind to care for the man. She discovers in him excuses for his ill-breeding, reasons for loving him unknown to the world.

"*But*, there are facts that she cannot close her eyes to, that she must have explained. One such fact is that Clarke has given himself out to be what he is not, the son, or heir at least, of Hiram Clarke, the St. Louis iron man. The papers in puffing his scheme have assumed it, and he must have given them reasons for assuming it. He did the same thing at New Haven. He has probably done the same thing with Mrs. Sollow, who, of course, knows about old Hiram Clarke. In other words, whether explicitly or implicitly, he works on capital that does not belong to him. We call that kind of man an adventurer."

Ransom hesitated, aghast at his own effrontery. But he was so far in that it seemed best to wade on.

"Now his scheme must be backed by some one's money, even if it is legitimate. If he has induced your aunt, however, or permitted her, to put any money in this enterprise, no matter how firmly he may believe in it—the world would say that he is lacking in delicacy, or perhaps worse!"

It was a cruel shot. She said nothing, but Ransom felt sure that his suspicions were correct.

"I am very tired," she said at last, sadly, with an effort. "I suppose that the ordinary girl would not have listened. I am not sure I can listen again!"

"You mean it will be war between us, for I shall do what I can to——"

"Don't trouble poor Auntie. It merely worries her."

"We'll fight it out between us."

"*Bon*." She gave Ransom her hand, smiled brightly, and disappeared.

IV

Another evening Ransom strolled into Brown's room. The Englishman was seated bolt upright in a large chair, while Miss Grayer, the little New Hampshire lady, plumped in the middle of the lounge-bed, was reading from a yellow manuscript. Brown's face lighted up.

"Miss Grayer is kind enough——"

"Oh, pray don't explain, Mr. Brown," his visitor chirped. "I know how two *men* like to talk, perhaps about a *young lady*." With that she slipped to the floor and whisked away. They could hear her puritan French at the other end of the narrow corridor: she was in the hands of the doctor.

"Well, I did come to talk over Miss Green," Ransom began, coolly. He told the Englishman what he knew about P. Bertram Clarke. Then, in a burst of hypocritical enthusiasm, he broke out:

"See here, Brown, there isn't a show for me. I haven't six weeks before I must move on to London. But she is a genuine little brick! You must help me pull her out of this fellow's hands. You've got some chances, too; you have impressed her tremendously with your kindness to Miss Grayer and all that. We must blow up this Clarke. I'll get the blame for it. You might be around at the right time. See?"

Brown gripped his pipe, although he looked irresponsive.

"What's the road?"

"We must get at his actual life. I don't believe that he can live here in Paris six months without giving himself away."

"Well?"

"You know Harrand, the *Telegram* man, you said once."

The Englishman nodded.

"He knows that gang. Pump him."

Brown promised to get some information and Ransom departed, feeling that Brown could help *him*. Whether he could help Brown was of comparatively small importance.

On the stairs he met Miss Green. She was watching a little drama in the courtyard. After a few words she said, directly:

"Mr. Clarke has explained."

"Oh, of course," Ransom smiled. "And the kind of people he handles?"

"His business takes him everywhere, into all kinds of circles. He is a broad-minded man. But I must tell you that we're practically engaged. It's to be kept quiet until he returns to America, where he expects to live six months of the year. As soon as the *International* gets its start, we

are to be married. You will come to the wedding?" There was malice in this.

"Certainly," Ransom replied, gravely. "Will it be in St. Louis, where Hiram Clarke can attend?"

"Paris, I guess. We mustn't fight any more now. Auntie is happy, and I am so, of course." She held out her hand.

"Oh, no, you can't call off hostilities that way. I shall fight it out. And first of all I hope it will be above water as soon as possible. I don't like to feel that you are carrying on a suppressed engagement about the corners. You mustn't take offence at my pugnacity. An engagement that can be broken in six months by any human means ought to be. If you can break the chain then, good."

"Thank you for all your advice," she said, sweetly.

Brown fulfilled his promise. Harrand knew that Clarke was intimate with the Countess Chrisna, and through her influence had got in with Baron Alpheus and other Jew bankers.

"I can't believe," he said, sententiously, "that he is really serious with Miss Green. Yet I can't see why he should take all this pains to get her few pounds."

"Perhaps he would rather like her."

"Perhaps."

Ransom did not tell Brown of the engagement. That was Miss Green's business; besides, if Brown knew that fact it might make him scrupulous about further interference. And Ransom, although he had no clear plan, deemed it possible that he might need Brown's help.

Meantime the Clover Green was less of the green Clover he had learned to love so easily. The girl's face returned only in ripples of fresh laughter at long intervals; the grave woman was coming in more and more. When several days went by without Clarke's appearance, or telegrams arrived instead of the lover, her face became troubled. Then some spree would come off, and all would be cheerful again. An enormous amount of his life she apparently knew nothing about. Yet she couldn't be called a patient young woman.

Ransom happened to be with her one day when the hated "blue" arrived. She and Mrs. Sollow were waiting for Clarke to take them on some excursion; they were drawing on their gloves leisurely, sunning themselves in the bright March day. Ransom was enumerating the acts of a play he had seen the night before, and with total irrelevancy he happened to say:

"Men are such uncertain beasts; one wonders women trust themselves to believe that their attachments will endure."

Miss Green was devouring the "blue," while Mrs. Sollow was looking anxiously at it, trying to read in her face what she knew only too well.

"He has an unexpected business meeting for this afternoon. He will try to see us some time to-morrow." The girl's face flushed with disappointment, hurt pride, and the aunt, without a word left the room. She was kind, poor soul, and simple; she could not understand the coil and she suffered.

"You were saying?" Miss Green rose from the window, and laying aside her gloves and hat, crossed the room, a little taller, a little more impressive than he had expected ever to see her. She did not attempt to disguise her face. It was an awkward moment.

"I was saying," he continued, picking up a book, "that a woman stands to lose rather more than a man when she settles herself, as she calls it, in life; and that a man who can get along without the woman he is in love with before marriage will manage to do so afterward. It's pitiful, but it's true, that good men even are shockingly easy to bore."

"Don't!" her voice came appealingly. It was undoubtedly time to go. There was a general atmosphere of tears.

He went down into the garden, cursing a little, with the thought that, after all, such women are punished for the limitations of their instinct. If she were fine, he said to himself, she would never have slipped into this hole; she would have known her man at a long range. There was the streak of the soil in her soul. There was no such thing as deception in such matters, only incapacity for comprehension. Well, in two months he would be on the Paris, facing for New York, and later news of Clover Green and P. Bertram Clarke would come by the way of the newspapers.

How much of it was gratitude? that was the question, perhaps, and how much

inexperience? A plan began to form itself. To give her experience she must have some vivid shock, some rough realization that Paul B. Clarke was a cad.

He had taken the offensive; Harold Brown had played the neutral, never in the way, yet always about for a word or a glance when the American divinity should think to give them. One would have said that he had quietly withdrawn and like a wise man made little of his wounds. He was to take déjeuner that noon with Ransom at Lavenue's. When the two men had come to cigarettes and coffee, Brown remarked,

"Passage engaged?"

"Yes," Ransom looked at his companion suspiciously. He might be deeper than he thought.

"The *International* is to make its début the first of next month, I hear."

"Yes, so Miss Green told me. Have you heard anything more about him?"

"Pretty troubled water the fellow fishes in. But you can't tell whether it's business or personal. He is angling for big game, with the help of that Brazilian countess. That might explain his intimacy *there*."

"I mean to find out."

Brown brushed the ashes from his cigarette sceptically.

"I have something in mind. See here, Brown, hang about the house this afternoon. Call at their rooms about three and help me out, if I send you word."

Brown smiled at his companion's "American vagaries," and paid his reckoning.

"All right, as you say; I'll be ready for the call and make my appearance on time."

With that they parted. Ransom took a cab to the rue Vignon, behind the Madeleine, whither Clarke had moved. A month or so ago Ransom had had plenty of invitations to call and had never expected to do so. But he remembered the number—10, *entresol*. While his cocher was hunting for the number, another cab drove up, and two people got out—the pair he was after. The woman turned and spoke to her driver.

"What did that lady say to her cocher?" Ransom asked his cabbie.

"*Venez une heure plus tard.*"

His plan was made. A marvellous chance was helping him out. This might well be the business engagement; it might not. No matter what it was, it would serve—merely to have Miss Clover see him coming out of his apartment with that woman. She was in an inflammatory mood and had her share of unreasonableness. One little match would do the business.

There was a cochers' cabaret within a few doors of number 10, where Ransom seated himself and wrote the following note:

"Dear Brown: Get Miss Green to take a walk; discover an errand on rue Troncret, at the end of rue Vignon. Walk slowly down the right-hand side of rue Vignon, timing yourself to arrive opposite the Madeleine end at four o'clock. Go into the print shop, select some prints, and leave something behind you. Then walk slowly back. When you have reached the Boulevard go back again. Be sure to follow exactly these directions."

P. R.

This he dispatched by a garçon in a cab.

Four o'clock came. A carriage drove up leisurely. Then Brown and Miss Green walked up the quiet street, strolling slowly, and talking. Miss Clover was impressive in an enormous hat. She carried herself firmly. They went on to the end of the street and entered the shop.

Thereupon Ransom passed a nervous five minutes. Would they all hit it off to meet at the right moment? He had given them four chances; one had been lost. At last he saw the shop door open and the young pair come out. The cocher at the curb of No. 10 also woke up and touched his horse. He had seen his fare. Thirty seconds more would have fetched matters. Now the couple down the street were loitering too far away. It was maddening.

Ransom rushed out of the cabaret and flung himself into the waiting cab, thrusting a louis d'or into cocher's fat hand as he passed him. "Vite," he said. The cabbie drove away, lashing his horse. He never questioned the argument of a twenty-franc piece. Ransom, looking out of the slit at the back, could see an astonished pair standing at the curb. There wasn't another cab in sight. Clarke turned to look

for one, and down came Brown and Miss Green straight upon them. Then Ransom's carriage whisked him around the Madeleine, and he could see no more.

What had passed he learned two hours later at Madame Cuano's. Brown was sitting before his fire.

"It was sudden enough to take your breath away. I was explaining to her something about the pillars of the Madeleine, and she had her head turned away from the street, looking at the building. We almost stumbled on Clarke when he turned about. He opened his mouth, and let his jaw wag for a moment or two; then he said, 'Why, Clover, how——' But that pause had been enough. She took in the whole group at a glance, looked hard at the Comtesse, whom she knew by sight. Then she gathered up her skirts, backed out of his way, with a little bow, and sailed on. 'You were saying, Mr. Brown,' she said. The nerve was splendid, poor girl! But that walk back was not pleasant. She was so sweet and interested, but I was afraid almost to let her cross the streets."

"Um, we'll see how much good it will do."

Clarke came that evening — he knew enough to strike at once. "If he stays an hour," Ransom reflected, "she is lost." Just thirty minutes passed before he heard Clarke's footsteps on the stone stairs. Elated by this dispatch in their interview, he fidgeted about for another quarter of an hour, and then knocked on the baize door of Mrs. Sollow's little salon. When she appeared, a good deal of a wreck, Ransom said, abruptly:

"I have come to say good-by. I shall leave Paris in a day, Mrs. Sollow, and we must be frank with one another. Have you any intimate friends in Paris? Any business connections?"

She began to cry.

"Then you must make your niece sign a power of attorney authorizing me to act for her. *Now* is the time for her to reinvest her money before the *International* appears. One sells on a rising market."

He drew up a simple formula that would serve to intimidate Clarke if he hesitated over formalities.

"You must make her sign that; don't let her put you off." He waited while she carried it to Miss Green's room. Early the next morning, armed with this, he was on his way again to rue Vignon.

If Clarke was astonished at seeing him, he knew enough not to show it. He was smiling and effusive as ever, pressing his visitor's hands with tenderness in his most characteristic fashion. They chatted for a few minutes about the *International*.

"Great success, Mr. Ransom. Do you know I believe I have fallen on the idea of the age in literature, cosmopolitanism! And we are very successful in our backers. I may tell you in confidence we have just secured the interest of one of the great bankers in Paris to float part of our stock."

"I am glad of that. For I came partly on business, on urgent business. You will doubtless be able to pay over at once to Morgan, Harjes & Co. $20,000 that you obtained from Miss Green."

"And may I ask——?"

"Certainly." Ransom showed him the power of attorney. He looked at it.

"A feminine document," he smiled. "Miss Green will receive twenty bonds of the company at par, and some preferred stock, all of which she may dispose of as it seems best to her."

"You will not pay the money as I direct, then?"

"Certainly not!"

"I think we can settle this business without a row." Ransom looked at his man. "Paul B. Clarke I know well enough, and we will deal on the assumption that I know how you are floating your schemes. If you do not give me assurances that I am willing to accept that you will pay this money in twenty-four hours, the *International* will not appear, not even the first number."

The two argued that point for an hour, and at last Clarke was convinced. They drove to the bankers and secured $18,000, all that Clarke had on hand. As they separated on the stairs of the bank, he said:

"Of course I could not expect to ruin myself by marrying a nobody like that. Perhaps you don't mind shop-worn goods? Send me a card."

And Ransom did not meet Paul B. Clarke again. The *International* saw its third number.

Ransom felt justified on his way home

in stopping at the steamship office to put off his date of sailing for a fortnight.

V

Ransom took good care that Mrs. Sollow should know the details of his conference with Clarke, as far as that beastly last remark. Miss Green had not appeared since his return. That evening, however, while he was having a cigar in the garden, one of the salon windows opened, and she stepped forth.

Ransom felt a little tumult of exultation, as she crossed the gravel to where he was standing beside the old ivy. The last glimmer of light was fading from the western towers of Notre Dame. The organist of St. Severin was practising some bass fugue that threw a certain solemnity into the evening. The pension was still at table, busy over the Mademoiselle Clover mystery, which had leaked a little. It was whispered that Miss Grayer had written a sonnet about it.

"I couldn't let you go without seeing you—and thanking you for all you have done," the note of humiliation in her clear voice was awkward. "I ought to tell you that I see you were right. You conquered after all!"

That word "conquer" upset Ransom.

"I am not going, at least at present."

She threw him one searching glance as if to estimate the price which he might expect for his prophecies, advice, and service.

"You are detained?"

"You said once that women grow to love their masters, those who have helped them."

She turned half away as if chilled by the night-air, which was coming in freshly from the Seine.

"Did I? I have learned that one must be careful in the choice of masters;" a little mockery lurked in this speech.

Just then Brown strolled into the garden, the first time Ransom had found him inopportune.

Miss Green smiled at Ransom, and walked back to the house.

"What a heavenly night!" Brown remarked. There was something so platitudinously calm and assured in this observation that Ransom felt convinced that a wedding might come from the intimacies of the pension. It could not be his, however.

The direct method of attack, at any rate in the case of women, struck him at that moment as futile.

THE YEAR'S CROWN

By Charles Prescott Shermon

Spring has her changeful skies, her waking leaves—
Summer her lavish dower of bloom and balm:
And Autumn has her days of golden calm—
Rich pauses when, forgetting she bereaves
The world of Summer, she no longer grieves.
She smiles, "How well-beloved a queen I am!"
Lingering to hear the land's Thanksgiving psalm
For wealth of fragrant fruit and garnered sheaves.
But Winter is the monarch of the year
When wild winds make the giant pines their harp,
And joy of Christmastide is at the flood.
Only to those who miss a presence dear
The thorns of Winter's holly-crown are sharp,
And all its berries gleam like drops of blood.

SQUIRE KAYLEY'S CONCLUSIONS

By Sarah Barnwell Elliott

THERE is a certain family likeness in all small country towns that is quite consistent with a wide divergence in manners and customs, and one thing common to all is a "leading citizen." He is generally a good man, for after all it is the upright who best weather the storm and find permanent haven in the faith of their fellow-men.

The town of Greenville, like all her family, was extremely self-important, and when her "leading citizen," Mr. Joshua Kayley—commonly called Squire Kayley—was sent to Congress, Greenville became absolutely sure of the large place she filled in the public eye, and felt glad for the rest of the world that a teacher should go out from such a place as Greenville. In return, Squire Kayley felt deeply grateful for the honor done him; was proud of his town, of his county, and of his State, and went to his post determined to do all possible credit to his native region.

As has been intimated, Squire Kayley was an upright man; he was also a modest and an observant man, honestly desirous of thinking and doing right, and when he reached Washington he found much food for thought. He did not make many remarks during his term of office, but in a quiet way he made many investigations, and arrived at some astonishing conclusions. He found, among other things, that the West and the South were looked on as being uncivilized because of what in those regions were called "difficulties," not to speak of lynchings and other modes of supplementing the law.

He found out also, that in quieter regions, instead of "a word and a blow," people brought action for "assault and battery," and "alienating affections," and

"breach of promise," and the rest of it—delicate matters which in his experience had always been settled by a bullet or a caning. Not being a bloodthirsty man, he pondered much on these things, and determined at last that he would try the experiment of making his native town more law-abiding. It was a herculean task, and he had serious doubts as to his success, but he was determined to try, for although Greenville could not boast that every man in her graveyard had died with his boots on, she could nevertheless bring to mind a long list of sons who had begun their march on the "lonely road" well shod.

He was sitting on the hotel piazza with a number of his constituents one afternoon after his return home, and while a negro handed about glasses filled with a topaz-colored mixture, crushed ice, mint, and straws, Squire Kayley told this story.

"A man up yonder," he began, "made some remarks about another man, a stranger from another region of the country; a few days afterward the man was on the cars when the stranger walked up to him and, taking him by the nose, pulled him all the way down the car."

"Gosh!" exclaimed one listener.

"Did you stay for the funeral?" asked another.

"He didn't shoot," Squire Kayley answered; "he brought in a charge of assault and battery, and got two thousand dollars damages."

His audience groaned.

"You needn't groan," the Squire went on, with a steadiness in his tone and words such as a man puts into his actions when he is about to light a fuse—"that feller had a level head. He had followed so quick that his nose wasn't hurt, and two thousand dollars is a lots better poultice for a man's honor than a feller-man's blood."

A dead silence followed this remark, and Squire Kayley, tilting his chair back against the wall, pulled gently at the straw in his glass. After a few moments a young fellow sitting on the railing of the piazza asked:

"An' you'd sue for damages, Squire?"

"I ain't sure, Nick," Squire Kayley answered, slowly. "I hope I won't be tried, but I think the fellow had a level head."

"An' two thousand dollars is a heap er money," said another young fellow, thoughtfully.

"'Tain't so much the money, Loftus," the Squire answered, "as not shedding blood. They're lots more peaceable up yonder than we are, and they haven't got it by killing each other, either; and they're lots richer, too, and a good deal of it has come through being law-abiding."

"Dang my soul, if you ain't changed!" cried an old fellow, jerking his rocking-chair round so as to face Squire Kayley. "I'd noticed thet you'd smoothed your words a heap, an' had cut your hair short, an' shaved your face clean, but I hedn't looked for no fu'ther change, an' this is too much when you say you'd let a feller pull yo' nose an' be satisfied with two thousand dollars."

"I'd let you pull it for one, Uncle Adam," Squire Kayley answered, smiling.

There was a general laugh, but not a hearty one, for their leading citizen was announcing doctrines that would have branded any other townsman as a coward.

"There was another man," the Squire went on; "a feller began to carry on with his wife; we'll suppose that he did what he could to stop it, then after watching awhile and seeing that things were hopeless, he brought action for alienating his wife's affections and gained his suit and five thousand dollars."

"Damn it, man, you didn't think *thet* was right!" Uncle Adam cried again, growing very red in the face, while the other listeners looked at the Squire pleadingly as if imploring him not to commit himself beyond redemption.

"Why not?" the Squire asked, taking another pull at his straw—"nothing could heal the hurt the woman had done him, and a woman as far gone as that didn't deserve to have blood spilt for her, and to leave her on the other feller's hands, at the same time taking away his money, seems to me the most dismal punishment on the face of the earth."

"But, Squire, could you have held yourself?" cried Nick.

"I ain't sure," the Squire answered, again, "and I won't be tried, being a bachelor; but that feller had a level head."

Loftus did not venture to remark again on the money, and Uncle Adam and the

others having sunk into wondering silence, the Squire went on :

"There was a fellow engaged to a girl ; first thing she knew he was married to another girl ; she sued for breach of promise and got her money."

"For God's sake, Joshua Kayley!" Uncle Adam pleaded, for the third time, and now with a tone of despair in his voice, "you wouldn't er let yo' daughter do thet?"

The Squire shook his head. "No," he said, "seeing I'm a bachelor, I wouldn't, but I *do* draw the line there. I don't know what I'd do to a man who should ill-treat my daughter, if I had one—but *she* shouldn't do anything ; all the same, the girl had a level head. And I'll tell you," he went on, rising to his feet and waving his glass to emphasize his words—"I'll tell you that the people up yonder have got the right end of the stick. You'll not get peace nor honor by killing people, and you'll not make money by paying lawyers to defend you in murder trials—and we don't gain credit nor bring capital to our country by riots and difficulties ; and they call us barbarous and uncivilized, they do, and we've got to change—we got to become law-abiding. I love Greenville, and I love you all, and you've all got to help me change this town. God knows, and you know, that I ain't a coward, and if you could hear them talk about us and our ways, and read their papers about us and our doings, you'd try to help me ;" and he resumed his seat.

There was a moment's silence, then Uncle Adam brought his hand down sharply on the arm of his chair.

"It's no use talkin', Josh," he said, "we ain't been raised that way, an' we ain't a goin' to change into no pulin' complainers to the law, nor patch up our dishonor with money. Why, Josh, even the niggers would scorn such talk, an' for the land's sake, stop it."

There was a chuckle from the doorway, where the negro waiter had paused to listen.

Squire Kayley turned. "You there, Sam?" he said. "I'm glad of it, you can help me, too ; you can go and tell the niggers what I say, and tell 'em I'm right."

The negro bent double over his waiter as if with restrained mirth. "Lawd, Boss," he said, "'tain't no use talkin' to niggers ; it's too easy furrum to shoot en run, en dat's w'at a nigger'll do ev'y time."

"An' the whites 'll shoot an' stan' to it!" cried Uncle Adam; "an' you've gone all wrong, Josh."

Squire Kayley shook his head.

"No, Uncle Adam," he answered, "I'm right. People, and 'specially boys, seem to think that there's some kind of glory in defending what they call their honor, and half the time it's bad temper or bad liquor. But there's no glory in a cold-blooded lawsuit, and if they knew that they'd have to go into court and have their lives and their characters turned inside out, they'd control themselves a little better."

A tall young woman, very much overdressed, was seen coming down the street on the other side. Nick slipped off the railing on to the pavement and, stepping across quickly, joined her. The group on the hotel piazza was silent, watching the couple out of sight.

Then Uncle Adam said :

"It beats me why Nick Tobin's wife is forever passin' this hotel. To my certain knowledge she's been by three times today."

"Maybe she has business down town," suggested the Squire.

"Loftus Beesley's smilin' like he knows," was another suggestion.

Uncle Adam nudged Loftus.

"Not long ago," he said, "we mighter thought it was 'cause Loftus was a settin' here."

"Well, she's gone," said Squire Kayley, sharply ; "and I can't see how it's our business what she's gone for."

Uncle Adam looked at the speaker for a moment, the color mounting to his face,

"It seems to me, Joshua Kayley," he answered, "thet you're losin' yo' mind. If I choose to make it my business who passes this hotel, I'm goin' to make it my business ; an' if I choose to say thet Nick Tobin's wife spen's her life gaddin' roun' these streets, I'm goin' to say it ; an' I'll add thet when Nick's in town she *does* spen' her time on the streets, an' when he's travellin', or with his firm over in the city, she spen's it at home receivin' the boys. An' fu'thermo' Loftus is one o' them boys ; an' I'll instruct you again—Nick suspicions

it, an' he leaves the Seelye boys, his own cousins, on guard when he's gone, 'cause Nick's got no man to help him, an' the girl's own people can't do nothin' with her —now, what do you say?"

"That I'm mighty sorry for Nick," Squire Kayley answered, quietly; "he's a good fellow, a little hasty, but straight, and the least his friends can do is not to trifle with his wife behind his back, nor make her the subject of public comments; and I'll stand by Nick, and I'll stand by her for his sake. We all ought to."

Loftus moved uneasily, then joined Uncle Adam, who had risen, and with a very much disgusted expression, stood looking down on Squire Kayley.

"I wish yo' new doctrines good luck, Josh," the old man said, sarcastically; "but I'm an ole bottle, an' the preacher says new wine busts ole bottles, an' I'm 'fraid o' bustin' if I takes in any mo', an' then you'd bring a suit for damages, so I'm goin'."

Squire Kayley laughed.

"You can't make me mad, Uncle Adam," he said, "and you can say anything you please. Some day you'll see that I'm right."

Of course Squire Kayley's new doctrines were the town's talk in a few hours, and the women with one accord took his part.

Squire Kayley was right, they declared, was always right, and if he had broken up that hotbed of scandal that collected every afternoon on the hotel piazza he had done a good work. Women scarcely liked to pass the hotel, and although Letty Tobin deserved to be talked about because of her scandalous behavior with Loftus Beesley, still they were glad that the Squire had spoken plainly, even if in so doing he had taken Letty's part. Further, if he could persuade their sons and husbands to stop bullying each other, they would look on him as their deliverer from many anxieties and evils, and they would try to help him.

The next thing Greenville knew an action for assault and battery was brought by Sam, the waiter at the hotel, against Uncle Adam Dozier, the autocrat of the hotel piazza.

The excitement was intense.

Of course Sam had come at once to Squire Kayley, and of course Squire Kayley could not refuse the case. He did his best to persuade Sam from it, for Uncle Adam had often before whacked Sam with his walking-stick, but though perfectly amiable, Sam stood to his point.

The town was in a fume. Squire Kayley's popularity wasted like snow under a July sun, and there were no words capable of expressing Uncle Adam's sensations, nor any reputable printer who would have put his language in type.

The women, hitherto solid for Squire Kayley as the only man in town, besides the clergy, who was always sober, were divided, for though they detested Uncle Adam as an old reprobate with an unscrupulous tongue—still, the case was a negro against a white man, which brought many feelings other than justice into full play.

However, through it all Squire Kayley was "quiet and peaceable and full of compassion," and he gained his case, and Sam his money, and Uncle Adam, having exhausted his vocabulary, took out his vengeance in an ostentatious and belligerent avoidance of the Squire.

But time, humanity's one patent medicine that really cures all, soothed Uncle Adam, and as Sam had discreetly disappeared, the old man resumed his position on the hotel piazza, where each day he used Squire Kayley's new doctrines as a peg on which to hang an ever-enlarging book of lamentations over the old times, and declared that since Sam's victory "every nigger in town was tryin' to git licked, which would be mighty good furrum but for the money which the Squire hed attached. For everybody knew that a thrashin' was a nigger's best frien', while money was a pitfall of danger"—but that "the nex' time *he* hit, he'd hit to kill, then Josh Kayley could have the pleasure of puttin' him in the penitentiary." Furthermore he said that he hoped "thet no other Greenville man would ever go to Washington if it was goin' to ruin him like it had ruined Josh. Josh had gone away an ole time gen'leman, but only the omniscient Almighty knew what he had changed into 'fore he got back." The occurrence had its effect, however, as object-lessons always do, and, as the Squire observed, "Uncle Adam had ceased his gentle play with his walking-stick."

Greenville resumed its deadly stillness after this, until the first cold snap in the

autumn waked up the young people to a sense of the beauty of dances and candy-pullings, causing them to drive long distances to country places or to neighboring settlements, to find a sufficient amount of amusement.

Of course Mrs. Grundy waked up, too, and while allowing them to have the most unquestioned freedom, the gossips kept a viciously strict account of the young people's fallings from grace, and especially were their eyes fixed on Letty Tobin, Nick's wife.

That Letty was beautiful, no one denied, and her marriage to Nick Tobin had been an astonishment to all who knew her. Nick himself had been somewhat surprised, for up to the moment of her acceptance she had treated his loyal service as something of a joke, giving all her favors to other young men, especially to Loftus Beesley, who, for Greenville, was rich.

Nobody understood this sudden change of front, and all prophesied that the marriage would never take place. But it did, and in his love and gratitude Nick swore that if love and devotion could make Letty happy she should never have cause to repent her choice. And work he did, even Letty's mother declaring that he "spoiled the girl to death."

As Nick "travelled" for a firm in a neighboring city, he could be very little at home, which was declared to be "unfortunate," especially as Letty lived alone, declining even the company of her own sisters, who, doomed to the country, would have been very glad of a change to town.

Nick's comings and goings were uncertain also, but he came home as often, and stayed as long as possible, meanwhile leaving to his cousins, Ben and Reub Seelye, the care of his wife and his home.

They had been married for a year now, and Nick had not yet entirely recovered from his surprise at his luck, for, besides being a modest fellow, his mind was as slow as his temper was quick. But when this first cold snap came, and all the young people of the town waked up to the delights of this weather that was so ideal for merrymaking, Nick was away, and Ben Seelye found himself very unhappy about his cousin's wife and about the talk that was so rife concerning her.

There was nothing that he could have proved, and yet he knew, and every one else knew, that things were not as they should be, and that Loftus Beesley was the man.

One morning Ben walked into Squire Kayley's office, pale, and somewhat breathless.

"What's up?" the Squire asked at once, not even suggesting that his visitor should be seated.

Ben held out a telegram. "Nick's coming," he said, "and Letty's not here."

"Where is she?"

"We all drove over to Pinehollow last night to a candy-pulling," Ben explained, "and some of us stayed over all night at Colonel Bolles's; but this morning when I reached town I found that Letty had not come. She and Loftus left Bolles's a little ahead of me, and took the road home, so that I felt safe, but John Brewin says that she and Loftus turned off on the Valley Creek pike, and told him to tell me they'd be back by five o'clock—and—and Nick is 'most here now!"

"Well?" queried the Squire.

"Well, it'll be death to somebody," Ben answered.

The Squire walked about a little bit with his hands in his pockets, then paused to look out of the window.

"It shall not come to that," he said at last; "there's no harm in the girl's going to a picnic; and if you'll meet Nick and tell him about it quietly, it'll be all right."

"If it was any other fellow but Loftus," Ben answered.

"Is Nick jealous of Loftus?"

"I don't know, but Loftus is so careful when Nick's at home, that it makes a fellow think, an' when Nick's away, not a day passes but he sees Letty."

"And I've known that girl since she was a child," the Squire said, as if to himself, again pausing to look out of the window; after a moment he turned—"If she comes at five," he continued, "we can smooth it, but a girl who deceives her husband systematically may not come home at five."

Ben groaned.

The Squire sat down again, and there was silence in the little office until the Squire roused himself with a deep sigh.

"Well," he said, "you go and meet Nick and explain things as lightly as you can,

and if she does not come at five you bring Nick here ; I'll be here late this evening ;" and Ben went off.

Five o'clock found Nick and Ben waiting patiently in Nick's house ; at six o'clock Reub Seelye joined them ; at seven, Nick was lying on his bed, tied, with Ben seated beside him, while Reub went for Squire Kayley.

" He tried to kill himself," Reub said, " an' we had to tie him."

When Squire Kayley entered the room Nick was attaching every oath he had ever heard to Loftus Beesley's name, and doing it with a deliberate, monotonous carefulness that was almost rhythmical and truly awful.

" That's no good," the Squire said, quietly, standing over him with his hands in his pockets, " and I'm ashamed to see you lying here tied like a beast. Untie him, boys."

Nick got up and shook himself.

" You've got no right to behave as if your wife had sinned," the Squire went on ; " any accident might have kept them ; if you loved her you'd not treat her with this dishonor."

" She's been two days, an' this'll be two nights, with Loftus Beesley !" Nick cried.

" True, but last night she was with all the party at Colonel Bolles's ; perfectly respectable and legitimate, and now she may come in at any moment and give a perfectly clear account of herself ; and even if she does not come until morning, she may be stopping with some friend——"

Nick struck his hands together.

" Then she'll have to stop away altogether ! "

" Not at all," the Squire returned ; " you must give her every chance to clear herself ; she's young, and beautiful, and fond of admiration and gayety, and that kind of woman has a thousand temptations that a quieter kind never dreams of. She had the choice of every unmarried man in this town—" the Squire hesitated a moment, then added—" even of your humble servant, and out of all she selected you——"

Nick turned quickly — " You, too, Squire ? " he asked.

The Squire nodded. " And I love her enough still," he added, " to insist that justice be done her."

The evening wore on. The town clock struck nine—then ten—then the Squire sent Reub Seelye out to the house of Letty's mother, to see if she was there.

It was a long ride, and until Reub returned, after midnight, the Squire managed to keep Nick quiet, but when a negative answer came Nick was almost beside himself, and Squire Kayley had to compromise, giving up the point that Nick must let his wife come home, and advising, instead, that he should pack all Letty's belongings, and in the morning send them to her mother's house and, leaving Ben Seelye to meet the couple, come to Squire Kayley's place outside the town. For at any cost, Nick and Loftus must be kept apart.

" Don't receive her," he said, " but give her a chance to clear herself."

" And Loftus? " Nick snarled between his teeth.

" What's Loftus done? " the Squire asked—" Letty's not the kind to be led—nor driven."

" If Loftus blames her I'll kill him."

" No, we are not going to have any bloodshed," the Squire went on ; " if you can't hold yourself, I'll hold you. If I can't do any better I'll put you in jail."

Nick laughed long and loud, then burst into tears—" I love her so ! " he cried, " I love her so ! "

" Of course you do," his mentor answered. " And first thing you know it'll be all right."

Daylight found Reub Seelye with Letty's trunks, being driven out to Mrs. Purdy's ; Squire Kayley and Nick on their way to the country, and Ben Seelye, with a note in his pocket, and the key of Nick's house, on his way home to breakfast.

But, alas ! as the day wore on and Ben did not come with news of Letty's arrival, Nick became almost wild ; then the Squire tried to soothe him into quiet with talk of a divorce.

" You think she's too far gone to shed blood for," Nick said at last, his voice grown low and weak from weariness—" that's what you said about that other woman at the North ; you want me to sue Loftus for his money, and let him have Letty? Great God ! "

" Do you want her? "

" But Loftus," Nick reiterated, " leave her to Loftus ! "

"Humanity's strange," the Squire began, slowly, "let 'em have what they want, and ten to one they don't want it. Letty belongs to you, and that makes her the one thing on earth that Loftus wants. You belong to Letty, and that cheapens you in her sight. Let her go—that minute your value will double, and like Esau she'll shed many and bitter tears for what she threw away. Let her go; and Loftus will wonder what it was that made him so crazy. There's nothing makes a man feel so God-forsaken as to be left to follow his own evil courses—as to say to him 'You've hurt me beyond help—take what you've been striving for and go your way'—and right then and there the tip-top apple on the tree that he's been fighting for turns to dust and ashes in his mouth, and he can never—never—never get you and your maimed life out of his heart. But just lift one finger to revenge yourself, and you lift the burden from his heart on to your own. Let 'em go, boy, wash your hands clean of 'em, and after awhile peace will come to you—peace such as you've never dreamed of. But not to them, they'll have entered on a new lease of tribulation—for 'what ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.' I'm not much of a preaching Christian," he went on in a lower tone, "but there's one thing I've read in Scripture—just a few words—'Are not all these things written in Thy book?'"

Nick sat silent, his arms crossed on the table and his head bowed on them. No food had passed his lips, and he was faint and weary, and for a little while he seemed to see as Squire Kayley saw, and so he fell into the deep sleep of exhaustion.

Just as the sun was setting Ben Seelye rode slowly into the yard and around to the stable, and the Squire stepped out very carefully, so as not to waken Nick.

"She's come," Ben said, "an' when she read the note she laughed a little, then she turned right white, and gave it to Loftus—"

"And Loftus?"

"He looked like a rooster with his tail feathers pulled out, an' said he thought he'd better leave town for awhile, and then he looked at me and sorter straightened up, and asked Letty—'What do *you* want me to do?' an' she said 'Leave town,' then he turned to get into his buggy, an' I told him he'd better drive Letty out to her mother's, 'cause the servants were gone an' the house locked up, an' all Letty's things were out there waitin' for her. It was pretty bad; but they did what I said, an' I rode my horse right behind 'em through the town, an' every body stared, an' nobody spoke, not even Uncle Adam Dozier. It was bad. Loftus leaves at seven o'clock, if Nick 'll only sleep till then."

Never in the annals of Greenville had there been such excitement as when Nick Tobin sued Loftus Beesley for alienating his wife's affections.

The whole town and county—men, women, and children—rose in a solid, clamoring body against Squire Kayley. Women who had often torn poor Letty's character into ribbons now rallied around her, declaring that to bring a woman into such unheard-of publicity, into court, subjecting her even to the evidence of her negro servants, was to destroy not only all the old and time-honored customs, but to subvert society.

Uncle Adam proclaimed that any man in Nick's position who did not shoot his rival was a coward, and that if Squire Kayley had not meddled, it would all have been arranged as of old; Loftus decently buried and his money left to his family, Nick could have come back, and everybody would have been his friend; and Letty—well, Letty would have been a "grass widder" with a bad name. Now, Squire Kayley's methods had turned the two sinners into hero and heroine, and the injured man had become an object of pity and contempt, who deserved all he got!

Every sort of compromise was suggested, but Squire Kayley was determined to teach a lesson once and for all to his native town, and he did it. An awful, searching, withering lesson that revealed to mothers, and fathers, and brothers the perilousness of the liberty which they accorded their young daughters and sisters; which revealed to the women the views of themselves as given in the talk of the men who formed their society; which revealed to the men their own unloveliness as seen by purer eyes and an unanswerable logic; an awful, withering lesson that was as if the whole town had been driven into the palace of truth, there to endure a day of terrible judgment.

Through it all Squire Kayley kept Nick



"Dang my soul, if you ain't changed!" cried an old fellow.—Page 759.



A tall young woman, very much over-dressed, was seen coming down the street.—Page 760.

away, travelling, as usual, for the firm that employed him, while Loftus met the public eye only when the dreadful engine of the law dragged him into view, showing him in all sorts of false and pitiful guises. The Squire was virtually ostracized, but he had the courage of his convictions and the spirit of the martyr, which every man should have who undertakes the work of reform.

At last it was over. Loftus had to sell most of his possessions to pay costs and damages; Letty hid herself in her mother's house, while Nick, travelling incessantly, did not hear the half that was said, and paid no heed whatever to the money that was now to his credit in the Greenville bank. The town subsided, having become "sadder and wiser," and Squire Kayley's reward, for he had declined all fees, was to see that when expeditions were organized, at least one mother went to look after the young people; and that brothers and fathers took some heed as to who escorted their sisters and daughters; further, the girls themselves were seen less often on the streets, and it became a great breach of social observance for any woman to pass the hotel.

All this soberness was gall and wormwood to Uncle Adam Dozier, who having, through the fall of Squire Kayley, regained



"That's no good," the Squire said, quietly, standing over him with his hands in his pockets.—Page 763



"Humanity's strange," the Squire began, slowly.—Page 764.

the position he had lost because of his defeat by Sam, bloomed once more into the hotel-piazza orator of happier days, and who by one declaration raised a puzzling question for the people of Greenville.

"Josh Kayley is the most immoral man in this town," he declared, boldly; "he is attempting to reduce everything to a money value, an' says thet even our mos' sacred affections kin be paid fur. It's wrong—it's damned wrong, an' I say thet the man who kin spen' the money gained through the ruin of his wife, is a poltroon an' a sneak! But Josh Kayley, ner no other man kin bring *us* to sicher pass—no, sir, I tell you the end is not yit, an' you'll see I'm right—wait, an' you'll see!"

So Greenville, a little at a loss between the practical ills as exemplified by Uncle Adam, and the theoretical ills as exemplified by the Squire, waited.

In a convict-worked coal-mine two prisoners labored side by side, a negro and a white man. In the dim light cast on each by the other's lamp the negro showed a contented, rather cheerful face, and worked skilfully, while the white man, young and comely, was haggard and hopeless, and worked clumsily. The negro watched him furtively, but a guard stood near, for the white man was a new prisoner, and the negro did not speak. After awhile sounds of laughter came from a group nearer the opening, and the guard moved on, then the negro said :

"Fur Gawd's sake! Marse Nick, whar's you come from?"

For the first time the white man looked at his companion. "Sam," he said, "you here?"

"Yassir, Marse Nick, I git yer kase o' dat money what Marse Josh got fum-me f'um ole Marse Adam Dozier. Over to Duserville a gal fool me kase o' dat money, en her mammy had er funerl to perwide, an' I come yer — yassir. An' you, Marse Nick—you got yo' money, too, sir?"

"Yes, I got my money, too, Sam," the young man answered, wielding his pick deliberately, "an' I gave it all to your Miss Letty; she never had worked, an' I wasn't satisfied to think about her workin'."

"Yassir, Marse Nick, en den, sir?"

"An' then I heard 'bout the things your Marse Loftus had said 'bout her on the trial, an' so I killed him; for I thought the trial was 'tween me an' him, not her, an' while I was killin' him I told him why I did it; not 'cause he'd hurt me, but 'cause of what he'd said 'bout my wife. I told him so—I got him by himself, an' I told him; then I killed him—killed him slow, him, my old friend."

"An' Marse Josh!" the negro was breathless.

"I told the Squire that I'd tried my best to do his way, but no man could say the things Loftus had said about my wife on that trial an' live. I was sorry to disappoint the Squire, for he's right in the main, but my case was diff'runt."

"An' Marse Adam Dozier?"

"He said I was right, an' a gentleman, but I told him no, that the Squire was right, but my case was diff'runt."



From an unpublished portrait taken at San Francisco in 1870.

ON A YOUTHFUL PORTRAIT OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

By James Whitcomb Riley

A FACE of youth mature: a mouth of tender,
'Sad human sympathy yet something stoic
In clasp of lip; wide eyes of calmest splendor,
And brow serenely ample and heroic;—
The features—all—lit with a soul ideal. . . .
O visionary boy! what were you seeing,
What hearing, as you stood thus midst the real
Ere yet one master-work of yours had being?

Is it a foolish fancy that we humor—
Investing daringly with life and spirit
This youthful portrait of you ere one rumor
Of your great future spoke that men might hear it?—
Is it a fancy, or your first of glories,
That you were listening, and the camera drew you
Hearing the voices of your untold stories
And all your lovely poems calling to you?

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE

By William Maynadier Browne

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER NEWELL

I DO not feel really comfortable in my mind about it yet. We ought to have confessed at the time. I shall always think so, in spite of what Henry says.

"My dear," he said to me, only tonight, "I acknowledge that confession is good for the soul, but one should not, therefore, rush into confession headlong. This case demonstrates with singular clearness how much good may sometimes be accomplished by not hysterically hastening to satisfy, on the instant, every demand of conscience;" and then he burst out laughing.

Henry has been practising law so long now that he can be thoroughly exasperating. He often is.

Years ago—when we were just married, and when Henry, who had recently been admitted to the bar, was, as he expressed it, waiting to be asked what he'd have—we were obliged to live in a boarding-house; worse still, a suburban boarding-house.

The landlady was Mrs. Buckingham; a woman of remarkable bulk. Her figure, Henry used to say, was like the figures in the United States Treasury statements—vague and stupendous. But with all her amplitude she had none of the bustling jollity, none of the tolerance we usually associate with corpulence. On the contrary, she was austere—majestic, in fact.

I suppose there was, or had been, a Mr. Buckingham. I asked Henry about this, but he replied, in awe-stricken tones, "Have you never heard about poor Buckingham?" and, upon my answering in the negative, whispered, hoarsely, "Beheaded—in the sixteenth century. We never mention him." Thereafter he always spoke of Mrs. Buckingham as the Duchess.

The boarders were all dear, good souls; but among them were only two whom we found congenial—Major Hawley and the Reverend Mr. Gately. The Major was a retired army officer, inclined to be explosive at times, though in his placid moments reserved and scrupulously polite. Mr. Gately was a young clergyman; neat, thin, near-sighted, mild-mannered, and six feet three inches tall. His room was just above ours.

Many were the games of whist we four played in our little living-room, of an evening. Henry and I always played against the Major and Mr. Gately because—well, because, as Henry said, if there should be any quarrels they would then occur either entirely within, or entirely outside of the family. Besides, we had been married but a few months. Quarrels there were, beyond a doubt, but not many; and these not within the family. The Major would sometimes explode upon Mr. Gately, but the explosions always rumbled away into mutterings, and caused no damage. Henry said, "You can't shatter a monument of humility, you know."

As for Henry and me, we never had a disagreement about the game. Henry has always said that my game of whist was one to be followed—not led. And I must say I have always found him a very satisfactory partner—at whist. Yes, and in every way. Dear old Henry! To be sure he is—but never mind.

I must confess that he rather shied at Mr. Gately sometimes. He said he was always tempted to smite him on the other cheek; and this I think was a horrid thing to say, for Mr. Gately was not really what one would call humble. He was—well, coy. And, as I said to Henry, I was glad to have him with us because I wanted to draw him out. Of course, when I said this, Henry made one of his ridiculous replies. He exclaimed, "For mercy's sake, dear, don't! Think how he would look if you did."

One evening, the evening after Christmas, we were seated at the whist-table in our room. Henry and I had had our Christmas dinner with his people, and Mr. Gately had had his at the rector's house. Mr. Gately was assistant at the parish church. The Major, poor man, had had no other resource than to sit at Mrs. Buckingham's table.

"What kind of dinner did the Duchess



Whispered, hoarsely, "Beheaded—in the sixteenth century. We never mention him."—Page 771.

give you on Christmas?" asked Henry, of the Major, who was dealing, with quiet precision.

"Colossal," replied the Major. "Colossal, sir, and familiar."

"Do you mean," said I, "she gave you the same old things, only more of them?"

"Precisely, Madam. It is your lead and hearts are trumps." The Major had turned the queen. "We had five kinds of pie," he added.

I led—some small card of a plain suit—Mr. Gately took the trick, playing a king second hand, and led the king of hearts. I saw the Major looked puzzled, and frowned.

"Five kinds of pie!" Mr. Gately exclaimed, mildly, as the hand went round. "Dear me! What ill-judged benevolence!" Then, his king having taken, he led the ace and smiled.

"What infernal carelessness!" burst from the Major. His queen had fallen upon his partner's ace.

"Oh, hardly that! Surely the intent was manifest. Not that I defend the practice; but one could hardly—er—" Mr. Gately leaned forward as he spoke, still smiling, his cards clasped against his breast and his head slightly to one side.

"Confound it, man! I turned the queen when I dealt," said the Major.

"The queen? Oh, yes—to be sure. I fear I am *very* stupid." Mr. Gately was the acme of devout contrition. The Major rumbled into silence, and the hand was finished without further remark. I remember that Mr. Gately led trumps a third time (he was drawing two for one, of course), but Henry took the next trick and kept on with trumps until all Mr. Gately's were gone. As it turned out, Henry had all the highest clubs; so we made four tricks.

"I must confess," I remarked as I was dealing, "I don't like Mrs. Buckingham's pastry."

"No," said Mr. Gately, assuming his most Anglican accent and intonation. "No. One can cherish for it a feeling of respect—of respect not unmixed with fear, I may say—but one cannot really like it" (he pronounced it *reelly*); "it is so—er—uncompromising. I wonder what ingredients the good soul uses in its construction?"

"Mostly asphalt," said Henry; and at that moment there came a knock at the door.

It was Mrs. Buckingham, and she entered with a pie in each hand. "Good-

evening," she began, ponderously. "I was sorry to have you miss my Christmas dinner; but I understand, of course, that family ties, or an invitation from the rector of the parish——"

Henry had risen and was offering her a seat. "You'll spoil him, Mrs. Buckingham," he said, breezily, as he took the pies from her. "You will, indeed. Think of it, Gately! Two pies! Mince?" This last to Mrs. Buckingham. She bowed and started to speak, but Henry went right on, though he winked at me over his shoulder. "Two whole pies! You're a lucky chap, Gately, I must say. I see you understand, Mrs. Buckingham, what voracious appetites these young curates——"



The Reverend Mr. Gately

"Only one is for Mr. Gately, Mr. Gray," said Mrs. Buckingham, solemnly. "The other is for you and Mrs. Gray. Major Hawley was with us at dinner, so I do not include him."

"Yes, Madam," said the Major, "I thank you. I have had mine. I remember it." And he bowed with studied politeness.

"Though I do say it," continued Mrs. Buckingham, "my mince-pies are perfectly wholesome. They wouldn't hurt a baby." Henry, who was leaning over the back of my chair, whispered, "Wouldn't know what struck him," and Mrs. Buckingham, after a few inquiries of Mr. Gately about the rector's new plans and the children's festival, withdrew.

The rector had recently accepted a call to another parish, and the advisability of offering the rectorship to Mr. Gately was then under discussion among the wardens and vestry. Mrs. Buckingham was among those who advocated Mr. Gately's appointment, and she was by no means without influence in the congregation.

We played a few more hands after Mrs. Buckingham had gone, but the pies weighed upon our spirits and the game dragged. Mrs. Buckingham's pies were really something fearful. Before long the Major rose and bade us "Good-night" and Mr. Gately went upstairs to his room, to do some writing, taking his pie with him. Henry tried to make him accept ours, but he declined. He couldn't think of it. *Reelly!*

Later, as I was getting ready for bed, I heard Henry calling me softly from the other room. I came to the door. He was standing in the middle of the floor, in his night-dress, holding the pie in both hands. "What are we to do with this?" he asked.

"Can't we give it away?" I suggested, in a whisper.

"For Heaven's sake, dear," he replied, in a whisper, too; "don't let's do anything criminal." Then we paused and listened. It was really becoming uncomfortable.

"Let's put it on the top shelf of the closet," he said, and started on tiptoe for the closet-door.

"No, no, no," I gasped, pulling him back. "Don't! Please, don't! It would be horrid to have it there. And she might find it."

"Of course," he said. "That won't do. Aha! I have it! I have it!" and he crossed the room to the air-tight stove and opened the stove-door.

"Henry Gray!" I exclaimed, hoarsely. "Are you crazy? *Don't* do that."

"Why not?" he asked, blandly.

"Why just think!" I said. "It will make a horrid——"

"What are you afraid of? Clinkers?" said Henry. And then we looked at each other and began to giggle. From giggling we laughed. We continued to laugh in that senseless way people will, sometimes, until we were almost hysterical. At last Henry exclaimed, "Oh, pshaw! Stand over there, where you won't catch cold."



The Major.

"What are you going to do?" I asked, breathlessly.

"Never you mind. There has been cowardice enough already. Now look out." He dashed to the window, opened it, hurled the pie out into the night and closed the window again—all before I could remonstrate. "So much for Buckingham!" he whispered, and then went on, in his ridiculous way: "Come, come, come, come; give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed."

In the morning I heard an ejaculation from Henry. He was dressing in the other room. Now Henry seldom uses profane language, so when I distinctly caught the words, "Well, I'll be d——d," I ran to the door and asked what was the matter.

"Fannie," said Henry, without turning—he was looking out through the window—"come here." I came to him, and he pointed out of doors without another word.

Just opposite the window, and some ten feet away, grew a large syringa bush. Firmly lodged in its branches was a pie, unbroken and in clear view.

I looked at Henry, and he looked at me. For some time neither of us spoke. At last he sighed, wearily, and said: "Let's finish dressing and see what we can do."

When we were dressed, and I had put on my ulster and Henry his overcoat, we started in to remove the evidence of our crime. The window was open; Henry, umbrella in hand, was leaning far out, while I held on to his legs, and begged him to be careful. Someone knocked at the door. I hurried Henry in, and soon he was peering cautiously out into the hall. "Gately! You're just the man we want. You're an angel. Come in, quick!" He pulled Mr. Gately into the room and walked him to the window. "You see that pie?" Mr. Gately seemed puzzled and started to speak, but Henry wouldn't give him time. "You're tall," he went on. "You have a long reach. Take this umbrella. Lean out as far as you can. Mrs. Gray and I'll hold your legs. Knock that thing down—there's a good fellow." Mr. Gately murmured something about being only too glad, and we soon had him in position. Alas! even he could not reach it. Try as he might, the pie remained undisturbed and stolid. While he poked and struck and prodded with the umbrella we could hear him saying, plaintively: "I fear—yes, I fear—it is—quite futile—quite futile." It was useless, and we pulled him in.

Then he and Henry began to throw pieces of coal at the pie; but Mr. Gately threw like a girl, and, besides, there were so many branches surrounding the thing it was almost impossible to hit it. Henry did, at last, knock out a small piece of the edge, but by this time there was so much



It was Mrs. Buckingham, and she entered with a pie in each hand —Page 772

coal in the garden that it was becoming, as Henry said, an even worse give-away than the pie itself. We had to desist and close the window.

I remember that Mr. Gately exclaimed several times : " How droll ! How very, very droll ! " As we left the room to go down to breakfast he laughed outright, and immediately apologized, adding : " But *reelly* I can't help it—it is so *very* droll ! " Before Henry went to his office I told him that *I* was going in town to do some shopping, and that I should not come back until after he did. He looked at me a moment and said : " Well, I don't blame you. You will find I am here when you come back." I have always thought this rather fine in Henry. Many men would have taken just such a time to dine at the club and come home very late.

When I returned it was dark. I went upstairs in fear and trembling. As I approached our room I heard sounds of laughter, and of what I took to be jumping. I opened the door, and there was Henry, all alone, dancing round the room and laughing like a lunatic.

" Look out of the window," he called to me. " No. It's too dark. Never mind. Fannie, I'll tell you. *It's gone.*"

" The pie? "

" Sure."

" But how? "

" Removed."

" But who did it? "

" The Duchess and I—with a broom

and a step ladder." Then he burst out laughing again.

"Oh, Henry!" I gasped. "How is she?"

"Mad. Mad as a hornet." Henry answered, and I was amazed at his manner. It struck me as being almost triumphant. "But what—" I began.

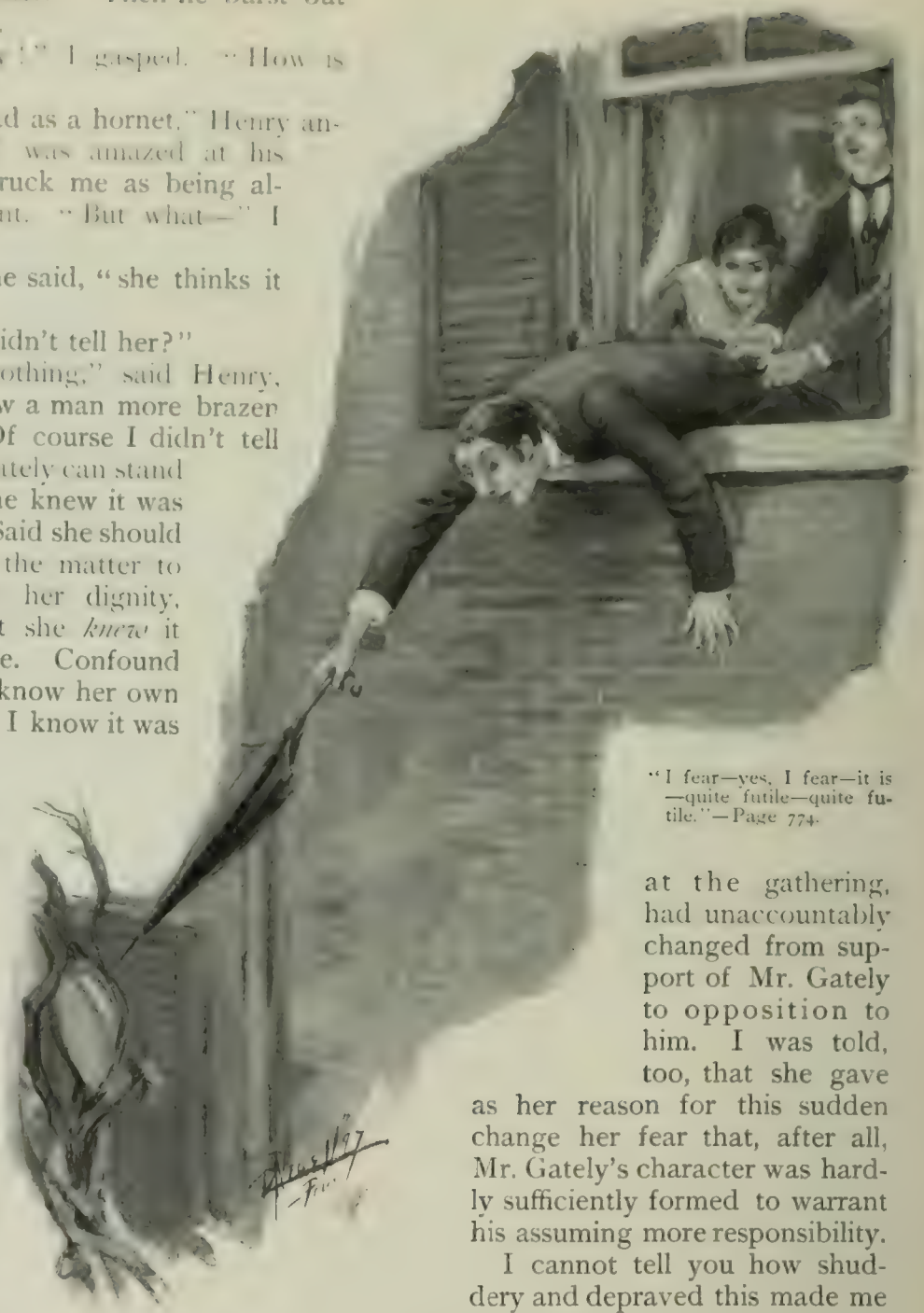
"Fannie," he said, "she thinks it was Gately's."

"And you didn't tell her?"

"Tell her nothing," said Henry, and I never saw a man more brazen in my life. "Of course I didn't tell her. I guess Gately can stand it. She said she knew it was Gately's pie. Said she should never mention the matter to him — beneath her dignity, you know—but she *knew* it was Gately's pie. Confound it, she ought to know her own pies. How do I know it was my pie? Threw a pie, broadcast, in the night. Pie found in tree next day. Not necessarily *my* pie. Everybody in the house been throwing pie, for all I know. Come Fannie! Brace up!"

"Henry Gray," I said, "I should think you would feel like a criminal." Then I laughed. And the next I knew I was waltzing round the room with Henry as if we were a couple of children. Oh, dear! that's what it is to associate with a man who stifles his conscience.

That very night there was an informal parish-gathering to discuss the question of the new rector; and the gathering was followed by a meeting of the wardens and vestry, at which it was decided to call the Reverend Mr. Hurstwell, of Elmira, N. Y. I heard this the next day, and also heard that Mrs. Buckingham, who was present



"I fear—yes, I fear—it is—quite futile—quite futile."—Page 774.

at the gathering, had unaccountably changed from support of Mr. Gately to opposition to him. I was told, too, that she gave as her reason for this sudden change her fear that, after all, Mr. Gately's character was hardly sufficiently formed to warrant his assuming more responsibility.

I cannot tell you how shuddery and depraved this made me feel. When Henry came home I begged him, with tears in my eyes, to go to Mrs. Buckingham and make a clean breast of it.

"My dear wife," he said, "don't bother about Gately. He told me himself, this afternoon, that he had received a call to a much better parish in a growing city in Minnesota. He is delighted, and will start for the West as soon as they can fill his place here. So let's say no more about it. Now I have some good news for you. I am going into partnership with Blackstone—he already has a good practice,

you know—so we can move into town and keep house."

And so we did.

All this was nearly twenty years ago. Henry is now senior warden of All Saints. Yesterday afternoon he came home with a very interesting piece of news. They had decided upon the new rector—and of all men in the world, it was to be Mr. Gately—our Mr. Gately. Henry went on to tell me that Mr. Gately was here, for the convention, and was coming to dine with us that evening. So was Major Hawley; and we would have a rubber, and talk over old times.

We were seated round the whist-table, after dinner, the Major and Mr. Gately playing against Henry and me. Mr. Gately, by the way, is just as coy as ever, but he has grown stouter and doesn't seem so helpless. The Major was dealing, when he stopped suddenly and said: "Mr. Gately, what did you do with your pie?"

"I tossed it out of the window," replied Mr. Gately, mildly, "and it became lodged in the shrubbery." The Major went on dealing. Henry looked keenly at Mr. Gately for a moment, then glanced at me.

"I found yours, Gray," continued the Major, as he turned the trump, "found it the following March. It was intact, under the hedge, about fifty feet beyond the syringa bush."

I had led. Mr. Gately played a king second hand. Henry and the Major played low cards. Mr. Gately was gazing at the ceiling. His face wore a placid smile.

"You took the trick, Mr. Gately," said Henry, after a pause.

"THE MARTYRDOM OF FAME"

A HANDFUL OF LETTERS

By Clara E. Laughlin

DEAR L. I always grudge your absence, but just now I resent it fiercely. I am having the most amusing and most exasperating time I ever expect to have. The comments on my first book are alternately convulsing me with mirth and driving me mad with their contradictoriness and their stupidity. If I live to write a second book and to have it published, I suppose I shall, by that time, either be dead to the humor of such a situation as my present one, and given over wholly to its exasperation, or else I shall take the affair altogether as a huge joke and look back upon my present irritation as the choler of immaturity.

One day, when I was hunting in the dictionary of quotations for an apt title to give a story, I found myself very much interested in the seven long columns given over to the subject "Fame." Beginning with Addison and following an alphabetical order down to Young, who, it seems, wrote something called "The Love of Fame," besides those "Night Thoughts" for which devotees of quotation books imagine him chiefly famous—beginning with Addison and ending with Young, I say, men of all times and degrees and nations, of nearly all callings and all characters, united in decrying fame as a doubtful blessing or one of authenticated cussedness.

Tell it not in Gath, my dear, but I didn't take much stock in their railings. When Addison called the "fickle goddess" bad names I said, "His elderly wife had been making herself unbearable, perhaps;" and when Carlyle scoffed at the bauble, I set it down to an extra bad attack of dyspepsia, due, maybe, to an indiscreet intimacy with a Welsh rarebit or a cold pork pie.

Byron said, "Folly loves the martyrdom of fame," and *I* said, "Bah!" and determined to become famous if I could and defy the world to call me fool.

Comrade, I wish for you, that you might at my command call me bad names for my folly, for I have called them at myself un-

til I have drained my vocabulary. . . . Do you remember that the editor who took my story for serial publication in the greatest magazine, I suppose, that the world knows, said it had always been an unwritten doctrine of his that no woman could write a story about men which was fit for a man to read? And that he said my tale was the sole exception known to his experience? Well, this very morning a business man of my acquaintance took pains to inform me that no man had ever lived in fact as men live in my imagination. He said, moreover, that no such men ever would live, or ever could. He said, "That man Philip is not a hero." "I never labelled him heroic," I cried, somewhat hotly, be it confessed. "Then why did you put him in your book?" says my critic, with the abominable air of one who thinks he has you cornered, sure. "I put him in because he is a *man*," I returned, rather feebly, because my critic is so big and so beetle-browed that I was hardly sure that I had not put Philip in the book because he was a curiosity. "Ah, ha!" laughed my business-like tormentor, as if he could afford to be humorous, now that my discomfiture was evident. "Wait till you're married before you write about men. You'll change your notions then." "You think I idealize men because I expurgate the scenes where they cuss their wives and throw rulers at the office-boy," I retorted, with rising spirits, because he seemed to me, by this time, to be a foe unworthy of my steel—"but art, Mr. A., does not consist in telling all you know." Will extermination *ever* come to the species of reader who thinks that because a thing is in a book it is the author's dearest conviction? Why can't people understand that we're not telling how things ought to be, but trying to describe how things are; and why do they hold us responsible for the belief and foibles of the persons we write about, any more than those of the persons we live among? My! but the wayfaring fool is a literal creature.

2. . . . This morning's mail brought me a batch of clippings from my publishers. When the last batch came I said I would never read another, but I did, and perhaps I enjoyed the performance as much as I was nonplussed by it. You know the only bit in my book actually borrowed from life is the account of Grandmother's experience with the Blackhawk chief in 1837. She said, with fond pride, that I had told this almost as well as she could have told it herself. I felt that this was true, because this story is Grandmother's star performance, and I have heard her tell it one hundred times if I have heard her tell it once. Yet a reviewer on a Chicago daily paper—perchance a man who never had a grandma, and whose Chicago residence, mayhap, dates only four months back—says, with great conviction, that this whole incident is wildly improbable, not to say impossible, "and spoils the flavor of an otherwise rather neat little story." Ye gods and little fishes, L——, that I should live to have my work called "neat!" I'm a woman and squeamish, but I'd rather have "damnable," any day . . . One review is funny, without any sting. It doesn't mean to be complimentary, but it is. It is from a little religious paper with a circulation of about seven persons and a half, I should judge, and it says that when I, reported to be a Presbyterian, had need of a heroine to move in and out in ministry amid the hardships of frontier life, why need I have "made her" a Roman Catholic nun, instead of a Protestant woman—a Presbyterian spinster, I suppose they mean. Now I was proud that I, in spite of my Puritan blood, could have made so sweet a character out of Sister Mary Angela, and I thought I had taken my book out of the petty lines of the denominational or even local, and lifted it at least within the possibility of universality. But no! A Protestant paper condemns me for the presence of the nun, and a Catholic paper takes me rigorously to task for the unholy offence of letting the nun allow Philip to grow so fond of her as to kiss the hands that had ministered to him. This latter reviewer says I should have known, before I undertook to write about a nun, that holy women of the order I describe would not allow any earthly affection to attach itself to them. It is part of their vow not to. Woe's me! I didn't know there was any way for holy or unholy women to prevent such contingencies, except the way Nance Oldfield tried, and that frequently works just the other way.

3. . . . I've had a letter from a

friend. Who was it said "Defend me from my friends"? This person writes to say that she has read my book and thinks it is "well enough in its way," but is sure I can do better. Now what an unchristian implication is this, sweet Horatio! Does she think I gave my sleepy hours to my first book? But no! She refers to an essay which I once wrote, an abominable thing, full of quotations and an air of "smartness," which was so thin that a child could have seen through it and discovered the absence of an idea beneath. This is her ideal. I daresay she calls it "sparkling," or even—most villanous epithet ever applied to an earnest woman—"bright."

4. DEAR L. There are some things about fame that are not half bad. I've been asked for my photograph, not once, but by half a dozen papers and magazines. Perhaps I'm foolish, but I feel as if this were what we used, as children, to call "fun."

5. . . . I enclose you a newspaper picture. If you know Professor Lombroso or any criminologist over in Europe you can send this to him as a type of "the female offender." Someone has said that he would not feel easy about his stud and pocket-book in a crowd where a woman with that face was present. I think it was Uncle David who made this choice criticism. You might submit the "thing" to an expert if you think Uncle David was mistaken in the kind of criminality it represents. Mother thinks it is more like the pictures of a certain Bridget Durgin who, in her young days, murdered her mistress and cut her up into little bits for boiling. I'm curious, now, to see the magazine portraits of myself. If they're anything like this one I should think it would create a demand among certain people to see what manner of book a person of such appearance would write. I should think Pomona and her ilk would fancy my looks. They suggest pages on pages "all dripping with gore," and an unlimited number of evolutions from mill-girls to duchesses.

6. . . . I have been interviewed! One day an undersized woman, with an oversized vocabulary, announced to me that she had been sent to interview me, and when I protested that I had nothing to say she cheerfully responded, "Oh, that's all right. I'll help you out!" She did. She asked me where I was born, and when, what father does for a living and where mother's people came from. Asked if I wrote nights or mornings and if I ate candy while writing or was addicted to the wearing of any particular color of gown while the afflatus was on. Said genius was so sensitive to color, you know. Her friend, Miss D——, whose last book sold eleven thousand copies on the day of publication, always wore pink when writing her love-scenes and yellow when the jealousy came in and red for killings and white for death-beds, with, perhaps, a touch of black. Had I any such sensitiveness to the psychic values of colors? No, I shamefacedly replied, I hadn't. I sometimes forgot to dress especially for the Muse and was not even sure that at times I do not forget what I have on. She suppressed her probable horror at this state of affairs and proceeded to ask if I liked Ibsen, and when assured that I did not understand him at all fully, or sympathize very heartily with his symbolism and his pessimism, she said, "Oh!" and scribbled industriously for a few minutes on her pad. "Miss S—— is a sworn foe to the school of symbolists," she began, presently reading from her paper, "she said of them 'I have no patience with Ibsen or Maeterlinck or any of those degenerates who, under the name of symbolism, violate all the canons of literary art and cheerful religion. I took up my pen expressly to controvert them and to prove that literature is essentially buoyant, and I think I may say that I have done this.' There!" she said, triumphantly, "How's that?" "I never said any such thing!" I cried, indignantly. "How could you think I would assent to that?" "Oh, very well," returned my lady, icily, and tore up the manuscript, leaving the fragments on the parlor-floor as she swept out in cool disdain. When the interview came out it stated that I am not a very well-read or intelligent person; that my manners are crude, not to say bad, and that it is not at all probable that I shall ever write another book which will amount to even so much as my first, though that is a temporary success due to meretricious advertising more

than to intrinsic merit. Aren't you glad you know me?

7. . . . Pardon me, dear, I must complain to someone and so, with the daring inconsistency of love, I complain to you because I know you love me and will forgive my wearisomeness. I ought to vent myself on someone I've a spite against, I suppose, but that doesn't comfort, and just writing to you does. The meanest blow of all has fallen. Someone has claimed to discover that I meant Philip for you and Mary Angela for myself, and that my story was the overflowing of a full heart, due to your tarrying in Europe and my taking up a pen for the solace of my spinsterhood. "For what other reason should a woman write than because she cannot get married?" And what could be a choicer morsel of literary biography than that an unrequited love should find flower in a novel? It brings up remembrances of Dante and Petrarch and George Sand and other writers, and is "just like a poem or a story, don't you know!" This has got abroad. It is the interest of the hour in the missionary societies and women's aid meetings, it is spreading among the schoolchildren of the upper grades, and they regard me with a curious awe as I pass. The newspapers will have it next, with, perhaps, your picture. I writhe in anguish every time I meet one of the creatures who are desecrating my sacredest affairs on the street corners. What shall I do, dear? I won't insult our love and its beautiful compact by announcing to these harpies that you have not deserted me and that I haven't an ambition which does not centre in you. And I won't even contradict their lying folly that Philip was meant for a portrait of you. He *is* a portrait of you, in so far as he is dear and brave and splendid and strong, but I never intended that he should represent you in your entirety, even between ourselves. I never associate him with you even in thought, except as I associate all good men with you and measure them by you, as loving women must. Dear, the humor has gone out of this play. The martyrdom of fame has come.

8. . . . It was like you to say "never mind" the harpies. That is a man's way, but it is not a woman's. Women *must* mind these things, and that is one reason why it has always seemed so plain to me that women are not meet for public life. And it is not only men who make it hard for women to do and to be in the great world. It is women who make it hard for their sisters—mean, miserable, prying, gossiping women with no soul above fashions and the making of "a desirable match." I don't think I can ever write anything more for the busybodies of my sex to misinterpret. All the nonsense about my lack of "plot unity" and "dramatic detail," and the confusing counter-assurance that my book is "a flawless gem, of exquisite purity and polished to the final degree of excellence"—all these, I say, fade away before the soul-withering experience of having not one's adjectives but one's heart-affections discussed. I remember that Whittier, in the heyday of his fame, was accused by a newspaper, of *beating his wife*, and I recall the humor mixed with pathos, with which the bachelor poet chronicled this accusation in one of his letters. Yet am I not comforted. . . .

9. . . . This morning I got seventeen letters from unknown correspondents. Nine of them wanted autographs, three wanted me to sell their manuscripts to leading publishers, one woman begged leave to ask how much I made by my book, one threatened me with a lawsuit for the unpleasant notoriety from which she has been suffering since I gave the bad woman in my book this fair young creature's name. She wants the name of Josephine Spinney changed immediately, or suit will follow. Two persons, a man and a woman, asked me how I learned to write books and how I got mine published, and the seventeenth letter, oh! mention it with bated breath; asked for nothing, demanded nothing—only expressed gratitude to me for pleasure received from my story and stimulus gained therefrom for the activities of a busy life. I read this letter three times and then handed it over to mother. "Will you please see if I read aright?" I asked, "That is a very pleasant letter, but what does the writer *want?*" Mother read it carefully, and it seems the writer didn't want a thing. I wrote her five pages in thankful reply. It seems as if I could forgive the sixteen letters that were in the same mail, and a great many of the letters

of previous days which brought only a sense of people's littleness to my weary mind. I've felt good all day, to-day, and I hasten to tell you about it. I send the nice letter so you can read it.

10. . . . Some charming people, celebrities in letters, have called on me or written me, congratulating me on my book. They acted as if they had been waiting for years to see me do something good and as if they took a sort of personal pride in me now that I had actually tried to see what I can do. I never imagined people of national and international fame could be so interested in a humble beginner in their own branch of work. It is wonderful—beautiful. . . .

11. DEAREST L. A young woman in Nevada writes me that she is coming East to be my private secretary, and adds that if I say her nay to this proposition she will go as a missionary to the Japanese! Why this dire threat, I wonder? Does she think I am opposed to the evangelization of Japan? They say women writers whose incomes are supposed to be good, frequently have offers of marriage from unknown admirers. I wonder if this is next in store for me. . . . I must tell you a funny thing. Yesterday I was in company with some famous authors and the conversation turned on autographs and the nuisance their hunters are to the men and women of the pen. Several authors confessed, weakly, to a slavish accession to these demands. "I always fear to say no," said one man, a poet by the way, "for fear I am diminishing the number of my purchasers by one." Finally one bright Southern woman told a story of Emerson and Hawthorne and Alcott, discussing this very problem long ago in the palmy days of Concord. Hawthorne was disposed to resent the incursions on his privacy, of course. So were they all, in fact. But the question was, what to do with the stamps sent for reply. Hawthorne's conscience pricked against the appropriation of those stamps. Emerson said he always threw autograph-hunters' letters away without answering them. "Yes," says the Apollo of Wayside, "but what do you do with the stamps?" "Stamps?" says the mild Concord sage, "Stamps? Why, that's where I get all my postage!" . . .

12. . . . Yes, as you say, I'm rather enjoying fame just now. I haven't arrived at that stage occupied by most of the *very* famous ones I've met or heard about, the stage wherein nearly all enjoyment of present fame is spoiled by a haunting fear of a time when fame shall be no more. Poor Stevenson had this horror in such pitiful degree—hadn't he? And most great writers and artists of every kind have lived more or less in its shadow. It is so incomprehensible to hear a man whose hold on literature is as secure, by all accounts, as Burns's or Walter Scott's, refer plaintively to the probable brevity of his "little hour upon the stage" . . . I haven't come to that yet. My martyrdom of fame may never carry me that far—my fame is too little. I must needs climb farther before I fear a fall. . . . So I am enjoying myself, in spite of petty annoyances and a few great ones. There is one thing about fame, great or small, which I've found out entirely to my satisfaction, though, and that is that it isn't worth the candle as a substitute for other things—only as a supplement to them. I can see just what husks fame and applause could be to the heart-hungry and the soul-starved. Perhaps this has been the martyrdom of fame to many. The laurel has come when there was no one by to share in the rejoicing—no one nearer or dearer than that most faraway of solaces, the admiring world. I am so glad some little of the joy of doing and pleasing came to me in my youth and when I have you to share all things with . . . Did I tell you how many persons, on hearing of my impending marriage, have deplored it and me as extremely foolish? Ah! how I can laugh at them who, never having got even to my tiny height, do not know that altitudes are dreary company for one, especially a woman.

THE POINT OF VIEW

IT is a great mercy that nature is inexorable, visiting the sins of the fathers on the children, and sometimes *vice versa*, with such ruthless certainty. If she were not, what would become of this earth and its population! If crime, and drunkenness, and laziness, and the perpetual chase after pleasure did not lead in the long run to destruction or extinction how much worse the world would be than it is; how much blacker its prospects than they are. It is right and necessary that the victories of life should be to the strong, the active, the persistent, and the industrious. It is right and necessary that the weak, and the idle, and vicious should go under. We must approve Nature's methods, but recognizing the immense power behind them, and the certainty that the work intrusted to them will be constantly and thoroughly done, however slowly, we may well leave it to her. Our affair in this world is to lighten Nature's work of destroying the unfit, not by doing it for her, but by making it, so far as we can, unnecessary. Her task is to exterminate the characterless and the bad; ours to make character grow where it was lacking, and make exterminations needless.

The Christmas Debtor.

To encourage us in this sort of well-doing we have the knowledge that the whole community of fit and unfit is bound together by ties so close and strong that no one can wholly escape from the consequences of his neighbor's mischief. If the unfit get the upper hand, the consequences fall upon the evil and the good. If too great a proportion of the community becomes rotten, the whole social fabric goes down. If ignorance and vice rule, wisdom and virtue cannot escape the outcome. Just as soon, therefore, as any person is conscious that under existing conditions he is able to take care of himself, it becomes his business, as he would avoid the wrath to come for himself and his descendants, to take care of others; laboring for the diffusion of righteousness and the strengthening of human character. Alas for him if he says: "I have made my way. I can take care of myself. My brother has had an equal opportunity. Let him reap what he has sown." Who made him the man he is? Did he make himself? Doubtless he had a hand in it, but did he choose his own parents, and select his own physical and moral inheritance? How can any seeing man who makes tolerable work of living, take much credit for his own success? He looks back on his course. He finds something in him which made him capable of self-control and persistence; some saving grace of discernment that taught him to turn back where his fellow went on, to go on where his fellow loitered. Here necessity coerced him when his will was still weak and the temptations of ease were strong upon him. His fellow who could stop, did stop, and got no farther. He was foolish in his day; is still foolish on occasion, still makes blunders, but where his folly is troublesome, his fellow's folly is ruinous; where his blunders teach him something, his fellow seems to learn nothing from mistakes. It seems not to occur to many men of reasonable probity to be grateful that they have sense enough to be honest; but what true occasion for thankfulness that is! Men are so strange in their dishonesties. The thefts of poor creatures ill-born and worse brought up, whose breeding and training leads naturally to crime, one can understand; but what of those cases that constantly transpire, of intelligent persons, to all appearance well-born, and trained in good company and by approved methods, who betray their trusts, rob their clients or their employers, and fall with a crash that spreads

consternation in the communities that knew them? Such cases are fit to make thoughtful men who are still honest shake in their shoes, and be grateful to Heaven that no insidious rot seems to have destroyed the fibre of their integrity.

Nature will destroy. Man's work is to restrain, to correct, to repair. In every dead thing Nature straightway develops means of removal. When life goes out of the body, the body itself soon disappears. When character is dead, alcohol and lust, hate, jealousy, idleness, or violence rush in to kill the body. If character does not survive and increase in the earth, neither will man thrive and multiply there. Nature will do her part. She will dispose of the morally dead as she does of the physically dead. Our work is to supplement her labor by striving constantly to swell the proportion of mankind that is fit to live and do the world's work. That we do when we promote true religion, sound education, and good government, and procure the enforcement of just laws which protect human life and property and freedom, and defend society from its enemies. If we are of comparatively sound minds and bodies, and may reasonably hope to make our journey through life without moral disaster, it is not all, not nearly all, an exploit of our own. The bigger part of it is debt, owed to our forebears and to God, and to be paid to the world and those who come after us. If we are not paying that debt we have no reason to take pride in our honesty. If we do not feel that we owe it, then truly it is not so large as it might be, for we are not especially creditable products of civilization.

We do owe it. To further peace on earth and give constant and practical evidence of good will to men is not munificence on our part, but mere part payment of what we owe. It is a debt we cannot neglect with impunity. To pay it intelligently is to help ourselves as well as others. To neglect it is to invite sure reprisals, which, even if we seem to escape them ourselves, can be depended on to search out our posterity.

THE FIELD OF ART

THE COLLECTION OF PORTRAITS IN THE CITY HALL AND MUNICIPAL OFFICES, NEW YORK

THE resolution recently adopted by the Board of Aldermen, authorizing Mr. Henry A. Ferguson, the painter, to clean and restore the historical portraits in the Governor's room in the City Hall, at the expense of Mr. Morris K. Jesup, is the latest of the occasional evidences of proper civic pride in these paintings. It is but a short time since the same artist was commissioned under similar circumstances to restore the portraits in the Aldermanic chamber. In 1891 experts were employed, under the direction of the Commissioner of Public Works, to clean, reline, and restore sixty-five of the portraits in the City Hall and to repair and regild their frames. One of these experts, Mr. Albert Abendschein, on three different occasions restored or cleaned some twenty or thirty of these canvases. At the same time an official list was prepared by Mr. Henry W. Hedenkamp, from the scanty material available furnished by the canvases themselves, and was published in the report of the Department of Public Works for the quarter ending June 30, 1891. This appears to be the latest official catalogue, and of this *one* copy was fortunately discovered amongst the dusty archives of the department. Most of the paintings are

lettered on the frames, though the information thus conveyed is frequently defective or misleading. A catalogue is also given in the Manual of the Corporation of the City of New York, prepared by John Hardy, clerk of the Common Council, 1870. This was the last of these manuals. Since that date, to find any record of the doings of the city fathers, it is necessary to look through the long and very unsatisfactorily indexed reports of their proceedings, "appointment of, as a Commissioner of Deeds" "to grade crossings," "to pave with granite blocks," "to place watering troughs in front of," "to authorize the Irish flag to be displayed on the City Hall."

Hardy's Manual adds to the information furnished by the 1891 catalogue the information that the portraits of Hendrik Hudson and Columbus are "originals"; that Governor Stuyvesant's was "painted from family portrait," and that the half-length of Baron Steuben was painted by Chancellor Kent. The later catalogue ascribes all of these to "unknown" artists, with the exception of the Hudson, now in the office of the Consulting Engineer in the Tract Building on Nassau Street, which it gives to Count Pulaski. In witness whereof you may see his name in large letters on the frame. With regard to this old portrait, Wilson, in the Memorial History of New York, says, "Of the oil painting of Hendrik Hudson in the Governor's Room in the City Hall, there is unfortunately no satisfactory account obtainable. In 1868, David T. Valentine, then clerk of the Common Council, wrote to General Meredith Read: 'I have examined the indexes to the proceedings as far back as 1730, under every imaginable head that would be likely to lead to the information desired, but without avail.'" He adds that he does not feel like going through the reports page by page, without at least knowing the name of the donor. The only record which Wilson had found was a paragraph in "The Picture of New York and Strangers' Guide to the Commercial Metropolis of the United States," published by A. T. Goodrich in 1827: "A portrait of this distinguished navigator is in the City Hall, painted in 1592, when he was twenty-three years of age. He is represented with a frill round his neck, and holding a compass in his hand; he has a youthful and very interesting appearance. It was deposited by an ancient Dutch family, and is of undoubted originality." But the steel engraving of the portrait which Wilson gives in his first volume, and which is no nearer the original than steel engravings usually are, and the original itself, do not answer this description at all with the exception of the frill and the "interesting appearance." Neither hands nor compass are visible, and dark as is the lower part of the painting now, it does not seem that these appendages could have ever been there.



General Lafayette.
From the portrait painted by Morse in 1825.

The youthful and interesting appearance, the frill and the compass held in the right hand, are to be found in the handsome young "Columbus" turning his eyes on the spectator, now in the Water Register's office in the Tract Building. With regard to the Hudson portrait Mr. Abendschein testifies that he found the words "Count Pulaski" in very small gold letters in one corner, in the manner of an artist's signature, and that he showed this name to Commissioner Gilroy in the presence of Comptroller Myers. On the back of the Columbus is an official label giving this information: "This Picture is a Copy

of a portrait of Columbus in New York State Library. Maria Farmar was granddaughter of Jacob Leisler, Governor of the Colony of New York. The portrait was in her family for at least 150 years. In lower left corner were painted, in characters of the 16th Century, 'An° 1592. Ætat 23.'

"GEORGE ROGERS HOWELL,
"*Librarian and Archivist,*
"*N. Y. State Library.*

"This portrait was presented to the State of New York by Maria Farmar in 1784 It was probably painted in 1592, and intended to represent Columbus at the age of 23."

The canvas, which is in good condition, bears a London trademark. The portrait of Governor Stuyvesant, now in the Mayor's ante-room, is unsigned, and is a carefully painted old picture.

Of the half-length portrait of Baron Steuben, now hung over a door in the Governor's Room, and which Hardy's Manual ascribes to Chancellor Kent, there seems to be but little doubt that it is a copy by G. Marsiglia of the original by Gilbert Stuart. Marsiglia's daughter, in her letters, speaks of her father's execution of this task.



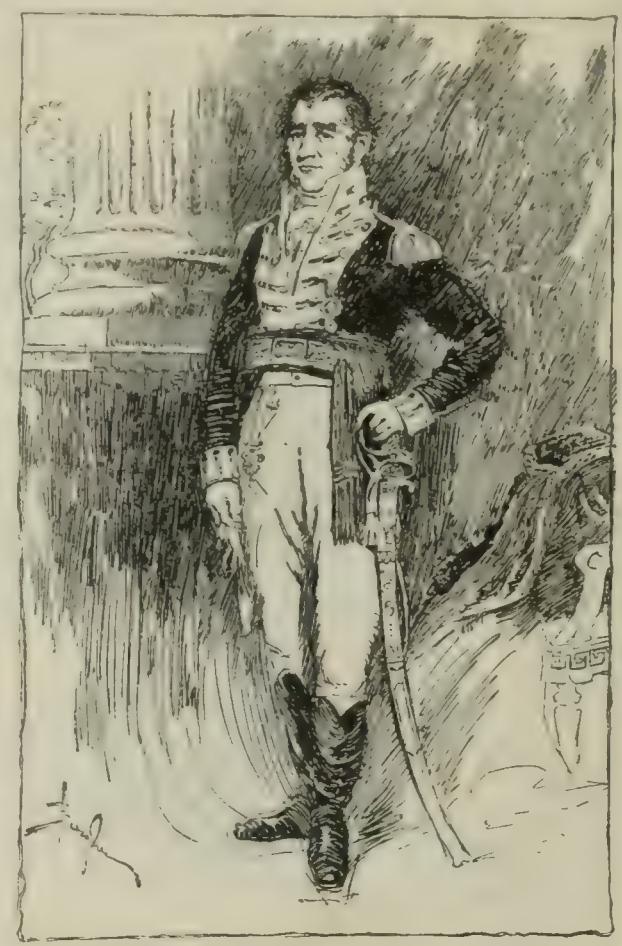
Governor Hunt. From the portrait painted by Elliot.

Of the two large equestrian portraits of Washington, the "unknown" one in the Mayor's office may be safely ascribed to Trumbull, on the authority of Mr. Daniel Huntington. It does not appear in the list given by Charles Henry Hart in the official volume of the Washington Centennial, or in any other that we know of. The minute objects in the bluish haze around the General's ankles in the Mayor's picture may represent a bombardment, and the head of the charger is much of the character of those Mr. Trumbull painted. Also in the painter's finest manner is the air with which, while the terrified animal is apparently in violent action, the dismounted rider rests his left arm on the saddle in order to assume his proper attitude as peacefully as though it were an easy-chair.

The original of the large portrait by Trumbull in the Governor's room is said to be a canvas, 20 × 30 inches, in the possession of Edmund Law Rogers, of Baltimore, Md., which was seen here in the collection of the Washington Centennial in 1889. It was painted in accordance with a resolution of the Common Council of the city of New York, Monday, July 19, 1790: "Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to permit Mr. Trumbull to take his portrait, to be placed in the City Hall, as a monument of the respect which the inhabitants of the city bear towards him." In his autobiography, the artist describes it as follows:—"I represented him in full uniform, standing by a white horse, leaning his arm upon the saddle; in the background a view of Broadway in ruins, as it then was, the old fort at the termination; British ships and boats leaving the shore, with the last of the officers and troops of the evacuating army, and Staten Island in the distance. Every part of the detail of the dress, horse, furniture, etc., as well as the scenery, was accurately copied from the real objects."

One of the most valuable of these works of art is undoubtedly the large full-length portrait of Lafayette by Morse, painted in 1825 for the corporation of the city of New York, now removed from the Governor's Room to the Mayor's chimney-piece. Tuckerman, in his "Book of the Artists," cites it as "among the notable works" of Morse, along with the portraits of Mayors Paulding and Allen, also in this building. Concerning

this picture Morse records, "Painted in Washington from sittings by Lafayette in the month of February, 1825." Morse's portrait of Mayor Allen, mentioned by Tuckerman, does not appear in the 1891 catalogue, but is replaced by one attributed to the joint work of Samuel Waldo and William Jewett. Tuckerman also enumerates among these City Hall pictures by Morse a portrait of General Monckton, attributed to an unknown artist by the 1891 catalogue. This, as Mr. Abendschein discovered, is a colored print on paper, much varnished and mounted on an old canvas. It bears a certain resemblance to the plate in the "Magazine of American History," for June, 1887, from an original in the collection of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, but Dr. Emmet has no information concerning this plate. The Colonial Governor wears the British red coat, and stands peacefully in a landscape setting. The picture hangs in the office of the Engineer in charge of Sewers, and is in need of a new backing.



Governor Morgan Lewis.
From the portrait painted by J. Trumbull for the State of New York.

Another of these curious misnamings in the modern catalogue is that of giving as the painter of the full-length portrait of Hamilton in the Governor's Room, an unknown named Weimar, though the panel on the frame now correctly ascribes it to Trumbull. That artist, indeed, says that he painted such a portrait, in 1804, for the city of New York. There is a portrait of John Jay, also in the Governor's Room, which resembles this in technical treatment, and which has also been ascribed to the anonymous Weimar. The head of Hamilton was executed by Trumbull from the bust modelled from life in 1794 by the Italian sculptor Giuseppe Ceracchi, and which descended to Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, the widow of the grandson. Something of the pallor and texture of the marble may still be detected in the painting both of the head and the hands.

Trumbull's full-length portrait of Governor George Clinton, in the Governor's Room, was painted in 1791, the year after the Washington. Of these two pictures Dunlap says: "These two full-lengths are in a style totally different from that Mr. Trumbull afterwards adopted; and the last mentioned (the Clinton) is, in my opinion, the best life-sized picture he ever painted. It represents the Revolutionary Governor in his capacity of general defending Fort Montgomery, on the Hudson; it is strikingly like, with an heroic and historical expression, and the distant figures are beautifully touched in."

After the Revolutionary heroes come those of the War of 1812, and of these the naval commodores, naturally, are the most abundant. Of these full-length portraits, with more or less accessories, those of Hull, Bainbridge, Swift, Perry, and MacDonough seem to have been painted by John Wesley Jarvis, and that of Decatur by Sully. Of the last-named Dunlap says: "Mr. Sully's Decatur is not the happiest effort of his genius or pencil." These, with the portraits of Generals Brown and McComb, by Jarvis and Sully, were generally executed as testimonials of the municipality's gratitude for victories won, and accompanied by gifts of swords and "the freedom of the city." (Mrs. Lamb, in her "History of New York," says that McComb's portrait was painted by Sully "and placed in the gallery of distinguished men," but Tuckerman and the 1891 catalogue both give the portrait in the City Hall to Waldo.)

In the west Governor's Room the marble bust of DeWitt Clinton, draped in a Roman toga, under his portrait by George Catlin, the historian of the Indians, and almost at the feet of the life-size bronzed plaster statue of Jefferson, signed "David d'Angers," presented to the corporation by Commodore Uriah P. Levy, February, 1834, scarcely bears out the very flattering description of his personal appearance given by Mrs. Lamb. Very near him, however, hangs one of the most interesting of these full-length portraits—the handsome, soldierly figure of Governor Morgan Lewis, major-general in the War of 1812, grand marshal at Washington's inauguration, one of the founders of the University of the City of New York, painted in Trumbull's very best method. There is something so fine in the character of his intelligent head, with its 1812 whisker, and his very picturesque uniform, that the portrait seems to confirm the good report which the historians give of this soldier-governor.

The adjoining portrait of Governor Tompkins, by an "unknown" artist in the city's catalogues, Mr. Huntington thinks is by Trumbull; and three of Mr. Huntington's own pictures in this collection, those of Mayors Duane, Varick, and Livingston, are set down in these catalogues as the work either of the unknown or of Weimar. Mr. Huntington is also represented on these walls by a portrait of Governor Morgan, and by one of Mayor Harper, which he completed after Henry Inman. The latter artist, for whom Tuckerman "ventures to claim in this department the highest honors," contributed portraits of President Van Buren and Governor Seward, and of Mayors Lawrence, Clark, and Varian. The portraits of mayors, it may be remarked, are all heads, while those of the governors, as befits their superior dignity, are nearly all at full length, and supported by such monumental or natural features as the respective painters deemed most appropriate.

Of these older painters, there are examples here by John Vanderlyn, Sully, Henry Peters Gray, Wm. Page—of which Tuckerman says: "A full-length likeness of Governor Marcy, executed for the New York City Hall, is among the works which drew special attention to the genius of Page and established his early reputation"—C. W. Jarvis, Mooney, Thomas Hicks, and Robert W. Weir. Of the full-length portrait of Monroe by Vanderlyn, Mr. Clarence Winthrop Bowen, in the Washington Centennial volume, says that it represents Monroe as the Sully portrait in the Military Academy at West Point does, as President of the United States. If we may judge by the reproductions given in this volume, there is but little in common in these two figures, notwithstanding the similarity in attitude and costume. The other Presidents in the City Hall collection are Jefferson, Taylor, Jackson, and Fillmore; there is also a full-length portrait of General Scott, one of Major Anderson at Fort Sumter, two of Henry Clay—one by the prolific "unknown"—a bad equestrian portrait of McClellan, and important presentations of Volunteer Fire Chief Harry Howard and High Constable Jacob Hayes.

The large Venezuelan battle-picture in Room 20 was presented to the city by the merchants of that republic in gratitude for the honors awarded the body of General José Antonio Paez at the transferral of his remains to Caracas, March, 1888.

ABOUT THE WORLD

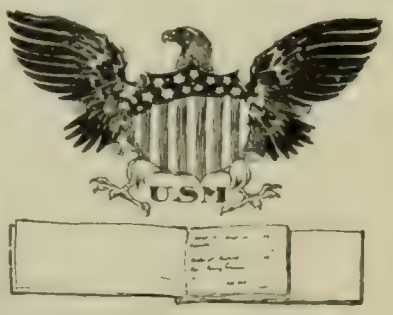


ELECTRICITY VERSUS STEAM FOR RAILROADS

THE most casual observer must have seen in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Chicago, or other cities, striking examples of the competition of electricity with steam for suburban and local traffic. In the case of several such cities the steam railways that have learned to depend largely on their local traffic for their prosperity, are seriously crippled in their earning capacity by the appearance of parallel lines of trolley cars, running with three or four times the frequency, with almost the same rate of speed, and with considerably greater convenience for the local passenger's approach and departure. This has been so marked in the case of local traffic that the layman is apt to wonder why no effective attempt has been made to supplant the steam locomotion of the trunk lines with electrical power. The electricians themselves are not at one in their explanation of this slowness. Some of them say the cost of long-distance transmission of electrical power has not yet been sufficiently reduced to render the substitution profitable; but the very latest experimenters say that in all cases where there is water-power, even within a few hundred miles of the trains to be moved, electrical locomotion could be accomplished as cheap or cheaper than steam, and that there is really no reason except a natural conservatism and a wholesome apprehension of anything revolutionary in these times, to prevent many of our steam railroads from becoming electric railroads, with gains in speed and convenience. Professor George Phillips, a famous English electrician and practical inventor, is very outspoken in his belief in the immediate possibility of electric railways, and has written in the *Engineering Magazine* recently to show circumstantially the probabilities of our transportation coming to an electrical basis. To be sure, it has not been so long since the first attempt to run even street railways by electricity. Curiously enough, Richmond, Va., was the first city to be electrically equipped with street railways, and since that time the advance has been simply tremendous; now there is no less than $1,400,000,000 invested in electric street railways. But besides the tramway, there have been some small instances of electrically run railways proper; for instance, the Niagara Falls Railway, a twelve mile double-track railroad, built in standard gauge, and attaining a speed of thirty miles an hour. Here there was tremendous water-power only a few miles away, and of course it was a plain case of electricity. This is the road that affords such a beautiful view of the Niagara River as it winds along the bank. Then there is the more striking example of the great Baltimore & Ohio tunnel under Baltimore, where the heaviest passenger trains are pulled under the city, a distance of about a mile and a half, by electric motors. These electric locomotives have hauled up a considerable gradient trains weighing over a thousand tons, which certainly seems to prove that the electric locomotive, even in its present state of development, has quite sufficient brute power to compete with its steam cousin. The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad has tried electricity, too, only recently. Its tentative trials have been described in the papers, and it runs regularly a branch road, called the Nantasket Beach Electric Railway, about seven miles long—the first instance of electricity supplanting steam in America. In England there have been some notable attempts in a small way to use electricity, such

as the Liverpool overhead railway, and the South London Electric Railway. But after all, these attempts, from their very meagreness, seem to accentuate the conservative tendencies of the railroads in this matter. No doubt this conservatism arises from a feeling among the railroad men that if they should attempt to force the problem, using even the best results of electrical inventors, there would be a good chance that in a few years their rolling stock and locomotives would again be superannuated—so rapid and so radical is the progress of electrical development in these days. In fact, the most determined advocates of electricity for the railways agree generally that the perfected system of locomotion will not include a separate traction engine at all; they expect that the future trunk-line train will have electrical power applied to each car-wheel. The gains of such a plan would be very many: for instance, there would be far less wear and tear on the track, less jolt in the trains, and far greater ease in going around curves. The wheels would not slip as they do now when an engine starts off on a steep grade, and speed could be gotten up far more quickly than under the present system. This revolutionary method has been advocated ever since Sir Douglas Galton advised it in 1879. But of course it is excessively radical and would mean the entire transformation of the rolling stock and locomotive appliances of all the existing railroads, unless the system were introduced only on entirely separate lines. That the slowness of the railroad builders to avail themselves of electricity is not due to any lack of activity on the part of our electrical inventors, is shown by a series of articles that are now running in the same magazine we have referred to, outlining and advocating a practical electrical railroad between New York Harbor and Philadelphia which shall make the distance—of eighty-five miles over the route proposed—in thirty-six minutes. The fathers of this astonishing project would look to have their electrical train make an average speed of 141⅔ miles per hour, equal to 2.36 miles per minute. They would allow six minutes and about eight and a half miles to get up speed, and about the same time and distance at the end of the journey to reduce the speed. This would leave about sixty-eight miles to be traversed in twenty-four minutes, or at the rate of one hundred and seventy miles an hour. They would run cars weighing one hundred and fifty tons. The cars would be uniform, except that the front and rear ones would carry at the extreme end a hood or bonnet to afford an inclined plane to the air and reduce its resistance. This picturesque proposal is backed up by the most detailed calculations of construction, of maintenance and administration and financing, and also of earning capacities.

A DETERMINED effort is being made this winter to push through Congress a bill for Postal Savings Banks. An attempt was made as early as 1882, when Mr. Lacey and other members of Congress were much disappointed over the failure of their very disinterested work for such an institution. The plan which is embodied in the bill now before Congress contemplates an institution as nearly similar to the Canadian and British Postal Savings Banks as the peculiarities of our present Postal Service will allow. The aim is, like theirs, to promote the habit of saving small sums, such small sums that children, servant girls, laborers and any other of the humblest wage-earners can make a start toward a bank account with the greatest convenience and absolute safety. To insure the convenience, the bill provides that the Postmaster-General shall designate such post-offices as are to act as saving banks. At such offices the people may deposit sums of one dollar or more, and draw interest on the deposits for even months. No one person is allowed to deposit more than $300 in a year, and when a single account shows $1,000 to its credit, no interest is to be paid on additional deposits. The provisions for quick and easy drawings are careful and effective.



POSTAL BANKS FOR THE PEOPLE

Naturally the most important problem of such a plan is the matter of the investment of deposits. The bill restricts such investments to national, state, county, and municipal bonds, with certain cautionary restrictions based on the size of the municipalities and the relative amount of bonded indebtedness.

The detailed administration of the system is, according to the present bill, to be in the

hands of a general superintendent, with a salary equal that now paid to the head of the money-order department, assisted by six clerks and two laborers, and the bill includes a provision of $25,000 for the salaries of these employees for the next fiscal year.

Everything points to the successful working of such a plan—especially is the success of postal savings banks in England and Canada a guarantee. The Canadian institution has been carefully studied by the fathers of the bill now before Congress, and the provisions, some of which we have outlined, are not at all the mere output of philanthropic theories. In Great Britain the deposits amount to almost five hundred millions per year. The Canadian postal banks report about twenty-nine million dollars for 1896. But the British institution has been gradually increasing in its transactions for forty years, and the Canadian deposits have moved, very uniformly, from twelve million in 1868. to the present figures, so that the advocates of the bill before Congress are reasonable in estimating that the Government would not be embarrassed immediately with a huge sum of money to be quickly invested under the necessarily severe restrictions. They estimate that the deposits in the United States would not greatly exceed $25,000,000 in the first decade, and that the whole of this sum could be taken care of in national bonds which would give ample margin for the two and one-half per cent. interest. There are questions of detail which seem to have been well considered. The important point is the actual value of the postal banks. That they do practically stimulate small savings—with really no perversion of regular savings-bank deposits, according to English and Canadian experiences—has been proved. There really seems a place for the postal savings bank, and it is to be hoped that the bill we have mentioned will not suffer the fate that befalls a majority of measures which have not the stimulus of some personal advantage.

A REVOLUTION IN MICROSCOPY



CONSIDERABLE attention has been called to the recent experiments in photo-microscopy by Dr. Elmer Gates, of Washington. Dr. Gates has announced that his success in viewing the image of a microscope through the lens of a second microscope will allow him ultimately to attain a magnification of no less than one hundred million diameters! The most powerful glasses now in existence give an image some ten thousand diameters greater than the object, which means an area one hundred millions greater. The radical advance which Dr. Gates's programme affords can be appreciated very easily then. He has, according to his own account, which seems to be authentically supported, already magnified parts of a diatom to three million diameters. One of the essential difficulties of this scientific feat is that the stupendous magnification of the original object leaves such a small fraction of it visible that the amount of light available is divided until it is almost impossible for the eye to discern the image. Long before anything like three million diameters has been obtained it is necessary to conduct the entire operation in a room darkened to all luminous rays. "The presence," says Dr. Gates, "of the smallest leakage of light into the two microscopes at any point along the path of the rays from the object to the eye was enough to render the image totally invisible."

So that this method has not much success so far as the eye is concerned. But by using a photographic camera in place of the eye "the sensitive plate acts cumulatively. It collects, hour after hour, the weak rays too faint to be seen and thus makes visible the otherwise invisible picture." Even with the photograph the experiment must be conducted with the utmost delicacy. The least dust, or even aqueous vapor, will cloud the image fatally. Dr. Gates's own opinion of the value of his experiment is expressed in the following paragraph which he published:

"This ultra-microscopic domain commences where the best present microscope leaves off, and this new instrument opens a realm in the study of cellular life of profoundest importance to the human race. With the present microscope we can indeed see that a cell has a body, nucleus, granules, flagella, vacuoles, chromative filaments, and a foam-like structure, but of its minuter anatomy we know nothing. The new instrument promises to go as much farther into that unknown province as the present microscope goes beyond the province of the eye."



JAPAN AS A SEA-POWER

THE Western powers are beginning to view Japan's activity in navy building with amazement. A generation ago she had literally no navy. Even at the beginning of the last war with China, her modern equipment was confined almost exclusively to a half dozen unarmored cruisers—the best of their class, to be sure—and fifteen gunboats. The war brought many substantial additions to her navy, and now she has no less than forty-eight sea-going vessels in commission, including two first-class battle ships of 12,800 tons each. These figures are not so imposing absolutely considered except as an evidence of quick growth; but the additional modern war-vessels that Japan is building in England, Germany, and the United States are of such magnitude and excellent construction that Mr. Charles A. Cramp, our own famous ship builder, pronounces Japan's progress to be more notable than that of any other country in the world, except England. No less than fifteen sea-going vessels and twenty-four torpedo and gun-boats are in course of construction in the finest shipyards of the world. Four of these are battleships, three of 14,800 tons, and one of 10,000 tons; five are first-class armored cruisers of 9,600 tons, and three more are fleet protected cruisers of the commerce-destroying class, with a speed of twenty-three knots. When these vessels are finished there will be no doubt concerning the predominant naval power in the Pacific. Russia and the United States will be so far in the rear of the active little island that their Pacific squadrons will not be worthy the name of navies. For not only will the tonnage of the Japanese navy be first in the East, but every vessel will be modern; she will have the most homogeneous and thoroughly equipped fleet in the world, not excepting any. If any of the political questions of the Pacific are to be decided directly or indirectly by force, Japan is certainly at present the coming power, with a brilliant lead over her Russian and American neighbors. Aside from their force and equipment on the Pacific, it must be remembered that the Japanese are the only people in the world who have yet had an opportunity actually to fight modern war-vessels; and the advantage of this experience should go far toward compensating for any natural inferiorities of her naval *personnel*, as compared with Caucasian sailors. Mr. Cramp, who has been in the East with a view to commissions for building some of these handsome war-vessels, reports in the *North American Review* the boast of a distinguished Japanese gentleman that "while Japan was forced, by circumstances, to yield much at Shimonoseki that she had fairly conquered, she still secured indemnity enough to build a navy that would enable her to do better next time."

THE ANGLO CANADIAN S.S. LINE

ONE way to shorten the trip to Europe is to go faster; but, in the attempt to attain a practical perfection of mechanical construction and a practical minimum of fuel, weight, and bulk, shipowners are not forgetting that a second way of economizing time exists—by going a shorter way. We spoke, last year, of the late Mr. Austin Corbin's plan of running transatlantic liners from Montauk Point, at the extreme end of Long Island. A more radical adjustment of the proportions of the railroad and steamship parts of the journey is contemplated in the Canadian route, with St. John or Halifax as a western terminus. An actual contract has been made between Messrs. Peterson, Tate & Co., of Newcastle, England, and the Dominion Government, under the terms of which this firm will send over the Atlantic route steamships of the highest standard, with a speed guarantee of five hundred knots in twenty-four hours. Canada gives an annual subsidy of $500,000 for ten years, and the British Government contributes $250,000 per year. Four of the vessels are to be ready in 1898, and after May, 1900, there will be a weekly service with a penalty of $1,000 for failure to make a voyage. Under these stipulations there is a considerable difference of opinion as to whether the new line will be able to

come out on the right side of the financial balance-sheet. Such fast steamers are no great cargo carriers, and must depend on passenger earnings to make their profits. Even the Cunarders often run at a serious loss in the winter, and the question is whether the Canadian steamers will be able to earn enough in the summer to make up for their losses in the winter. As to the geographical advantages, laymen will be surprised to realize that North America takes such a bold trend to eastward, as one goes north on the Atlantic coast, that a port like Halifax will save nearly a thousand miles over the route from New York to Liverpool. With steamers of the Lucania class, then, the ocean voyage should be easily reduced to four days, and our New York-London ocean lines will have a serious competitor in bidding for the summer rush of tourists, especially for all those to whom the ocean voyage is not one of the pleasant features of a European tour.

Nor is this the last possibility in the hope of shortening the water route. It is already suggested that the eastern coast of Newfoundland should afford a terminus; this would knock over five hundred miles more from the water part of the trip, and would leave it entirely practicable to get to Cork with an ocean journey of only three days. Such a course would begin, say at Boston, on the Maine Central Railroad; by the Intercolonial Railway of Canada to St. John, New Brunswick; thence by fast steamer to the island of Newfoundland in six hours—the distance is ninety miles; and then across Newfoundland by rail (about five hundred miles) to the western port of the ocean steamships.



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